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INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND MORAL ESSAYS.

	Page
Accomplishments, Domestic, -	241
Age and Youth, -	289
Article Literature, by Leitch	
Ritchie, -	193
Bankruptcy and Debt, -	17
Château, Life in a French, -	93
Circumstances and Principle, -	113
Debating Clubs, -	107
Debt and Bankruptcy, -	17
Decorations and Pay, -	209
Diet, Poetry of, -	25
Discussion Classes, -	107
Domestic Accomplishments, -	241
Donkey Drivers, -	166
Five Days in the Wilderness, -	364
Fun, Word on, -	237
Gathering Blue-Bells, -	394
Germany, Summer Excursion in, -	97, 225, 281
Haunted People, -	335
Highway of Thought, -	129
Husbands, Women's, -	401
Inns, -	161
Invalid Sea Voyage, -	366
Italy, October in, -	347
Life, Poetry of, -	1
Lighthouse, Skerryvore, -	369
London Streets, Aspect of, -	59, 90
Minorea, Peep at, -	173
Moirra House at Two Epochs, -	122
Navie, the, -	33
New Laird of Baldriddle, -	273
October in Italy, -	347
'Old Almanac,' -	337
Outlawry, Social, -	81
Pay and Decorations, -	209
People, Haunted, -	335
Pleasures of Poverty, -	45
Poetry of Diet, -	25
Poetry of Life, -	1
Poverty, Pleasures of, -	45
Principle and Circumstances, -	113
Quebec, Winter Life in, -	49
Skerryvore Lighthouse, -	369
Social Influence of Tea, by Leitch	
Ritchie, -	65
Social Outlawry, -	81
Spare Money, -	190
Spring Time in Town and Country, -	
by Thomas Miller, -	321
Stock and Work, -	353
Summer Excursion in Germany, -	97, 225, 281
Tea, Social Influence of, by Leitch	
Ritchie, -	65

	Page
Tears, by Leitch Ritchie, -	305
Travellers' Tales, -	177
Two Cities, -	145
Vintage at Bourdeaux, -	93
Walk Over the Ampezzo Pass, -	200
Walks to Office, -	59, 90
Well Enough, -	378
Winter Life in Quebec, -	49
Women's Husbands, -	401
Word on Fun, -	237
Work and Stock, -	353
Youth and Age, -	289

POETRY.

Above and Below, -	175
Alewife, Cornish, -	8
Autumnal Flowers, -	400
Better than Beauty, -	143
Bird, Favourite, Lines in Memory of, -	416
Brothers, we are Men! -	256
Cornish Alewife, -	8
Egypt, -	240
Far far East, -	368
Fool's Song, -	208
'Gaudemus Igitur,' -	336
Gipsies' Song, -	352
'I am in the World Alone,' -	192
Lark, the, -	80
Look Forward, Age! -	320
Mortality, -	144
My Childhood's Tune, -	160
Ogier the Dane, -	304
Old and New-Year, -	96
Old Bachelor's Bride, -	64
Rhine, Ballads of, by Andrew B. Picken, -	112
Robin Redbreasts' Chorus, -	288
Sonnet, -	384
Sonnet, by Calder Campbell, -	128
Wives of Weinsberg, -	47

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Aërated Waters, -	359
Animal Instinet, -	6
Artificial Marble, -	180
Blackbird, -	56
Blowpipe, -	151
Chemistry of Summer, -	279
Curiosities, Vegetable, -	27
Dinornis, -	247

	Page
Dragon, Natural History of the, -	262
Dry Fogs, -	307
Flying Machines, -	300
Fogs, Dry, -	307
Heal-Alls, -	198
History of a Sod, -	341
Instinet of Animals, -	6
Land and Fresh-Water Shells, -	120
Music as a Branch of Education, -	286
Photographic Art, -	402
Shells, Land and Fresh-Water, -	120
Sod, History of a, -	341
Summer, Chemistry of, -	279
Vegetable Curiosities, -	27
Weather, Influence of, -	39

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

Actress, Young, -	171
Akkatook the Esquimaux Boy, -	203
Artist, Story of an, -	77
Artist's First Work, -	29
Ascension Island, Deserted Sailor of, -	73
Bad Five-Shilling Piece, -	119
Bath Postboy, -	260
Bygones of the Backwoods, -	337
Canova, Early Days of, -	29
Cheap Excursion, -	212
Coral-Fishers of Torre del Greco, -	290
Cretan Daughter, -	181
Dacoit, Story of a, -	157
Danish Justice, -	232
Dark Hour, -	316
Deserted Sailor, History of a, -	73
Donkey Drivers, -	166
Farmer Tremain, -	333
Fisher's Widow, -	413
Five-Shilling Piece, Bad, -	119
Force of Habit, by Thomas Miller, -	404
Fortune-Seekers and Fortune-Makers, by Anna Maria Sar-geant, -	131
Foundling, -	228
Geneviève Galliot, -	68
Golf, a Tale of, -	153
Habit, Force of, by Thomas Miller, -	404
Hannah White, by the Author of 'My Father the Laird,' -	84, 100
Heart and Imagination, -	35
Holy Lance, -	310
Imagination and Heart, -	35
Irish Humble Life, Sketch of, -	84, 100
It is Possible, -	350
Jemima's Supper, -	3

	Page		Page		Page
Lamballe, Early Love of the Prince de, -	63	Landor's Bushman, -	11	Discussion Classes, -	107
Lance, Holy, -	300	Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems, -	160	Drunkenness, Fallacies as to the Causes of, -	375
Lawyer's First Client, -	356	Mackay's Town Lyrics, -	175	Economical National Force, -	236
Legend of Parliament Square, by Frances Brown, -	19	Madden's Revelations of Ireland, -	254	Edinburgh and Glasgow, -	145
Létorières, Fortunes of, -	284	Mainzer's Music and Education, -	236	Education, National, its Obstructors, -	186
Lexicographer, Distressed, -	235	Midsummer Eve, Mrs Hall's, -	77	Education? What is, Answered, -	239
L'Homme Charmant, -	284	Mitchell's Journal in Tropical Australia, -	277	Electric Telegraph Office in London, -	129
Lieutenant, Sorrows of a, -	219	Music and Education, Mainzer's, -	236	Enemies at Home, -	398
Marshall, William, Life of, -	15	Night Side of Nature, Mrs Crowe's, -	104	English in Borneo, -	265
Medicine-Man, -	237	Nimrod, a Dramatic Poem, -	270	English, Scotch, and Germans, Characteristics of, -	138
Mercifu' Escape, -	326	Oken's Elements of Physiophilosophy, -	87	Esquimaux Boy, -	203
Mexican Life, Passage of, -	258	Parkinson's Life of Adam Martin-dale, -	167	Farrier of France, -	411
Miami Expedition, -	387	Physiophilosophy, Oken's Elements of, -	87	Flying Machines, -	300
Morisseau, Jules, Story of, -	195	Pictorial Gift-Book, Vedder's, -	47	Foreign Public Libraries, -	9
Musical Genius, Scottish, -	15	Portugal and Galicia, Earl of Carnarvon's, -	221	Gardener, Parisian, -	23
Mysterious Lodger, -	243	Revelations of Ireland, Madden's, -	254	Generosity of Authors, -	367
New Laird of Baldriddle, -	273	Riots, Law of, Wisc's, -	294	Germans, English, and Scotch, Characteristics of, -	138
One-Eyed Widow and School-master, -	53	Rocky Mountains, Ruxton's, -	40	Germany, a Tour in, -	97, 225, 281
Painter of Cork, -	299	Ruxton's Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, -	40	Glasgow and Edinburgh, -	145
Parliament Square, Legend of, by Frances Brown, -	19	Siberia, Erman's Travels in, -	323	Gleanings in Bibliography, -	43
Perugino, -	335	South Australia, Wilkinson's, -	395	Governesses' Benevolent Institution, -	271
Return of Zephyr, -	195	Summer on True Glory, -	155	Grogan, Nathaniel, Story of, -	299
Runaway Ship, -	338	Swain's Poems, -	143	Help Yourselves, -	239
Sailor (Robert Jeffery), Curious History of a, -	147	Town Lyrics, Mackay's, -	175	Hospital for Infant Crétins, -	296
Scotchman in Munster, -	254	True Glory, Summer on, -	155	India, English Journals in, -	31
Scottish Musical Genius, -	15	Vedder's Pictorial Gift-Book, -	47	Indian Archipelago, -	204
Shaneen of the Hill, -	372	Wakeman's Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities, -	329	Indian Expertness, -	157
Sorrows of a Lieutenant, -	219	Wilkinson's South Australia, -	395	Indian Recreations, -	303
Ugly Duckling, -	379	Wisc's Law of Riots, -	294	Influence of Weather, -	39
Veteran, Account of a, -	206	Zoological Recreations, Broderip's, -	262	Influenza, Report on, -	189
Widow and Schoolmaster, -	53			Inns, -	161
Widow, Fisher's, -	413			Ipswich Museum of Natural History, -	103
Young Actress, -	171			Labour, Organisation of, -	330

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Adam Martindale, Parkinson's Life of, -	167
Ancient Sea-Margins, Chambers's, -	391, 410
Art, Ancient and Modern, Cleghorn's, -	232
Australia, Tropical, Mitchell's Journal, -	277
Bass Rock, by Rev. J. McCrie and others, -	126
Birds of Jamaica, Gosse's, -	200
Broderip's Zoological Recreations, -	262
Brown's, Frances, Lyrics, -	160
Bushman, Landor's, -	11
Carnarvon's, Earl of, Portugal and Galicia, -	221
Catlin's Travels in Europe, -	406
Chambers's Ancient Sea-Margins, -	391, 410
Cleghorn's Ancient and Modern Art, -	232
Couch on Instinct, -	6
D'Aubigné's Germany, England, and Scotland, -	138
De Morgan's Formal Logic, -	163
Erman's Travels in Siberia, -	323, 381
Europe, Catlin's Travels in, -	406
Family Joe Miller, -	111
Formal Logic, De Morgan's, -	163
Forster's Life of Goldsmith, -	343
Germany, England, and Scotland, D'Aubigné's, -	138
Goldsmith, Life of, Forster's, -	343
Gosse's Birds of Jamaica, -	210
Griffith's Chemistry of the Four Seasons, -	279
Hall's, Mrs, Midsummer Eve, -	77
Instinct, Couch on, -	6
Irish Antiquities, Wakeman's Hand-Book of, -	329

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Advertisements, Early Newspaper, -	158
Albert, Prince, Speech of, -	400
Allen, Ralph, Fortunes of, -	260
Ampezzo Pass, Tyrol, -	200
Andrew Wyntoun the Chronicler, -	217
Anglo-Indian Press, -	31
Antiquities, Pre-Christian, of Ireland, -	329
Architecture, Popular, -	232
Australia, New Discoveries in, -	277
Australia, South, -	395
Australia, Want of Labourers in, -	61
Australia, Western, -	11
Authors, Generosity of, -	367
Autobiography of a Working-Man, -	361
Bannatyne Club, Contribution to the, -	175
Bass Rock, History of the, -	126
Beaches, Raised, -	391, 410
Bibliography, Gleanings in, -	43
Blackbird, -	56
Borneo, English in, -	265
Breakwater at Plymouth, -	215
Britain, when First Inhabited, -	410
Cancer, Indian Cure for, -	237
Carlisle, a Word on, -	144
Character of Costume, -	313
Chicken Factories, -	186
Cholera, Precautions against, -	71
Column for Young People—Enemies at Home, -	398
Correspondents of the Journal, -	190
Costume, Character of, -	313
Crétins, Infant, Hospital for, -	296
Debating Clubs, -	107
Defences, National, -	76
Dippings into Old Magazines, -	249
Level of Sea and Land, Changes of, -	391, 410
Libraries, Foreign Public, -	9
Logic, Scholastic, -	163
London Streets, Aspect of, -	59, 90
Longchamps, -	377
Magazines, Dippings into Old, -	249
Marble, Artificial, -	180
Marsh-Gardener of the Parisian Suburbs, -	23
Metals, Precious, -	269
Minorea, Description of, -	173
Moirs House at Two Epochs, -	122
Morocco, System of Government in, -	188
Mortality in Carlisle, -	144
Mottos, -	63
Museum of Natural History at Ipswich, -	103
National Education—its Obstructors, -	186
National Force, Economical, -	236
New Brunswick, Five Days in the Wilderness of, -	364
Occasional Notes—It is only a Form, -	77
French Agony, -	312
Lingering Prejudices against Scotland, -	58
National Defences, -	76
Relief for Indigent Gentlewomen, -	312
Summer Tours, -	395
Opposite House, -	267
Organisation of Labour, -	330
Outlaws, Swiss, West Indian, and Others, -	381
Perugino, Life of, -	335
Photography, -	402
Plymouth Breakwater, -	215
Poor the Friends of the Poor, -	251

	Page		Page		Page
Precious Metals, - - -	269	Western Australia, - - -	11	Jealousy, - - - - -	48
Prejudices against Scotland, -	58	Word on a Difficult Subject, -	378	Labour, - - - - -	32
Lingering, - - - - -	167	Working-Classes, Society for Im-	13	Laughter, - - - - -	160
Presbyterian Vicar, Life of a, -	31	provement of, - - - - -	217	Law of Kindness, - - - - -	95
Press of British India, - - -	43	Wyntoun, Andrew, the Chronicler,		Listening Well, Importance of,	32
Printing, Introduction of, - - -	391, 410			Look Forwards, - - - - -	79
Raised Beaches, - - - - -	140			Luck, Good and Bad, - - - - -	16
Ray the Naturalist, - - - - -	303			Manufacture of India-Rubber Shoes,	336
Recreations in India, - - - - -	189			Maxims on Money, - - - - -	96
Registrar-General on Influenza,	294			Mines of Natural Manure, - - -	368
Riots, Law of, - - - - -	92			Muscular Exercise, - - - - -	176
Roads, Second Word on the, - - -	40			National Prejudices, - - - - -	95
Rocky Mountains, Trappers of,	109			Nettle, Common, - - - - -	160
Rothschild, Memoir of the House of,	381			Outside Passenger, - - - - -	112
Russians and Chinese, Intercourse	147			Packet Ship, - - - - -	416
of, - - - - -	71			Pawnbroker's Window, - - - - -	32
Sailor, Curious History of a, -	406			Pedlars and Poets, - - - - -	272
Sanitary Commission, New, - - -	138			Piety the World Hates, - - - - -	112
Savage Views of Civilisation,	207			Plea for the Moles, - - - - -	240
Scotch, English, and Germans,	384			Popular Education, - - - - -	128
Characteristics of, - - - - -	13			Practical Value of Science, - - -	320
Snail Gardens, - - - - -	361			Pulque of Mexico, - - - - -	80
Social Intercourse, Artificial Bar-	395			Quackery, Law's Encouragement of,	176
riers to, - - - - -	49			Railways, - - - - -	272
Society for Improvement of Work-	395			Ray, John, - - - - -	240
ing-Classes, - - - - -	63			Remedy for Toothache, - - - - -	352
Somerville, Alexander, Autobiog-	206			Russell, Origin of the House of,	48
raphy of, - - - - -	92			Russian Gold Mines, - - - - -	208
South Australia, - - - - -	40			Sale of Books, - - - - -	320
St Lawrence, the, in Winter, - - -	177			Science of the Present Day, - - -	192
Summer Tours, - - - - -	400			Scotchman's Destiny, - - - - -	48
Tea-Drinking, History of, by	93			Scottish Famine Sixty Years Ago,	336
Leitch Ritchie, - - - - -	115, 135			Secrets of Ventilation, - - - - -	352
Teaching History, - - - - -	39			Timber Mining in America, - - -	128
Toll-Bars, Impolicy of, - - - - -	115, 135			Underwriting, - - - - -	111
Toll-Bars, Impolicy of, - - - - -	39			Vegetable Life, Development of,	16
Trappers of the Rocky Mountains,	115, 135			Walking, - - - - -	384
Travellers' Tales, - - - - -	39			War, - - - - -	224
Truth from Royal Lips, - - - - -	115, 135			Weeping, Danger of, - - - - -	416
Vintage at Bourdeaux, - - - - -	39			Whimsical Names of Places, - - -	352
Voyage in the West Indies, - - -	115, 135			World Made for All, - - - - -	48
Weather, Influence of, - - - - -	115, 135			Zeal of Party, - - - - -	112
West India Voyager, - - - - -					

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Apple-Trees, Old, Renovation of,	416
Arrow-Poison, Indian, - - - - -	48
Art of Making Happy, - - - - -	64
Atmosphere, Our Wondrous, - - -	368
Australian Wine, - - - - -	304
Baby Jumper, - - - - -	416
Cannon Balls, - - - - -	400
Carriages, Iron, - - - - -	48
Change of Air, - - - - -	288
Cheap Entertainment, - - - - -	112
Children, Occupation for, - - - -	16
Consumption, - - - - -	95
Dancing as an Exercise, - - - - -	272
Deportment, - - - - -	32
Dogs, Anecdotes of, - - - - -	95
Domestic Duties, - - - - -	160
Durham, Dean of, on Politics, - -	415
Exemplary Landed Proprietor, - -	288
Feet, Look to Your, - - - - -	255
First of May, - - - - -	368
Food, Economic Preparation of, - -	80
Glass in Dairies, - - - - -	240
God's Universe and the Poor	
Man's Home, - - - - -	256
Hair, Natural Uses of, - - - - -	128
Hazlitt's Advice to his Son, - - -	176
Hint to Amusement Denouncers, -	112
Hint to Young Men, - - - - -	319
How to Act in a Mob, - - - - -	271
How to Punish those who Injure	
You, - - - - -	192
Injudicious Patronage, - - - - -	272

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THE POETRY OF LIFE.

AMONGST all the riddles which philosophers have delighted in propounding for their mutual mystification, perhaps few have been put forth with an air of deeper profundity than the simple, yet home-coming question—What is life? Well, we need hardly be surprised; for (to follow in the same enticing path) there certainly is no one question to which so many inconsistent, yet genuine answers have been, and will be, returned. The philosophers may claim to themselves the merit of propounding the query; but the whole congregated voice of humanity would be insufficient to fill up the reply. Of all the myriad inhabitants who now tread the surface of this chequered planet, of all the beings who through the immeasurable universe, each is practically working out his own especial answer to this searching question. Generation after generation will be called into being, each adding its portion to the mighty chorus, each presenting some new phasis in the infinite portraiture of life. But what then? Because the stream is exhaustless, shall we refuse to drink? Because the field of vision is interminable, shall we therefore refuse to look around us? Let us rather climb to the mountain's top, and gaze with chastened reverence and uplifted hearts into the far-extending view. Let not our souls rest from their striving, till we have at least solved the riddle of our own humble destiny, till we have patiently discerned the bearings of our own narrow path in the vast labyrinth of existence.

What, then, is life? 'A gilded toy,' lightly exclaims one; 'a feather borne upon the passing breeze, a bubble floating on the stream, sporting and sparkling brightest in the gayest sunshine! This is life; this the golden measure of all our hopes; this the sum of mortal joy! Merrily the sand runs through, even to the last bright grain; and then— Well, as ye will! Look for care, ye who like it best: trouble may always be had for seeking; and that without stint, without even an envious grudge. To live, is but to enjoy life: let each, then, follow his own heart's bent. Live, and let live, while ye may; the world is wide, and time too short to waste on idle fears!' Alas, poor butterfly! heedlessly thou sportest in the glittering sunshine. But is it well with thee, that all thy joy, thy very life, should come and go at the bidding of an accident? Think yet again, thou giddy trifler. Art thou, then, the merest sport of circumstance—a helpless atom in a heedless whirl, the ready football in a game of chances? Is it *all* recklessness and hazard? Has thy life no deeper meaning than the rattling of thy dice-box? 'If so,' impatiently ejaculates yon careworn despiser of others' follies, 'the sooner he is safely laid in his last long box the better for himself and others. The world could manage very

well without any such idle lumber. The only sensible purpose of life, is to make your fortune as honestly as you can, and then enjoy it. Make yourself independent of everybody. No frisking about at other people's expense. And what signifies the nonsense and whimsicalities of a poor, squeamish, uncomfortable being, not worth as much as would pay for his own coffin? Who really cares for such a man? Nobody. There are plenty of them. Good sort of men enough in their way: no doubt mean very well; fancy they have some destiny to accomplish, and all that sort of thing. But what does it all come to? Why, you might see them die off by scores, like flies in frosty weather. And who ever troubles himself about any one of them? Nobody—nobody. Unless, indeed, he happens to have tickled the fancy of your gossiping readers; and then, likely enough, when he is dead, they'll give a grand dinner in honour of his starvation, and say all manner of fine things about him, and wish they had got him amongst them, so that he might "die over again," I suppose. What man of any sense would squander away his life in such miserable folly? I am a man of some experience; and, take my word for it, there is nothing like an independency, and nothing like working hard for it. There ought to have been a notice stuck up in the world long before this time—"No admittance except on business." It would have saved a deal of misery. Talk about the object of life! If you want a pattern that will wear well, and not wash out, stick to addition and multiplication: no idle frippery, no sentimental drivelling.'

Still, what is life? oh man of sage experiences! Is but to live life's proud prerogative? Is, then, its only good, defence from evil? Has it no reality save toil?—no recompense, but that same dreary independence? Is its whole amount to dig a sullen grave, deeper—deeper—deeper, even while strength shall last, and then lie down in cold security? Has life no deeper spring than this?—no wider scope?—no loftier purpose?

'Loftier? Ay, as the eagle's proudest flight is loftier than the paltry burrowing of a dormouse!' responds an eager, fretful voice. 'Fortune is well, and toil must be endured; but for what? For their own sweet sake? No: nor for a barren independence! That we are born into a world of strife and toil, is true; but let us at least strive like men, conscious of the lofty prizes that await our grasp. Who that had a soul nobler than the grub upon which he treads, could tamely creep through life without a prouder thought than stirs within the precincts of an ant-hill? For what do we live as men, if this be all our lot? Why not mere ants? Why not our dull concerns directed by the same unerring instinct? Because those same concerns can yield a richer and a nobler harvest for those who have the strength to use the sickle. The soul must be arbiter of its own

free lot—the forecast and fulfilment of its chosen purposes. And for what was man thus gifted with a consciousness of thought, a power of self-inspection, a capability of controlling even his own strong passions, and bending all to the accomplishment of one life-absorbing object? Why was man, thus highly gifted, placed to struggle and to sympathise with his fellow-man? Was it that he should dedicate his undying energies to the merest insect task of procuring a brief and petty subsistence? Was it for this, oh beneficent Giver of life and power! was it for this thou gavest man dominion over all thy creatures? Nay, rather, he who thus circumscribes his own life, basely renounces his noblest inheritance; and another shall lead him, and rule over him. What can distinguish man most nobly from his fellows? What, save the greater power of influencing all for good? To attain this power, to exert this God-like influence, is the truest and proudest object of human life. This alone can shed a lustre over life's brief struggle, and cast an undying radiance throughout succeeding generations. If you seek an object worth the living for, let it be to make the world your debtor.'

'Even so, brave sir!' adds a fourth in chilling accents; 'fondly anticipating a lively and indefatigable appreciation of all that you haven't done, as the most touching acknowledgment of your wondrous merits. What is life? sayest thou. The caterer of death: a cold and withering mockery: a goodly-seeming tree, whose sweetest fruit is gilded rottenness. Joy to thy proud aspirings, thy yearning sympathies, thy lofty purposes, thy bold and generous trust in human gratitude! Fond dreamer! a cold and bitter morning is at hand: happy for thee if death relieve thy folly from its hideous awakening. Dream on until thine eyes are opened to the stark reality; and then—nay, shrink not from thy hard-earned portion—look to receive wretchedness for thy pride, coldness for thy sympathy, misrepresentation for thy noblest purposes, and a freezing mixture for thine expected gratitude, turning all into an iceberg. Oh, 'tis a brave world to try the toughness of a heart! Your veriest earthworm is life's true philosopher: he looks for nothing, and he finds all he seeks.'

'Peace, troubling spirit!' exclaims a deep, stern voice, in tones of mingled sorrow and reproof; 'nor with thy bitter sarcasms thus belie thy Maker's wondrous plan. Despite thy mockery, man has indeed a noble purpose to achieve; and high or low, or rich or poor, may equally attain it. Nor is man's destiny a poisoned drop, a foul anomaly in God's fair universe. But what is man? Bethink thee well. Why should he thus have dominion over all, and become the chosen delegate of Omnipotence? The answer should afford a clue to the mystery of his being. He is an image of the Self-Existent. He only of earth's inhabitants, by a conscious and voluntary effort, can mould and fashion his own life's character; he only can look into his own mind, and deliberately choose whether he will indulge his natural and hereditary inclinations, or whether he will struggle to conform his whole future life to some standard of excellence which his intellect recognises and approves; he only can say to the enticements and promptings of his own dark passions, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He only can momentarily determine, and thus *seemingly* create, his own life's destiny. He only can subdue and govern his own little world within; and it is only then that he can worthily influence the larger world without. Such is the tenure by which alone man stands at the head of God's creation; and such is the inalienable birthright, the essential characteristic, of every human being: and thus is man an image of his Maker. The Omnipotent Creator is alone the *I AM*—the Self-Existent: the dependent creature is the *I will be*—the self-determining. What, then, is it that we may be, if we will? What is that which no power can determine for us? In short, what is the great business

of human life? Simply this:—to bring our own short-sighted, scattered, and isolated wills into harmony and conjunction, and thus into voluntary dependence upon the one Immutable, All-perfect Will. Not vaunting ourselves in, or looking wistfully to, our own vain strength; but trustfully yielding our entire selfhood to the guidance of truth and justice, and thus becoming the voluntary and conscious channels of an all-perfect, universal Love—happy, and dispensing happiness, while heaven and earth endure! Surely this is a purpose not all-unworthy of the Wisdom that could frame the illimitable and wondrous universe! And should we murmur if a parent's love should seek to purify, instead of pampering, our stubborn wills? Could not the Power that so clothes the field, and guides the instincts of the brute creation, have as easily insured our earthly happiness, if that were all? Oh man, turn not thus heedless from thy loftiest yearnings! This wide and visible universe, with its bitter trials and its fleeting joys, is but the seminary of immortal souls!'

Reader, dost thou still ask—What is life? We reply, with deepest reverence—Essentially, it is the only Absolute Existence: the spring of all activity: the inmost reality of all substance. Its high and hallowed name is Love—eternal, all-inspiring, all-encircling Love. This material, steadfast, and imperishable creation, with its countless activities and forms of use, so perfectly and inextricably apportioned to our sensuous powers, and so wondrously ministering to our highest wants, is but the outmost vesture of Omnipotence—the ultimate, yet ceaseless and infinitely-certain emanation of Him who alone is essential Life, essential Substance. All this seeming solidity, impenetrability, and absolute extension, is but the fixed and necessary relation which external objects bear to our sensuous perceptions: the true certainty of nature, and of nature's laws, arises from the whole created universe, with its innumerable inhabitants, being momentarily dependent for existence upon the one eternal Source of all truth, order, and perfection. Even man, with all his high capacities, is no self-dependent atom in the circle of existence. He may indeed thus isolate the whole aim and conscious effort of his being; but even then, he is no self-sustaining, independent unit; he does but abuse the power for good in which he is beneficently and momentarily upheld. Our life is essentially a continued choosing of good or evil. We may either look to our own wishes as our highest rule of right and wrong, and to their gratification as the ruling motive of our voluntary efforts; or we may look to infinite and eternal Truth for guidance, and to the good of all as the single, earnest aim of our existence. In either case, our own misery or happiness is simply the necessary consequence of our choice, not the motive deliberately chosen. In the one case, we strive to appropriate the enjoyments of others to ourselves, and instead of succeeding, lose even our own in the struggle; in the other case, we strive to impart our own delight to others, and having done so, find our highest happiness in theirs. This is the essential difference between selfishness and disinterested Christian love; and notwithstanding all the sophistry that has been uttered on the subject, they are, and ever must be, as a rule of life, altogether distinct and opposite. To walk worthily our appointed course on earth, we must continually strive to live a life of usefulness, from a principle of duty, and of good-will to all; and it is only in proportion as we do so, that we can dispose our hearts to receive those higher and purer influences which an infinite Love and Goodness is ever yearning to impart. What, then, is the truest poetry of life? It is that which awakens in our conscious souls the deepest, the fullest response; it is the chosen purpose for which we fain would live. The means by which it may be realised are infinitely various, according to the nature and extent of our several capacities. And yet one God created all, and one unspeakable purpose breathes through all His works: the highest poetry must draw our hearts to Him.

We promised, on a former occasion,* to attempt a further development of this high theme: if we have now succeeded even in indicating its momentous interest, our promise is redeemed.

JEMIMA'S SUPPER.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I HAVE often wondered what would become of us if it were not for the misfortunes of our neighbours. If there were no poor, which of us would be rich? If there were no sick, what would the doctors do? If there were no sinners, how would the clergymen get their living? Would it not seem that the aim of philanthropy is to ameliorate the condition of some at the expense of others; to pull down at the same time that it exalts; and so to bring society to one level, one gauge, and one rate of progress?

But I must not suffer the subject to run away with me; my business at present being with only one kind of misfortune—that which determines people to let lodgings. Board and lodging, be it observed, is in quite another category. Its motives are highly philanthropical—a love of the human kind, a hankering after the presence of our species; and the individual so haunted advertises his benevolent infirmity in the newspapers, and offers board and lodging 'for the sake of society.' Furnished apartments, on the other hand, are compulsory. By some train of circumstances which it is impossible to explain, people acquire a superabundance of rooms, and find themselves in a complete fix. They advertise the emergency, put up a bill in their windows, and signify that 'having a larger house than they require,' they will most willingly let furnished apartments.

Mr and Mrs Plumley had been in this predicament for more than twenty years. They were every now and then making public the fact, that they had a larger house than they required; every now and then filling it to the roof with lodgers; and every now and then seeing it grow emptier and emptier, till at length it contained only themselves two and the maid-of-all-work. But in all this they were by no means the sport of fortune; for accidents happen so uniformly in the world of London, that the revenue derived from this traffic in rooms was as regular, taking one year with another, as an annuity. Still the business was far from being destitute of excitement. On the contrary, its hopes and fears, disappointments and gratulations, came as regularly as the circumstances that gave rise to them.

While the house was full, no mere mundane couple could live more happily together than Mr and Mrs Plumley. Mr Plumley was a good-tempered, easy-going man so long as things went well with him; and at such times he would occasionally take his wife to the boxes of Sadler's Wells, or the pit at the Adelphi, and not unfrequently bring home something nice in his pocket for supper. But when the apartments began to thin, and Mr Plumley found himself rising gradually, by the efflux of lodgers, from the kitchen to the drawing-room, a change as gradual took place in his manner. His eyes grew sterner and sterner as he looked at his wife; and hers, in conscious innocence, returned the gaze with scorn and defiance. But Mr Plumley, though conscious that Mrs Plumley was somehow or other in fault, was too dignified for vituperation; and she, on her part, was far too much of a lady to intrude her discourse upon anybody. The state of their feelings therefore was betrayed, not in words, but the want of them. A dreadful silence brooded over the house; and as the last lodger departed, Jemima, the maid-of-all-work, who was by this time suspected of being at the bottom of it, constantly received warning.

Jemima was a fat, slovenly-looking young woman,

with unspeakably dirty hands, her cap always awry, and the mark of an intensely sooty finger never absent from her good-looking face, drawn either across the cheek, or along the side of the nose, or above the eyebrow. If slovenly, however, she was not idle, but the very reverse. She was always scrubbing something or other morning, noon, and night; and although it must be owned she dirtied more than she cleaned, still Mrs Plumley, following in her trail, cleaned after her, so that all was right in the end. Among Jemima's recommendations was a very remarkable memory, which received everything whatever that was offered it, but almost the next moment let all out again; its meshes being as wide as those of an act of parliament, through which a coach-and-six may be driven. She was not unconscious of this peculiarity; but it only gave rise to a sort of pride of genius, since she felt herself capable of supplying the deficiencies of nature. This she did (having never been taught the common alphabetical signs) by inventing an artificial memory, in which sundry kitchen matters were invested, by a special arrangement, with an occult meaning only known to herself. It is true Mrs Plumley, whose genius lay in the methodical, made a point of sweeping away every trace of such memoranda as soon as she set eyes on them; but that, as Jemima said, was missus's fault, not hers. And so, with cleaning and dirtying, remembering and forgetting, scolding and recrimination, the day had its sufficient occupation; and each night, as she sank into her welcome bed, drew its black sponge across the page, and blotted out its characters for ever.

The era of silence, it may be observed, was always one of great awe to Jemima. She moved about the house as if in muffled slippers; looked mysteriously at her master and mistress; and answered in a whisper when spoken to, though more frequently merely nodding her head with solemn significance, instead of saying 'Iss, mum.' After receiving warning, she devoted every spare minute she could appropriate to arranging her things—that is to say, taking them out of her box, and leaving them here and there on chairs and stools; but never having time to go after a new place, when the tide of lodgers began to flow again, she always received a re-engagement; and after a touching scene with her mistress, restored her things to her box with much sobbing and blubbering, and began her service anew.

One day when Mrs Plumley was sitting alone in her desolate drawing-room, wondering what ever it could be that prevented lodgers from coming, a smart rap was heard at the street door; and as Jemima rushed to answer it, with a bath-brick in one hand and a case-knife in the other, she could not help, in the fulness of her heart, screaming up the stair (though then under warning), 'It's a lodger, mum!'

'Show him up!' replied Mrs Plumley nervously; and presently there walked into the room an indubitable lodger, who took the second floor in less than five minutes. He was a stout, middle-aged man—a man of perfect respectability, as any one might see at a glance; short-sighted, as respectable persons almost always are; quite competent to pay his way, and intimately conversant with the fact himself. He said his name was Mr Magnus Smith, and gave an undeniable reference in the immediate neighbourhood; on which Mrs Plumley smilingly observed, 'It was of no consequence, as she happened to know a gentleman when she saw him.' Mr Magnus Smith desired to come in that same evening, which was the reason why his wife, in order to save time, was at the moment looking at the lodgings next door. Mrs Plumley was quite agreeable, and rather thought that his good lady would be under little temptation at No. 14, though, for her part, she had no acquaintance with the persons whatever, not even knowing their names, although they had lived side by side for twenty years and more.

As Mr Magnus Smith passed through the narrow hall on his way out, he told Jemima that they should want something for supper.

* See 'Poetry in all Things,' No. 113.

'Let it be a lobster,' said he; 'I hear them bawling about: a small lobster, mind—and cheap of course.'

'Oh yes, sir; small and cheap,' replied *Jemima*, treasuring the description.

'And we shall want some bread and butter—only a little butter, for *Mrs Magnus Smith* is particular in the article, and will see about it in the morning herself. Do you mind?'—

'Oh yes, sir.'

'And—let me see—a pint of beer; that's all, I think—yes, that's all.'

'Oh yes, sir!'

When he was gone, *Jemima* went to and fro about her business, getting the supper by heart, till she should have time to make a memorandum of it; and no sooner had the door shut, then it was stealthily opened again by *Mrs Plumley*, already in her bonnet and shawl, who, having watched the lodger out of sight, hurried after the reference.

Presently *Mr Plumley* came in, and after casting a severe look upon *Jemima*, who was viewed in the light of a culprit, walked solemnly up the stair, and seated himself in the desert drawing-room. He scorned to ask for *Mrs Plumley*, although he could not but think that the silence of the house was still more awful than usual. In a little while, however, his meditations were disturbed by a smart rap at the street-door; and on the principle that it never rains but it pours, a second lodger made his appearance. This was a middle-aged gentleman, like the other, apparently a most respectable man—although the dusk being now a little advanced, *Mr Plumley* could not see him very well—who had come up with his wife by the rail, whose name was *Mr Thompson*, and who wanted to enter that evening. This gentleman likewise preferred the second floor, which *Mr Plumley* very innocently let to him.

When *Mr Thompson* was going out, he told *Jemima* that they should want something to eat before going to bed.

'Oh yes, sir,' said *Jemima*, conning her lesson—'a lobster'—

'Well, that is a good thought—let it be a lobster. A small one will do.'

'And cheap of course,' added *Jemima*.

'Of course: you are a sensible girl: and we shall want a little bread and butter.'

'Oh yes, sir; a little butter will do, I know, for the good lady is particular in the article, and will see after it herself in the morning.'

'Upon my word, you are a sharp, thoughtful creature; and I say, my dear, you will not forget a pint of beer. That's all.' *Mr Plumley* dogged him out, to see after the reference; and *Jemima*, elated with the unaccustomed praise she had received, ran down to the kitchen to make her memoranda. This she accomplished by placing one of her pattens on a plate on the dresser to represent the lobster, and fixing the other upright against the wall for the pint-pot; a bit of bath-brick and a slice of carrot serving for the loaf and the print of butter. As a new thought struck her, she selected the tiniest lump from a handful of small coal, and placed it on the patten in the plate, to denote the moderate size of the lobster; and then, after indulging in an admiring glance at the supper, though terrified at the loss of time, she threw away the rest of the small coal, and flinging herself madly upon the loaf, set to work to cut bread and butter for her master and mistress's tea.

When *Mr* and *Mrs Magnus Smith* came that evening at the hour agreed upon, they were for some time engaged in a critical inspection of their new abode; and upon the whole they were well satisfied with their bargain. Their sitting-room, it is true, was finished, so far as the builder and house-carpenter's work went, like a bedroom; for these gentlemen magnanimously disregard the customs of the London majority, and determine that the second floor shall consist of bedrooms to the end of time. But although a little low in the roof,

bare of cornice, and scraggy about the chimney, it was nothing less than genteel. The furniture, nevertheless, was scanty; for people have not the more furniture that they have a larger house than they require. The chairs, made of imitation rosewood, and cane-bottomed, 'hollowed to one another' across the wide channels between; the square mahogany table in the middle of the floor was small, even with the addition of two narrow wings kept expanded by brackets; and the carpet, though at its utmost tension, did not approach the wall by a chair's breadth, and left the apertures of the windows altogether uncovered. The works of art on the mantelpiece were two small lions in white china, and a small church in the middle, of the same material. Above the church there hung in a black frame an almanac of the year 1827; and on the other walls were disposed *Androcles* and the *Lion*, and an original drawing representing two ships sailing before the wind to opposite points of the compass—a display of seamanship which would have delighted *Allan Cunningham*, whose celebrated outward-bound vessel, enjoying 'a wet sheet and a flowing sea,' and 'a wind that follows fast,' contrives somehow, notwithstanding, to leave 'Old England on the lee.'

When *Mr* and *Mrs Thompson* arrived, the former inquired if he could see 'the gentleman;' and on being told that he was already in the room, he strode at once up the stairs; but *Mrs T.* lingered behind to say a word to *Jemima*.

'You have remembered supper, have you?'

'Oh yes, mum; I have an excellent memory, if misss will only leave it alone.'

'You have a nice quiet place here, haven't you?'

'Oh yes, mum, uncommon quiet—desperate quiet; you will not hear a word a-piece from the three of us in a week.'

'Dear me, how odd! But she is a (whispering)—a comfortable person—one that one might put up with—eh? What's your name?'

'*Jemima*. Oh yes, mum. She is very comfortable, if she would only keep her hands off things that's of consequence. But that lobster!—you don't know the trouble I had about it; and as for the pint-pot, my back was no sooner turned than—whisk!—off it went behind the door like a shot!'

'That is awful!' said *Mrs Thompson* in dismay. 'What ever are we to do?'

'Oh yes, mum—pattens—coals—lobsters—bath-brick—loaves—carrots—butter—nothing in this world stands her!—not that she isn't comfortable enough, if she would only let other people's things alone.' *Mrs Thompson* ascended the stairs with nervous trepidation; and hearing voices in the sitting-room, went into the bedroom to make herself fit to be seen, and to collect her thoughts.

Her husband, on going into the room, took it for granted that the stout middle-aged gentleman he saw busying himself about the furniture was the same he had half seen in the dusk, and he bowed sociably to his landlord.

'This,' said he, 'I presume to be your good lady. How do you do, ma'am? I hope you are pretty well?' and *Mr* and *Mrs Magnus Smith* returned his politeness with interest, thinking that he was a very comfortable person indeed for a landlord.

'These are nice apartments of yours,' said *Mr Magnus Smith*, 'and in nice order; but this bell rope I shall get up to-morrow morning—at my own expense, sir.'

'Oh, you are very good, sir.'

'Don't mention it. I am in the habit of doing things liberal. I think, my dear, we have nothing more to say?'

'Nothing at all. It is getting late, and I am tired and sleepy. But don't stand, sir; never mind me;' and she sat down loungingly at the side of the table. *Mr Thompson* thought this was uncommonly cool, and wished the good people would not bother him on the first night of his new lodgings. He did sit down, how-

ever, at the bottom of the table; and Mr Magnus Smith, after staring at him for a moment, sat down at the top. An uncomfortable silence prevailed for a minute or two; but as the man would not go, Mr Magnus Smith at length felt constrained to say something in the way of conversation.

'May I beg, sir,' said he, 'to ask what is your opinion as to what we may expect from these new people this session?' The question was fortunate; for Mr Thompson felt that if he was strong on any subject in this world, it was on politics.

'Sir,' said he, 'my opinions on such points are not rashly formed; that is all I venture to say in their favour. I do not tell you that they are worth having, but merely that they are well considered; and it is therefore with some confidence I reply that, in my humble judgment, the question you have mooted is involved in doubt—in doubt, sir—the expression I advisedly use, is doubt.'

'That is just what I have said all along; and as for Lord John'—

'Sir!' interrupted Mr Thompson, laying his hand upon the table firmly—'Lord John I will trust to a certain point, but no farther. I will *not* trust him more than is reasonable, not a jot—I tell him that to his face. Lord John, it is true, is prime minister, and the humble individual who has now the honour of addressing this company is—no matter; but there are some men who are Englishmen as well as other men—who have hearts in their bosoms—who have brains in their heads—who have blood in their veins—who have money in their purses—and all which I beg leave to notify respectfully to Lord John with the most supreme indifference as to how he takes it!'

'Sir, you are a brick!' cried Mr Magnus Smith suddenly, as Mr Thompson threw himself back in his chair. 'I am not in the habit of flattery, and have no occasion to flatter any man, lord or no lord, seeing that I pay my way; but what I say is this, and I say it without disguise, that an individual entertaining such noble sentiments is emphatically a brick! Drink, and pass the pot!'

Now it should have been mentioned that Jemima's supper was upon the table, and among the other good things, a pewter pint-pot; and Mr Thompson having ascertained, though with some difficulty, that the latter contained about as much beer as usually falls to the lot of a lodger's measure, put it straightway to his head. As he drank, however, the pride of oratory wore off; he could not help thinking it a most remarkable thing that he should have been invited in this cavalier manner to drink his own liquor; and he gazed sharply, suspiciously, penetratingly at his *vis-à-vis* over the pint-pot, and even after he had set it down. Mr Magnus Smith thought his landlord was a man of genius, and that this was the look of it. Nevertheless he began to feel a good deal chafed at the pertinacity of the visit; and it was with strong disgust he saw that Mr Thompson had left little more than dregs in the pint-pot.

The rest of the supper, besides the lobster, consisted of a penny loaf, so small and shrunken, that it looked as if it had been made on purpose for lodgers, and a pat of butter about the size and thickness of a half-crown, handsomely ornamented in bas-relief. But the lobster was the great feature of Jemima's spread. It might have been called the General Tom Thumb of lobsters, were it not for its extreme emaciation. The shell was the very smallest shell a lobster ever carried with it out of the sea; yet it was far too wide for the thin wiry meat seen through the fractures. The attention of all the three had been strongly drawn by the affair of the beer to the other furnishings of the table, when in the midst of their contemplation, they found the supper party increased by the appearance of a fourth guest. This was Mrs Thompson, who had probably been listening to the conversation, and who now entered in a negligent evening costume; and saluting Mr and Mrs Magnus Smith in a half-careless half-haughty manner,

looked the landlady to the life. Mr Magnus Smith found a difficulty in identifying her with the individual from whom he had taken the lodgings; but he remarked internally that dress made a great change upon some people, and was even a little daunted by the stiffness with which she sat down opposite his wife, and the look of desperate resolution with which she regarded that lady.

'I hope, mem,' said Mrs Magnus Smith, with rising colour—'I hope you find yourself comfortable? Pray make yourself quite at home—oh, pray do!'

'I always do, mem,' replied Mrs Thompson, 'especially in my own house! I am in the habit of paying my rent, whatever other people may do—although I make no allusions; and when individuals pay their rent, they have a right to consider themselves at home.'

'Rent, mem! do you talk to me of rent the first moment I have ever seen your face? Do you question my honesty?'

'Oh no!' said Mrs Thompson, with a scornful laugh, 'I do not question it at all. But perhaps you would like a little lobster?—or some bread and butter?—or you may have a fancy to taste the pint-pot behind the door? Some people are partial to bath-bricks, carrots, and small coal! But I make no allusions—oh no!' Mrs Magnus Smith grew pale with rage at these injurious hints; but being a lady of breeding, she repressed the words that rose to her lips, and snatching up the penny loaf, severed it in two, and spreading one half with half the pat of butter, ate it at Mrs Thompson: who, on the instant, imitated the manœuvre with the other half of the loaf and the remainder of the butter.

The two gentlemen, excited by this outbreak of their wives, felt their bristles rise, and glared fiercely at each other. Their position, in fact, was extremely unpleasant. Here were four adults desperately determined upon supper, and now with nothing before them to wreak their appetite upon but a finger-length of lobster. The question of right, however, was still more instant. It was surely a new reading of the law of landlord and tenant to suppose that a man—and not only a man, but a man and his wife—were privileged to intrude upon their lodger's privacy the very first moment of his arrival, and to drink his beer, eat up his bread and butter, and keep him out of his bed for ever.

'Sir,' said Mr Magnus Smith, rising indignantly, 'there must be an end of this! Since politeness and forbearance are thrown away upon you, I beg to wish you a particularly good-night!'

'Good-night, then,' replied Mr Thompson, rising likewise; 'good-night, with all my heart and soul; it is what I have been wishing this half hour!'

The two ladies rose, and curtsied scornfully; and then all four stood still.

Mr Magnus Smith waved his hand with dignity, as if dismissing the company; but Mr Thompson, with less refinement, instead of taking the hint, pointed to the door, as if he had said, 'Get out!' The two gentlemen then suddenly and simultaneously advanced a step nearer to each other, and their wives ranged themselves each on the side of her husband.

'Sir,' said Mr Magnus Smith, 'if I was not in my own premises, I would put you out at that door!'

'And if I was not in mine,' retorted Mr Thompson, 'I would throw you out at that window!'

'You insolent, ungrateful individual! What! throw me out of the window, after drinking my beer to the dregs, and seeing your wife devour my bread and butter!'

'Your beer!—your bread and butter! They were my own, and you know it, you intolerable sponge!—And both gentlemen ran to the bell to summon evidence of the fact, and drew down upon their heads the whole machinery. In an instant Jemima was in the room, as if called up by enchantment. She had a boot drawn upon one hand, and in the other a blacking brush, a considerable part of the contents of which she

forthwith transferred to her face, while putting back her hair with the bristles, that she might see and comprehend the scene more intensely.

'Look at this lobster!' said Mr Magnus Smith imperiously.

'Oh yes, sir; I know by the small coal it is all right. Don't you remember yourself it was to be a little un', and cheap of course?'

'You hear, sir? Your lobster indeed!'

'And the bread and butter?' said Mr Thompson; 'answer, girl!'

'Oh my!—oh gemini!—oh gracious!' cried Jenima, as she looked over the table, and even peeped under the tablecloth for the missing viands. 'Well, to think of that! If somebody hasn't been agoing and sweeping away the bath-brick and carrot clean off the dresser!'

'Bath-brick and carrot!' growled Mr Thompson. 'Did you not receive my orders, stupid?'

'Oh yes, sir; and you know yourself it was to be only a little butter, as the good lady was particular in the article, and would see about it herself in the morning. But that missus is always a ruining me!'

'That missus! Who is your missus? Isn't it this—person?' said Mrs Magnus Smith.

'Oh no, mum; that's the good lady.'

'Then who is this—individual?' said Mrs Thompson.

'That's the other good lady.'

'And who, in the name of wonder, then, is your missus?'

'Here I am, ladies and gentlemen,' said Mrs Plumley, sailing into the room with her husband; 'and sorry and ashamed we are of all the trouble you have had. But the truth is, Mr Plumley let the room to one party, and I to another; and all because we were not on speaking terms!'

The explanations that ensued may be imagined. Mr and Mrs Magnus Smith consented to be put into the drawing-room floor for that night; and liked it so well, that on the Plumleys making a slight reduction in the price, they took the apartments permanently. These good people took special care to be on speaking terms for the rest of their lives; and Mrs Plumley entered into a treaty with Jenima, whereby the latter agreed to evacuate the dresser, in consideration of the former ceding up for ever to her hieroglyphics the lid of her box.

JONATHAN COUCH ON INSTINCT.*

MR COUCH is a naturalist, well known amongst men of his own order, but hitherto not known in the field of general literature. He has here produced a volume of anecdote and speculation about animals—better in the anecdote than in the speculation, yet not without some good ideas in the latter department, mingled, however, with a good deal of what appears to us very inconclusive matter. He inclines to the modern views of animal psychology, and regarding man as possessing similar qualities to those of the inferior tribes, with the super-addition of an internal consciousness making him responsible for the rectitude of his actions, counsels that we should study the science of mind through what he rather happily calls Comparative Metaphysics. It is a great hint to throw out; but when and whence is to come the John Hunter who shall realise the idea?

Feeling it to be vain to attempt to follow Mr Couch through the loose texture of his speculations, we shall take him up in one of the branches of animal economy, which he illustrates by facts. We pitch upon the chapter on animal migrations, because it is the subject which has been least treated of in these pages.

The principal migrators are birds. The object in coming northward evidently is to obtain a moderate temperature for the business of bringing forth a family; the going southward seems to depend less on an anxiety to escape the rigours of the winter season, than simply

on the desire of returning, as it were, home, after finishing the affairs of incubation. 'A remark often made,' says Mr Couch, 'appears to be correct—that the swallow tribe go away earliest in the warmest seasons; but whether there be any physiological reason for this, is a matter of doubt. The principal cause of their early readiness for migration seems to be, that less interruption has been thrown in the way of the formation of the nest, and there has been a greater abundance of insect food for the support of the young, which has accelerated their growth. In an unfavourable season in these respects, or when other causes have occurred to retard the maturity of the brood, the birds have not only been kept later, but in many instances the migratory instinct has grown sufficiently strong to overcome the force of parental affection, and the brood has been left to perish in the nest. To attend on a helpless young one, a single swift has been known to remain for a fortnight after the departure of its race; and it is a frequent occurrence for the swallow to leave its late brood to perish in the nest.'

After many particulars of the migration of the swallows and swifts, Mr Couch adds some remarks on a subject which we believe to be as yet veiled in mystery. 'The invariable direction,' he says, 'in which migration is prosecuted, is not the least interesting portion of the proceeding: for though it is known to us that southern climates possess the warmest temperature, and the most nutritious and stimulating food, at the time when the summer haunts of migrants are becoming deficient in these particulars, still it cannot be supposed that a bird is in possession of this speculative knowledge; or, possessing it, that, without compass or guide, it should unerringly pursue the route that leads to it. Yet they rarely deviate to any great extent in the journey, uninfluenced by mountains or oceans that intervene; and even the young cuckoo, new from the nest of a foster-parent who is itself indisposed to the effort, and destitute of any guiding influence besides its own instinctive feeling, quits the land of its birth, and fails not to reach the country of its search.

'Inscrutable as this directing skill appears to our duller perceptions, it is not only constant in its manifestation among our little summer insect-hunters, but it is also possessed by birds whose opportunities of using it are only occasional. Domestic pigeons have been taken to remote distances from their home, and that, too, by a mode of conveyance which must effectually shut out all possibility of recognition of the local bearings of the direction; and yet they have returned thither with a rapidity of flight which marked a conscious security of finding it. I have known some of the most timid and secluded of our birds, as the wheatear and dipper, to be taken from their nests, and conveyed to a distance, under circumstances which must have impressed them with feelings of terror, and in which all traces of the direction must have been lost; and yet, on being set free, they were soon at the nook from which they had been taken. Even the common hen, which has been carried in a covered basket through a district intersected by a confusion of hills and valleys, in a few hours was seen again seraping for grain on her old dunghill.

'The only explanation, in these cases, must be sought in the existence of perceptions to which the human race is a stranger; their possession of which is proved by the exquisite and ready susceptibility of most animals to changes of weather, long before the occurrence of anything which our observation can appreciate, or which can be indicated by instruments. While the atmosphere seems to promise a continuance of fair and calm weather, and the wind maintains the same direction, the hog may be seen conveying in its mouth a wisp of straw; and in a few hours a violent wind fulfils the omen. The cat washes, and some wild animals shift their quarters, in compliance with similar indications; and even fish, at considerable depths in the sea, display in their motions and appetite sensibility to the coming change. The latter circumstance especially, which

* Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the Habits of British Animals. By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S. London: Van Voorst. 1847.

is well known to fishermen, is a proof that mere change of temperature or moisture is not sufficient to explain the phenomenon.'

Animals much below birds perform occasional migrations, attended by extraordinary circumstances. We are told, for instance, of streams of butterflies and dragon-flies, which go on without intermission for days, no one being able to comprehend whence they have come or whither they are going. The flight of the locust is a too well-known phenomenon. Mr Couch quotes a curious account of a procession of caterpillars (*bombyces*) observed by Mr Davis. 'They were crossing the road in single file, each so close to its predecessor, as to convey the idea that they were united together, moving like a living cord in a continuous living line. At about fifty from the end of the line, I ejected one from his station: the caterpillar immediately before him suddenly stood still; then the next, and then the next, and so on to the leader. The same result took place at the other extremity. After a pause of a few moments, the first after the break in the line attempted to recover the communication. This was a work of time and difficulty, but the moment it was accomplished by his touching the one before him, this one communicated the fact to the next in advance, and so on till the information reached the leader, when the whole line was again put in motion. On counting the number of caterpillars, I found them to be one hundred and fifty-four, and the length of the line twenty-seven feet. I next took the one which I had abstracted from the line, and which remained coiled up, across the line. He immediately unrolled himself, and made every attempt to get admitted into the procession. After many endeavours, he succeeded, and crawled in, the one below falling into the rear of the interloper. I subsequently took out two caterpillars, about fifty from the head of the procession. By my watch, I found the intelligence was conveyed to the leader in thirty seconds, each caterpillar stopping at the signal of the one in his rear. The same effect was observable behind the break, each stopping at a signal from the one in advance. The leader of the second division then attempted to recover the lost connection. That they are unprovided with the senses of sight and smell, appeared evident, since the leader turned right and left, and often in a wrong direction, when within half an inch of the one immediately before him: when he at last touched the object of his search, the fact was communicated again by signal; and in thirty seconds, the whole line was in rapid march, leaving the two unfortunates behind, which remained perfectly quiet, without making any attempt to unroll themselves.'

Mr Couch devotes several chapters to the habits of birds, as illustrating a combination of instinct and reason; but they are of too desultory a nature to admit of extracts. The following regarding the mole is more concentrated, and also more original:—'The habits of the mole will vary with the soil, and particularly with the structure of the ground, as it is rich and deep, or shallow, level, rocky, uneven, or intersected with raised mounds or hedges of earth, five or six feet high, and of the same thickness, such as divide fields in the west of England. The presence of this animal is known by the heaps of fine earth, or hills, thrown up during its subterranean operations. In deep ground, little of its labours can be traced, except when thus marked; but in a thin soil, or in hard ground, a ridge is often driven along, which is distinctly raised above the ordinary level of the surface; and the mole-hill is only elevated where the earth is so fine and friable, that the removal of some part of it is necessary to give the creature a clear course in its runs backward and forward. The creep or run is in a zig-zag direction; and when the neighbourhood is very productive of its prey, exceedingly so, as if the animal were unwilling to pass out of so fertile a district. But for the most part it takes a straightforward course; and in the open space of a down, it passes through more than fifty paces of distance without lifting a heap, with a progress amounting to two or three human paces in a

day, and the whole run is two hundred feet in length. In the course of this passage, advantage is taken of any obstructions which occur, as if conscious of the probability of pursuit; and the run is made to pass among the roots of dwarf furze, and even under a large stone, while, at irregular distances, openings are made to allow of excursions on the surface, and the free admission of air. There are many lateral branches from the principal passage; but none of them extend to any great distance: for it seems wisely to avoid forming such a labyrinth as might confound itself in its daily course, or in its efforts to escape from an enemy, to whose depredations it is exposed even in its retreat. Its time of labour is chiefly at an early hour in the morning; but if everything be still, it may be seen at work at other seasons. The slightest sound or movement of an approaching foot stops the work, and no further lifting of the earth will be attempted that day. These runs are mostly made towards the end of autumn; are this creature's hunting-grounds for food; are abandoned when the soil has been thoroughly searched through and through; and though they are formed with so much toil as to make it desirable not to desert them while there is anything to be done there, yet in a month or two the animal quits them for new ground, perhaps at a great distance, where the hunting promises better success.

'A favourite spot for its winter-quarters, and one it prefers at other seasons, is in enclosed fields, under the shelter of a hedge of high-piled earth, along the middle of whose base the run is carried, and in whose mass of mould it finds security from cold and from its natural enemies. The heaps it throws up are cast on the sides, and at intervals a lateral passage is driven into the field, to which, when the inducement is powerful, it transfers its principal operations; and there encounters its greatest hazards from the traps of the mole-catcher, and the pursuit of the weasel and the rat, with whom it fights furiously, but without success. When undisturbed, the mole often shifts its quarters; and in making a new selection, its choice seems to be much influenced by caprice. It makes these changes especially in the months of July and August; but I have known it to take excursions of removal to such distances, that no mark of its presence could be detected in the month of January, if an open and moist season. A large part of such a journey must be along the surface; and it is probable that, at all times, this is its mode of emigration to distant places. In summer, much of its time is thus passed in migrations from one field to another, because the hardness of the ground renders it difficult to throw up the soil, and follow up the worms, which have sunk deeper down into the soil. It shows the same love of change in moist weather, when the ground is more workable.

'If not to its mind, the mole repeatedly changes its quarters; and though shut up in darkness, it reluctantly continues on the northern declivity of a hill, where it has little light, and less heat, unless its other advantages are unusually great. Its migration from one district to another exposes it to great danger, as it is slow to escape, and little prepared to defend itself.

'The run is differently formed in spring, in consequence of a difference of object. Where fields are not large, the hedge is still the selected spot; on which account its nest is not often discovered. Mr Bell has given a sketch of the skilful arrangements made for its safety at this time; but in districts where the hedge is chosen for defence, no other departure from its usual form is made than an enlargement of the space, and a more comfortable lining. Fourteen young ones have been discovered in one nest; but though the mole is not a social animal, it is hard to believe that they could have been littered by one mother.

'The mole may sleep more in winter than in other seasons, but it is not its habit to become torpid at this time. In frost and snow, fine earth is often seen freshly turned up, as evidence of its activity; but as it is a creature of great voracity, and cannot endure long fast-

ing, like many wild animals of that character, it is not easy to say how its wants are at this time supplied. A dead or living bird, numbed with the cold, is always a welcome morsel; but its track has not been seen in the snow in pursuit of it. It perceives the earliest approach of a thaw; and after long seclusion, a heap may be seen protruding through the thin covering of snow, as evidence of its sensibility to change of temperature—a circumstance more easily understood when we recollect that it is the radiation of heat from the inner parts of the earth which exercises the first influence in the change; and that it is because the air abstracts this heat more rapidly than the earth supplies it, that frost and snow are produced and continued. When, from changes in the atmosphere, this rapid abstraction ceases, the heat below becomes more sensibly felt; and this is first visible at the surface of the soil.

A good supply of drink is essential to the mole's existence; and its healthy condition is marked by a softness and moisture about the snout, where its most perfect organ of sensation is placed. The flexibility of that organ, and its command over it, are indeed exquisite; but it is not used in the operations of excavation and lifting. This is the work of the feet, neck, and the hinder part of the shoulder; and in these parts the mole is perhaps the strongest quadruped in existence, in proportion to its size. The heaps it throws up are not made simply by lifting; for the superfluous earth is collected at easy distances, and thrust along, until so much is accumulated, as compels it to convey it out of the way, and then its work in tunnelling goes on again.

The mole has more enemies than it is supposed to have; for though its disappearance from a district is sometimes due to emigration, there must be other causes at work to account for their extirpation in particular localities. They may destroy each other in their burrows, for they are exceedingly quarrelsome; the fox and weasel, too, are formidable foes; but the ceaseless war waged against them by man, the least excusable enemy they have, is the most destructive. Admitting that mole-heaps, and loosening of the soil by the runs made through a field, are inconveniences, and even injurious, and that it is unsightly to see a gentleman's lawn disfigured with these tumuli, such annoyances may be either removed or turned to advantage; and it must not be forgotten that their destruction of more injurious creatures is considerable. If it is desirable to expel them from their haunts, it may be done effectually without destroying them: for their extirpation is sure to be followed by a fresh invasion.

While we do not think that the reasoning in this volume will greatly advance philosophical zoology, we feel tolerably sure that the volume itself will be found readable, entertaining, and, in a modified sense, instructive.

THE CORNISH ALEWIFE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

FAR from the town, where Tamar's waters flow,
An alehouse stood, a hundred years or so;
Quaint was the porch, with ivy clothed about,
And many a comely fowl marched in and out,
Graceful, and plump, and smooth, of glowing hue,
The pride of Molly, and her profit too;
Nor less her pigs, that were so white and clean—
Pigs so precisely trained were never seen.
She was a matchless housewife—sooth to say,
A better never met the face of day.
Full fifty years she kept this hostelry,
Hiding itself in orchard greenery;
And graced with flowers, in rustic garden set,
And shaded pasture-slopes that round it met;
Here the frog leaps, and here the robin sings,
And here the new-fledged linnet tries its wings;
Here Molly's cows regaled on scented clover,
Till night and Kitty called them under cover,
Well they knew Kitty—thrifty and fair was she,
And second mistress of the hostelry.

Few were the guests that brought the hostel gain,
But cheese and butter were not made in vain;
And Molly's clouted cream was known, I wis,
To fame as far as the metropolis.
'Twas true, though trite, things might have been much worse—
Old Molly might have had a lighter purse;
She might have had a heavier too, but that
She had a mind for charity and chat.
Oft to her porch the wandering beggar came,
With all the news that he could find or frame,
The vagrant gossip of the town and dale,
To charm old Molly for a draught of ale.
And oft his mite, the little that he can,
Brings to the hostel the poor quarryman;
And finds a large return in warmth and ease,
Kind words, good home-brewed ale, bacon and cheese,
Beans, peas, what not—from Molly's ample stores;
And oft the wind-worn seaman from the shores,
And oft the swarthy miner from the caves,
Old Molly hailed—but never harboured knaves.

In chilling winter, when the wind blows fierce,
And the fell frost's sharp deadly arrows pierce,
How pleasant by the alewife's fire to sit
Warm, snug, and merry! while the gay beams flit
O'er her oak chest, like polished mirror bright,
Her red brick floor, where scarce a soil doth light,
Her milk-white tables, platters ranged with care,
Her folio Bible and her brass-clasped prayer;
Her antiquated prints upon the wall,
Prized as if Raphael had wrought them all,
Her corner cupboard with odd china stores,
(Seldom that precious hoard unclosed its doors);
Her mighty 'press,' where hung, all on a row,
Her family heir-looms, dresses kept for show.

'Newfangled ways' old Molly hated quite,
As any Chinaman or Muscovite;
As unknown seas, to her were books and schools—
Nature and Gospel furnished all her rules;
These guided safely to the port where meet
The lowly pinnacle and the stately fleet,
The nameless bark, the ship with colours spread,
Voyaging to the regions of the dead.
And now old Molly hears that silent strand,
The oar grows powerless in her aged hand;
'Tis dropped! Oh now farewell Life's troubled sea;
Welcome fair harbour of Eternity!

'Fetch me no doctor!' cries the stern old dame;
'I've lived without, and I will die the same;
To parson John's the road's a long ten mile,
Read me a chapter, it will serve the while.

'Kitty, give thou a horn of ale to the poor
Miners and quarrymen when I'm no more:
They'll often miss me, as they pass this way.
I was not flint to them that could not pay,
Beggar or worker—well thou knowest that—
If folk were honest, and observed the mat;
For when I found a poor soul hardly driven,
I lent my mite, and scored it up to Heaven.
And Heaven will pay me truly, there's no fear;
I wish it were much more in my arrears.
Bless God! though I've worked hard, I shall die free
Of the poorhouse, in my own old hostelry.
In thrift and toil I have not been forsaken,
I've had my independent bread and bacon;
Work thou for *thine*, there thy plain duty lies,
And read the Gospel, girl, and dry thine eyes.
I cannot read, thou know'st, a single word,
But yet I hope old Molly's prayers are heard;
And all is well for me, and Heaven is near,
And I can live or die without a fear.

'Tis midnight now, the moon is in the sky,
Draw back, and let me see it where I lie:
Ay—there it shines—down over moor and mead,
On tree, and bush, and bank, and flower, and weed.
It shineth down where I have lived so long,
Where to my sight a score of memories throng:
There, by that blasted oak, I often played,
With my young brothers when a little maid:
The tree was then as young and fresh as I;
And yonder, Kitty, all my kindred lie;

The old deserted grave-yard is their bed—
Sure I can see the turf o'er Peter's head :
There lay me with him, girl, when I am dead.

' Poor Dick, my bird, I give into thy care,
And I have left thee something for his fare
And for thy comfort. Dost thou weep for that ?
Death-tears soon dry, girl—Kitty, mind the cat !

' Now, Lord, I am ready ; take me to thy rest :
Near ninety years on earth I've been a guest ;
Now I come home to the House prepared by thee—
Set wide the gates, dear Lord, and welcome me.'

The strife is o'er, the beams of morning fall
On that stern image, stern, yet sweet withal ;
Stooping decrepitude, old age's dower,
Hath fled, and left the impress of high power ;
But what or whence no mortal tongue may say,
Save 'tis the seal of Heaven, though set in clay.

Bring the rude coffin, while the country poor
Stand in mute grief about the hostel door.
True mourners they ; and Kitty, faithful soul,
Gives each, for Molly's sake, a funeral dole ;
And, sighing at her heart, tends pigs and fowls,
And bird and beast—and when the screeching owls
Raise their wild night-cries, she, with shuddering speed,
Binds bolt and bar, and sits her down to read,
Lonely and sad, beside the hostel fire,
Still anxious that the flames should kindle higher ;
For every shadow wears a ghostly gloom,
And seems a wanderer from the awful tomb.

Now goes the alewife to her earth-wrapped kin,
Unclose the turf, and lay her gently in ;
No glittering plate her humble name retains,
No floating pall o'ershades her pale remains :
She needs them not—in pious actions drest,
Death's simplest majesty becomes her best ;
Her rustic sense would have despaired the rest.

FOREIGN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

IN all ages and countries, a public library is an institution most valuable ; but it was particularly so before the introduction of printing, when the price of books rendered it impossible for any but the wealthy to possess them. In early times, such collections shared in the casualties that befell all kinds of property. The fate of the early libraries of Egypt is well known ; and also that Rome was enriched with the literary spoils of Greece. But to come down to existing stores, we find that in the middle ages every large church had its library. That of the Vatican, founded by Pope Nicholas in 1450, was destroyed by the Constable Bourbon in the sacking of Rome, but was restored by Pope Sixtus V. in 1588, and has been considerably enriched with the spoils of that of Heidelberg, plundered by Count Tilly in 1622. It now comprises 100,000 printed volumes, and 40,000 manuscripts. The pope has recently issued an order for the public to have access to one department of it, consisting of 35,000 printed volumes, among which are many rare and some unique works, a great number containing marginal notes by celebrated men. The hall of the Great Council at Venice contains the library of St Mark, comprising 65,000 volumes, and about 5000 manuscripts. Petrarch 'laid its first foundations,' as he expresses himself in a letter respecting the donation of manuscripts that he sent to Venice, as an acknowledgment for the hospitality he found there during the plague. Only a very small number of his manuscripts are now there ; but the learned librarian, Morelli, has shown that the Venetians do not deserve the reproach of having allowed Petrarch's library to remain forgotten in a small room where it perished, for he had only given some few books. Twelve years after this donation, Petrarch left at his death a very precious library ; but it was dispersed, as is evident from the manuscripts preserved in the Vatican, the Laurentian, the Ambrosian, and the Bibliothèque du Roi ; and not one ever reached Venice. About 80,000 volumes and 900 manuscripts are contained in the beautiful library

of Ferrara—one of the most illustrious towns that cherished printing in its infancy. Among the manuscripts are fragments of some cantos of the 'Orlando Furioso,' covered with corrections, showing how Ariosto revised and polished his poem. The manuscript of the 'Scholastica,' one of his comedies, is very little corrected ; but this piece was incomplete when he died, and his brother Gabriele finished it. The manuscript of his satires is in good preservation, and curious for the different corrections in the poet's own hand. Another valuable manuscript is the 'Gerusalemme,' corrected by Tasso's own hand during his captivity. The words *Laus Deo* are written by the unfortunate poet at the end of this almost sacred manuscript. There are a great many suppressed passages in it, and several successive pages are sometimes crossed out. The other manuscripts of Tasso include nine letters, dated from the hospital of St Anne ; and some verses expressive of sorrow, desolation, and anguish, written from his prison to the magnanimous Duke Alfonso. Here is also the manuscript of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' exhibiting some few corrections, chiefly grammatical, by Leonardo Salviati. From Valery's 'Travels in Italy' we learn that the ancient choir-book of the Carthusians is now in the library, forming eighteen atlas volumes, covered with brilliant miniatures, the work of Cosmè's school. Equally magnificent is an atlas Bible, apparently by the same artists. One of the chief rarities is the 'Musculorum Humani Corporis Pictura Dissectio,' by the great Ferrarese anatomist of the sixteenth century, Giambattista Canani, who had some faint idea of the circulation of the blood—an undated edition, without imprint, but probably of 1541, illustrated with plates engraved by the celebrated Geronimo Carpi.

Cosmo de Medici founded at Florence, in 1560, one of the most complete libraries in Europe. 'From the intercourse that in his time subsisted between Florence and Constantinople, and the long visits made by the Greek prelates and scholars to Italy, the venerable Cosmo had the best opportunity of obtaining the choicest treasures of ancient learning ; and the destruction of Constantinople may be said to have transferred to Italy all that remained of eastern science. After the death of Cosmo, his son Piero pursued with steady perseverance the same object, and made important additions to the various collections which Cosmo had begun, particularly to that of his own family. But although the ancestors of Lorenzo de Medici laid the foundation of the immense collection of manuscripts since denominated the Laurentian Library, he may himself claim the honour of having raised the superstructure. If there was any pursuit in which he engaged more ardently, and persevered more diligently than the rest, it was that of enlarging his collection of books and antiquities. "His messengers," writes Niccolò Leonico, "are dispersed throughout every part of the earth, for the purpose of collecting books on every science, and he spares no expense in procuring them." He derived great assistance in his efforts from Hieronymo Donato, Ermolao Barbaro, and Paolo Cortesi ; but his principal coadjutor was Politiano, to whom he committed the care and arrangement of his collection, and who made excursions at intervals through Italy, to discover and purchase such remains of antiquity as suited the purposes of his patron. Two journeys, undertaken at the instance of Lorenzo, into the east, by Giovanni Lascar, produced a great number of rare and valuable works. On his return from his second expedition, he brought with him about two hundred copies, many of which he had procured from a monastery at Mount Athos ; but this treasure did not arrive till after the death of Lorenzo.*

In France, a hundred and ninety-five towns are provided with excellent public libraries, containing altogether about 3,000,000 volumes, arranged in spacious

* Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.

rooms, with salaried librarians, every accommodation for readers, and every disposition to assist them. These libraries are open to the use of all classes, even the most obscure applicants; no introduction, no patronage is required; the most valuable works, the most precious engravings, are confided to the inspection of any visitor. The five great public libraries of Paris contain altogether about 1,378,000 volumes. The Bibliothèque de Roi, or the King's Library, is the grand national one. It was founded by Francis I. in 1520. Henry II., in 1559, issued an order requiring booksellers to present to the royal library a bound copy of all the works they published. Under the reigns of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., it received but few additions. Henry IV. (1589) caused it to be removed to Paris. In 1595 the collection of Catherine de Medici, consisting of 800 Latin manuscripts, was added; from this time to 1721 the books were removed from one house to another, in Paris, until, in the latter year, they were finally deposited in their present abode, the Hôtel Mazarin, Rue Richelieu. The library consists of upwards of 800,000 printed volumes, 100,000 manuscripts, and 1,000,000 of historical papers. At the public expense it annually receives an addition of about 15,000 volumes and pamphlets. It is calculated that it contains no less than twenty miles of shelf. The public, without distinction of rank or sex, have free access to this extensive library; but it appears that they are privately watched, to detect any who would mutilate or steal the books. M. Van Praet told Sir Henry Ellis that the secret police sit in the rooms; a system of surveillance which would be deemed offensive by the readers in our English libraries.

All the great libraries in Russia originated in the plunder of those of Courland and Poland. In 1704, Peter I. carried off from the town of Mittau 2500 volumes, which were the nucleus of the Imperial Library. In 1772, Catherine II. seized the collection of the Princes Radzivil at Nieswiez, consisting of 17,000 volumes. In 1795, the Zaluski Library, estimated by the Russians themselves at 260,000 printed volumes, and 11,000 manuscripts, was transplanted from Warsaw to St Petersburg. After the taking of Warsaw in 1831, the university of that city lost 200,000 volumes, the Philomatic Society 20,000, the library of the Council of State 36,000, and that of Prince Czartoryski at Palawy 15,000. If we add to these the treasures of the suppressed convents, we shall find, without exaggeration, a total of 700,000 volumes which have been removed to Russia. The Imperial Library at St Petersburg is the richest of the Russian libraries, and ranks as third among the collections of Europe. It contains about 442,800 printed volumes, and 14,480 manuscripts. It is very rich in the literature of Central Asia, and contains the works formerly belonging to Baron Schilling; seventy-three manuscripts of Colonel Stuart, relating to all the most important parts of Sanscrit literature; and also forty-three Mongolian and Thibetan works, collected at Pekin; altogether forming the finest collection of Oriental works in the world. This Imperial Library is open to the public three days in the week, but is visited by comparatively few readers, about eight hundred in the course of the year—an extremely small number for a capital whose population is nearly half a million, without counting the garrison or strangers. The cause of the library being so little used by the people is thus explained by Mr Köhl:—“On entering, visitors have to pass a whole cordon of police soldiers, the attendants on the library, who strip them of cloaks and greatcoats, which they return after strictly searching the owners at their departure; and many a one feels so nettled, that he comes no more. On your first visit, you can merely admire the magnitude of the different rooms, the apparent order of the books, and their splendid bindings, attended by a subaltern officer, who relates wonderful things about these literary treasures. To get a book to read in the library itself is all but impossible, though you can point out where it

stands. You must first write down the title in a large register, and then, if it is not lent, and can be found, you are supplied with it on the next library day. But it happens sometimes that you may wait for weeks in vain for a single book. The first time, the entry of the book has perhaps been overlooked, and you must write down the title again; next time, you are told it is not to be found, or the librarian to whose department it belongs is not in the way. Should you be prevented from attending on a library day, you lose your claim to the wished-for book, which has meanwhile been removed from the table; so that you are obliged to go on a fourth or fifth day to enter it again, and at last, on a sixth or seventh, to read it. On the days appointed for reading, you may many a time knock in vain, because it may happen to be one of the numberless festivals of the Russian church. The precautions, on the delivery of a book that is to be taken home, are so great, that one would think the library was merely intended for the safe custody of books, and not for introducing them among the people.* Besides this imperial collection, Russia possesses forty-two other public libraries, some of which contain 10,000 volumes.

The first circulating or lending library in Europe was established at Wetzlar, in Prussia, by Winkler, the bookseller and printer, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Lately, in the city of Breslau, the Prince-Archbishop has founded a library for the working classes, to whom the books are lent out gratis. The number of volumes contributed to it amounts to nearly 2000.

In 1835, the Gottingen library contained, according to its librarian Dr Benecke, 300,000 works. It is fairly entitled to be designated ‘the most useful library in the world.’ It is open every day in the year to students; and free admission, during certain hours, is allowed to every person who may wish to see or refer to any work. Books are lent out daily, without any pledge or remuneration, but they must be returned in a month. Besides an extensive collection of Spanish, French, Italian, and Oriental works, here is a more complete collection of books on English history and literature than one can readily find in Great Britain. The Gottingen library has likewise the recommendation of a scientific or classed catalogue, and an alphabetical one; both kept in a state of strict completeness by the immediate insertion of the new books.

The library at Munich contains 500,000 volumes, but of which one-fifth at the least are duplicates; and the entire length of its shelves is computed to be fifteen miles and a-half.

Ten years ago, the university library at Vienna was reported to possess 100,000 volumes. The emperor's fine private library, an heir-loom in the imperial family, is also accessible to the public; every person being admitted free, without any previous application, and no instances having occurred of books being purloined. Sumptuous and costly works are not put into the hands of the idle and curious, but only into those of the studious, who do not visit the library for the sole purpose of looking at pictures. This library, which was begun by Maximilian I., contains above 300,000 volumes, all of which are admirably arranged and catalogued. Besides a general alphabetic catalogue, wherein all new acquisitions are immediately inserted, there are ten class catalogues; namely, of 12,000 volumes printed before the year 1500; of 6000 works on music; of all the Bibles; of Hebrew works; of Slavonic books; of Latin manuscripts; of 1000 Oriental manuscripts, besides 800 Chinese and Indian books; of 8000 autographs; of the valuable prints and maps; and a general classified catalogue of scientific books. After seeing what industry and perseverance have accomplished at Vienna, how can we be cajoled by the lazy excuses made for the want of proper catalogues at the British Museum Library!

* Russia in 1842.

The Royal Library of Copenhagen contains 463,332 volumes, and about 22,000 manuscripts. After eleven years' labour, a catalogue of all the books, and of one-fourth of the manuscripts, was completed by the conservators, and published at the expense of the government. The catalogue itself extends to 174 volumes.

The Royal Library at Stockholm, founded by Gustavus Vasa, and greatly increased by Gustavus Adolphus, is not so large as is commonly supposed; its printed volumes scarcely amounting to 70,000, while its manuscripts are only 5000. It would have been much more extensive but for the plunder of Queen Christina; for the ease with which she allowed literary men to take the books away; and for the great fire which, in 1697, destroyed a great portion of it. In this library, the excellent system is adopted of giving to each class of books a distinct colour of binding. Among the manuscripts, the most curious is one brought from Prague after the conquest of that city, and called the 'Devil's Bible,' from a fanciful representation of that personage, though it is also known by the name of the 'Codex Giganteus;' and gigantic indeed it must be, to contain not only the Latin Vulgate, but the works of Josephus, some treatises of St Tsidore, a Chronicle of Bohemia, and several Opuscula.

The most northern library in the world is that of Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, which, nearly forty years ago, contained 3600 volumes. About the year 1731, Franklin established by subscription the first public library in Pennsylvania. There are now many public libraries in the United States. In most of the principal towns of New York, 'school district libraries' have been established by law, at a cost of about half a million of dollars, and are exempt from all taxes. The public library of Mexico contained, ten years ago, about 11,000 volumes; but four convents there possess libraries the total amount of whose volumes is more than 32,000. In many of the Mexican provinces, libraries exist whose contents vary from 1000 to 3000 volumes.

THE BUSHMAN.

A WORK bearing the title of 'The Bushman, or Life in a New Country,' would naturally be expected to contain a history—real or fictitious—of the adventures of a colonist, either in South Africa or Australia, while engaged in creating for himself a 'home in the bush.' This, however, is not precisely the character of a volume recently published with that title.* It is rather a general description of Western Australia, by a gentleman who went out to that country in search at once of health and competence. Mr Landor (who seems to have been educated for the legal profession) was, it appears, a 'victim of medical skill; and having been sentenced to death in his own country by three eminent physicians, was comparatively happy in having that sentence commuted to banishment.' A wealthy man would have gone to Naples, to Malta, or to Madeira; but a poor one has no resource save in a colony, unless he will condescend to live upon others, rather than support himself by his own exertions.

Mr Landor had the great advantage of being accompanied by his two brothers, who, with him, represented all three of the learned professions—the elder being 'a disciple of Æsculapius,' and the younger 'a youth not eighteen, originally designed for the church, and intended to cut a figure at Oxford;' but who 'modestly conceiving that the figure he was likely to cut would not tend to the advancement of his worldly interests, and, moreover, having no admiration for Virgil beyond the Bucolics, fitted himself out with a Lowland

plaid and a set of Pandæan pipes, and solemnly dedicated himself to the duties of a shepherd.'

Considering that the author styles himself a 'poor colonist,' the account which he gives of their outfit is somewhat startling; it certainly does not come up, or rather down, to ordinary notions of poverty. 'We had with us,' he says, 'a couple of servants; four rams with curling horns—a purchase from the late Lord Western; a noble bloodhound, the gift of a noble lord famous for the breed; a real old English mastiff-bitch, from the stock at Lyme Regis; and a handsome spaniel cocker. Besides this collection of quadrupeds, we had a vast assortment of useless lumber, which had cost us many hundred pounds. Being most darkly ignorant of everything relating to the country to which we were going, but having a notion that it was very much of the same character with that so long inhabited by Robinson Crusoe, we had prudently provided ourselves with all the necessities, and even non-necessaries of life in such a region. Our tool-chests would have suited an army of pioneers; several distinguished ironmongers of the city of London had cleared their warehouses in our favour of all the rubbish which had lain on hand during the last quarter of a century; we had hinges, door-latches, screws, staples, nails of all dimensions, from the tenpenny downwards; and every other requisite to have completely built a modern village—of reasonable extent. We had tents, Mackintosh bags, swimming-belts, several sets of saucers in graduated scale (we had here a distant eye to kangaroo and cockatoo stews), cleavers, meat-saws, iron-skewers, and a general apparatus of kitchen utensils that would have satisfied the desires of M. Soyer himself. Then we had double and single-barrelled guns, rifles, pistols, six barrels of Pigeon and Wilkes's gunpowder; an immense assortment of shot, and two hundredweight of lead for bullets.'

In addition to the foregoing, they had supplied themselves with no less than eighteen months' provisions, in pork and flour, so that, says the author, 'from sheer ignorance of colonial life, we had laid out a considerable portion of our capital in the purchase of useless articles, and of things which might have been procured more cheaply in the colony itself.' It is indeed surprising that, in spite of the warnings to the contrary, repeatedly and earnestly given in works addressed to intending emigrants, this folly of providing an expensive outfit of articles which can be purchased to much better advantage in almost any colony, should still be so frequently committed.

It had been the intention of the author and his brothers to invest their capital entirely in sheep, and 'retiring into the bush for some six or seven years, to gradually accumulate a large flock, the produce of which would soon have afforded a handsome income;' the injudicious restrictions, however, which the home and local governments have imposed on the acquisition of land, compelled them to renounce this project. His brothers took a farm at a high rent, 'and wasted their capital upon objects that would never bring in a good return.' The doctor, however, seems to have resumed the practice of his profession, as did likewise the author himself; while the only one who actually carried into effect his original intention of leading a shepherd life, was the younger brother, who, in consequence, figures throughout the book, and very amusingly, under the pastoral cognomen of Melibœus.

Mr Landor's impressions of the colony, and of colonial life in general, do not seem to have been very favourable. He considers, indeed, that Western Australia, or

* The Bushman, &c. By E. W. Landor. London: Bentley, 1847.

'Swan River,' is quite equal, if not superior, in natural advantages, to other portions of that continent about which much more has been said and written. The climate is most salubrious, and proves wonderfully restorative to constitutions weakened by diseases of either the respiratory or the digestive organs. The soil is, in general, as throughout Australia, rather indifferent; some districts, however, are tolerably fertile, and others are well adapted for pasturage. Provisions are cheap, indeed too cheap for the cultivator's interest; while manual labour is scarce and dear. To a really poor man, who is willing to work, and desirous of emigrating, Western Australia would seem to offer many inducements. Its great disadvantage, in the author's opinion—and one which, as he considers, it shares in a greater or less degree with all colonies—is its poverty. The colonist has either no market, or at best a very uncertain one, for his surplus produce. He may have a substantial dwelling, abundant crops, numerous flocks and herds, and plenty of good homespun clothing; but while he wants those elegancies and luxuries which can only be procured from abroad, he is, and must remain, a poor man. From this account, it will be seen that the author's ideas of poverty are those of a class, and that not the class to which the majority of emigrants belong.

The following picture, however, of 'country life' at Swan River, among the class of settlers especially referred to, does not by any means convey an impression of very severe privations to be endured by such emigrants. It is a description of the fireside of a 'half-pay officer or gentleman farmer,' who, though occasionally driving his own cart, or sowing the seed which he has purchased in the market, 'is not thought less qualified to act as a magistrate, nor is less respected by the great and small in his neighbourhood.' 'Happy family!' exclaims the author, 'how pleasantly the evenings pass in your society! Gladly would I ride many miles to spend such pleasant hours, and witness happiness so unpretending and real. How cheerful looks that large room, with its glorious fire of jarra-wood and "black-boys" (for it is the winter season), and how lightly those young girls move about, arranging the tea-table, and preparing for the evening meal! The kind-hearted mother, relieved of all duties but that of superintendence, sits by the fire, chatting cheerfully with the guest, whose eyes, nevertheless, wander round the room after a certain light and dancing shape; the host, a man of old, but stalwart in appearance, full of hospitality and noble courtesy, appears in his easy slippers and an old and well-worn coat, which formerly had seen service in London ball-rooms. He discourses not only of the crops, and colonial politics, but of literature, and the last news from England; for, like many other colonists, he receives the English papers, and patronises the quarterly reviews.

'With what alacrity the old gentleman rises up and welcomes a traveller, who has unexpectedly arrived, and has just stabled his horse, and seen him fed before he made his appearance in the parlour. There is no beating about the bush for a bed, or an invitation to supper. Of the latter he is certain, and indifferent about the former; for having slept the last night under a tree, he feels sure of making himself comfortable on the sofa, or on the hearthrug before the fire. During the evening, the girls sing, and happily they sing well; and they take most pleasure in those songs which papa likes best to hear: and the poor bachelor guest, who looks on, feels his heart melting within him, and reviles himself for the destitution in which he lives at home. Suddenly, perhaps, horses at a gallop are heard to enter the yard; and soon afterwards two young fellows, fresh from the capital, come dashing into the room, full of

spirits, and vowing they have galloped over on purpose to ascertain whether the ladies were still living. Here is authority of undoubted value for everything relating to the last ball at Government House; and the merits and appearance of every person who attended are soon brought under discussion. This naturally inspires the young people with a desire to dance; so the table is pushed aside, and papa being squeezed nearly into the fire, mamma takes her place at the piano, and bursts off with the "Annen Polka."

There are some entertaining chapters descriptive of the exciting pleasures of wild-cattle hunting, the chase of the kangaroo, and similar sports. Other portions of the work afford useful information respecting the climate and productions of the colony, the local government, the aborigines, and various other subjects of interest to emigrants. We prefer, however, as more closely bearing upon the avowed object of the work, the account of a visit which Mr Landor paid to his younger brother, the Shepherd Melibœus, 'at a "squattening station" on the Hotham, some sixty or seven miles south of York.' 'In the afternoon of the second day after leaving York,' continues the author, 'we descended into a broad valley, abounding with grass and scattered gum-trees. A large flock of sheep were being driven towards the bottom of the valley, where we could discern signs of human habitation. On arriving, we found a hut built of piles or stakes, interwoven with boughs, before the door of which was a fire, with a large pot upon it, from which a powerful steam arose, that was evidently very grateful to a group of natives seated around. On descending from the vehicle, and looking in at the hut door, we perceived, lying in his shirt sleeves, on a couch composed of grass-tree tops covered with blankets and a rug made of opossum skins, the illustrious Melibœus himself, with a short black pipe in his mouth, and a handsome edition of "Lalla Rookh" in his hand. Perceiving us, he jumped up, and expressing his loud surprise, welcomed us to this rustic "Castle of Indolence."

'When a large flock of sheep is sent into the bush, and a squattening station is formed, the shepherds take the sheep out to pasture every morning, and bring them home at night, whilst one of the party always remains at the station to protect the provisions from being stolen by the natives; this person is called the hut-keeper. His duty is to boil the pork or kangaroo-flesh, and provide supper, &c. for the shepherds on their return at night. Melibœus, who superintended this station, undertook the duties of cooking and guarding the hut whenever he did not feel disposed to go out kangaroo-hunting, or shooting wild turkeys or cockatoos. In all things, sports or labours, the natives were his daily assistants, and in return for their services were rewarded with the fore-quarters of the kangaroos killed, and occasionally with a pound or two of flour. There were some noble dogs at this station, descendants of Jezebel and Nero; and my brother had a young kangaroo, which hopped in and out with the utmost confidence, coming up to any one who happened to be eating, and insisting upon having pieces of bread given to it. Full of fun and spirits, it would sport about as playfully as a kitten; and it was very amusing to see how it would tease the dogs, pulling them about with its sharp claws, and trying to roll them over on the ground. The dogs, who were in the daily habit of killing kangaroos, never attempted to bite Minny, which sometimes teased them so heartily, that they would put their tails between their legs and fairly run away.'

It will be sufficiently apparent that 'The Bushman' is not exactly a work in which a really *poor* emigrant, taking that term in its usual sense, will find the information best suited to his circumstances; there is, however, a large class of 'poor genteel' individuals, who are painfully struggling, with insufficient means, to maintain themselves in the sphere to which they have been accustomed, and whose poverty, if not as real, is as keenly felt as that of many with much smaller incomes

and humbler pretensions. To such, 'The Bushman,' notwithstanding its somewhat ambitious and over-laboured passages, will be found to contain matters both of instruction and entertainment.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

PERHAPS few of the readers of the Journal are aware of the existence of the society whose name is written at the head of this paper. It has, however, been in active operation for the last two or three years, having its head-quarters in London, and numbering among its most vigilant promoters Lord Ashley, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich, the Rev. Sir Henry Dukinfield, rector of St Martins; the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, and several other noblemen and gentlemen. With the laudable object in view which its title imports, we purpose now to state what the society proposed to do at its outset, what it has been able to do, and what it has failed to do. The writer of this paper had the opportunity of gathering this information at a late anniversary meeting of the society, held at the new model lodging-house in St Giles's (to which we shall shortly advert), and which was attended by the several gentlemen whose names we have enumerated, and many others interested in the society and the object for which it was instituted.

The acting committee of the society arranged their operations under three heads; namely, to aid the labouring classes in three important particulars—those of money, land, and dwellings. With regard to the first point, the committee 'had seen and lamented from the commencement that in either the borrowing or saving of money, the poor man had scarcely any of those facilities which were so abundantly within the reach of the middle classes. He had to pay 15, 20, and 25 per cent. for loans of money; and the benefit societies of which he was a member too often dissolved themselves before he could reap any advantage from the sums he had deposited with them.' With the view of obviating these inconveniences, the committee set on foot a loan-fund, which failed, however, to answer the end intended by its formation. They thus explain the cause of its miscarriage. 'In their institution of a loan-fund, they have seen it to be as yet impossible to overcome the difficulties peculiarly incidental to the metropolis. In a village or a small town, where the real character, habits, and probable means of every poor inhabitant can be easily and quickly ascertained, there is little difficulty in the management of such an institution; but in London—where every office for granting pecuniary aid is sure to be instantly thronged by a crowd of persons of doubtful character, and whose real objects cannot be easily penetrated, and who, in this vast metropolis, find no difficulty in concealing themselves from their creditors whenever their claims begin to prove inconvenient—such an institution is beset with serious difficulties.' The committee, unwilling to give up this part of their purpose, turned their attention to the institution of what they call a model benefit society; but here again an unexpected difficulty arrested their progress. They consulted several eminent actuaries as to the scale of payment which might safely be adopted, but those actuaries differed greatly from each other on this important point. 'Under all these circumstances, the society has not yet been able to determine on any distinct and eligible course of action in this matter.' 'Nevertheless,' said Lord Ashley, who acted as chairman, 'we shall continue our efforts on this point, in the full hope that we shall be able, before our next anniversary, to state something satisfactory on the subject.'

It occurred to us that, so far as the saving of money among the poor was concerned, instead of the society

setting on foot an institution like their model benefit society, the object they had in view might have been served if they had endeavoured to diffuse among the working-classes the advantages which the ordinary savings' banks offered for parties who had the opportunity and the wish to save money, the savings' banks being far superior to any private and kindred institution that we know of, especially in the unexceptionable security which they give to depositors for the safety of their savings.

With respect to providing the labouring classes with allotments of land, this is an object to which the society attributes much importance, and they have been at great expense and trouble in promoting it. On this subject Lord Ashley observed, that he believed the society had brought the public mind throughout the country to the conviction, that few things could so well conduce to the welfare of the agricultural population as the allotting to them portions of land to cultivate in their hours of leisure. The society itself, he added, had a very considerable portion of land allotted in that way; and they would continue that system of things, not only because it was part of the foundation of their society, but because it would be a proof of their conviction that it was most conducive to the welfare of the labouring classes. The Bishop of London added his testimony to the importance of this subject. He said the question of allotments was one in which he took a very deep interest, and the meeting would readily believe him when he said he was one of the first, if not the first person, to introduce the system into an agricultural community more than thirty years ago. He allotted certain portions of land to a number of labourers, and the only fault which he committed was in allotting to each labourer too large a portion of land. The good effects, however, of such a system, he was of opinion, could not be extensively felt throughout the country unless it was taken up by the proprietors of land; at the same time the society had done wisely in fixing at different parts of the country model allotments, in order that the success which would infallibly attend them might stimulate others in the same practice. The Bishop of Norwich also stated that twenty-five or thirty years ago he endeavoured in every possible way to introduce the allotment system. When he went to Norwich, he tried it there; and he was happy to say the system was answering perfectly well in that great and populous town.

On this subject we would only observe, that allotments of land are valuable merely when intended for cultivation, as Lord Ashley observes, at leisure hours. If the people are induced to depend solely upon such allotments, the result, as all experience demonstrates, will be deterioration and pauperism.

A few words as to the localities in which the society are endeavouring to carry out the allotment system. Previous to the annual meeting of 1846, they were in possession of land for that purpose at Yetminster in Dorsetshire, at Talworth and Long-Dilton in Surrey, at Herne Bay in Kent, at Winchmore Hill and Edgeware in Middlesex; and at that time the society was in treaty for the purchase of ten acres of a charity estate situated at Cholesbury, near Tring. This latter piece of ground has since been put under the superintendence of the Rev. H. P. Jeston, and at Michaelmas 1846 sixteen tenants were admitted to allotments, 'to their great gratification (as the committee observe), and with every prospect of permanent benefit.' The society has also taken possession of twenty acres of land at West Malling, the whole of which has been divided into allotments. Upon this estate the committee contemplate the building of two model cottages for labourers. They have also obtained a piece of land, part of a charity estate, at Denton in Northamptonshire, which has been divided among sixty-four tenants. They have likewise purchased a piece of land at Chatham, consisting of eleven acres, but they had not, at the time of the meeting, obtained possession of it.

The report of the committee was almost entirely silent as to the result of their exertions to establish the allotment system; at least they entered into no details upon that point. We could not help thinking that circumstance indicative, if not of the failure, at least of the partial or small success of the project. We had expected to find some reference made to the effects produced by the allotment system upon the occupants, or some contrast drawn between their former and present condition, or between them and the class of labourers who have not hitherto participated in this way in the society's bounties; but none such was ventured, and we could not avoid the conclusion, that the beneficial results expected by the society from their exertions in this direction were problematical, and had yet to be proved.

We shall now advert to the third object of the society's solicitude—namely, the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring classes; a point, as it appears to us, the most feasible of all their exertions, and one in which they have been most successful so far. Their efforts in this department, however, have as yet been confined chiefly to the metropolis, from the difficulty they have experienced in obtaining sites, and in carrying on building operations in distant parts of the country. At the time of their annual meeting in 1846, the society had just completed a range of buildings near Gray's Inn Road, for the accommodation of working men and their families, a portion of the range being devoted to poor widows and single women. Those buildings, the erection of which cost the society several thousand pounds, were opened in the spring of 1846, and, excepting three of the tenements, have been upwards of a year occupied. The gross rental is somewhere about L.400 per annum, and at the time of the last meeting, a sum of L.7, 14s. 0d. only remained unpaid by the tenants. The committee do not state the terms on which these premises are let; we presume they are more than ordinarily reasonable.

The committee were of opinion that much good might be done to benefit the poor by taking some of their present dwellings on lease, and effecting a thorough reform and improvement of them. In King Street, Drury Lane, a house, usually occupied as a lodging-house, fell into the possession of Mr Russel Gurney, an eminent counsel at the English bar, who determined upon a thorough reformation of it. After being entirely repaired, and made clean and wholesome, it was used as a lodging-house at the usual charge of 4d. a night, and has for many months past been fully occupied with lodgers to the number of twenty-four, the whole that it could accommodate. It is now under the charge of the society. In the summer of last year, the society was offered seventeen dilapidated houses in two or three different parts of London, out of which they selected three houses lying together in Charles Street, Drury Lane, a district where lodging-houses for the lowest class of labourers most abound. They took a lease of those three houses, at a rent of L.45 per annum for the three, and, from first to last, they have expended nearly L.900 in repairing, rebuilding, and furnishing them, and in constructing baths and various other conveniences. They provided eighty beds. The house was opened for lodgers, at 4d. a night, on Monday the 31st May last—and on that night only eight poor people lodged there. On the 3d of June there were thirty-five; on the 7th of June, forty-nine; on the 9th, fifty-nine; and on the 10th, sixty-six—being the whole number that the house was then capable of receiving.

We come now to speak of the New Model Lodging-House in St Giles's, which has been erected under the auspices of the society, and to which they refer with just pride, though it was not in operation at the time of the meeting. The site of this structure, which is in George Street, St Giles's, and contiguous to the French Protestant church there, cost the society L.1200; the builder's contract was L.3930; and it is destined to accommodate 104 inmates, at

a charge of 4d. per night, or 2s. per week, which, assuming it is fully occupied, will yield a return of L.540 per annum. The structure is plain and neat in its design, is built of brick, and consists of five storeys, besides underground apartments. The basement storey is intended for the residence of the master and matron. The underground apartments are to be fitted up as kitchens and larders, in which the lodgers are to be furnished with fire, and every necessary implement for cooking and keeping their victuals. A hundred and twelve beds in all, each intended for the accommodation of one person, and contained in a distinct apartment, will be provided within the walls. Each of the dormitories contains twelve of those separate apartments, divided from the adjacent ones by wooden partitions, with efficient arrangements for warming and ventilating them. Each of the sleeping apartments is also provided with a small wooden chest, having a lock and key, in which the occupant of the room may put and leave anything secure during his absence in the day. To each dormitory is attached a wash-room lighted with gas at night, and fitted up with a series of leaden wash-hand basins, and towels mounted upon rollers, with an arrangement for supplying and carrying off the water with scarcely any trouble. There are also arrangements for providing the lodgers with warm and cold baths on the premises. Besides all this, there is a large, well-lighted, and well-ventilated apartment set apart as a coffee and reading-room, and fitted up with suitable benches, to which the inmates may repair for innocent and agreeable recreation before retiring to rest. Eventually, a library is intended to be added to the accommodation afforded.

The advantages of the institution are limited exclusively to single men, for obvious reasons. The great object of the establishment is to afford to poor single men comfortable lodgings, and the means of cleanliness, in such a manner as that they shall no longer have their feelings unnecessarily offended by being compelled to herd in common lodging-houses with people of vicious character and lives, as thousands of well-disposed poor persons are driven to do in this great world of London, whose straitened means admit of their obtaining no better quarters, confirming the old adage, that 'misery makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows.' We cannot help expressing a hope that the society may be induced to turn its attention to providing poor destitute single women with some kindred shelter and accommodation. It is difficult to say how much of good would result from their doing so; how many poor and defenceless, and homeless young women it would rescue from ruin, to which they are constantly exposed by the want of anything like a comfortable roof under which to lay their head at night in this great city. To return to the Model Lodging-House: the accommodation and comfort which it holds out are offered to the recipients at the reasonable charge of 4d. a night, or 2s. a week, that being the charge at all the common lodging-houses in St Giles's. But how much superior are the advantages in the former! When one thinks of the having all the means and facilities for washing, bathing, and cooking their food—above all, each man having a separate apartment and a separate bed to himself—we cannot hesitate, nor will the poor hesitate, which to give the preference to; whilst the consideration leads us to infer the happiest moral and social results from an institution begun and carried out on such principles. Already the kindred establishment set on foot by the society in Charles Street, to which we have adverted, has had a collateral effect not previously taken into account by its founders—namely, that of inducing the private lodging-house keepers in the neighbourhood, in order to enable them to compete with it, to improve the accommodation which they have heretofore afforded to their guests, and to rival the efforts of the society in this respect as much as possible. Upon the whole, we cannot but augur the happiest results from the New

Model Lodging-House, planted as it is in the very heart of the dense and squalid population congregated in the district about St Giles's.

A SCOTTISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

In a late number of the 'Inverness Courier' we find an interesting notice of one of the more fertile composers of our national airs—the late Mr William Marshall, a farmer in the north of Scotland. Any notice of this kind should not be suffered to pass without attracting a proper share of attention. It is the misfortune of Scottish music that absolutely nothing is known of the authors of the most beautiful and popular airs: of the origin of many tunes, which are the delight of every domestic circle, there does not appear to exist the slightest tradition. They have sprung up in the course of ages, and been incorporated in the national music, without exciting any remark at the time, and afterwards the authorship has silently passed into oblivion. In numerous instances, we believe, the composers have been persons moving in no high sphere of life—not finished musicians, in the proper sense of the term, but geniuses inspired with an ardent love of melody, whose name and merits have scarcely travelled beyond the bounds of a limited rural range.

The subject of the notice in question was one of these geniuses. William Marshall, proceeds the narrative, was born in Fochabers, Banffshire, in 1748, and was the third son of a large family in humble circumstances. While a boy, he evinced considerable musical talent, which, if cultivated, might have shone out with lustre; but this was not possible, and all the education of any kind he received was six months at school, and a few extra lessons he received from a gentleman at Gordon Castle. 'At twelve years of age he entered the service of the Duke of Gordon, and in a few years was elevated to the post of house steward and butler. In this situation he remained for thirty years, accompanying the family wherever they went. Marshall also displayed a taste for architecture, astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics, and in all these sciences he made astonishing progress. Land-surveying was a favourite amusement; and in later years he laid down meridian lines upon which he built the houses of Keithmore and Newfield. Of his mechanical skill he has left a wonderful evidence—a clock he constructed and presented to the Duke of Gordon, which indicates the months and days of the year, the moon's age, the sun's declination and time of rising and setting daily, with many other astronomical phenomena. This curious clock is preserved at Gordon Castle.

'Marshall was above the middle size, compactly built, and handsome in his youth. He was, as we may easily believe, an excellent dancer. He understood the craft of falconry, was an excellent angler, could throw the hammer, leap, and run with a dexterity, agility, and speed, against which few could successfully cope; and, to add to his extraordinary doings, in his age he made roads, constructed bridges, and administered the law of the land. It is as a musician, however, that we have more immediately to deal with him. At Gordon Castle he employed his leisure in the practice of his favourite art, and among his earlier compositions were "The Duke of Gordon's Birthday," "The Bog of Gight," "Miss Admiral Gordon," and "Johnie Pringle." To the last, the facetious author of "John o' Badenyon" set the song "Tune your Fiddles;" and to "Miss Admiral Gordon," Burns wrote the words "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." The air is one of the sweetest in the whole range of Scottish melody; and it is united to one of the tenderest of lyrics: both became at once, and have ever continued, universal favourites. Like the songs of Burns, Marshall's airs were all the result of mere momentary whim or fitful inspiration. They cost him no labour; and when once he had mastered the rhythm, it is said he seldom retouched it. He did not trust wholly to his own partial judgment. At the age of twenty-five he had married "a winsome wee thing," by name Jane Giles—who, although no musician, possessed a fine natural taste. That taste was the ordeal he chose for his airs. In the evenings he would take his fiddle, and while she listened, he would go over with a delicate hand the air he had composed during the day. If she disapproved of it, the piece was rejected; what she admired, he instantly committed to

paper. In this way Marshall selected and preserved upwards of three hundred airs. Latterly, however, and when a very old man, we find him throwing off melodies so rapidly, that we can scarcely think he was as fastidious as in his younger days. As a performer on the violin, Marshall was a master. His correctness of ear was extreme; his management of the bow perfect; his style at once precise and full; and his execution brilliant. As a performer, he became even earlier known than as a composer. He was on one occasion dining with a party of friends, when a blind minstrel—probably more a lover than a master of his instrument—came under the dining-room windows and began to play. By way of a joke, one of the company told him that one of the party was a learner; and as he (the blind man) had delighted them, it was right that the "loon" should give him a bar in return, although it might neither be sweet nor tender. The old man handed up his instrument; Marshall good-naturedly took it, and played several strathspeys in his own perfect way. When asked what he thought of the learner's "quality," the old man earnestly replied, "Na, na! that's no a 'loon's' playing; I'll wager a groat that's Mr Marshall o' Keithmore, for there's naeboddy hereabouts that could play like that but him!" When Marshall played strathspeys, the inclination to dance was as irresistible as if the listener had been inoculated by the Tarantula. In his compositions—no matter by whom performed—there was a charm almost equally powerful. Writing from India in 1822 to Mr Marshall, Mr John Stewart of Belladrum humorously remarked, that "though he thought his dancing days were over," yet, in the house of a lady, both he and Mrs Stewart had danced to some of his strathspeys "with the thermometer at 85 degrees."

'Marshall left Gordon Castle in 1790 for a farm near Fochabers. Shortly afterwards, he removed to a larger, Keithmore, and was appointed factor by the Duke of Gordon, from whom the farm was held. The situation of factor he filled until 1817. From his earliest connection with the Gordon family, Marshall was held in the highest estimation. Similarity of taste led to an early friendship betwixt him and his Grace; and time, as it went, revealed so much and so varied talent, with such private worth, that Marshall advanced higher and higher in the esteem of his patron the duke. His personal merit procured him respect—his musical powers constant admiration. At Gordon Castle, the fruits of his genius were always first displayed and appreciated; and from the hall they rapidly spread into every corner of the district, and latterly over the land. With the extension of his works his popularity increased, until it reached London itself, where, in the Opera House, several times of his became favourites. It was no longer left to him to give the name of some imaginary gentle one, or fanciful title to his compositions. He ran no hazard in coupling with his strains the names of the noblest of the land; for the fair sex of the higher classes paid the composer considerable attention, and were emulous of having their names united to his melodies. As his years increased, so did his popularity; and in his later correspondence, scarcely a tune is embodied for the name of which he had not been solicited long before. In the collection of his hitherto unpublished airs, for example, only three out of upwards of eighty tunes occur to which the name of some fair creature or noble personage is not attached. Frequently, and long after Marshall left Gordon Castle, his music was heard in its halls. The duke still acknowledged the charm of his compositions; and frequently Marshall's successor (Daniel Macdonald, also a composer and performer), and the musical retainers, were called upon to perform his music to his Grace's guests. The duke, of all Marshall's tunes, had one particular favourite—"The Marchioness of Cornwallis;" and he showed his partiality for it on such occasions by calling specially for it as the wind-up of the entertainment.'

Marshall was repeatedly urged by his noble patron to collect his compositions for publication, but without effect. Unlike the common herd of composers, whose notions are everlastingly of *copyright*, and who tremble at the idea of one of their airs being played in public without a *consideration*, Marshall—as Burns had done with his lyrics—threw off his airs without a thought as to personal remuneration, and could with difficulty be persuaded to give them to the world in a regular collected form. 'At length, when many of them had become known and admired, his reluctance was overcome by the duchess, to whom all lovers of Scottish melody must feel indebted. The first volume ap-

peared in 1822, and contained about 170 original airs. To this work there were 600 subscribers, many of whom put down their names for ten, fifteen, and twenty copies; and among these the Gordons were thickly interspersed. The composer was now in his seventy-fourth year. From Keithmore he then retired to a cottage called Newfield, which he had built for himself, near Craigelachie Bridge. Having made an arrangement with the late Mr Alexander Robertson, music publisher, Edinburgh (now carried into effect), for the publication of a supplement, or second volume, at some future period, Marshall continued the pleasing task of composition, scattering his melodies in profusion. Often the old man thought of hanging his harp on the willows; but with the importunities of his fair admirers, or when his soul would fain have expression as before, the desire was as often overcome, and the old strings struck anew. Shortly after removing to Newfield, he wrote to Mr Robertson as follows:—"I enclose twelve or thirteen reels to help up your supplement; but as I have no copies of the spare ones that I left with you, I cannot tell if I have encroached on any of them." So little of self-sufficiency was in the heart of the veteran, that he adds, "You will therefore examine them, and leave out what you think improper, or alter any passages that you may think by doing so can be improved." In the occasional excursions which he made at this period to Edinburgh, he seldom failed to attend the theatre, to revel in the fine strains of the band led by the late Mr Dewar, who was himself a composer, and had arranged many of Marshall's airs. Placed beside the leader, Marshall enjoyed the sweet performances of the finely-trained band, and Mr Dewar seldom failed to give one or two of the aged composer's own and favourite compositions. On one occasion he felt so delighted with the accompaniments to his air "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," that it was repeated at his own request. No one who heard Mr Dewar and his band perform such melodies as "The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa," or "This is no my ain house," can doubt the effect which his own beautiful melody, executed with such care, taste, and power, would have on Marshall's delicate ear. The last letter he wrote respecting his new volume was in 1830, when he was in his eighty-second year; and three years afterwards, in his eighty-fifth year, in the month of May, when all was harmonious around him, he ended the journey of life. He was buried beside his forefathers and his wife—who predeceased him in 1825, at the same age—in the churchyard of Bellie.

Marshall left five sons and one daughter. Only one son—the third—survives, who is now Colonel William Marshall. The eldest son, Alexander, became a major in the East India Company's service, and died at the age of thirty-nine, in 1807, at Keithmore, having returned home in bad health after the siege of Seringapatam. The second was a jeweller in London, but he, too, retired from bad health. The fourth, John, captain in the 26th foot, died in 1829 at Madras; the fifth, Lieutenant George, in Spain, in 1812. The only daughter married Mr Macinnes, Danda-lieth, and in her family is a magnificent portrait of her father, painted by Moir at the command of the Duke of Gordon, and since presented to Mrs Macinnes by the Duke of Richmond. Marshall, as a musician, had no claim to the same rank as the Mozarts and Handels. He knew little of the grander effects of harmony. He was a thoroughly native genius. His taste, his inspiration, the current of his thought, were all imbued with the spirit of the old Scottish minstrels—that spirit, which, borrowing no more than it lent, gave a character distinct and beautiful to the music of our country. His melodies were at once natural, original, and effective: for strathspeys, Burns called him "the finest composer of this age." With him sleeps the cunning of the craft—he was the last of the band of the pure, enthusiastic, prolific Scottish composers.

DEVELOPMENT OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

The progress by which the surface of the earth becomes covered with vegetable life is sufficiently curious to merit some of our attention. Let us suppose the bare surface of a rock under the action of those changes which all bodies exposed to atmospheric influences undergo. In a little time we shall discover upon its face little coloured cups or lichen, with small hard disks. These at first sight would never be taken for plants, but on close examination they will be found to be lichens. These minute plants shed

their seed and die, and from their own remains a more numerous crop springs into life. After a few of these changes, a sufficient depth of soil is formed, upon which mosses begin to develop themselves, and give to the stone the first faint tint of green, which, although a mere film, indicates the presence of a beautiful class of plants, which, under the microscope, exhibit in their leaves and flowers many points of singular beauty. These mosses, like the lichens, decaying, increase the film of soil, and others of a larger growth supply their places, and run themselves the same round of growth and decay. By and by fungi of various kinds mingle their little globes or umbrella-like forms. Thus, season after season, plants perish and add to the soil, which is at the same time increased in depth by the disintegration of the rock over which it is laid, which is quickened by the operations of vegetable life. The minute seeds of the ferns floating on the breeze now find a sufficient depth of earth to germinate in, and their beautiful fronds eventually wave in loveliness to the passing winds. Plants of a higher and a higher order gradually succeed each other, each series perishing in due season, and giving to the soil additional elements for the growth of their own species or those of others. Flowering plants find a genial home on the once bare rock; and the primrose pale, the purple foxglove, or the gaudy poppy, open their flowers to the joy of light. Eventually the tree is seen to spring from the soil; and where once the tempest beat on the bare cold rock, is now the lordly and branching tree, with its thousand leaves, affording shelter from the storm for the bird and the beast.—*R. Hunt in Pharmaceutical Times.*

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called *good and bad luck*. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dream of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a tavern late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.—*Lectures to Young Men, by H. W. Beecher.*

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

The habits of children prove that occupation is of necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly-developed physical necessity, and if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that 'Idleness is the mother of mischief.' Children should be encouraged, or if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.—*Hints on the Formation of Character.*

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DEBT AND BANKRUPTCY.

THE insolvent debtor among the Romans was cut to pieces and distributed among his creditors. Even in England, the bankrupt was treated as a criminal, and subjected to the personal punishment of imprisonment. In Scotland, till a hundred years ago, they set the 'dyvour' upon a pillory, with stockings of various colours, to subject him to the scorn of the multitude. All these are traits of the natural sense of mankind regarding the immorality of insolvable debt. Recognising it as a positive encroachment upon each other's rights and property, they are disposed to punish it accordingly. We are indebted to two things for the change of public sentiment about insolvency—increased humanity, and the new aspect which debt assumes when it is contracted in the course of commercial transactions. We are now no more inclined to be severe with debtors than with others who injure us. The bankruptcy laws have partaken of the amelioration of the criminal code generally. We now trust for our protection here, as against more violent offences, more to the moral influences working in society, than to the vengeance of the law. And when we become familiarised, as we are, with mercantile engagements, in which all are debtors and creditors by turns—not that one may live upon another's means, but because of a mere convenience in the transacting of business—we cease to regard such obligations in that personal light in which they were once contemplated. Failures to fulfil engagements appear as only the effects of miscalculation or mischance. And then that sense, that what may be your turn to-day may be mine to-morrow, makes us 'wondrous kind.' It is like the Irish small farmer being so gracious to the poor wayfaring beggar, because he does not know but what it may be his own fate next winter. It is a case proved by exceptions; for where is it that bankruptcy is still beheld with the greatest share of the ancient horror?—Always in primitive communities, such as little country towns, where no complicated business engagements exist.

But indiscriminating humanity and commerce may carry us too far in our changed views regarding debt and bankruptcy. At least it appears as if very culpable cases were sometimes looked on somewhat too leniently, and as if some of the salutary checks which formerly existed would now be well resorted to. Some discrimination regarding various kinds of insolvents is needed; and there might even be some improvement counselled as to our ordinary ideas regarding the purest of commercial bankruptcies.

When a person in private life, with an ascertainable income, and liable to no risks which can damage his resources, is found short of means to liquidate his obligations, what should we say of or do to him? We may

not choose to inflict any tangible vengeance—we may give him the benefit of that meekness of judgment which would speak tenderly of all human infirmity; but undoubtedly this person has been guilty of a great fault. He has committed a practical aggression on the rights of his neighbours. He has either done this from undue love of his own gratifications, or from a recklessness about his affairs which every reasonable person knows cannot be indulged in without the greatest danger. Society ought not to forgive it *too* easily. Such a person is not entitled to stand exactly on the same platform of moral repute with those who keep clear of debt. So society will say in its cool moments; but, unluckily, one of its perverse sympathies interferes with the maintenance of the principle. Men in the mass feel *for* the poor and embarrassed, and *against* the rich or those who have enough. Very often those who fall short are easy-natured, kind-hearted men, and therefore popular. Persons in the opposite circumstances often are of hard character—not general favourites. Then our selfishness is more soothed in looking on a downcast or outcast person, than on one who stands in all the pride of independence. Thus it comes about that society never visits debtors of this class with the full punishment which, as guilty of an infraction of rights, they deserve. It might be different if we were to get quit of the fallacies which beset the case. Creditors are not necessarily either rich, or hard, or self-sufficient, but often very much the reverse. Neither are debtors always necessarily generous: having used their neighbours' property for their own benefit and indulgence, it may fairly be inferred of them that they are fully as likely to be selfish. But we cannot, it will be said, shake off fallacies resting on sympathies so deeply founded in our nature. Then our sufferings from foolish and unprincipled debtors are the penalty which we must pay for our absurdity. Let not debtors, however, exult too much in the privilege, or take too much advantage of it. It is, after all, but pity which is extended to them—a sentiment whose associations are in no good savour in human experiences. Nothing can save debt from the stamp which destiny has put upon it—degradation. The reckless may therefore feel assured that, in the long-run, it is somewhat better to be over an equality with the world than below it.

In commercial insolvency there is a less direct appearance of selfishness in the debtor, in as far as the articles for which the debt was contracted are not for objects of domestic consumption or personal gratification. The culprit seems only a loser in a game of chance. Things have gone against him. He has met with losses. The very machinery, so to call it, of business blinds us somewhat to the position he is in. We only see so many ruled books of accounts, and little slips of inscribed paper. We only hear of 'state of the money market,'

acceptances, returned paper, assets, dividends, and other terms more metaphysical than real. It is difficult, particularly when the transactions are of large amount, to connect the case with human passions, error, and trespass. Yet even here the moralist may come in with his rebukes and warnings. The aim of the commercial man in the contracting of his obligations is, after all, a selfish one; he intends, by the results of such transactions, to obtain exactly those tangible indulgences which have brought his non-commercial neighbour into debt. It is, in the world's morality, legitimate to follow this object with one's own means and industry; but it never can be so to follow it by means of the property of another man. Such is the case of him who trades chiefly upon means not his' own; who, in other words, trades largely upon credit. If A B, for example, possessing property to the value of only five thousand pounds, orders foreign corn to the amount of fifty thousand, in the hope of making fifteen thousand by it, while there is a chance on the other hand that, by a fall of markets, it may only sell for thirty, he undoubtedly is risking a loss of fifteen thousand pounds to his creditors for the chance of making as much for himself. Rightly judged, this is an unprincipled action—as much so as to commit positive larceny. Yet, said to say, this is the system pursued by a vast proportion of commercial men. All trading beyond a proper substratum of means is only a kind of masked profligacy—unless, indeed, credit is pushed upon a man by others, who have their own selfish objects in view; in which case the insolvent may be as much the sinned against as the sinning. We were lately told of mercantile houses which had not been in a position to pay all their debts within the memory of any person; yet the partners had been living in handsome style, upon these ventures of the means of others, during a series of generations! What a false and hollow life! It could never find one voice to justify it, if there were not so many involved in some degree in the turpitude. One painful consideration is, that many, if they would keep to their own means, might be prosperous and happy; but unable to rest satisfied with moderate doings, they rush into the difficulties consequent upon credit, and thus make for themselves great reverses. It appears as if some men had such a liking for embarrassment as others have for opium or brandy, and never could be at rest except when tossed about in a forest of dilemmas. Talk of the frivolous lives of the ultra-gay, of the unhealthy lives of the poor, but what can be more forced, unhealthy, or unnatural, than the life of one of these infatuates of the business world, who rush from speculation to speculation, as if to gratify a morbid love of excitement, and, in the absorbment of their daily avocations, forget nearly every domestic tie?

It surely might be possible to make the proper allowance for the bankruptcies occurring through inevitable misfortunes, and yet be sufficiently alive to the nature of those cases in which there had been no right substantial basis of means from the beginning, or where business had been persevered in long after the right means had ceased to exist. Were the latter course marked by the public as immoral, which is its real character, we might hope to see it less frequently followed.

Perhaps there is need for some reform of our whole ideas regarding credit. When it is said that without credit business could not be carried on, that credit is the soul of business, and so forth, a truth is stated; but it does not properly imply anything more than this, that a man must be believed to have the means, as well as the honest intention, of discharging his obligations, in order that his transactions may go on smoothly, seeing that it is practically impossible, in any but a small class of cases, to hand the money in exchange for goods. It is to be feared that with the mercantile class generally, the maxim has come to sanction the incurring of obligations without any very rigid regard to the means of discharging them. Some appear to worship it as a principle which comes in place of, and dispenses with,

capital; but in as far as it is not expressly referable to actual means—that is, the means of making good, and that readily, any difference between the value of goods purchased or engaged for, and that to which they may fall, and all other unfavourable contingencies which may be expected to take place in the course of business—it is a delusion and a snare. Men proclaim that the business of the world would be at a stand-still if there were not this faith, not in things unseen, but in things which do not exist. We deny the assertion. The business of the world would be executed by men possessing real means, if it were not anticipated by men without means. The traders on *fiction*, who are a species of impostors, only so far prevent those who would trade on *fact* from having their legitimate share of the said business; and how far it would be better for the public at large that the latter class were not thus interfered with, it is superfluous to say.

There are no doubt wonderful doings amongst those who work upon fiction: happy strokes, dashing successful adventures, where there was no substance to stand good in the case of an opposite result, are well known. But these are only dangerous exceptions from the rule. The chances are, in reality, much against the success of a business conducted too much on credit. It is a system which always involves a higher scale of prices, and which is costly in its own procedure; thus reducing or extinguishing profits. There is even a more fatal evil attending it, in the demand which it makes on the time and energies of the trader, merely to supply ways and means. The few, as comparatively they may be called, who take the opposite plan, thrive as much by the freedom in which their minds are left to attend to the real affairs of business, as by any advantage they have in getting all things at the greatest advantage. It is merely the mistake of excessive acquisitiveness, or of rashness in combination with ignorance, that business cannot be limited to actual means. There is nothing to prevent it, if men will only be contented to do that in ten years which requires ten years, and not to attempt doing it in five, or three, or any shorter time. Let them use the gains of one year for the business of the next, and never try to make any sum of money do more than its proper amount of work. If they are to make a risk, let it strictly be one which, in its worst issue, will not embarrass them. On such principles, they will conduct their affairs with peace of mind, and with the best likelihood of success. Are such persons above credit—or is credit slighted by their course of procedure? Not at all. These persons enjoy true credit, in there being such an assurance of their substantiality, that whatever they wish to purchase, will be sent on their order—the whole play of the blood and muscle of their business will be healthy by reason of the dependence placed on them. Such is, in truth, the only right kind of credit. That which enables one man to do without money what another man does with it, is, as has been already said, a delusion.

The philosophy of these remarks entirely applies to the question regarding a circulating medium. Barter is, after all, the fundamental idea of commerce. When we pay for articles in gold, we are only exchanging one article for another. It is more convenient and economical to have notes representing the gold; but this does not necessarily imply that we may have notes which there is no gold to represent. That were to proceed upon fiction instead of fact. The gold lying in the coffers of the note-issuing company is not idle. It is serving all the time as a basis for the ideal character of the notes out of doors. But may there not be notes representing land, or houses, or goods, as well as gold? It has been tried and found wanting.* The basis article

* In America particularly. The Scottish banks are remarkable for the large business they long carried on upon the basis of general property; but for this there are special reasons in the smallness of the country, which makes every man's circumstances

must be readily available and receivable, otherwise the ideal money loses character, and its function ceases. Whatever tends to prevent a currency of this kind, or of any kind but that which is immediately backed by substances which mankind set a distinct value upon, and are always willing to receive at a certain rate, must be serviceable to the true interests of the community. There may be some evils attending it, not springing from itself, but from the imprudence which it checks; but the general force of this principle is clearly advantageous.

The evils of debt and bankruptcy may be said, like many others, to arise from the blind efforts of human ignorance and passion to fly in the face of natural ordinations which we cannot resist with impunity. If men would observe and go along with these ordinations, they would so far secure their happiness. But it so happens that a man may receive what is called a perfect or first-rate education, and yet be unacquainted with some of the very primary rules affecting his wellbeing as an inhabitant of the earth. The period of comparative security from this class of evils must, therefore, be expected only when the knowledge of mankind has been increased.

A LEGEND OF THE PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

REPORTED BY FRANCES BROWN.

I was the youngest of five sons, all of whom were apprenticed in different mercantile establishments in Edinburgh before I had left school; and my parents deliberated so long regarding the description of business suitable to my peculiar genius, that at length, in my eighteenth year, the advice of our schoolmaster, and my own selection, determined the matter, and I was bound apprentice to a respectable bookseller, who carried on his business in the lower flat of one of the old houses in the Parliament Square.

My master was a man of about thirty-five. In person he was thin, wiry, and rather low of stature; with an ascetical cunning countenance, oatmeal-coloured hair, and a remarkably even temper, allied to a large stock of accumulated caution, and a quiet store of dull pride, on the double account of what he called 'the old respectability of his family,' and a well-established business.

His premises consisted of a large shop and a small back parlour: the former had more than an average supply of customers, and the latter was filled every forenoon by the local literati and politicians, who dropped in one after another to discuss the news. When I became his apprentice, the duties of the shop were divided between two young men and myself. Being some years older than I, and brothers, they consorted so much together, that I found myself utterly alone, so that I was forced to relieve the tedium of a new and not over-active business by most diligently observing my master's movements, as the best amusement within my reach.

The house of which he occupied part was one of those huge fabrics, rising to the height of fourteen storeys, which might have been seen in the Parliament Square before the great fire of 1824. The shop and back parlour were situated on what was the ground flat towards the square, close beside the establishments of a tailor and a green-grocer. Adjacent to my master's door opened the common stair, which wound, flight after flight, up to the very attics; dingy, not over clean, and presenting the only medium of communication with the nether earth to some threescore persons of various ranks and fortunes, from Miss McMillan, the maiden lady, who occupied her family's town-house on the seventh storey, up to the two expatriated French nuns, who made artificial flowers, at the gable windows

of the fourteenth. His home was in St John's Street, that ancient improvement of the Canongate, where his mother and two sisters, still called young ladies in right of their single state, occupied a self-contained house in a style of old gentility. Thence the bookseller came every morning at eight, as certainly as the hour sounded from the old clock of St Giles. Thither he returned to lunch at twelve, and to dinner at five, with the same unvarying precision. Each evening at eight he stole up the adjacent stair, after special precautions to avoid observation, returning regularly at ten to see the shop shut. The nature of his evening resort was for some time a mystery. It was conducted with such perfect secrecy, that I verily believe neither of the young shopmen ever suspected it. Being themselves, indeed, rivals for the smiles of the green-grocer's red-haired daughter, they were the less likely to trouble themselves about the matter. I, however, having as yet no folly of my own on hands, felt differently; and growing desperate on the twenty-first night of my unrewarded surveillance, I determined to follow him, though at a most respectful distance, up the dark stair.

On he went from flight to flight, passing with particular celerity the door of Miss McMillan, with whom he was on speaking terms on account of family respectability; but at length, on the ninth flat, he paused at a side door on the landing, listened for a few minutes, and then, as if convinced that all was safe, gave a low tinkle at the old brass pin which served as a knocker. The door opened, and the light streamed out. I heard a woman's voice, that seemed to speak in tones of welcome; but all I could catch of my master's response, for it was low and hurried, was, 'Miss Barbara.' The door was closed, and I crept to the keyhole. Oh ye that have secret courtships, beware of idle apprentices!

Within, there was a large apartment lighted by a clear coal fire, and a couple of small candles placed on a table covered with all manner of millinery apparatus; morsels of all colours were scattered about; there were two chairs, each supporting a silk dress, apparently fresh from the needle; two more, occupied by as many ladies; and one had been just placed for my master; besides which, a small shelf of books, and an article which might have been either a folding-bed or cupboard of the olden time, were the only pieces of furniture visible to me.

The inhabitants were evidently poor; but the dress of one of them, nearest whom my master sat, though cheap and well worn in more senses than one, attracted even my boyish eye from the superior taste and neatness of its arrangements. She was young, but not a girl; her face was mild, and remarkably intelligent. She was pale and slender; life seemed to have gone hardly with her; but her eye looked bright, as if for the present all 'things went well, as it glanced from the bookseller's face to the white lace and bright pink ribbons of which she was framing a cap. The other was a large gray-haired, hard-looking woman, robust in her age as a tree that had only time to strive with, and knew no inward waster. The black in which she was clothed from head to foot seemed old and strong as herself, and there was a usurer-like hope in the glance with which she surveyed my master, like one who anticipated a good bargain. But what an altered man was he from the quiet cautious bookseller of the shop and the back parlour! Never did the climbing of nine storeys, even in the Porcelain Tower, effect such a transformation! His words flowed fast and free, as a winter millstream; his air had attained the very sublimity of self-conceit; and no sultan could have taken possession of his divan with an air of more undoubted authority.

His conversation was entirely addressed to the younger lady, whom I soon discovered to be Miss Barbara Johnstone. But oh what a world of petty falsehoods regarding his own exploits in and out of the shop! What professions of candour, liberality, and disinterested affection, combined with every human virtue,

readily known, and in the extreme prudence with which the business of banking was always conducted in this part of the empire. These things, with time, produced confidence, and enabled bankers to do with less gold than is usually necessary.

did my worthy master declare to that delighted listener! And how often did her fair beaming face rise from that tedious piece of millinery with applause, and laughter, and admiration, for all his wit and wisdom!

Seriously, I have always been a lover of justice; and it might be that that love was stronger in my boyhood, which may account for certain longings for water and a syringe which came across me at the moment, especially considering the conveniency of the keyhole. But those useful articles were far below; besides, the silk dresses, and that mild face, were in the way, and a rising movement on the part of the bookseller was enough to send me with all possible expedition back to the shop.

No one had missed me; but scarcely had I taken my accustomed place, when in stepped a young man, tall, dark, and rather handsome, but evidently fresh from the country, and wearing the weary look of one exhausted by a fruitless search, yet determined to make a last effort as he leant his arms on the counter, looked basily round the shop, and at length, fixing on mine as the least appalling face, inquired if I 'kent the present abode o' Mistress McClatchie, sometime house-keeper to the Laird o' Loch Drumlle, and her niesh, Miss Barbara Johnstone?' which, he understood, was situated somewhere in the Parliament Square.

The bookseller's company rose to my remembrance, and here was an opportunity, such as no prying apprentice could neglect, of learning something of their history; so I answered the stranger's question by demanding, 'What sort of a woman was Mrs McClatchie?'

'Good-looking, but a wee canstarie, an' aye dressed in black like a gentlewoman,' responded he.

'What business did she follow?' I continued.

'Oh, naething ava,' said the applicant. 'She had siller o' her ain; but her niesh was a mantymaker. Do you ken onything o' her?' he added with increasing earnestness.

Had I been farther advanced in years, it is probable that our proverbial northern prudence would have suggested some further delay and investigation; but as it was, the stranger's anxiety overcame my youth, and I at once directed him to the ninth flat, first door on the right-hand side. He stammered out his thanks, and bolted up the common stair, leaving the shopmen tittering at his uncouth appearance; but in less than half an hour my master returned as quietly, though much earlier, than usual, and we all observed that something disturbed the equanimity of his temper that evening.

Next day the stranger called again, when the back parlour was free. The bookseller saluted him as an acquaintance; and great was my amusement when, entering with a message devised for the occasion, I witnessed his awkward bows and bashful acknowledgments while my master introduced him to the luminaries there as Master Dugald McDougal, son of the Reverend Duncan McDougal, now minister of Stra'clathick, in the North Highlands, whose sermons on Predestination had created such general interest in Edinburgh about twenty years before.

As his embarrassment wore away, it was wonderful what intelligence the mighty men of the back parlour found in him; and on his departure, all broke forth in the stranger's praise, my master leading the way in his usual quiet and lengthy fashion.

McDougal had been brought up in the primitive piety and simplicity of a Highland clergyman's household—among hills, and glens, and shepherds; but a love of poetry—so often found in what one of its votaries has called 'the earth's wild places'—took possession of his mind. The numbers came, whether regularly or not, I cannot tell; but he sung, and became great among his people. His verses were translated into Gaelic by the patriarchs of the heath; the pipers of Stra'clathick found airs for them; the lasses sang them at their spinning wheels; and he had sought the northern capital—with letters of recommendation from scores of Highland lairds and ministers, who considered him the

glory of his native glen—in order to publish a volume of poems, which, as they were admired by the Macraes and Mackays, he believed must secure the applause of all Britain, and command certain pecuniary supplies necessary for the accomplishment of the cherished hope of his life—the pursuance of his father's profession. Nor was this design unmingled with memories of Mrs McClatchie and her niece, who, being cousins in only the fourth degree, had been intimate with the poet's family while they managed the house and dairy of Loch Drumlle till the decease of the old laird; and certain rumours of his successor's intention to bring home a lady, had made the gentle aunt remember that Barbara possessed elegant hands, and might repay with tolerable interest all she was discovered to have cost that calculating dame since the death of her parents—which event took place in Barbara's infancy—by a small additional expenditure on her apprenticeship to a dressmaker: it was for this reason that they had removed to Edinburgh. There Barbara acquired, in one year's attendance on the establishment of the Misses Menzies (for her aunt would allow no more time), sufficient dexterity to carry on a small private business of her own in the domicile where I had seen her; the profits of which were barely sufficient to support herself and the amiable lady, who insisted, in her own peculiar parlance, 'on being kept as lang as she had keptit her; and that,' she was wont to add, 'was a gey while!' whilst the earnings of her own housekeeping-days accumulated interest in the savings' bank.

Thus they lived till Barbara reached her twenty-fifth year, her aunt always insisting that she was only nineteen; the girl expending her energy and ingenuity on every form of figure and temper, on all manner of materials, from serge to satin; and Mrs McClatchie superintending the expenditure of the supplies, and daily exhorting her niece to 'thank Providence, wha had graciously gien her a guide and a director.'

Poor Barbara could have dispensed with her direction at times; but she had grown used to the old flint, and without her the workroom would have been solitary, unless, indeed, for the visits of my worthy master, who had dropped in for the last seven months as duly as the evening fell, and wherefore, none could say with certainty, for he had never committed himself by either vow or declaration; but having seen Barbara frequently pass up the common stair, an acquaintance slowly grew up between them, which at length ripened into intimacy; but the bookseller kept his visits a solemn secret, for he knew how to contrast the respectability of his family with the rank of a dressmaker.

All this I learned in progress of time by those two gates of knowledge—as an Eastern philosopher hath it—inquiry and observation; and partly from the poet himself, who regarded me with some degree of confidence on account of my first service.

He had taken lodgings in the square; and as I found time to keep watch over his movements, as well as those of my master, it was soon manifest that the winding stair was trodden with equal frequency by both. But while McDougal went with the frankness of a friend at all hours, the respectable bookseller continued to prefer twilight for his visits, and always returned sooner if he found the young Highlander before him—a fact of some importance to me in those apprentice times, as I learned by the poet's motions to estimate the probable duration of my master's absence.

Let me also confess, though it is now with some confusion of face, that often, as the winter evenings lengthened, was I the unobserved rearguard of both aspirants. Through the same quiet keyhole I saw and heard the bookseller exhibit his wit, his wisdom, and, as far as words could do, his wealth; and young McDougal grow eloquent over the story of Burns and Highland Mary, and the beauties of the kirk and manse of Stra'clathick; but I also perceived that credible medium, the warm flush which brightened the fair face of Barbara when she welcomed my master, compared with the calm and

friendly smile with which the poet of the Highland glen was greeted. Yet there was peace between the rivals. M'Dougal continued to frequent the shop, and was invited to the back parlour. The bookseller praised him. His acquaintances and friends increased. It was the period of patronage in our city; for the lesser lights had the example of Scott before their eyes, and the Highlander became, in the language of one of our shop Jeffreys, 'the Hogg of the Parliament Square.'

M'Dougal was treated with toddy, and invited to suppers by all the admirers of literature in that vicinity. There he sang his own songs, which were printed clandestinely by obliging 'devils,' and circulated at small tea-parties by poetical shopmen. The more exalted luminaries at length became aware of their existence, and a subscription was proposed in order to bring out his volume.

My master's friendship kept pace with the poet's popularity. It was of that cautious order that never outsteps its neighbours. Besides, he believed that M'Dougal had little chance with Barbara; and the young Highlander himself seemed to be of the same opinion, for his journeys up the common stair had grown less frequent, greatly to the relief of Mrs M'Clatchie, who styled him, in his absence, 'A plackless ne'er-doweel,' and talked of nothing in his presence but the iniquity of 'toom pockets.'

The city was working no promising change on him. He had learned late irregular hours, never known in Stracathick, and was often heard chanting the praises of Highland hills and lasses down the High Street, under the inspiration of waters stronger than those of Helicon, at the wrong side of two in the morning.

Thus matters went on, and so did the subscription list. Tighter and tighter still the bookseller drew the bonds of intimacy. I, as well as my shopmates, occupied the most of my leisure hours in wondering where this would end; but when the subscriptions had attained to three hundred, the mystery was solved: my master was to be the publisher.

Publishing had been the dream of his bookselling ambition; it was the only glory wanted to make his name and business overtop those of his early and long-standing rivals in the High Street; and now that the subscription made it safe, he became M'Dougal's publisher. Never shall I forget the solemnity with which the fact was announced in the shop, or the quiet importance of my master as he talked of octavos and duodecimos with old Watson the printer. It was a great day for the shopmen when the poet arrived with his manuscript, the arrangement of which occupied him and the choicest spirits of the back parlour for at least a fortnight, their toils being nightly concluded with a supply of oysters and toddy, paid for according to lot, after which the company separated with a general burst of song, prolonged by M'Dougal to the entrance of his own lodgings.

The proof-sheets were corrected under similar circumstances; but at last the labours of the press were finished, and the volume appeared on my master's counter—a thin octavo, bound in marble paper with leather corners in the newest fashion of the period. Some surviving copy may yet be found among the book-stalls of Leith Walk or George IV. Bridge, the last refuge of forgotten poets. It may seem poor and unpromising now; but not so in its first days. Then my master grew great over it, for his name was on the title-page; M'Dougal was glorious, for his songs were in a book; old Watson was satisfied, for he had printed it; and we were all delighted, for the event was new.

That night a supper was given to the poet by his friends in John Dowie's tavern, at which the publisher, the printer, and even the apprentice were present. But let me not enlarge on the glories of the evening, for their light is seen through shadows. How my master proposed the poet's health at the sixth tumbler, with a speech which began with the triumphs of genius, and ended with the respectability of his own family; how

M'Dougal returned thanks, and finished his oration with a Highland howl over the cruelty of Barbara Johnstone; and how old Watson fell under the table, vociferating for some one to drink prosperity to the printer, are matters on which I will not dwell; suffice it, that if not the whitest, the night remains among the merriest in my recollection.

Divine wisdom has averred that 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.' I suspect the passage does not apply to books; at least in the case of poor M'Dougal, it soon became evident that a more vulgar proverb, regarding two stools, was applicable. All sorts of advices were given and taken in the publication of the volume; twice the number subscribed for were printed, from the assurances of sundry friends that they must be sold. But as things proceeded, it was discovered that neither the trade nor the public agreed in their pecuniary valuation of the work. Scores of subscriptions remained unpaid, and dozens of the most zealous subscribers could nowhere be found. Promises made how fervently over toddy, took to themselves wings and fled away from the promisers' minds; and the poet, who was by this time puffed into a conceit which made him a considerable trial to the patience of others, became first impatient, and then furious, at these repeated disappointments. He ascended one evening to tell his wrongs, and seek consolation in Barbara's workroom; but some observations of his gentle cousin regarding his irregular habits, enlarged upon in rather ungente terms by Mrs M'Clatchie, drove him swearing down to the square again, and from thence to John Dowie's tavern; after which he visited the ninth storey no more.

In the meantime, the volume went off in various ways; and every new burst of wrath at its injuries from the hands of false friends or foul critics, was finished with what M'Dougal had learned to call 'a glorious (but, in reality, a drunken) evening.' Debts were contracted, and creditors referred to the period of winding up accounts, at which the half-wild and undisciplined Highlander still expected the long-promised supply. That day came at last. Much had been left to the discretion of Mr Morrison. That worthy gentleman was new in the publishing department, but old in the matter of attending to his own interest. What was his particular mode of managing the affair, I never clearly understood; nor, I believe, any one else, as he kept the details in profound secrecy; but there was a meeting in the back parlour, at which the door was kept fast shut. Through it we could hear voices in long-continued altercation, which gradually rose higher and higher. At last the door flew open, and out came the poet, dragging old Watson along by the collar, and literally kicking my master before him.

Of course we all rushed to the rescue, and Morrison roared for the City Guard, three of whom, in a few minutes, made their appearance. After a desperate struggle, the poet was captured, and borne off under a charge of assault, to be dealt with by the bailie. But, in passing Blackfriars' Wynd, he burst his bonds, overthrew the guardians of the peace, and darting down that memorable close, escaped the jurisdiction of the law, as we afterwards heard, by making his way to Leith, and embarking as a common seaman on board the Royal Charlotte, a vessel engaged in the whale fishery, which sailed the following week for the coast of Greenland.

Of the history of that meeting there remained no record for us, but a perfect mass of written papers, so torn, that they were utterly illegible, which the bookseller declared to be his accounts—a rather long-winded and unintelligible story, which he and Watson were in the habit of telling contrariwise—two black eyes with which my worthy master was invested—and the sincere congratulations of Mrs M'Clatchie to the whole 'land' (which is an Edinburgh term for one of its accumulations of houses) on the departure of the 'graceless, plackless, randy creature.'

It was early in the spring when poor Dugald left

us; and scarcely had his vessel cleared the Firth of Forth, when one of those continuous storms which sometimes visit our coasts at that season came on. For a whole week it blew a hurricane from the north-east, to the demolition of infinite chimney-pots and tiles. When the weather cleared, a gray-haired but strong and venerable-looking man walked into the shop one morning, whom Mr Morrison recognised, with considerable embarrassment, as the Rev. Duncan M'Dougal.

He had come to Edinburgh to inquire after his son, strange rumours of whose conduct had been the only answers to his late letters of warning and advice. He was taken into the parlour; old Watson and two or three friends were sent for; but in the midst of their explanations, the Edinburgh Courant was brought in, containing, among other tidings of disasters at sea, the intelligence that the Royal Charlotte had foundered in the recent tempest off the Shetland Isles, and every soul on board perished.

I heard something fall heavily as the news was announced, and rushed into the room just in time to assist in raising the old clergyman from the floor. But he never uttered a word except 'The Lord's will be done!' and left the shop in about half an hour, leaning heavily on his staff.

I have heard that neither he nor his family ever left their Highland glen after that event, and the old pastor was specially remarked for his earnest watchfulness over the young of the flock.

On his next visit to the ninth storey, the bookseller found Mrs M'Clatchie engaged in stitching threepence worth of crape on her ancient bonnet, and her first salutation was, that she 'hoped the lad had gotten fair play,' since she 'was put to a' that expense for the credit o' the family.'

Poor Barbara's eyes filled with tears as she hoped he had been kind to Dugald. Mr Morrison, finding the workroom somewhat uncomfortable, made his visit short, and from that time exhibited symptoms of drawing off. Barbara took no measures to draw him on; she had thought of the man more than the bookseller; but Mr Morrison knew that the same kindly welcome awaited him whenever he pleased to return, and valued his own time and attentions accordingly.

I know not how it was, but from the publication of that unlucky volume, my master's business prospered; customers increased, friends multiplied, his concern was enlarged, and, having entered the publishing department, he became gradually known in it, and brought out sundry safe works of medicine and theology, under college patronage, and with secure profits, before my apprenticeship expired.

Barbara continued to stitch in the ninth storey with the same patient though unprospering industry; but close application to her sedentary business, dreams of the far Highland hills, or visions of the shop below, began to tell upon both health and spirits, for she grew paler, and ascended the long stair with a more weary step than formerly. My master's prudence kept pace with his prosperity; his conviction of his family's respectability deepened every year; he was now remembered among the arrangements for evening parties—had gone to the 'assembly,' and been rallied regarding the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Leith; but still he stole up stairs at times, though now with greater secrecy than before, as if whatever served him in lieu of a heart lingered still about the poor dressmaker, in spite of her gracious aunt's occasional hints, that 'he was nae better than a fause-hearted loon!'

Four years had elapsed since the wreck of the Royal Charlotte, and Dugald and his volume were forgotten in Edinburgh, except by Mr Morrison, who retained him as a warning for all the tuneless brethren—by the way, an abundant commodity in the Modern Athens—to none of whose proposals could he be induced to listen, always declaring, with a rueful shake of the head, that M'Dougal's poems had almost ruined him. There were changes among us. Of the two shopmen, one had be-

come a travelling agent, and the other a clerk to the establishment. I was exalted to their former station, and another apprentice had taken my place; but change in my master there was none. He was the same smooth-spoken, carefully-dressed, and cautious individual, only somewhat more important, and given to converse only with men of capital.

It was the night of the 1st of March 1807. The circumstance I am about to relate has engraven the night on my memory. The almanac reckoned it spring; but winter was with us still in all its severity. The snow lay deep on the streets, and the night set in with intense frost and brilliant moonlight, which charmed out the citizens, young and old, as if to begin another day. But hour after hour passed; the crowds had melted away: the latest shops in the High Street were closed, and only the door of our own remained open.

The apprentice had put on the shutters, the clerk had settled the ledger, and I had cleared the *till* under the eye of Mr Morrison, who, having increased in prosing as well as property, now stood delivering, for our general edification, a minute statement of the mode of keeping accounts adopted by his uncle in London, who was a considerable merchant, and the glory of the Morrison name. From our hearts we wished the worthy Londoner at the bottom of the Thames, for all were tired of his greatness and the piercing air. Our backs were to the open door. I solemnly declare I heard no coming step, when, from behind the bookseller, a loud voice demanded, 'Ha'e ye got an account for me?' and turning, we saw a man in a sailor's garb, dripping wet, and sprinkled with snow, with his hat drawn down, as if by way of protection from the frosty air.

'For you, sir?' said my master in his usual cautious manner. 'Ahem, what's the name?'

'Dugald M'Dougal!' shouted the stranger, raising the hat, and turning full upon him. 'Are all the copies sold yet?'

We all knew the voice and figure, and with one accord rushed out of the shop, and through the square. I will confess that the young apprentice stumbling over me was the first thing that recalled my presence of mind; and finding the clerk close to my side in the clear moonlight, and three of the guard coming up at the moment, we at once walked back in a body to see what had become of our employer.

The shop was as we had left it, but the stranger was gone, and the bookseller lay stretched behind his own counter, pale and cold as a corpse. We raised him, and medical assistance was speedily procured; but it was long before the man came to himself, and when he did, no one could draw from him the smallest explanation or account of what had happened in our absence. Indeed he seemed resolutely determined on silence. Whatever it was, that night wrought a strange alteration in him. Ever after, he was grave and thoughtful, but so anxious to get out of business, that he disposed of his whole stock in trade to a relative within a fortnight from the occurrence.

The following morning he was seen descending from the ninth storey, and in Scottish parlance, 'he and Barbara Johnstone were crid in the kirk next Sabbath,' much to the amazement of the neighbourhood, and especially that of Mrs M'Clatchie, who, it was confidently said, received a certain amount of money to waive all further claim on her niece's exertions, and return in peace to Strathclathick; at all events, thither the old lady went, and I heard no more of her.

Mr Morrison's after-proceedings were still more extraordinary. He purchased for himself a handsome house and grounds in one of the neighbouring villages, and having established Barbara there in matronly state, commenced a course of studies for the church, which he completed with credit, and became the laborious and rigidly-pious pastor of a country parish.

It was said he made an excellent husband; and Barbara looked happier in that handsome country-house

than ever she had seemed in the ninth storey, under the administration of Mrs McClatchie. But nothing ever transpired to clear up the mystery of that singular visit. Only about the time, there was a Swedish vessel in the harbour of Leith, with one very drunken seaman on board, supposed to be a native of Scotland. Whether it were possible for poor Dugald to have appeared in the Parliament Square, wearing the garments of the living, or not, could never be determined, as neither his family nor any of his former friends received the least token of his existence; but often when passing the neighbourhood, the scene of that strange night occurs to my recollection, along with the ghastly face of my terror-struck master.

THE MARSH-GARDENER OF THE PARISIAN SUBURBS.

THE term 'marsh' naturally suggests to the mind the image of a greenish lake, shallow, miry, and ill-odorous, enamelled with water-lilies and waving rushes, and swarming with frogs in summer, and with snipes in winter. This, however, is not a description of the locality called the Marsh in the environs of Paris; it was doubtless, at a former period, the receptacle of seasonal inundations, which, having no outlet, gave it the character from whence it derived its present name; it has long, however, been drained and cultivated, and transformed into a vegetable garden.

Destined solely for the culture of edible plants and roots, these marshes or market-gardens surround the capital on every side, both within and without the enclosure of the walls. By whatever barrier you leave the city—whether you follow the dusty route of the castle of Vincennes, or the imposing avenue of Neuilly—whether you visit the funeral shades of Pere-la-Chaise, or the sandy plain of Grenelle—the scene that everywhere meets the eye is a series of interminable parallelograms, planted with salads, spinach, carrots, cabbages, horse-radish, and haricot-beans. Not an inch of land is wasted in these enclosures. The pathways running between the squares are scarcely wide enough to afford a passage to a single pedestrian: the glazed sashes which cover the melons sparkle in the sun like plates of silver. The neatness which reigns in these plots of ground, the vigour of the vegetation, the exquisite condition of every little bed and border—all announces that the art of cultivation is there carried to the highest point of development.

In a corner of the enclosure rises some few feet above the soil a cabin covered with thatch. Judging by the taste which presided at the erection of such a habitation, by its ruinous condition, but ill-concealed by the undulating branches of the vine, and by its miserable aspect, one would imagine it not the dwelling of a French citizen, at the gates of the French capital, but the squalid lair of a savage, reared a hundred leagues from all examples of civilised life. The interior is void of flooring and papering, and nearly so of furniture. From a hook over the chimney-piece hangs horizontally a flint-gun with ponderous butt and rusty barrel; here and there a few queer images hide, but do not adorn, the dilapidated walls; near this vile domicile stands a shapeless shed, which serves as a stable, a cart-house, and a magazine; and near the dwelling is the smallest of possible pleasure-gardens, evidently spared with regret from more profitable cultivation, where, at the foot of an apricot-tree, the violet, the rose, the clematis, and the sweet-basil diffuse their welcome odours.

Let us now glance at the inmate of this undesirable dwelling-place. The animals which are considered the symbols of labour and industry—the beaver which builds his cabin, the ant which digs his sinuous granary beneath the sward, the bee which labours profitably from dawn to sunset, the woodpecker whose patient beak perforates the bark of the oak—are inactive beings, indolent, torpid, compared to the marsh-gardener.

It is hardly two o'clock in the morning when he leaves his bed. The roots, plucked and tied in bundles the evening before, are methodically arranged in the well-worn vehicle. The cultivator makes the best of his way to market, and, transformed into a merchant till seven o'clock in the morning, divides his commodities among the fruiterers, market-women, and hotel-keepers of the capital. He frequently, it is true, disposes of his produce of a certain kind, in the mass, but he is still compelled to go to market himself with the greatest portion of his crop. Returning home, he throws himself upon his bed, which he is soon compelled to quit, in order to dig, to hoe, to rake, to plant, to pluck, to weed, and, above all, to water his precarious charge.

The method of watering adopted by the marsh-gardener is of ingenious simplicity. The well is situated in the centre of the grounds, and surmounted by an axle-tree or cylinder, round which the rope is entwined; a couple of old cart-wheels, placed horizontally at about four feet distance from each other, and united by laths, ordinarily compose the cylinder. A living skeleton of a horse causes the vessels attached to the rope to ascend or descend alternately, according as his movements are directed to the right or the left. To obtain from the poor animal this mechanical docility, they cover his eyes with a cowl—blind him, in short—that he may not go astray, but perform with more certainty his monotonous revolution. Alas! it is easy to see, by his meagre flanks and melancholy aspect, that the starved steed is already oppressed with the presentiment that his present position is but the antechamber to Mont-faucon and the knacker's yard!

The master is there, barefooted, for the perpetual moisture would speedily render useless every species of foot-covering. He pours the contents of the buckets into a cask, which at first sight seems, like the sieves of the Danaïdes, to empty itself as fast as it is filled; the cause of this being an extensive communication by subterranean tunnels with a number of other casks, half-buried in the ground, at various convenient spots in the garden, so that the *marâcher*, whatever portion of the ground he may wish to irrigate, finds the means of doing so always at hand.

The dexterity with which the marsh-gardener manages his two watering-pots surpasses that of the conjuror with his loaded staff, or of the juggler who hurls aloft his gleaming weapons. Grasping the vessel by the spout, he plunges it into a cask; and seizing it as it rises by the handle, with astonishing celerity distributes to each plant its liquid ration, without wasting a single drop.

The *marâcher*, as he is called in French, sows and reaps all the year round. In winter he digs up the soil, spreads the manure, prepares the beds for the spring produce, and if the temperature is mild, waters them. He is as great a utilitarian as the members of the Commune of Paris, who, in the days of the Revolution, caused the ornamental squares in the gardens of the Tuileries to be planted with potatoes. He hardly consents to tolerate a flower at the extremity of his enclosures. He draws from the land all that it is susceptible of producing. He makes three seasons—that is to say, three harvests—in the course of a year; but this is only accomplished at such an outlay for manure, as reduces his profits to the minimum. Upon two acres of land, upon which are established ten or a dozen sets of glazed frames, and about fifteen hundred plant-beds, each small enough to allow of being watered by hand, the manure and litter of thirty horses is required; and one of the laborious occupations of the marsh-gardener consists in going from one mansion to another collecting the indispensable material, which ennobled proprietors do not disdain to sell him at the highest possible price.

The *marâcher*, however, does not cultivate indiscriminately all edible vegetables. Potatoes and green pease he will have nothing to do with, as being articles

too unprofitable. The melon is his favourite fruit, and receives most of his attention, and he knows well the means of imparting to it a flavour which it does not acquire even in more southern latitudes. He never rears more than two in one frame, that they may have plenty of space to grow. He waters them abundantly, but with discretion, and protects them against the rigour of the seasons with paternal solicitude. Alas! this is no case of *similis simili gaudet*; for while the melons swell to an enormous size, he continues lean and worn with watching, anxiety, and beggarly diet.

The toil of his long days and wakeful nights procures him but a scanty remuneration. In vain he practises economy to the verge of avarice; in vain he sells his miserable horse at the approach of winter, to buy another in the spring; in vain he lives upon vegetable food, to avoid the expense of butcher-meat; it rarely happens that he can amass sufficient to provide for the necessities of old age, but continues in harness, so to speak, to the last, watering and weeding to the day of his death; and dies at length, pitcher in hand, and, like the Emperor Vespasian, on his legs. Perhaps he had dreamed of a retreat from toil; perhaps he had often yearned after a shelter, like that so ardently desired by Rousseau—a white cottage with green shutters; but it is seldom more than a dream. Outworn and broken down with fatigue, the marsh-gardener, for the most part, dies on the field of his labours, and rests but in the grave.

One great cause that contributes to the poverty of the maraîcher, is the plunder to which he is subjected by bands of marauders made up of the scamps and scoundrels of the vicinity. The mastiff kept on the grounds is redoubtable for nothing but his bark, since, if he were let loose after a thief, he would do more mischief than a battalion of foragers. Wo to the cultivator whose hotbeds are far from his dwelling, or near a public thoroughfare! He may lose in a night the fruits of months of labour, and neither his dog nor his fire-arms may protect him from the spoliation of these audacious bandits.

Moreover, in open day let him but turn his back for a moment, and he is the victim of thoughtless and culpable depredations, which go far to justify the mortal hatred he bears to all Parisians. Sunday is come: mechanics, costermongers, grisettes, are let loose upon the country; the confinement imposed upon them by labour is interrupted for a day; they smooth their care-wrinkled fronts, assume their gayest attire, and hasten in all their adornment to the open fields, with joy in their hearts, and laughter and song upon their lips. It is a festive day for them; but not so for the cultivators of the environs, who look upon their arrival as that of so many devastators and pillagers; and not without reason. There is not a hedge which they do not escalate, not a patch of corn which they do not trample down, not a garden which they do not despoil. They destroy a hundred ears of corn in plucking a single poppy; they lop unmercifully the young trees of a nursery to make a walking-stick, which they throw away the next minute, or unceremoniously plunder a garden, to add to their pic-nic a lettuce or a plump melon.

His resentment towards the inhabitants of the city is probably the cause of the marsh-gardener's backwardness in civilisation. Be that as it may, it is certain that, although brought up near the source of science, he has never imbibed a single drop of the stream. His ignorance is as complete as that of the butcher of Morvan, or the herdsman of the Cévennes. He commences labour at too tender an age to have leisure to learn the art of speaking and writing correctly. With strong and deep-rooted prejudices, he is a foe to all innovation, especially in matters of culture. Unlike the rest of the world, he has escaped the reformatory influence of the Revolution, and still preserves his ancient costume pure from all the inroads of fashion,

even to the gigantic ear-rings peculiar to his class during the past century.

The commune or corporation of which the maraîchers formed part in times long past was that of the horticulturists. The first regulations dated from 1473; new statutes were published, by the sound of the trumpet, in 1545, confirmed by Henri III., Henri IV., Louis XIV., and registered by the parliament in 1645. This corporation had the sole right of selling melons, cucumbers, artichokes, herbs, fruits, saplings, &c. It elected four judges, who, twice a year, visited the marshes, gardens, and all land under similar cultivation, to prevent the employment of noxious matter as manure. The apprentices served four years under the master, and two years as companions. Those who aspired to mastership, unless they were the sons of masters, were never received but upon the production of some proof of merit in the shape of fruit of superior flavour or unusual dimensions.

Notwithstanding the abolition of their privileges, the maraîchers still preserve their *esprit de corps*, and solemnise their annual holiday together with the members of their ancient body. They persist in keeping at a distance all the other industrial classes; and the daughter of one is never given in marriage but to a man of the same profession; in truth, her talents—her sole dowry—would be of little advantage to any other artisan, consisting, as they mainly do, in the arts of weeding, hoeing, raking, and planting cabbages.

The wife of the marsh-gardener, his sons and daughters, dig, sow, and cultivate the ground in company with him. The only alien auxiliaries that they admit are the soldiers of the garrison of Paris, whom they hire at three-halfpence an hour during the great heats of summer. On this subject we offer the reader a curious and authentic anecdote.

It was on the 14th Thermidor, in the year 5; or, to speak more Christianly, on Thursday the 1st of August 1797. Some detachments of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, sent for to Paris by the Executive Directory, came to manœuvre in the enclosure of Saint Lazare. The general had alighted from his horse, and was walking with some officers, when at the end of the Faubourg Poissonnière he stopped at the gate of a marsh-garden. Without troubling himself at the presence of so dignified a personage, the cultivator, an old philosopher, continued drawing his water.

'Good-day, Father Cardin,' cried the general.

'What! you know me?' said the old fellow amazed, respectfully baring his white head.

'To be sure, old friend, ever since '87. I was then but nineteen. I served in the regiment of the French Guards, of which Marshal Biron was then colonel; and was quartered at the barrier Poissonnière. Have you forgotten me?'

'Faith I have then. Let me recollect: there were then at the barracks two companies of fusiliers, and one of grenadiers: to which did you belong?'

'To the grenadiers: you used to employ many of them occasionally to assist in watering your garden. Do you recollect, amongst others, the son of the kennel-warden at Versailles?'

'Stop a bit! Was he not recommended to me by his aunt, a fruit-seller at the same place?'

'Precisely.'

'Hadh't he the trick of buying books with the money I paid him, and paying another man to mount guard for him, that he might have time to study them?'

'Your memory is returning, Father Cardin.'

'He used to warble like a nightingale; I recollect he told me one day, that when a child, he used to sing in the choir at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. Ah, I remember him well now! What is become of him?'

'He is become general-in-chief of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; I am the self-same man, old comrade.'

'You! Upon my soul I shouldn't have known you,' said the old fellow naïvely. 'You have got a gash

there on the right side of your nose, which spoils your handsome face; then your mustaches have grown like a bed of spinach; and you have a crop of epaulettes to boot. Faith! I wish my son, who is a corporal in the twenty-fifth demi-brigade, may make his way as well as you.'

'That shall be my business, Father Cardin. I will make inquiries concerning him, and if the reports are favourable, I will see that he does not want advancement. So soon as I return to Wetzlar I will have him sought out.' Then remounting his horse, the general departed.

Left alone, old Father Cardin stood long silently by the well-side, and founded a thousand castles in the air upon the protection promised by the general; but unfortunately, one month from that day, he received the unwelcome intelligence that apprised him of the death of his former workman—LAZARE HOCHÉ.

THE POETRY OF DIET.

POETRY, for the most part, deals with the higher and more refined feelings of our nature; but we must be allowed to assert that it can handle, and (in so far as the subject admits of it) with equal success, topics of an ordinary and commonplace character. It can speak not only of the nobler thoughts and emotions which throng through the human soul, but also of greatly less elevated ideas and feelings. What, for instance, can be more commonplace, what more ordinary, what more nearly approaching the low and vulgar, than the gratification of our alimentiveness? Yet this commonplace act poetry by no means shrinks from describing. We do not allude to a well-known class of comic productions, in which drinking in particular is glorified, but propose speaking of poetry of an elegant as well as serious order.

We go at once to the very highest kind of poetry, and opening the pages of 'Paradise Regained,' we find that even the muse of Milton can condescend to describe, with an almost epicurean minuteness and appearance of relish, a feast of extraordinary richness and profusion. It is true that the tables are lighted up by the coloured lamps of fancy, but the viands are solid and substantial, the wines odorous and sparkling:—

'A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisite name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine Bay, and Afric coast
(Alas, how simple, to these cakes compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!): *
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood,
Tall stripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas; distant more,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn. * *
And all the while harmonious airs were heard,
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells,
Such was the splendour.'

This ample provision for temporal wants was, according to Milton, displayed by the Tempter to the pure eye of our Saviour when 'he was an-hungred'—fasting in the wilderness. It is undoubtedly intended as an exposure of the indulgences of appetite. Charles Lamb calls it 'the severest satire upon full tables and surfeits;' but this does not render it less applicable to our present purpose. Indeed this view of the passage rather tells in our favour, inasmuch as we may infer that the poet had known by experience, and could estimate at their true value, such sensual gratifications. But how fine is

the description of the profuse provision!—the varied incitements to appetite!—with all the refinements which taste could suggest, applied to decorate and cover with ornament the grosser elements of the display! Even the metrical construction of the passage is in accordance with its spirit. Observe how many *commas* are in it!—how much it is broken up into separate little clauses!—as if, when we read it, we were actually hanging, with longing admiration, over the well-furnished table it describes. We cannot read it quickly onward; it must be perused deliberately, mouthful by mouthful, tasting as we go.

The fine critic whom we have just mentioned, in one of his delightful essays, playfully objects to the richness and luxury of this feast and banquet, and contrastingly approves of the simple fancies which Milton supposes to have previously visited the Saviour in his dreams. As this passage, too, is akin to our purpose, we are induced to quote at once the remarks and the extract. 'I am afraid,' says Charles Lamb, 'the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better.* To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves? He dreamed, indeed,

— "As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks—nature's refreshment sweet."

But what meats?—

"Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks,
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

Nothing in Milton is finer than these temperate dreams of the Divine Hungerer.

Turn we now alike from these dream repasts, and from the gorgeously-appointed table of the tempting Enemy—which, whether we account it as having been purely imaginary, or real and substantial, created for the time-being by evil power, was dismissed as it appeared, untouched and unpartaken off—to one described as having been actually enjoyed, and so described also, by the same poet.

When Raphael (according to the Miltonic account in 'Paradise Lost') was sent down to Eden to warn our first parents of the danger which threatened them from the wiles of the great Enemy, Adam—seeing from a distance 'his glorious shape,' which

— "Seemed another morn
Risen on mid-noon"—

desired his fair partner to prepare a fit repast for their expected angelic guest. They have first a short, pretty, and domestic-like discussion about what the materials of the said repast shall be; and then, while Adam advances to meet their heavenly visitant, Eve

* What a fine chord of reflective morality is here incidentally struck! It keeps vibrating in our ear, in an undertone, through all the rest of the passage.

* There is a little indistinctness here. The critic first seems to blame the poet, but in this last sentence he appears to blame the Tempter. In our opinion, Milton clearly intends that we should regard the feast as a grand mistake on the part of Satan, who imagined that the pure desires of Christ were to be tempted by such 'pompous delicacies,' and was therefore proportionately mortified when he despised and contemned them. In this view, then, the passage, far from being in the slightest degree inappropriate, bears a far higher moral significance.

sets out to gather and arrange the various fruits which as yet formed the whole range of food for man:—

—'With despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent:
What choice to choose for delicacy best;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inclegant; but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk,
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alicious reigned; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.'

Here is no 'regal pomp,' no 'dishes piled,' no meretricious splendour! All chaste and simple, yet varied and abundant. The primitive purity of the Eden-life forbade the shedding of blood—the destruction of life—for the purposes of food; and consequently here we have no savoury meats, no 'fowl of game,' or 'fish from every shore'; no stately sideboard, and no fragrant wines. Innocent and nutritious fruits, gently appeasing rather than provocative of appetite, with 'inoffensive must and meaths' to satisfy the promptings of thirst—not rich and costly wines to tempt the cloying palate to intoxicating excess. The description is perfect—unless, perhaps, we might be permitted to ask (though it is almost heresy even to hint a fault in so complete a master of 'the proprieties' as Milton) how the conventional word *board* (in 13th line) has been permitted to slip into such a passage?—especially when, in a few lines afterwards, we are told that

—'Raised of grassy turf
Their table was.'

Yet the poet may have used it only as a convenient common synonyme for table, intentionally overlooking its purely conventional origin.

We feel it to be a kind of falling away to leave the company of the heavenly muse of Milton for that of any lesser master of song. But variety is always pleasing; and without indulging in any remarks of our own, which seem less called for in the present case, we shall at once lead our readers to the feast spread forth in the gardens of Shalimar for the imperial Selim. We suppose we need scarcely add that we quote from Moore's beautiful poem of 'Lalla Rookh,' a work scarcely less distinguished for the vast amount of characteristic learning which it displays, than for its exquisite poetical beauties. The research of the author, his perfect knowledge of Eastern localities, manners, histories, legends, and fables, are even visible throughout our short extract:—

'The board was spread with fruits and wine:
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Casbin's hills—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
And sunniest apples that Caful
In all its thousand gardens bears;
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaga's nectar'd mangusteen;
Prunes of Bokhara, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun, from Iran's land;
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines, too, of every cline and hue,
Around their liquid lustre throw;
Amber Rosolli—the bright dew

From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which Kublai-Khan
Offered a city's wealth, was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!'

Our next transition is not so great or sudden. To step from Milton to Moore is to descend from the golden clouds to something like ordinary earth; but to pass from Moore to Byron is only crossing the boundary of two tangent dominions of poesy. The table, then, which we are next to look upon, though similar in some of its features to those already described, is quite different in its general air and character. The poet is describing the feast given by Haidée to her lover in the dwelling of her pirate father. He tells us that they

—'Sato
At wassail in their beauty and their pride:
An ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side;
Gems, gold, and silver formed the service mostly,
Mother-of-pearl and coral the less costly.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes:
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweet breads; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er founed in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pampered wishes;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

These were ranged round each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits and date-bread leaves closed the repast;
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine china cups came in at last;
Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed:
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boiled
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoiled.'

How lightly touched, and yet how vivid is this luxurious or even voluptuous picture! We can see the white and jewelled hands of the two lovers moving among the fruits and sweetmeats of the heaped-up table. We can imagine them playfully helping each other to the tempting delicacies, and talking languishingly about the blushing fruits and the sparkling wines. Yet, on the whole, this picture of a set feast by the modern poet is not so finely coloured as that which we have quoted from his elder brother, Milton; nor perhaps was it requisite that it should be so under the different circumstances. There is a sort of carelessness, an air of *dilettanteism*, about Byron's description, arising perhaps from the peculiar style in which it, in common with the whole of the poem from which it is extracted, is written, that does not tell beside the seriousness of Milton's account of the Satanic feast. Milton's grand provision is calculated to fill the eye with longing, and make the mouth water with desire. We behold the rich meats and glowing fruits, and would fain stretch forth our hand to touch and taste them. But we can look at the Byronic feast-banquet with comparative indifference. Everything there is very fine and attractive in its way, but somehow or other it is not so sorely tempting to frail human senses.

But we wave our magic wand—as did Dr Snatchaway before the greedy eyes of Governor Sancho—and all these fine dishes disappear. The next poetical picture which we present to our readers deserves to be shaded by silken curtains. It is from 'The Eve of St Agnes,' a beautiful poem by that wonderful young poet Keats. It was an ancient superstition that if, on the eve of the day devoted by the rules of the Roman Catholic church to St Agnes, a maiden should observe certain appropriate rites and ceremonies before retiring to rest, she would, till midnight, enjoy sweet dreams about her lover.* Around this legend of the olden time Keats has woven one of the most beautiful poems in the English language. We do not intend to give anything

* Somewhat akin to some of the Scottish superstitions about Halloween. St Agnes's Eve, however, is nearly three months later in the season of winter than Halloween—the latter being in October, the former in January.

but the merest glimpse of the sunny brightness of this poetic gem; but it is necessary to the right understanding of the general character of our extract, that we should preface it by the information that Madeline—a beautiful young lady—has observed the necessary rites, and gone to sleep *fasting* (an important part of the charm, it would seem), in the hope of dreaming of her lover Porphyro, and that *he* has gained admittance to her chamber, with the view of persuading her to steal away with him from among her cruel kinsmen, to his home 'beyond the southern moors.' He prepares for her a slight repast, and waits her awakening, that he may by his actual presence fulfil, as it were, the visions which he hopes have visited her.

'Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet. * *

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes, and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.'

How much of united delicacy and richness is here! There is no overloading, no gaudy ornament—all is chaste and refined, but at the same time exquisitely rich and luxurious. It is a collation worthy of Elysium, to be partaken of by Apollo and the Muses. It must be remembered that a fully-furnished feast would have been quite out of place on such an occasion; yet something somewhat substantial was requisite, seeing that Madeline had retired to rest fasting. Let your eye wander again, good reader, over the lines we have quoted, and think how welcome must have been such sweet provision. Nothing could be finer or more appropriate. 'Here,' says Leigh Hunt, that fine poet and exquisite critic—'here is delicate modulation, and super-refined epicurean nicety.

"Lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,"

make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end, as it were, of one's tongue.'

We shall conclude, for the present at least, these pickings from the tables of the poets—appropriately enough—with a supper; a supper set out by Leigh Hunt himself. It is from a fine fanciful poem, one of his earlier works, entitled, 'The Feast of the Poets,' in which Apollo is represented as having descended to hold a sort of levee with the living poets of the time, and at which Byron, Campbell, Montgomery, Rogers, Scott, Crabbe, Moore, Keats, Shelley, Landor, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others, were present. Apollo bestows upon each of them an appropriate wreath, wherewith their brows are encircled, and they all sit down to sup with him. The whole scene being purely imaginary, the poet could give full wing to his fancy; and accordingly we have a glow of magnificence worthy of the brightest dreams of the imaginative East:—

—'Rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams,
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclined,
But such as a poet might dream ere he dined;
For the god had no sooner determined the fare,
Than it turned to whatever was racy and rare:
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun:
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muskatt was nothing, nor Virginis Sac,
No, nor even Johannisberg, soul of the Rhine,
Nor Montepulciano, though king of all wine.
Then as for the fishes, ye might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;

And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the god blushed a beautiful red.
'Twas magic, in short, and deliciousness all.
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall;
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turned,
The service with opal and adamant burned,
Each candlestick changed to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the mould,
The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkscrew ran solidly round into flame:
In a word, so completely forestalled were the wishes,
E'en harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.'

But we must linger no longer amid such tempting fare, lest we get intoxicated even with the fumes. We trust, however, that we have given specimens sufficient to show that poetry can, when it chooses, deal successfully with very commonplace subjects. As for those who seriously object to it on opposite grounds, we do not hesitate to say that the fault is in themselves. They are incapable of understanding or appreciating it. Such persons cannot of course be expected to enjoy the fine descriptions which we have been quoting; nor can they, we will even venture to affirm, enjoy to their full extent, or in their finer elements, the realities of such descriptions; while, on the other hand, a poetical mind is always able to add charms to actual delights of whatever class or quality they may be—to draw forth riches from its own exhaustless stores wherewith to crown the feast, or fill the cup to overflowing.

VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.

THE vegetable kingdom has often supplied the natural theologian with the most striking and forcible of his illustrations in proof of the lavish goodness of the Creator. He has seen in its varied productions the exhaustless skill of the All-creative hand; in their adaptation to the wants and necessities of man, His wisdom; and in the gratifications they present to his eye and to his taste, the clear evidences, that while utility has been amply regarded, the enjoyment of the creature has been equally remembered, and abundantly provided for. With most of the utilitarian products of this kingdom we are sufficiently familiar; but with regard to its more exquisite gifts, we believe a good deal of ignorance to prevail, which it will be our endeavour, though imperfectly, to dissipate.

The Rev. Dr. Walsh, in a paper upon plants growing in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, contained in the 'Horticultural Transactions,' speaks in an interesting manner of several of the gourd tribe, which grow luxuriantly in that district. One of the curious varieties was the *Cucurbita claviformis*, or 'Jonah's Gourd,' which is believed to be really that plant which was caused to grow up over the head of the prophet in a single night. It forms a beautifully green dense arbour, through which the rays even of the eastern sun are unable to penetrate; under its shade the Easterns delight to sit and smoke; while overhead the singular fruit of the plant hangs down in long, delicate, tempting clubs, somewhat like very stout candles. The fruit is not eaten in the uncooked state; but the central part being scooped out, it is filled with forcemeat, and boiled, forming a very delicate and relishable repast. Another remarkable gourd is the 'Turk's turban,' botanically the *Cucurbita cidariformis*; in form, it is like a large quince placed on the top of a flat melon, thus bearing a pretty close resemblance to a turban. The history of its origin is curious, and more 'wonderful than true,' as we fear. A gourd was once planted in Campania, near a quince; and an affection apparently springing up between the two, the gourd came to the resolution of adopting the form of the quince in addition to its own glossy rotundity, and the result was the form we have just noticed. It is used as an excellent addition to soups. Another species is the white gourd, or *Cucurbita pepo*; this is found in the markets principally in the winter, and is commonly piled up in heaps, like cannon-balls, or more like pyramids of snow-balls. Romantic associations attach to this chaste production; it is presented at every native marriage ceremony to the married pair, and is supposed to insure peace and prosperity to them and their house. The *Momordica elaterium*, a member of the same family, is otherwise known as the 'Squirting Cucumber,' from its possessing the strange property of squirting out its contents on one of the ends being pulled or touched. It is a common piece of gardener's wit

to request one to take hold of the dangerous end, and if we consent, the face and person are covered with the acrid slimy contents of this vegetable pop-gun. Where the plant grows in abundance, they may be heard popping off pretty frequently; and by simply walking near these irritable instruments, the passenger is often shot in the eyes with great force by them. Some of this tribe occasionally reach an enormous size, particularly the mammoth or American gourd. Among many examples, one is specially recorded as having attained the colossal weight of two hundred and forty-five pounds!—a size truly monstrous.

Among delicious fruits, the tree known as the 'Tombe-rong' produces small berries of a yellow colour, and exquisite flavour. These are highly esteemed by the natives, who convert them into a beautiful sort of bread, which, curious to relate, both in colour and flavour bears the closest resemblance to our finest *gingerbread*. A tree belonging to the natural order *Ascoyneaceae*, produces a fruit called the 'Cream Fruit,' which is estimated by some as being the most exquisite fruit in the world. Two are always united together, and they depend from the extremity of a small branch; when wounded, they yield a quantity of fine white juice resembling sugar, or the best milk in its taste. For allaying the thirst incident to a tropical climate this fruit is invaluable; and its delicious quality gives it an appropriate estimation in the eyes of the weary traveller in those regions. Of another curious fruit produced by one of the same tribe, Dr Lindley writes—'The sages of Ceylon having demonstrated, as they say, that Paradise was in that island, and having therefore found it necessary to point out the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden, assure us that it was borne on a species of this genus, the *Divi Ladner* of their country. The proof they find of this discovery, consists in the beauty of the fruit, said to be tempting in the fragrance of the flower, and in *its still bearing the marks of the teeth of Eve*. Till the offence was committed which brought misery upon man, we are assured that the fruit was delicious; but from that time forward it became poisonous, as it now remains.' The fruit of another tree of the same species affords a capital substitute for red currant jelly, and one of the celebrated 'cow-trees,' inhabitants of equatorial America, belongs to this natural order also. The delicious custard apples of the East and West Indies are produced by the *Anona reticulata*. It is a small, weakly, branching tree, bearing fruit about the size of a tennis-ball, which is of a dull-brown colour. The flesh is said to be of a yellowish colour, soft and sweet, being about the consistence, and sharing even much of the flavour, of a good custard. Another variety is a small tree, which bears a fruit of a greenish-yellow colour, and of the size of an artichoke, called the 'Sweet Sop.' The skin is half an inch thick, and encloses an abundance of a thick, sweet, luxurious pulp, tasting like clouted cream mixed with sugar.* Rumphius says that it has in some degree the smell and taste of rosewater, and is so delicious, that one scarcely ever tires of partaking of it. It has a complete contrast in the 'Sour Sop,' which belongs to the same species, which is a fruit of the size of a large pear, abounding in a milk-white pulp of a sweetish-acid taste. Sir Hans Sloane, in the 'Natural History of Jamaica,' particularly mentions the alligator, or avocado pear, the product of one of the Lacerels; the fruit is the size of a large pear, and possesses a rich delicate flavour, not unlike that of the peach; but it is described as being even more grateful. Another curious fruit is that called the 'Mamsee;' it is round and yellow, and when ripe, the rind peels off, discovering the eatable part, which has an acidulo-saccharine taste, and is of great fragrance. The tree by which it is borne reaches the size of our largest oaks.

Those who are admirers of marmalade (and we expect a vast number of our readers are guilty of that indiscretion), will learn with some surprise that nature presents the inhabitants of Surinam with the article ready confected. The fruit is called the 'Marmalade Box;' it is about the size of a large apple, and is covered with down. At first it is green, but when ripe it becomes brown, and then opens into halves like a walnut; the pulp is of a brownish colour, very sweet and tempting, and is eaten by the natives with the greatest avidity. The Brazilians boast also of a delicious fruit, the *murucija*, said to be unsurpassed in fra-

grance and flavour, possessing a pulp of a deep yellow, and exhaling a fine vinous odour. Yet it must yield to the far-famed mangustin of the Indian Archipelago. This exquisite production is universally esteemed, and is alike agreeable to strangers as to the inhabitants of its native country, whose pride it is. In shape and size it is like a middling apple; it has a thick purplish rind, which surrounds three or four cloves of soft snow-white pulp, which almost immediately dissolve. The flavour is extremely rich, yet never becomes luscious, nor palls on the taste; but the fruit may be eaten almost *ad libitum*. Dr Lindley says that an intelligent traveller and his companions were anxious to bring away with them some precise expression of its flavour; but after satisfying themselves that it partook of the compound taste of the pine-apple and the peach, they were obliged, after of course a series of tastings, to confess that it had many other equally delicious, but utterly inexpressible, flavours. Not only is it grateful to the strong and hearty, but even to the sick, who may eat it with impunity; and, as if to swell the list of its good attributes, it is related that Dr Solander was cured of putrid fever by eating it. A more singular, and at first a most uninviting fruit, is the 'durian;' it combines in a remarkable manner an odour the most disgusting and offensive—creating an almost insuperable aversion to the fruit—with a very rich and delicate taste. The tree is described as being something like a pear-tree; the fruit externally resembles that of the 'bread-fruit' tree, the outside being covered with tubercles. When ripe, it contains several cells, in each of which is a large seed of the size of a pigeon's egg, imbedded in a rich pulp. The taste is very curious, and has been compared to a dish commonly known in Spain under the name of '*Mangiar Blanco*,' composed of hen's flesh dressed in vinegar. The fruit really appears to partake more of an animal than vegetable nature, and never becomes sickly or cloying. The natives are passionately fond of it, and when it is to be procured, live almost wholly on its luxurious cream-like flesh. It is said soon to turn putrid. One durian is worth more than a dozen pine-apples.

The rose-apples of the East have long been had in esteem, and take a high position among the elegant delicacies of nature. In all respects, this fruit is a lovely production; it is borne by a tree called the jambo; it is about as large as a pear; externally, it is arrayed in a coat of the most splendid red; inside, its pulp is of the loveliest white; and in perfume and taste it much resembles the rose. Some varieties of the rose-apple are so fine, as to be preserved for the king's use alone; a beautiful variety, the jamrosade, is most highly perfumed with rose, while its colour is a delicate transparent pink mixed with white. The well-known guava is a fruit belonging to the same natural order—the myrtleblooms. One of the chief delicacies of the Indian desert is the fruit of the mango, the offspring of a considerable tree like a walnut. When fresh, it is of an exceedingly delicate, sweet, and acidulous flavour, and forms pickles and preserves, which are highly esteemed. Some of its varieties are as large as an infant's head, and exceed two pounds in weight. Sir William Jones, in the '*Asiatic Researches*,' mentions a very delicious fruit, known as the malura, which is curious in consequence of its possessing a fragrance strongly resembling that of the wallflower.

Chinese horticulture has long been famous for its productions, some of which are very anomalous. Marco Polo says they have some pears of most gigantic sizes: pears are at all seasons in the Chinese markets, and some appear to have been fattened up to a degree of obesity that would do good to the eyes of an agricultural prize-breeder. What would be thought in England of a pear weighing *ten pounds*, therefore somewhat of the size of a Southdown leg of mutton? Yet such this industrious traveller affirms as a fact, adding that they are white in colour, melting, and most fragrant in taste. Other authors mention pears of approximate sizes, some measuring nearly sixteen inches in circumference the long way, and upwards of a foot the round way. Their peaches, too, are equally fine; many of them are of the most beautiful colours and exquisite flavour, and some attain enormous sizes. The Chinese gardeners boast of having produced peaches weighing two pounds; and it is not for us to doubt their assertions, although we know somewhat of the elasticity of the Chinese conscience. They are also said to be possessed of the valuable secret of preserving fruit gathered in October until the succeeding January, in all its beauty, freshness, and flavour. Among other fruits, the 'flat peach' well deserves the title of a horticultural curiosity. It is in

* Dr Lindley in a valuable paper upon tropical fruits in '*Horticultural Transactions*.'

all respects like a peach, except that it is flattened out into a cake: this fruit is well known at Canton; its colour is a pale yellow; when cut into, a beautiful circle of pink is seen surrounding the stone, and radiating into a mass of delicately-coloured pulp. In the indulgence of their dwarfing propensities, they *manufacture*, for such it is, miniature fruit-trees of various kinds by the method now become familiar to most persons. Large sums are set on the heads of those diminutive trees in proportion to their ugliness and their abundance of fruit. Venerable old plum-trees, a foot high, laden with fruit, are without a price; while finger-fruits, marygos, peaches, carambolas, and grapes, come in for subordinate attention. The beautiful orange the 'mandarin' (*Citrus nobilis*), one of the recent importations into this country, is remarkable for having a deep crimson rind when ripe, which is quite detached from the fruit. 'The whole,' writes Sir J. F. Davis, 'has a flattish aspect, and is sometimes four or five inches in diameter; and the loose skin, when broken, opens like a puff-ball, disclosing the juicy lobes surrounded with a kind of network of fibres.' The celebrated finger-fruit comes very manifestly into our category, and is a curious result of an ingenious horticulture. It is a peculiar kind of citrus, which, by some means or other, is made to run entirely into rind, the whole terminating at the head in several long narrow processes like fingers: it has hence been named 'Fo show,' or the hand of Fo. Its odour is very powerful, but is considered as very fine. 'So entirely, however, is this strange production the result of art operating upon nature, that it does not appear a second time after the plant has been purchased.' The Chinese have also some curious oranges, known as the horned oranges, from the circumstance of a number of little horn-like processes projecting from its upper end. It may be mentioned in connection with these plants, that the productiveness of the orange is something quite enormous. A single tree at St Michael's has been known to produce 20,000 oranges fit for packing, exclusively of about one-third more of damaged fruit. Mr Fortune supplies a curious account of the production of 'vegetable tallow.' The seeds of the tallow-tree, after having been steamed and bruised, are heated over the fire; the tallow is thus completely separated, but it looks like coarse linseed meal; subjected to expression, it exudes in a semi-fluid state, and beautifully white, soon hardening and becoming solid. It is then made into cakes, and exposed for sale in the markets, for the manufacture of candles; but as these are apt to get soft, they are often dipped in wax of various colours, and sometimes are finely ornamented. But this is a subject with an unconquerable tendency to expansion; let us therefore, having gone thus far, take a hasty leave of it at once.

THE ARTIST'S FIRST WORK.

Nor far from the splendid Palazzo Falliero at Possagno, in the Venetian states, stood the humble cabin of an aged mason named Pasino. One evening that, wearied with his work, he lay sleeping soundly after the labours of the day, he was suddenly awakened by a loud knock at the door of his cabin. He rose, ran hastily to open it, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, perceived that it was a little boy who stood without.

'Who are you, and what do you want here?' brusquely inquired Pasino.

'Antonio,' replied the timid voice of a child.

'What Antonio?'

'Your own Antonio, dear grandpapa.'

'Is it thou, my child? And what has happened then?' said the mason, quickly changing his tone, and drawing the little fellow kindly towards him, whilst he sought even by the faint light of the moon to read in his countenance what unexpected cause could have occasioned this late visit. 'But speak then, my child! Why hast left thy mother?—Is she ill?—Hast displeased her?—Has she turned you out of doors?'

'No: I left home of my own accord.'

'And for what reason?' again inquired the old man, as he led the child into his cabin, and struck a light. '*Madonna Santissima!* why did you leave your mother?' Pasino had now succeeded in lighting a lantern, and was able more plainly to examine his grandson's countenance. He then perceived that the child was in tears,

and carried a small bundle slung on the point of a stick over his shoulder.

'I could not stay any longer at home,' said the boy, as he threw his little packet on the floor. 'I was no longer master there; some one else had everything his own way. Oh what a country boor that Venetian is! If I were only ten years older, I would turn him out of the house. Alas! why am I only eleven years old?'

'And a pretty rogue you are,' said the grandfather, laughing at the childish passion of Antonio. 'So you want to be master in your mother's house?'

'When my father died, he left no other son: I am therefore the head of the house.'

'A fine house truly!' replied the old man, who was by this time thoroughly awakened from his slumbers: 'four stakes, a few stones, and a little straw! If it were a palace indeed, like that of Falliero, it would be something worth talking of.'

'Falliero!—Falliero!' said the child, as he shook his little head in a determined manner; 'one may have spirit without belonging to the rich house of Falliero.'

'Tell me, Antonio, will you have some supper?' interrupted the old man.

'No: I am not hungry.'

'But you have had a long way to walk from your mother's.'

'Only three miles: what is that?'

'Well, then, give me an account of your escape from home.'

'Yes, grandpapa, this is the history of it. You know that my mother contracted a second marriage with that low fellow Paesillo; and what annoyed me most about it was, that she changed her pretty name. Was it not a beautiful name, grandpapa?'

'Yes, to be sure. Well, go on.'

'And it was my own name besides; and I think it a disgrace that a son should bear one name and his mother another.'

'Yes, yes; but do finish your story, for I am going to sleep,' interrupted Pasino, drowsily turning into bed.

'The Signor Paesillo had hardly set foot within our house,' continued Antonio, 'when changes began to be made. In the first place, I was not caressed as heretofore; I was no longer given the best of everything—it was all for Signor Paesillo: I was unhappy, and they left me to myself: I complained, and they left me to complain; and no one said "What aileth thee, little one? Come to dinner—come to supper:" so I would not eat either one or the other. I took my resolution, and said to myself, "There is my grandfather, who lives alone, who loves children, who will let me do as I please if I go and live with him. *There* I will go; and there, if nowhere else, I shall be master." Are you gone to sleep, grandpapa, instead of listening?'

'No, no; all right! Now lie down on this fresh straw. Since you like so much to be master, I will soon make you a master—mason.'

'Oh, a mason is not the nicest trade.'

'You'll see what a nice one it is.'

'What! putting one stone on the top of another?—always stones!'

'Is it marble, then, you would wish for, you little madcap?'

'Certainly that would be better, and more honourable too.'

'Well, then, stop chattering now, and let me go to sleep.'

The next day Pasino woke Antonio early, and after having offered up together a short prayer to 'Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows,' and partaken of a frugal breakfast, they vended their way to the Falliero palace, where the mason had been working for some days past. But it was all in vain that he attempted to keep his grandchild at work, for the little fellow was always mixing up mud or squaring stones. The old man could never turn his back for a moment, but Antonio was busy making either a Venus or a Policinello, or preparing clay with his trowel for the divers figures he wished to

fashion. And if Pasino scolded him, he would say, 'But you see, grandpapa, I am so tired!'

'But what are you doing now?'

'Making a blessed Virgin and Child.'

And the poor grandfather, who for the most part could discover nothing but a shapeless mass of clay, rather than disappoint the boy, would praise the beauty of the Virgin, or the grace of the child, and prophesied that his 'little man' would one day become a famous mason, and even build palaces for the Fallieri themselves.

On the approach of the feast of St Cecilia, the Duke of Falliero gave orders that a grand banquet should be prepared in honour of the festival. Oh, if you could only have seen how many saucepans simmered on the heated braziers; how many spits groaned under the weight of pheasants, fowls, ducks, *poulardes*, strung on one after another!—If you could have had a glance at all the spiced meats, the savoury pasties, the rich jellies, the candied *confitures*, the fragrant fruits of every sort and hue, together with every variety of dainty which could please the eye or gratify the palate, it would have made your mouth water! Antonio, who had glided in amongst the cooks and assistants, opened his eyes wide, and went about admiring and smelling all these fine things, of which he had never before even formed an idea.

All on a sudden, and just as dinner was about to be served, the major-domo uttered a loud cry, and striking his forehead with his hand, as if in despair, exclaimed, 'Oh, unhappy creature that I am!—oh, unfortunate Pietro!—Madonna Santissima! I am ruined, and with me the illustrious House of Falliero!' At this moment, while the poor man was finishing his doleful soliloquy, the duke himself happened to pass, and inquired what was the matter. 'Oh, illustrious duke,' replied the major-domo, 'beat me, kill me if you will; I am a wretch, an assassin!'

The duke cut him short with the inquiry, 'Well, but explain yourself, Pietro: how is it that my honour has been compromised as well as yours? Speak, and let me understand it.'

'My banquet, may it please your excellency, which would have equalled those that were spread before the doges of Venice in the times of its greatest splendour—oh, my magnificent banquet is ruined by an act of forgetfulness, which deserves to be punished by a halter.'

'And what, then, have you forgotten?'

'The first service, my lord, is perfect—everything is composed in the most exquisite taste, the purest and most elegant style; the second corresponds to the first in every respect; the third, if possible, exceeds them both; but the fourth—the dessert—oh, Madonna Santissima! only think of the centre dish being spoiled—the very crowning piece of the whole!'

'What a piece of work about nothing!' exclaimed the little Antonio with an arch smile, as he stood in the corner of the kitchen: 'it is only to make another dish instead.'

'And can there not be another substituted?' inquired the duke.

'It is difficult—it is impossible, may it please your excellency.'

'Make some pyramid, some tower of—of something.'

'It is exactly this *something* which we are in want of; and besides, there is no time left—there is only half an hour to spare, and already the guests are beginning to arrive.'

'I should know very well what to do,' muttered Antonio to himself, 'if they would only ask my advice.'

'Well,' said the duke somewhat anxiously to Pietro, 'what course do you mean to pursue?'

'Oh, if the architecture of the banquet were not of so pure and elegant a style, we could— But no, it would ruin our reputation.'

'The architecture, do you say? Well, go hold a consultation with Pasino the mason—he may be able to help you out of the scrape. You are laughing at the idea?'

'You, Antonio, what are you whispering about over there? Go, run and call your grandfather, and tell him to come here.'

Antonio, highly amused, darted off directly, and soon came back pulling the old man along by his white apron. When the latter had been made to understand what was the matter, he shook his head, and twisting his cotton cap (which he had taken off out of respect to the duke) in his thin hand, said, 'If you wanted me now to build up a wall, or repair the capital of a pillar, or—'

'But it is to make a centre dish which is required, grandpapa,' cried Antonio, as if he were speaking to a deaf man.

'I know it,' answered Pasino.

'And cannot you, who build houses and palaces, make a simple dish?'

'Hold thy tongue, boy, and do not talk so loud before monseigneur.'

Antonio, somewhat confused at the rebuke, began to murmur impatiently, 'If they would only listen to me!'

The Duke Falliero, who had for some time admired the arch vivacity of Antonio's countenance, was struck with its expression at this moment. It bespoke contempt for so puerile a discussion; and the child's forehead was radiant with a consciousness of power. A half-malicious smile played around his mouth, while the two rosy lips, half parted, seemed so plainly about to say, 'Why do you not seek my help?' that the duke could not resist interrogating him.

'If we *were* to listen to you, then, what would be your counsel?' said the duke, as he playfully pulled Antonio by the ear.

'Why, my lord,' answered the boy, colouring up to his eyes on being thus addressed, 'if the Signor Pietro would only give me a bit of paste, such as is used for making ornamental cakes'—

'Do not listen to this little pickle, please your excellency!' said Pasino, at the same time motioning to the child to be silent.

'I will not only listen to him,' said the duke, 'but also desire Pietro to leave the construction of this famous dish to Antonio. Antonio, I give you *carte blanche*; but on your part, what will you give me if you do not succeed?'

'My ears, please your excellency,' boldly replied the boy.

'Done, then,' said the duke: 'let us see what you can achieve.'

The banquet was sumptuous beyond any that the guests had ever beheld; and when the dessert was about to be served, the duke entertained the company by relating to them the history of the cook's failure, and of the opportune presumption of the little Antonio. As he spoke, the dessert made its appearance. Dish after dish was laid in exact order upon the table; but whether it arose from malice, or whether the poor Antonio had not been able to succeed, the centre of the table remained vacant, and the guests began to smile, and then to wonder, until at last their patience was well-nigh exhausted, when lo! the major-domo appeared, bearing in his hands a large dish, veiled by a light covering. It was laid before the duke, its covering removed, and a cry of admiration resounded through the hall. It was a beautiful lion, exquisitely modelled in sugared paste.

'Bravo!—bravo!' exclaimed the guests on all sides. 'Where is the confectioner, the cook, the little architect?'

'Where is the *artist*?' inquired the duke in an authoritative tone.

Then appeared, half concealed behind Pietro, a handsome boy, blushing and confused, but with a countenance wonderfully expressive of genius for one of such tender years. The duke perceiving in the boy the marks of decided talent, requested permission of his grandfather to take him to Venice, where he placed him under the direction of the most distinguished mas-

ters; and four years later, the young Canova—for such was the lad's name—was on his way to Rome with letters of recommendation to some of the most illustrious families in that capital.

Guided by that inspiration which belongs to genius, he carried his first letter to the Signor Volpato, from whom he desired to receive instruction; the same Volpato who gave to Italy some of its finest sculptures.

The first friendship which Antonio formed was with a youth of his own age—Raphael Morghen. After some time, he gave up painting, and devoted himself to sculpture. Here his genius led him to the very summit of glory. In 1782, Zuliano, the Venetian ambassador, after a banquet given by him to the most celebrated artists then assembled in Rome, invited the guests to accompany him to an adjoining saloon. He said he wished to show them a group newly finished by an artist whose name he had not yet announced to them. The subject was Theseus conquering the Minotaur. 'Gentlemen,' exclaimed Zuliano with an air of satisfaction, 'this work is executed by a countryman of mine. Signor Antonio Canova,' he added, seeking in the crowd for a youth who seemed modestly to shrink from notice, 'come forward to receive the congratulations which you merit.'

Canova became the most distinguished sculptor of his day, but was always the first to relate his early history to those who went to visit him in his studio; and, above all, he ever spoke with the deepest gratitude of the Signor Volpato.

May not this early passage in Canova's history encourage us to cultivate every talent which may have been committed to us with an earnest and courageous spirit, feeling assured that whatever outward obstacles may obstruct our path, a firm persevering resolution, and patient unwearied labour, will ever in the end conquer fortune, and establish for us a solid reputation?

THE ANGLO-INDIAN PRESS.

THE first Anglo-Indian journal was published sixty-seven years ago, in 1780. It was called 'Hicky's Gazette,' and is said by the Calcutta Review to have been 'full of infamous scandal—in some places so disguised, as to be almost unintelligible to the reader of the present day, but in others set forth broadly and unmistakably, and with a relish not to be concealed.' The individuals most foully attacked were frequently young ladies, their anonymous enemies, it is to be presumed, being rejected suitors; but the highest dignitaries of the government were no more spared than the weaker sex; and at length we read without any surprise the following announcement:—'Mr Hicky thinks it a duty incumbent on him to inform his friends in particular, and the public in general, that an attempt was made to assassinate him last Thursday morning between the hours of one and two o'clock by two armed Europeans, aided and assisted by a Moorman. Mr Hicky is obliged to postpone the particulars at present for want of room, but they shall be inserted the first opportunity.'

Only fifty years after this, when the journals had become numerous, Lord William Bentinck alludes to the press in his public despatches as forming a salutary check upon the public officers of government; and at a time when the native community had been roused into exasperation by the abolition of the sati, and both the civil and military services by a series of reforms and retrenchments, this dangerous engine—which had been the object of suspicion and alarm to former governors-general—was left in practical freedom. In 1835, Sir Charles Metcalfe confirmed this freedom by law; upon an assumption, as the recent historian, Mr Thornton, tells us, that 'nothing was more likely to conduce to the spread of the enlightened knowledge and civilisation, the arts and sciences of Europe, over India, than a licentious and unbridled press.'

With reference to this implied charge, the Review we have already quoted makes the following remark:—

'We wish it to be well understood in England, that the constitution of our society in India presents an insuperable obstacle to the existence of anything resembling an unscrupulous press. An unscrupulous press cannot exist anywhere without an unscrupulous public. Now there is no public—if we may be permitted to use the word at all in so narrow an acceptation—there is no public in the world of so select a character as the newspaper-reading public of India. It consists of a few classes of educated English gentlemen—military officers, the civil servants of the government, and gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits. The Indian press has no "lower orders" for whom to pander. We have no pot-house politicians—no literary dustmen—no erudite cads—no high life below stairs—no select circles of slander-loving profligates and thieves. There is no great demand in this part of the world for intellectual, whatever there may be for gastronomical, high-seasoned dishes. The most that Indian readers look for is the Duke of Norfolk's panacea—"a pinch of curry-powder." They are not very fond of strong meat and strong drink; and no journalist having any regard for his purse, would cater for his subscribers after any other than a most orderly, a most becoming fashion, having the utmost regard for the delicacies, the proprieties of civilised life. A few failures in this respect have ere now struck a blow at the prosperity of an Indian journal, from the effects of which it has never recovered.'

There can hardly be a doubt, we think, that the freedom of the press in India has established its respectability; but the grand objection made in England, is the danger of political consequences. Our government, we are told, is a government of opinion: let us keep the natives, therefore, as much as possible in the dark; let them never suspect that there are any divisions—that there is a single discontented voice heard, or permitted to be heard, in the camp of their governors! This caution is very amusing to persons acquainted with the state of the native press in India. The Hindoo journals are full of satire, both personal and political; and what they want in order to insure the tranquillity of the country, is not concealment, but information. 'Already,' says an anonymous writer in 1840, 'the progress of India in European knowledge has placed her in a position not immediately perilous, it is true, to her government, but interesting from its parallels in history. Native satirists now lash every day the follies and vices of their rulers, and song-writers (so often the advanced guard of freedom!) give words to the inarticulate murmurs of disaffection. The Hindoo mother lulls her baby with a ballad, in which she tells him that however wise and industrious he may be, he can never hope for a hundredth part of the return obtained by Europeans; and on the occasion of the ignorant and insulting claim put forward by government to the proprietorship of the lands, a bolder strain arose, of which a translation appeared in one of the (London) Indian magazines. The following are the two last stanzas:—

"And what are we to do, my men?—my brothers, one and all,
Upon you with my loudest voice and angriest I call—
Take up your tulwars in your hand, and loudly sound the gong,
I doubt not there are thousands who will round our banner throng.

Oh great are we in numbers, and in numbers there is might—
Like a river we will pour upon our enemies in fight;
And if we strive right manfully, we shall not strive in vain,
To send our foreign tyrants back to their own homes again!"

The Anglo-Indian press of the present day is respectable not only in character, but numerical force. The editor of the Telegraph and Courier (Bombay) has been kind enough to send us some statistics, by which we find that there are twenty-seven Indian papers, five Singapore and Straits papers, and three China papers. Of these six are daily, three tri-weekly, twelve bi-weekly, nine weekly, and five uncertain. 'It will be seen from the statement we publish,' says the Telegraph and Courier, 'that Calcutta possesses three daily and four weekly papers, two of the hebdomadals, however—the "Christian Advocate" and

"Hindoo Intelligencer"—being organs of particular sections of the community. Madras has one daily, two bi-weeklies, and three tri-weeklies—the last named mode of publication being peculiar to the south-eastern presidency. In Bombay there are two dailies, a bi-weekly, and a weekly. The papers in the north of India are all issued twice a week—a convenient arrangement as regards postage, which presses with peculiar weight on the daily journals. In Ceylon, our contemporaries—with the exception of the "Morning Star," of which we have no information—likewise come under the denomination of bi-weekly. The "Friend of China," and "Straits Times," are the only bi-weeklies further east—the rest of the papers being hebdomadals. The amount of subscription is from ten rupees to sixty-four rupees annually. The aggregate subscription for twenty-four of the Indian papers is £78, 10s., the remaining three not being stated; and of five of the Chinese, Singapore, and Straits papers, seventy dollars, the remaining three not being stated. The 'Hindoo Intelligencer,' a Calcutta weekly journal, is edited by a native. The 'Kurrachee Advertiser' is lithographed. With regard to the circulation of these papers, we are in possession of no precise information. In India there are no stamps, the number of which admits of a tolerable guess in England; and the publishers, as may be supposed, are not very communicative on the subject.

Several of these journals publish a summary, which they transmit to England by each overland mail. The summary is a number containing a selection of articles published during the intervals of the mails, with such other matter as is expected to be found peculiarly interesting at home. It is, in fact, a fortnightly or monthly paper, as it may be, printed in India, and intended for circulation in Europe. This circulation, however, is much injured by the full reports of Indian intelligence that are now given by some of the daily London newspapers before the arrival of the ordinary mail, and by the comprehensive *précis* of the 'Indian News' and 'Indian Mail.' These two journals, which are as large as most of the Sunday papers, exhibit in rather a remarkable light the activity and promptitude of the metropolitan press. When the mail is delivered in London—sometimes as late as three o'clock in the afternoon—their editors and printers fasten upon the Indian and Chinese papers, and more especially the summaries; and by dint of working hard all night, are able to publish a condensation of their contents, with leading articles, and such home intelligence as is interesting to readers connected with India, in time for circulation throughout the kingdom by the eight o'clock mail of the following morning. This is of course a great accommodation to the public; but the hurry and excitement of the system has had an unfavourable effect upon literature. Formerly, there were several Indian magazines of high character published in London, but we are not aware that there is now a single individual of the class. The 'Asiatic Journal,' a most valuable and interesting work, was abandoned some years ago, confessedly on account of the injury its circulation sustained from the first in the field of these stamped newspapers.

THE PAWNBROKER'S WINDOW.

There is more philosophy of life to be learned at a pawnbroker's window than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled disturb the mind for a moment, as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, and passes away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window which, like a record of ruin, sinks into the heart. The household goods, the cherished relics, the sacred possessions affection bestowed, or eyes now closed in death had once looked upon as their own, are here as it were profaned: the associations of dear old times are here violated; the family hearth is here outraged; the ties of love, kindred, rank, all that the heart clings to, are broken here. It is a sad picture; for, in spite of all the glittering show, its associations are sombre. There hangs the watch, the

old chased repeater, that hung above the head of a dying parent when bestowing his trembling blessing on the poor outcast who parted with it for bread; the widow's wedding-ring is there, the last and dearest of all her possessions; the trinket, the pledge of love of one now dead, the only relic of the heart's fondest memories; silver that graced the holiday feast; the gilt-framed miniature that used to hang over the quiet mantel-shelf; the flute, the favourite of a dead son, surrendered by a starving mother to procure food for her remaining offspring; the locket that held a father's hair; or, gloomier still, the dress, the very covering of the poor is there, waving like the flag of wretchedness and misery. It is a strange sad sight to those who feel aright. There are more touching memorials to be seen at a pawnbroker's window than in all the monuments in Westminster Abbey.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

LABOUR.

The more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labour, and therefore the more we acquire, the more we care, and the more we toil, to secure our acquisitions. Good men can never retire from their works of benevolence. Their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor retiring from their respective fields of labour. Moses, and Paul, and Peter died with their harness on. So did Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving, though not so well known to fame. We are inured to labour. It was first a duty; it is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as over-working man and beast, mind and body. The mainspring of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant, and the wings of a swift bird, are at length fatigued. Heaven gives rest to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruits.—*A. Campbell.*

IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING WELL.

It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good-breeding; whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of Christian feeling can never be devoid. To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening, we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consists. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please, to form a style of our own. The 'art of conversation' is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentleman will gently sympathise with the speaker; or, if needs must be, differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with 'Yes, yes. Very good. Ah!' Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is, at intervals, produced, and all the company turns round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention, and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.—*Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society.*

DEPORTMENT.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar, rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and with those few upon good grounds.—*William Penn.*

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THE NAVIE.

NAVIGATOR, or rather its abridged form of navie, is a term of recent currency in our language, and well known to apply to one engaged in railway operations—ploughing the solid land in deeper and more lasting furrows than his neighbour Jack of the ocean does his mobile element. The term, as is well known, originated in the excavating of canals for inland navigation. Canals having had their day, the labourers so employed have been fortunate in finding more extensive and profitable scope for their industry in the making of railways. The essential basis of the class is English, much the larger proportion of the navigator body being draughted from Lincolnshire, the rural parts of Lancashire, and adjoining districts. Digging trenches in the fenny parts of Lincolnshire has always been a staple employment to this class of labourers; and this it probably was which originally adapted them for canal workings. The navie of this generic type possesses in a rude state those qualities and habits which give respectability to the English character. To a great degree of Danish or Saxon descent, and uncorrupted by social vices, the pure navie—taking him zoologically—is a fine animal. His large bones, great muscular energy, and love of good living, indicate his Teutonic origin, not less than his tractability, inclination for work, and downright honesty and spirit of independence. The navie of the right sort is no sham: he will give work for the money. Only treat him well, and keep him from drink, and his behaviour is unexceptionable. No human being will go through such a quantity of bodily labour with more cheerfulness.

The English navie has carried a knowledge of his craft into countries where the arts of digging and handling the spade were in their infancy. It may seem ridiculous to talk of there being 'an art' in shovelling earth into a barrow; but it is an art, and a very important one. It is quite English. The very spade is English, and so are the pickaxe and wheelbarrow. All over continental Europe, the instrument of digging is a clumsy species of adze, and that for lifting is a long pole with a small shovel at the end of it. The short shovel with a cross handle is English; the French and Germans know nothing of it, except as a new importation. With the short English spade or shovel, a navie will with ease lift, in a given space of time, six times the quantity of earth that a Frenchman will do with his long-poled instrument. He excels in the art of carrying as well as lifting. On several railway workings which we have seen on the continent, apparently under the charge of native contractors, the earth is filled into small cars or wagons, which are drawn by men or women with ropes across the soft and uneven surface of the ground. The toil and tediousness of this process are ex-

cessive; and the spectacle makes one melancholy. 'Can it be possible,' you say to yourself, 'that they don't know of the wheelbarrow?' This little vehicle, homely as it appears, is entitled to be associated with the most stupendous undertakings. Pushed along on a plank—another English invention—by a stout navie, it forms one of our most valuable machines. The great or wholesale carrying engine, however, of the navie, is the wagon on temporary rails. Of this expert mechanism the continentalists likewise knew nothing till they saw it introduced by English contractors; and after all, the car, dragged with difficulty by ropes, is still chiefly employed by them—a dozen men or women not doing the work of one horse!

The English navie, paradoxical as it may seem, is an important agent in the spread of civilisation: he carries the arts abroad, and practically expounds their operation. Now that he has shown the French the use of the pickaxe, the short shovel, the wheelbarrow and plank, and the wagon and temporary rail, we may reasonably expect that the knowledge of these improved instruments of labour will be extended over Europe. How curious! An illiterate peasant from the fens of Lincolnshire tells the learned of France and Germany things which alter the face and condition of kingdoms, and which they never heard of before! Philosophers who can discover planets, not having the ingenuity to invent a wheelbarrow! Countries affecting to stand at the head of science, yoking women in rope-harness to draw mud, and making them draw it too, in the most unscientific manner!

One thing is remarkable in the English navie—he has pitched his standard of living at a high point. He refuses to live on wishy-washy broth, or porridge, or potatoes; he must have bread, beef, bacon, beer, and coffee, all of the best kind. Uninstructed, like the English peasantry generally, he is apt to transgress the laws which govern the stomach, and suffers accordingly. In some places, whole bands of strong-bodied navies have become subject to a species of scurvy from living too long on one species of diet. The prevalent want of vegetables during the past year has perhaps contributed to aggravate this evil; and something is also due to the distance at which navies frequently are from markets. In many cases, the labour of railway digging is carried on several miles from any town or village, and it is therefore necessary for the contractors or their agents to establish temporary stores at which food can be purchased. These stores, usually called *tommy-shops*, have been the object of much unreasonable clamour. It is perhaps true that some storekeepers have done injustice as respects the prices and qualities of articles; but instances are more common of contractors losing money by their endeavours to supply the wants of their workmen. We have been assured that contractors

would rather have nothing to do with this kind of traffic; but necessity compels them to become shopkeepers. If they did not establish stores, the men would not engage with them: the navie will not go into a desert to be starved.

Another thing has excited not a little useless indignation. The contractors or their agents are accused of paying the navies by orders on the tommy-shops for goods, instead of giving them a weekly money wage. This is no doubt an improper method of paying workmen: but who is to blame? The men, by their improvidence, are constantly in want; they absolutely depend for existence on the goods given to them on account; and it is notorious that if money, instead of money's worth, were paid daily, the money would be dissipated in drink, and there would be a continual saturnalia. The very reason why settlement is postponed till the end of a fortnight or month, instead of taking place every Saturday, is, that the great drinkings may be fewer, and that the work may not unnecessarily be interrupted. On a railway now in progress in Scotland, a large proportion of the navigator's earnings, we are told, is spent on whisky, which the English navies speak of as 'white beer,' and consume raw in tumblers. Riots and fights have consequently been of lamentable frequency; nevertheless, considering the vast numbers of men employed at a distance from seats of authority, it is matter for surprise that so little crime has been committed. The fact is explained only by the English navie not being radically defective in good principle: he is not revengeful, mean, or avaricious. What a national disgrace that so fine a type of man elementarily should have been reared in a state of intellectual darkness scarcely differing from that of the tribes of Central Africa!

Of late years, in consequence of the rapid extension of railway labour, vast numbers of Scotch and Irish, as well as of the ordinary English labouring class, have been drawn into the ranks of the navies. To all these the original navie has been a kind of model, both as to the art of his labour and his external habits and appearance. As might be expected in a community formed of such various materials, jealousies and animosities are common. The old wars between English and Scotch still linger among navies: the Irish are exposed to ill-usage from both. Let us first speak of the Lowland Scotch. These have been drawn miscellaneously from handloom weaving and other crafts, also from among ordinary out-door labourers and ploughmen; the temptation of high wages having induced many to desert their homes to *try the line*—some in order to save a little money, and others for the sake of gross indulgences. Both classes have attained their object: the well-behaved have bettered their circumstances; the bad gone greater lengths in bad habits, and become worse. It must be admitted, however, that the better class considerably preponderates.

The Lowland Scot, being three-fourths an Englishman, and already accustomed to regular labour, easily falls into the ranks of navieism; but the Highlander usually, from his long-ingrained habits of idleness, his love of talking and snuffing, and his ignorance of English, is at first more difficult to manage. Nothing stimulates him to face railway work but positive starvation, and sometimes not even that will drag him from his hovel. We have seen it stated that Highlanders have deserted their employment on Scotch lines in order to return home and live on charity. Whether this be true to any extent, it is certain that the High-

landers are more inclined to occasional than regular labour, and therefore they require a kind of drilling before they are fit to work in gangs. Navies, it will have been observed, work to each other's hands: the wheelbarrows are run along a succession of planks in so many lifts. One set of navies take each his barrow a certain length, and having set it down to be lifted by a second set, they bring back the empty barrows which are ready for them. Thus there is a row of goers with full, and a row of comers with empty barrows. Now, this method of operation, dictated by long experience, is irreconcilable with the Highlander's ordinary conceptions. He does not like to be kept going backwards and forwards all day long with one wheelbarrow before and another behind him. It is keeping up the thing too hotly. It affords no time for snuffing. Gossip is out of the question. On this account, railway labour is apt to prove distasteful, and would be gladly exchanged for something more leisurely. But the Highlander finds other reasons for dislike of his new profession. If he be ignorant of English, or possess only a limited knowledge of it, there is the greatest possible difficulty in making him understand that wages must be paid according to capability. Fresh from Skye, he can see no philosophy in paying him less than a true navie who is master of his craft. Accordingly, believing himself to be cheated, he goes off in a pet. The best thing that could be done for the Highlands would be to teach the people English; for until this is done, they must inevitably remain strangers to the thoughts and habits of modern society.

When at length fairly initiated into, and accustomed to, railway labour, the Highlanders make a respectable class of navies. With more self-respect than the Irish, they are invariably better dressed, and however poor, they are never seen in rags. On their arrival in the low country, their garments almost uniformly consist of a small blue bonnet, a blue cloth jacket and trousers, woollen stockings, and stout shoes. Frugal in their habits, and quiet in their demeanour, they study to save a portion of their earnings with which to return home when they have accumulated enough. They are certainly, if less efficient workmen, better behaved, and more honest in their dealings than the bulk of the other navies.

We now come to the Irish, who here, as elsewhere, show peculiar qualities. The greater number of course have been small farmers or rural labourers in their own country, and have come to England for the sake of employment. The ordinary notion of the Irish being disposed to idleness may be true, for anything we know, in the land of their birth; but from all we have heard or seen, they are anything but lazy when mixed with English and Scotch, and have a fair prospect of remuneration. It may therefore be said that the Irish make good navies, when properly brought in to the work, and strengthened by feeding. A person who employs a large number of Irish navies thus writes to us of them:—"The famine and disease recently in Ireland threw a great many of her people over on our works, and most of these came the very pictures of want and wretchedness—a bundle of bones wrapped scantily in rags. A very general want of economy prevails amongst the Irish; they seem to act literally on the motto, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," for they have no thought of the future. Their common diet is tea, coffee, loaf bread, butter, cheese, ham, and butcher-meat, which usually absorb the chief part of their earnings, so that very little is left, after paying their lodgings, for

clothing or a day's sickness. One good trait I have generally found amongst those on the work—a fellow-countryman is seldom refused a meal or a night's lodging, till he find means of providing such for himself. Arriving of course entirely destitute of funds, when the newcomer does go to work, he requires immediate means of subsistence; this is furnished him in the form of a note of credit from his employer to a storekeeper for his time at work converted into wages. By rigid economy, the amount of earnings might suffice to free a workman in a couple of months or so from credit notes with a store, but this is very seldom either attempted or accomplished. If he manage to clear off old scores, and have a few shillings over to expend in ardent spirits at the monthly pay, he thinks he does well; and if advised, and referred to examples of workmen on the same work, with the same pay, who contrive to save from a fourth to a half of their earnings, he tells you the thing is impossible with him, and considers he does well if he keep clear of debt. But many of them do not even act with this degree of consideration: paying their way for a time, they contrive to run some way into debt, and at the monthly pay get up the residue of their wages, and *slope*—that is, abscond to some other distant work, probably to repeat the same dishonesty. There are honourable exceptions, however, with the Irish, just as there are dishonourable ones with the Scotch, the former occurring more frequently with those who come from the north of Ireland, and have been pledged by Father Mathew to teetotalism. These incline to indulge in a costlier diet, but keep a less comfortable dwelling than the economic Scotch; yet, like the latter, they usually contrive to save a portion of their earnings, to transmit to their relatives, or take home with them.

The same writer goes on to make some general remarks:—'Exposed,' he says, 'as the navies must be, from the nature of their employment, to accidents and disease, and taking into account their usually improvident character, a question presents itself—How are they cared for in injuries or sickness? On the work with which I am conversant, it is compulsory for each man to leave sixpence at the monthly pay for a medical fund, which entitles the subscriber, in the case of accident or disease, to receive medicine and medical attendance. A mere trifle from all thus insures to each, when incapacitated for labour, the skill, medicine, and attention requisite for his treatment till restored to health; and the sensible benefit of this self-supporting medical institution amongst them is well attested by the fact, that the men themselves have requested its adoption where it did not exist, and solicited its reorganisation where it had been discontinued.

'In ordinary cases of injury or ailment, the relatives and companions of the sufferer are usually kind and attentive; but if affected with fever, or other contagious ailment, the case immediately alters. The sympathies of their nature are forthwith sealed up by the terror of contagion, and the invalid is commonly either thrust out of doors or deserted. Many deaths for a time occurred amongst them from fever thus neglected. In order to obviate this grave and growing evil, a temporary hospital was erected by the contractors at their own expense, into which were received all cases of fever occurring amongst the men, where they were properly treated and cared for till restored to health. This has been a great boon not only to the men themselves, but to the whole neighbourhood, by lessening the sources of contagion, and diminishing the virulence of the disease. The ill-ventilated apartments of lodging-houses speedily concentrate the poison, and multiply the means of its dissemination.

'Besides a medical fund for the care of the ailing and injured, and as a succedaneum for personal economy, so woefully deficient in most of the men, a sick fund has also been attempted, and attended with partial success. The purpose of the latter—obtained also by monthly contributions of sixpence or more—is to furnish support to invalids till they are able to resume their

labours, and likewise to bury the dead. There certainly has been some difficulty in the management of this fund, similar to what is experienced in other benefit societies—namely, the difficulty of guarding against imposition by malingering, and the expectation that every case of sickness should be suitably attended to, irrespective of the necessities of the individual. The name, in fact, has been badly chosen. Instead of sick-fund, it ought to have received the title of charitable or relief-fund, and gone to relieve cases of maiming or destitution occurring amongst the men; no one having any positive right to any stated weekly alimment when off work as an invalid, but relieved according to his necessities and the cause of his incapacity.'

While sensible of the great national advantages of the labours of the navies, we cannot shut our eyes to the evils which have accompanied them in their movements. Strangers in the scene of their labours, without domestic ties, almost without a domestic existence, rendered rude by the very nature of their work, they do not in general exhibit the virtues which we expect in a settled rural population. Too often the settled people amongst whom they come are contaminated by the reckless debauchery of the navies. Much of the evil might have been avoided if railway operations had been conducted with greater deliberation, so as to admit of moral institutions attending those flying bodies of labourers. Unfortunately, in the eagerness of capital for a 'return,' all has been sacrificed to rapidity in the execution of the work. It is to be hoped that in the general *slowing* of railway works, time will be obtained to make some arrangements for moralising this huge mass of unregulated human nature.

HEART AND IMAGINATION; OR, THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

A YOUNG man was rambling along the skirts of the forest which separates St Marie aux Mines from Ribauvillé, and notwithstanding the approach of night, and the fog which was rapidly thickening around him, he strolled leisurely along without a thought of the lateness of the hour. His green jacket, doekin gaiters, and the gun which rested on his shoulder, would have pointed him out as a sportsman, had not the book which peeped from his game-pouch betrayed rather the literary dreamer, to whom the pleasures of the field were only a fair pretext for the indulgence of a solitary ramble. Even at this moment, the meditative nonchalance with which he pursued his way, bespoke Arnold de Munster to be less eager in his quest of game, than intent in pursuing the phantasies of his own imagination. During the last few minutes his thoughts had wandered back to Paris, and to the home and friends whom he had left behind. He pictured to himself with regret the study, so tastefully decorated with statues and engravings, the German melodies which his sister used to sing to him, and the chosen society wont to assemble beneath their hospitable roof. Why had he given up all these enjoyments, and exiled himself in a country-house in the distant province of Alsace? Was it needful *thus* to retrieve his fortune? Or would it not be far better to make any pecuniary sacrifice, rather than dwell among the coarse and vulgar beings by whom he was here surrounded? While thus lost in perplexing thought, Arnold had walked on without considering whither the path he was pursuing might lead him. At length his reverie was dispelled by the unpleasant consciousness that the fog had melted into rain, and was penetrating his shooting-jacket. He now thought of hastening homeward, but on looking around him, perceived that he had lost his way amidst the windings of the forest, and sought in vain to discover which was the direction he ought to take. Meanwhile the daylight was fading away, the rain became heavier, and he wandered on in uncertainty through unknown paths.

His heart was beginning to fail him, when suddenly the welcome tingling of bells met his ears, and a team, conducted by a tall man clad in a blouse, appeared in sight, coming up from a by-road towards the spot where he stood. Arnold awaited his approach, and asked whether it were far to Sersberg.

'Sersberg!' repeated the teamster; 'I hope you do not reckon upon sleeping there to-night?'

'Pardon me, but I do though,' replied the young man.

'At the Château of Sersberg?' continued the peasant: 'then you must know of a railway leading to it. There are six good leagues to be traversed before you could reach the gate, and, considering the weather and the roads, they might be reckoned as twelve.'

The young man made an exclamation of surprise. He had started early in the day from the château, and had no idea he had rambled so far from it. But the peasant, on hearing of the course he had pursued, explained to him that for some hours he had been going in the wrong direction; and that, while he thought himself on the road to Sersberg, he had, in reality, been turning his back upon it. It was now too late to repair his error—the nearest village was about a league distant, and Arnold did not know the way thither; so that he found himself compelled to accept the shelter which was cordially offered by his new companion, whose farm happily lay near at hand. He accordingly joined the countryman, and attempted to enter into conversation with him; but Moser was no talker, and appeared a perfect stranger to all those ideas which habitually filled the young man's mind.

On emerging from the forest, Arnold called his attention to the magnificent horizon which lay before them, and which the last rays of the setting sun now tinged with a hue of the deepest purple. The farmer only shrugged his shoulders, and murmured in reply—'It will be a bad day to-morrow,' at the same time drawing more closely around him the *limousine* which served him for a cloak.

'I should think one can see the whole valley from this point of the road,' said Arnold, who sought to pierce through the darkness in which the base of the hill was already enveloped.

'Yes, yes,' replied Moser, shaking his head, 'this rascally hill is high enough for that. Now *there* is an invention which I don't see much use for.'

'What invention?'

'Why, the mountains to be sure.'

'You would like better to have nothing but plains?'

'What a question!' exclaimed the farmer, laughing aloud. 'You might as well ask me whether I would rather not break my horses' backs.'

'Ah, that is true,' replied Arnold in a tone of contemptuous irony: 'I forgot the horses! God ought certainly to have thought of them above all when he created the world.'

'I do not know,' Moser tranquilly replied, 'whether God should have thought of them or not; but certainly the engineers ought not to forget them when they construct a road. The horse, sir, is the labourer's best friend, without intending, however, any insult to the oxen, which have also their value.'

Arnold looked at the peasant in amazement.

'Then do you really see nothing in all which surrounds you,' asked he seriously, 'but the mere question of utility? The forest, the mountain, the clouds—do they never speak to your heart? Have you never stood still to contemplate the setting sun, or the forest lighted up by the stars, as it is at this moment?'

'Me!' exclaimed the farmer. 'Do you suppose, then, that I make almanacs? What good should I get from your star-light nights and setting suns? The important thing is to earn enough to pay for one's three daily meals, and for something to keep the cold out of one's stomach. Would monsieur like a little drop of cherry brandy? It is good, and comes from the other side of the Rhine.'

He held out a small flask to Arnold, who rejected it disdainfully.

The coarseness of the peasant renewed his regrets for the polished society he had left behind. He could hardly believe that these unhappy beings, whose lives were devoted to labour, and whose minds never seemed to rise above what was most material in all that surrounded them, could be men endued with the same nature as himself. Their *animal* existence was the same, but what an abyss between their *spirits*! Were there any inclinations common to each—any point of resemblance which might attest their original fraternity? Arnold felt each moment more inclined to doubt it. The longer he reflected, the more he became convinced that this immaterial flower of all things, to which we have given the name of poetry, was the privileged possession of a few choice spirits, while the rest of mankind vegetated in the dull limbo of a prosaic existence. Such thoughts as these communicated a sort of contemptuous nonchalance to his demeanour towards his guide, with whom he no longer attempted any conversation. Moser showed neither surprise nor annoyance at his conduct, and began to whistle a familiar air, interrupting it now and then to utter a word of encouragement to his horses.

Ere long they reached the farm, where the tingling of the little bells had announced their approach. A young boy and a middle-aged woman appeared at the same moment upon the threshold.

'It is your father!' exclaimed the woman, turning hastily back into the house, whence there immediately issued forth the joyous voices of children, who came running to the door, and pressed eagerly round the peasant.

'Wait a minute there, *marmaille*!' he exclaimed with his rough voice, whilst at the same time he drew from the cart a covered basket. 'Let Fritz unharness the horses.'

But the children continued to besiege the farmer, all talking at the same time. He stooped down to kiss them all, one after another; then suddenly raising himself up, 'Where is Johnny?' he inquired with a hurried voice, which betrayed some feeling of anxiety.

'Here, papa—here I am,' answered a feeble little voice within the doorway. 'Mamma does not like me to come out in this rain.'

'Stay, then—stay a moment,' said Moser, while he threw the reins on the backs of the unharnessed horses: 'I am coming to you, my child. Go in all of you, children, not to let him be tempted to come out.'

The three children ran joyously back to the porch, where the little Johnny stood by his mother's side. He was a pale, sickly boy; so deformed, that it was impossible to guess his age. He rested upon crutches, and his whole frame was bent and emaciated. On his father's approach, he extended his diminutive arms towards him with an expression so full of joy and love, that his wrinkled face beamed with delight. Moser lifted him up with his sinewy hands, uttering at the same time an exclamation of happiness not unmingled with emotion: 'Come, then, my little Puss!' said he; 'kiss papa, then; with both arms hug him close now. How has he been since yesterday?'

The mother shook her head. 'Always that cough,' she said in an under tone.

'Oh, papa, it is nothing,' said the little boy. 'Louis had drawn me rather too fast in my wheel chair; but I am quite well again. I feel as strong as a man.'

The peasant laid him carefully down, raised the fallen crutches, which he placed under his arms, and looked at him with an air of satisfaction. 'Don't you think he grows, wife?' said he in the tone of a man who wants to be encouraged in his own opinion. 'Walk a little way, Johnny—walk, my boy! He walks quicker and more firmly. He will do well, wife; we must only have a little patience.'

The good woman said nothing, but her glance rested upon her infirm child with such an expression of utter

despair that it made Arnold shudder. Happily for poor Moser, he saw it not.

'Come here now, all you young brood,' he continued, opening at the same time the basket which he had taken from the cart. 'There is something for everybody. Fall into rank, and hold out all hands.'

The good father had just produced three small white rolls, ornamented with gilding. Three exclamations of joy were uttered, and six little hands simultaneously started forward to receive them; but in a moment all drew back as if by instinct: 'And Johnny?' inquired with one accord all the little voices.

'What matter about Johnny?' gaily replied Moser. 'Who knows but I have brought nothing for him this evening? He shall have his share another time.'

But the child smiled, and tried to stretch over and peep into the basket. The farmer stepped back, lifted the cover, and raising his hand with an air of mock solemnity, displayed before the eyes of all a gingerbread cake, decorated with white and pink sugar-plums. There was a general exclamation of delight. Johnny himself could not suppress a feeble cry of admiration; a slight tinge of colour passed across his pale cheeks, and he stretched out his hand with an expression of joyous avidity.

'Ah, that takes your fancy, my little Puss,' exclaimed the father, whose countenance brightened at the sight of his child's pleasure. 'Take it, my old man; take it, it is only sugar and honey.'

He placed the cake in the hands of the little cripple, watched him as he slowly moved away, and then turning towards Arnold, said with some emotion, 'He is my first-born, sir: disease has somewhat deformed him; but he is as sharp as a needle, and it will be our own fault if he does not turn out a gentleman.' While speaking, he crossed the outer room, and led the way into a sort of parlour, whose whitewashed walls were decorated with a few rude engravings. On entering, Arnold perceived Johnny seated on the ground, surrounded by his brothers, amongst whom he was sharing the cake given him by his father. But each was exclaiming against the size of his share, and wanting it to be smaller; it needed all the eloquence of the little hunchback to make them accept the shares he had allotted to them.

The young huntsman looked at the scene for some moments with the deepest interest, and when the children had again left the room, he expressed his admiration of it to the farmer's wife. 'Certainly,' she replied with a smile, while at the same time a sigh escaped her, 'there are times when I think that the infirmities of our poor John are of use to our other children: amongst each other, they are slow in yielding, but not one of them can ever refuse him anything—it is a continual exercise of kindness and devotion.'

'And a fine kind of virtue it is!' interrupted Moser. 'Who could refuse anything to an innocent who has so much to suffer? It is a foolish thing for a man to say, but do you know, sir, that child always makes me feel disposed to cry. Often when I am in the fields, I begin all of a sudden to think of him. I say to myself, "Perhaps Johnny is ill, perhaps he is dead!" and then, no matter what hurry there may be for the work to be got through, I must find some pretext or other for coming home and seeing how things go on. You see he is so feeble, so suffering! If he were not loved more than others, he would be too unhappy.'

'Yes, yes,' gently replied his wife, 'the poor child is to us at once a cross and a blessing. My children, sir, are all dear to me; but when I hear upon the floor the sound of Johnny's crutches, I always feel as it were a thrill of joy pass through me: it is a notice to me that our gracious God has not yet withdrawn the beloved child from us. It often seems to me that Johnny brings happiness to the house, like the swallow's nest built beneath the roof. If I had not to watch over him, I should feel as if I had nothing left to do.'

Arnold listened to these naïve expressions of tenderness with mingled interest and surprise. The good

woman called a servant to assist her in laying the cloth; and the young man, at the invitation of Moser, drew near the brushwood fire which was burning on the hearth. As he leaned against the mantelpiece, his eye rested on a small black frame wherein was enclosed a dried leaf; Moser perceived its glance.

'Ah, you are looking at my relic, I perceive,' said he laughing. 'It is a leaf from the weeping willow which grows away yonder upon the tomb of the hero! It was given to me by a Strasburg merchant, who had also served in the old regiment. I would not give the thing for a hundred crowns.'

'You attach, then, some particular idea to it?' said the young man inquiringly.

'Idea? No,' replied the peasant; 'but I too have served a campaign in the 14th Hussars—a valiant regiment, sir—which was pretty well cut up at Montreuil. There were only eight men left in our squadron; and so, to be sure, when the *Little Corporal* passed in front of the line, he saluted us—yes, sir—he took off his hat and saluted us! *Tonnerre!* it was worth while being killed for him! Ah! he was the father of the soldier.'

Here the peasant began to fill his pipe, with his eyes fixed upon the frame of black wood and the dried leaf. There was evidently to him in this remembrancer of a wonderful destiny a whole romance of youth and of emotion. He recalled the last struggles of the Empire, in which he had borne a part; the reviews held by the emperor when his presence was still considered a pledge of victory; the brief successes of the French campaign, which were so soon followed by the disaster of Waterloo; the departure of the fallen hero; and his long agony on the rock of St Helena. All these images passed successively before the farmer's mind, and his brow became knitted—he pressed his thumb more energetically upon his pipe, and whistled in a low tone one of the marches of his old regiment.

Arnold respected the old soldier's meditations, and waited till he should himself once more break the silence. The arrival of supper awoke him from his reverie—he drew a chair to the table for his guest, and took his own place opposite.

'Come,' said he abruptly, 'let us set to work with the soup. I have taken nothing since morning but a crust of bread and two or three mouthfuls of cherry brandy. I could almost swallow a cow whole this evening;' and as if to prove his assertion, he began rapidly to despatch the large basin of soup which stood before him. For a few minutes, nothing was heard but the noise of spoons, soon followed by that of knives employed in cutting up the quarter of smoked bacon, which the goodwife placed before them.

The long walk and keen air had given even Arnold an appetite which made him forget all his Parisian delicacies; the bacon seemed the best-flavoured he had ever tasted; and the cheap *vin du pays*, which constituted the sole beverage at the farmer's table, appeared to him capital.

The supper went merrily on till the farmer inquired, as if struck by a sudden thought, 'Where is Farraut? I have not seen him since my return.'

His wife and children looked at each other, and made no reply.

'Well, then, what is the matter?' said Moser, who perceived their embarrassment. 'Where is the dog? What has happened? Do answer me, Dorothy!'

'Do not be vexed, dear papa,' interrupted Johnny; 'we did not dare to tell you; but Farraut is gone off, and has not come back again.'

'Gone off! but you should have told me,' said the peasant, striking the table with his fist. 'And what road did he take?'

'The road to Garennes.'

'When was that?'

'After breakfast. We saw him go up the little path.'

'Something must have happened to him,' said Moser, rising from his seat. 'The poor animal is almost blind,

and there are sand-pits all along the road. Go, get me my goatskin cloak and my lantern; I must find poor Farraut either dead or alive.'

Dorothy went out without making any observation on the lateness of the hour, or the badness of the weather, and soon returned with the cloak and lantern.

'You value this dog much?' inquired Arnold, surprised at their anxiety.

'Not for my own sake,' replied Moser, as he lighted his pipe; 'but he did a good service to Dorothy's father. One day as he was returning from La Boutraye with the price of his bullocks, four men set on him, and would have killed him to get his money, but Farraut drove them off; and so, when the good man died two years ago, he called me to his bedside, and asked me to care for the dog as for one of his children. Those were his very words. I promised it; and it would be a shame not to keep one's word with the dead. Ho, Fritz! give me my stick: I would not, for the world, that anything should have happened to Farraut. The creature has been in the family for twenty years. He knows every one of us by our voices, and he recalls the good grandfather to mind. Give the lantern here quickly, Dorothy. Good-night, sir, and rest well till to-morrow.'

Moser wrapped himself in his goatskin and went out. The sound of his iron-tipped staff made itself heard for a few moments, and was then lost amidst the noise of the storm and rain, which was raging without.

After a long silence, the hostess proposed to show the young man the room she had prepared for him; but Arnold begged to be allowed to await the return of his host. He began to feel interested in this man, whom he had at first thought rude and vulgar-minded, and in this humble family, whose life had seemed to him so devoid of interest.

The night passed on; but no sign of Moser. The children dropped asleep one after another, and John himself, who made the longest resistance, at length yielded to the weariness which stole over him.

Dorothy, uneasy and restless, went constantly to the door to see if she could hear the sound of footsteps. Arnold tried to reassure her; but this only excited her the more. She accused Moser of never considering his own health or safety; of being always ready to sacrifice himself for others; of never being satisfied to see either man or beast suffer without doing everything to relieve them; and in proportion as she multiplied her complaints, which sounded wonderfully like praises, her anxiety became greater, and she was filled with forebodings of ill. The night before, the dog had never ceased howling, an owl had perched on the roof, and besides, it was Wednesday, always an unfortunate day to them. At last she became so miserable that the young huntsman proposed to go in search of her husband; and she was about to awaken Fritz to accompany him as a guide, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside.

'It is he!—it is Moser!' exclaimed the good woman. 'Thank God! he is safe.'

'Hollo! open quick, wife,' cried the farmer from without.

She ran to draw back the bolt, and Moser appeared with the old blind dog in his arms.

'Here he is,' cried he gaily. 'God bless me! I thought I should never find him: the poor animal had rolled to the bottom of the great quarry.'

'And did you go down there to get him?' inquired the terrified Dorothy.

'Would you have had me leave him at the bottom, to find him drowned there to-morrow?' replied the old soldier. 'I slipped along the high bank, and carried him away in my arms like a child, only I was obliged to leave the lantern behind.'

'But, good heavens, you risked your life!' exclaimed Dorothy shuddering.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said good-humouredly, 'Ah, bah! when one risks nothing, one gets nothing. I have found Farraut, that is the chief thing. If the

good grandfather looks down upon us, he will be pleased now.'

This reflection, made almost in a tone of indifference, deeply touched Arnold, who warmly grasped the peasant's hand, saying with emotion, 'You have acted like a true-hearted man, my friend.'

'In what respect?' answered Moser. 'Is it because I have saved a dog from drowning? Thank God! I have saved many a dog, and many a man too, since I was born; but not often in worse weather than to-night. Say, my good Dorothy, can you give me a glass of cogniac to warm me?'

She brought the bottle to her husband, who drank to the health of his guest, and then they all retired to rest.

The next morning was again fine; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, still glittering with rain-drops. When Arnold descended from the loft where he had passed the night, he found Farraut at the door basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, while the little cripple was seated by his side, making a collar for him of the bright red berries of the wild rose. Farther on, in the outer room, the farmer sat chatting with a beggar, who came for his weekly alms. Dorothy was engaged in filling the old man's sack.

'Come, old Henri, you must have a drink before you go,' said the peasant, whilst he filled a glass for the aged beggar. 'To enable you to get through your rounds, you must have something to give you courage.'

'One always finds some here,' said the beggar with a smile. 'There are not many houses in the parish which give more liberally; and certainly there are none where what is given is given so cheerfully.'

'Hush, hush, Father Henriot,' interrupted Moser; 'why talk about such things? Take your glass, and leave it to the good God to judge the actions of other men. You know you and I have served together—we are comrades.'

The old man contented himself with shaking his head, and striking his glass with the farmer's, without further remark; but one could see that he felt more deeply the kindness with which the alms were bestowed than the gift of the alms themselves.

When he had again lifted his sack upon his shoulder, and said farewell, Moser looked after him till he had turned the corner, and then said with a sigh, 'One more homeless poor old man cast upon the world!' and added, turning to his guest, 'Perhaps you will hardly believe me, sir, but when I see a feeble aged man like that obliged to beg his bread from door to door, my heart sinks within me. I should like to be able to shelter them all under my roof, and welcome them to my table. One may argue about it as one likes, but nothing prevents such a sight from breaking the heart but the recollection that up there, above us, there is a land where those who have not received even a scanty portion here, will have double ration and double pay.'

'Ah, keep fast hold of that hope,' said Arnold; 'it alone can sustain and console us. I shall never forget the hours I have passed with you, my friend: I hope they may not be the last.'

'We shall rejoice to see you,' said the old soldier. 'If the bed in the loft is not too hard for you, and you can put up with our smoked bacon, come as often as you like, and we shall always have a hearty welcome for you.' As he thus spoke, the peasant cordially shook the hand which the young man offered him, pointed out the path he should follow, and stood on the threshold till he had turned the corner of the road and vanished from his sight.

Arnold walked on thoughtfully for some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but when he had reached the summit of the hill, he turned to cast one more look upon the farm; and as he stood watching the light smoke which curled from its chimney, a tear of grateful emotion dimmed his eye. 'May God protect that roof!' he earnestly exclaimed; 'for there,

where my pride saw only beings incapable of understanding the more refined sentiments of our nature, I have found those who are an example to myself. I judged hastily from the exterior, and thought all the poetry of life was wanting, because, instead of showing itself outwardly, it lay hidden within the deeper recesses of the heart. Superficial observer that I was! I spurned with my foot what seemed to me a hard ungainly flint, little thinking of the diamond hidden within.

INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON THE MIND AND BODY.

GENERAL experience convinces most people that the body and the mind are both liable to be affected by the 'skiey influences.' Some, indeed, like Dr Johnson, may affect to treat this with ridicule, and the strong and robust may scarcely be sensible of any minute changes which the state of the weather may effect on their systems, but the more sensitive and susceptible again are fully alive to the facts; so much so, indeed, as to become in some measure living barometers. Who has not, in some part of his life at least, experienced the depressing effect of a dull rainy day on his spirits?—or who, on the contrary, has not felt the exhilaration of dry air and a bright glowing sunshine? At times, even in good health, a state of mind comes across us in which everything appears dark and gloomy; in which little ills are magnified into terrible evils; and in which casual annoyances seem as if they were to be perpetual, and never to be got over. All this may endure for a day, and we cannot account for it; but to-morrow's sun rises bright and cheerful; a wonderful change has come over our spirits; and hope and joy have suddenly taken the place of all our former sorrows. How much is man thus a creature of circumstances, and how apt is his mind thus to be unnecessarily agitated! It is right, however, that he should know this; and a few explanations of the effects of the weather on the animal system may not thus be without their use.

There are several circumstances which naturally affect the atmosphere as respects its influence on organised beings—such as its temperature, its moist or dry condition, its purity as respects admixture of other gases, and its electric condition. Hot air is always depressing and relaxing to the whole system; and as hot and highly rarefied air contains in the same bulk a smaller proportion of oxygen or vital air than cold and denser air, the lungs are thus defectively supplied with one of their chief stimulants of life. Cold air, on the contrary, is bracing and highly stimulating. Every one must have experienced the effects of these two extremes: the first in the languor, and lassitude, and oppressed breathing of a sultry summer day; the other in the exhilaration caused by a dry frosty day in winter, and the increased muscular activity and the ruddy glow of health which such weather causes. When the air is suddenly rarefied, or when a change of its constitution is about to take place, a corresponding impression is felt in the animal system; this is experienced before great storms, hurricanes, or heavy falls of rain or snow. Not only does man become sensible of this, but even the inferior animals, throughout all their grades of existence, manifest by some outward indications their feelings of the approaching change. The cattle leave their pastures often with a loud bellowing, birds wheel about in the air, and even the leech, and other small animals, become unusually agitated. Air of an elevated temperature, and when loaded with moisture, has always a depressing effect on the spirits; dry air, on the contrary, has a stimulating, and, under ordinary circumstances, an

exhilarating effect. A certain degree of moisture is absolutely necessary as a healthy condition of air; but extreme moisture or extreme dryness is prejudicial. The wind called the *sirocco*, which prevails at certain seasons of the year over those countries on the borders of the Mediterranean, exercises a very peculiar effect on the animal system. This wind comes from the arid deserts of Africa, and is extremely hot and dry. No sooner does it arrive on the shores of the Mediterranean, than it absorbs with avidity every particle of moisture up to its highest pitch of saturation; and while undergoing this change, its depressing and enervating effects are found to be most distressing. We experience something of the same kind in our east winds, which prevail along the eastern shores of Britain, especially in the spring months of the year. This east wind blows over the continent of Europe, as well as the northern parts of Asia, and is of low temperature, and deficient in moisture: as soon as it arrives on our island, it gradually absorbs both moisture and heat; and hence that peculiar dry, cold, shrivelling effect which it produces both on the bodies of animals and on all growing vegetables. This effect becomes more apparent when contrasted with a south or westerly wind. No sooner does the southerly wind gain the ascendancy—which wind blows over a long tract of ocean, and is consequently of elevated temperature, and supplied with a medium degree of moisture—than its mild and invigorating influence is felt both by the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The *damp winds* of South America have been well described by Sir Woodbine Parish. To the north of Buenos Ayres is a very marshy district, while to the south-west lies the great chain of the Andes, separated only by the dry plains of the Pampas; and according as the wind blows from one or other of these quarters, the effects are very remarkable. By the time the north wind reaches the city, it has become so overcharged with moisture, that everything becomes instantly damp, books and boots become mildewed, keys rust even in the pocket, and good fires are necessary to keep the apartments dry. The effects produced in the human body by this humidity are a general lassitude and relaxation, opening the pores of the skin, and inducing great liability to colds, sore throats, rheumatic affections, and all the consequences of checked perspiration. As a safeguard against this state of things, the inhabitants wear woollen clothing, even though the weather be very hot; and although Europeans would prefer wearing cool cotton clothing in such a climate, they soon learn that the native inhabitants are right in the plan which they pursue. This damp wind of La Plata seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill-humour which it excites in some of them, amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are much more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. In short, everything is deranged, and everybody lays the fault to one source: 'Senor es el viento norte!'—'Tis the north wind, sir! Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the south wind, blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes, set in, than health, and comfort, and peace are restored.

Physicians attribute, and with reason, the prevalence of many diseases to these different states of the atmosphere. Thus moist airs give rise to bilious affections, and in some localities and seasons, to agues; dry sharp airs, again, are inimical to all disorders of the chest and lungs. An irritable state of the nervous system, and even temporary insanity, may also occur from extreme conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. The effect of deleterious substances in the air as influencing health, is well known; hence one cause of the unhealthiness

of smoke-enveloped cities, where the air becomes contaminated with an excess of carbon, and with sulphureous and other gases. Crowded and ill-ventilated apartments are also thus inimical to health, from containing an excess of carbonic acid and a corresponding deficiency of oxygen or vital air. We know too little as yet of the effects of electricity, either in excess or deficiency, on the animal system, yet sufficient facts are apparent to convince us that health depends greatly on the electric condition of the air. A coming thunder-storm has a marked effect on the sensations of man and the inferior animals; and rapid changes of the electric condition, which always take place on sudden changes of temperature, or of states of moisture and dryness, have no doubt a great deal to do with many diseases, especially those called epidemic—such as influenza, and some kinds of fevers. The excellent reports on mortality now introduced into England, as given by Dr Farr, and those given with such accuracy by Dr Stark of Edinburgh, sufficiently exhibit the effects of climate on disease. The rate of mortality ranges almost with the range of the thermometer: our mild and temperate months exhibiting the least disease, while those either of extreme heat, or extreme cold, or of excess of moisture, invariably swell the lists of mortality.

Certain temperaments are more liable to be affected by the weather than others, and invalids and all delicate persons are more 'tremblingly alive' to its changes than the robust and healthy. While one shivers with the northern breeze, and can tell from his sensations, the moment he gets out of bed, from what quarter the wind blows, another, less alive to minute feelings, laughs at all such, and, like the renowned Tam o' Shanter, 'never minds the storm a whistle.' But let none exult too much in their impenetrability, or despise the warnings or salutary precautions which are required as protection against the elements; nor, on the other hand, let the afflicted despair, or yield their thoughts too much to such depressions coming from without.

It will perhaps be of some use to the sensitive to be aware of the real nature and cause of their afflictions. They have only to call to mind that such are in many cases of a purely physical nature; that they are the lot of all flesh—the inferior animals, and even insensate plants, not being excepted; that the effects of the weather are to be met by salutary precautions, and by a resolute and resigned mind; that, like many other evils, they soon pass away; and that in such cases especially, 'though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.'

The permanent influence of particular climates on the national temperature and disposition is also a curious subject of inquiry. There seem to be grounds for supposing that climate has some effect in this way; hence the superior excitability of the inhabitants of warm climates as compared to those of cold:

'The cold in clime are cold in blood:
Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled.'

Even within the compass of Europe, marked differences of national character are to be observed, corresponding in a certain degree to difference of climate, though no doubt difference of race and natural temperament are also to be taken into account. Thus the inhabitants of the south are more irritable and more sensitive than the cold and phlegmatic natives of the north; the liveliness of the Frenchman differs from the sedateness of the German; and the proverbial dulness of the Dutch differs as much from the energy and vivacity of the Italian.

The effects of change of climate in the cure and prevention of disease are well known to medical men; and such changes, when judiciously made, are often productive of the best effects. Thus a mild, soft, and rather moist air, is found favourable to all complaints of the chest, while a dry bracing air acts like magic on the

nervous and debilitated. Hence, too, the beneficial effects of travel, when change of air is conjoined with regular exercise of the body, and the amusement and occupation of the mind.

THE TRAPPERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A work called 'Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains,' forms two parts—but very unequal parts—of the Home and Colonial Library.* One describes a journey through Mexico, by a route that has hitherto been little if at all traversed by Europeans; yet, owing to the sameness in the character of the people, and position of the country, it is but little different from the narratives of former travellers. Our author, however, shows that the obvious arrest of social progress in Mexico is in a great degree owing to physical causes; the fertile table-lands of the central region being cut off from easy traffic with the coast, and the entire population of 8,000,000 scattered over an area of 1,312,850 square miles, being distributed in isolated departments, distinct in interests, and insecure in intercommunication. The people, he tells us, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and cowardly by nature, yet have that brutish indifference to death which is altogether distinct even from mere animal courage. He never observed a single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican—that is, of the male animal; for the women, singular as it may seem under the circumstances, are, for kindness of heart, and many sterling qualities, an ornament to their sex and to any nation.

The second, and by far the more valuable part, contains the passage of the Rocky Mountains, and the route thence to New York. There is much in this portion of the work which will be new to British readers, and probably useful in correcting the pleasant delusions of such writers as Cooper. Take the following scenic view to begin with:—'The view from this point was wild and dismal in the extreme. Looking back, the whole country was covered with a thick carpet of snow, but eastward it was seen in patches only here and there. Before me lay the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak lifting its snowy head far above the rest; and to the south-east the Spanish Peaks (Cumbres Espanolas) towered like twin giants over the plains. Beneath the mountain on which I stood was a narrow valley, through which ran a streamlet bordered with dwarf oak and pine, and looking like a thread of silver as it wound through the plain. Rugged peaks and ridges, snow-clad, and covered with pine, and deep gorges filled with broken rocks, everywhere met the eye. To the eastward the mountains gradually smoothed away into detached spurs and broken ground, until they met the vast prairies, which stretched far as the eye could reach, and hundreds of miles beyond—a sea of seeming barrenness, vast and dismal. A hurricane of wind was blowing at the time, and clouds of dust swept along the sandy prairies, like the smoke of a million bonfires. On the mountain top it roared and raved through the pines, filling the air with snow and broken branches, and piling it in huge drifts against the trees. The perfect solitude of this vast wilderness was almost appalling. From my position on the summit of the dividing ridge I had a bird's-eye view, as it were, over the rugged and chaotic masses of the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast deserts which stretched away from their eastern bases; while, on all sides of me, broken ridges, and chasms, and ravines, with masses of piled-up rocks and uprooted trees, with clouds of drifting snow flying through the air, and the hurricane's roar battling through the forest at my feet, added to the wildness of the scene, which was unrelieved by the slightest vestige of animal or human life. Not a sound either of bird or beast was heard; indeed the hoarse

* By George F. Ruxton, Esq. Murray.

and stunning rattle of the wind would have drowned them, so loud it roared and raved through the trees.'

Even the lowlands in such a region are not without their terrors. 'The black threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals towards the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hail-stones, beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard; and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the timber were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or rather being blown, after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent it being blown away; and although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would in some degree shelter me at night from the snow. In half an hour, the ground was covered on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time before the animals stopped.

'The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me, with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stones in the memoranda of my journeyings.'

But we must now come to the most interesting portion of the work—a description of the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who, according to our author, appear to approximate more to the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilised man. Their lives are spent in the remote wilds of the mountains, and their habits and character exhibit a mixture of simplicity and ferocity, impressed upon them, one would think, by the strange phenomena of nature in the midst of which they live. Food and clothing are their only wants, and the pursuit of these is the great source of their perils and hardships. With their rifle habitually in their hand, they are constantly on the watch against danger, or engaged in the supply of provisions.

'Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and

in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple, and as freely, as they expose their own. Of laws human or Divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it, they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and a blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards (when the wherewithal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*—in fact, "white Indians." However, there are exceptions, and I have met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilised white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the "far west" but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the west, from the frozen regions of the north to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country.'

Trappers are of two kinds—the hired and the free: the former being merely hired for the hunt by the fur companies, while the latter is supplied with animals and traps by the company, and receives a certain price for his furs and peltries.

There is likewise a third trapper 'on his own hook,' more independent than either. He has animals and traps of his own, chooses his own hunting-grounds, and selects his own market. From this class, which is small in number, the novelists may be supposed to select their romantic trappers, who amuse their leisure with sentiment and philosophy.

The equipment of the trapper is as follows:—'On starting for a hunt, he fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading-forts, or from some of the petty traders—*coureurs des bois*—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the others for packs—and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather called a *trap-sack*. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deerskins for moccasins, &c. are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo-skin, called a "possible-sack." His "possibles" and "trap-sack" are generally carried on the saddle-mule when hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The costume of the trapper is a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine-quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt-hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm hang his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher's-knife in a sheath of buffalo-hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel; which also supports a little buckskin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is also often added, and of course a long heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipe-holder, which hangs round his neck, and is generally a *gage d'amour*, and a triumph of squaw workmanship, in shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine-quills.'

Thus furnished with everything that is necessary,

and having chosen the locality of his trapping-ground, he sets out on his expedition to the mountains, sometimes alone, sometimes with several more in company, as soon as the breaking up of the ice permits. 'Arrived on his hunting-grounds, he follows the creeks and streams, keeping a sharp look-out for "sign." If he sees a prostrate cotton-wood tree, he examines it, to discover if it be the work of beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. The track of the beaver on the mud or sand under the bank is also examined; and if the "sign" be fresh, he sets his trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a bush or tree. A "float-stick" is made fast to the trap by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carry away the trap, floats on the water, and points out its position. The trap is baited with the "medicine," an oily substance obtained from the beaver. A stick is dipped into this, and planted over the trap; and the beaver, attracted by the smell, and wishing a close inspection, very foolishly puts his leg into the trap, and is a "gone beaver."

'When a lodge is discovered, the trap is set at the edge of the dam, at the point where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always under water. Early in the morning, the hunter mounts his mule and examines the traps. The captured animals are skinned, and the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully packed into camp. The skin is then stretched over a hoop or framework of osier-twigs, and is allowed to dry, the flesh and fatty substance being carefully scraped (grained). When dry, it is folded into a square sheet, the fur turned inwards, and the bundle, containing about ten to twenty skins, tightly pressed and corded, and is ready for transportation.

'During the hunt, regardless of Indian vicinity, the fearless trapper wanders far and near in search of "sign." His nerves must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle eye sweeps round the country, and in an instant detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of the wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in nature's legible hand and plainest language. All the wits of the subtle savage are called into play to gain an advantage over the wily woodsman; but with the natural instinct of primitive man, the white hunter has the advantages of a civilised mind; and thus provided, seldom fails to outwit, under equal advantages, the cunning savage.'

Yet sometimes the precautions of the white hunter are vain. The Indian, observing where he has set his traps, creeps towards them in such a way as to leave no trail, and couches patiently in the bushes till his victim comes. Then flies the arrow; and at so short a distance it rarely flies in vain. The whiz is hardly in the ear of the victim when the point is in his heart, and the exulting savage has a white scalp to carry home for the adornment of his lodge. But the balance of spoil of this kind, it must be said, is greatly in favour of the trappers, whose camp-fires, at the end of the hunt, exhibit twelve black scalps for every one their comrades have lost.

'At a certain time, when the hunt is over, or they have loaded their pack-animals, the trappers proceed to the "rendezvous," the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them, with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market, not unfrequently to the value of a thousand dollars each, the produce of one hunt. The dissipation of the rendezvous, however, soon turns the trapper's pocket inside out. The goods brought by the traders, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at enormous prices:—Coffee,

twenty and thirty shillings a pint-cup, which is the usual measure; tobacco fetches ten and fifteen shillings a plug; alcohol, from twenty to fifty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint-cup; and all other articles at proportionably exorbitant prices.

'The "beaver" is purchased at from two to eight dollars per pound; the Hudson's Bay Company alone buying it by the pluie, or "plew"—that is, the whole skin; giving a certain price for skins, whether of old beaver or "kittens."

'The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, and brawling and fighting, as long as the money and credit of the trappers last. Seated, Indian fashion, round the fires, with a blanket spread before them, groups are seen with their "decks" of cards, playing at "euker," "poker," and "seven-up," the regular mountain-games. The stakes are "beaver," which here is current coin; and when the fur is gone, their horses, mules, rifles, and shirts, hunting-packs, and breeches, are staked. Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging each other to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw (if he have one), and, as once happened, his scalp! There go "hos and beaver!" is the mountain expression when any great loss is sustained; and sooner or later, "hos and beaver" invariably find their way into the insatiable pockets of the traders. A trapper often squanders the produce of his hunt, amounting to hundreds of dollars, in a couple of hours; and, supplied on credit with another equipment, leaves the rendezvous for another expedition, which has the same result time after time; although one tolerably successful hunt would enable him to return to the settlements and civilised life, with an ample sum to purchase and stock a farm, and enjoy himself in ease and comfort the remainder of his days.

'An old trapper, a French Canadian, assured me that he had received fifteen thousand dollars for beaver during a sojourn of twenty years in the mountains. Every year he resolved in his mind to return to Canada, and, with this object, always converted his fur into cash; but a fortnight at the "rendezvous" always cleaned him out, and, at the end of twenty years, he had not even credit sufficient to buy a pound of powder.

'These annual gatherings are often the scene of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles, at twenty paces, settle all differences; and, as may be imagined, the fall of one or other of the combatants is certain, or, as sometimes happens, both fall to the word "fire."

We have already given some specimens of our author's skill in painting from nature; but the following scene, though often sketched, has rarely been treated with a freer and firmer touch. It is a scene far from unfamiliar to the trapper:—'A little before sunset I descended the mountain to the springs; and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of the cold water, I lay down on the rock by the side of the water and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set; but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked as the flame, reaching them, ran up

their trunks, and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched ropes, were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had not time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long dry grass was soon a sheet of flame; but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides, I dashed him at the burning brush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting mule, singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close behind her.

'On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar-bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the banks were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backwards into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little farther down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the mules, dashed through the fire, and got safely through the line of blazing brush.'

Upwards of 100,000 buffalo robes find their way into the United States and Canada every year; and besides those killed by the Indians, innumerable carcasses left to rot untouched on the trail, attest the wanton brutality of the crowds of emigrants to California, Columbia, and elsewhere. Still the numbers of these animals are countless; and it will probably be many years before the reckless whites accomplish the feat of stripping the boundless prairies of their ornament and pride, and depriving the traveller of a meal. We have now only room for the following masterly description of the death of a buffalo, which will serve as an appropriate tailpiece to a more faithful portrait of the trapper of the Rocky Mountains than has probably ever before been drawn.

'No animal requires so much killing as a buffalo. Unless shot through the lungs or spine, it invariably escapes; and, even when thus mortally wounded, or even struck through the very heart, it will frequently run a considerable distance before falling to the ground, particularly if it sees the hunter after the wound is given. If, however, he keeps himself concealed after firing, the animal will remain still, if it does not immediately fall. It is a most painful sight to witness the dying struggles of the huge beast. The buffalo invariably evinces the greatest repugnance to lie down when mortally wounded, apparently conscious that, when once touching mother earth, there is no hope left him. A bull, shot through the heart or lungs, with blood streaming from his mouth, and protruding tongue, his eyes rolling, bloodshot, and glazed with death, braces

himself on his legs, swaying from side to side, stamps impatiently at his growing weakness, or lifts his rugged and matted head and helplessly bellows out his conscious impotence. To the last, however, he endeavours to stand upright, and plants his limbs farther apart, but to no purpose. As the body rolls like a ship at sea, his head slowly turns from side to side, looking about, as it were, for the unseen and treacherous enemy who has brought him, the lord of the plains, to such a pass. Gouts of purple blood spurt from his mouth and nostrils, and gradually the failing limbs refuse longer to support the ponderous carcass; more heavily rolls the body from side to side, until suddenly, for a brief instant, it becomes rigid and still; a convulsive tremor seizes it, and with a low, sobbing gasp, the huge animal falls over on his side, the limbs extended stark and stiff, and the mountain of flesh without life or motion.'

GLEANINGS IN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RESEARCHES into the origin of the names applied to the various forms of written or printed documents have often engaged the attention of the curious—they have afforded matter for ingenious speculation to the antiquary, and given to the zealous bibliophile frequent opportunities

—'painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth.'

The Hebrew word *sepher* throughout the Scriptures is generally translated *book*; it might, however, with equal truth, be rendered writing, deed, tract, or pamphlet. In the Septuagint the translation is *biblos*, and in the Vulgate *libellus*. Dr Clarke quotes from an old version of the Bible, supposed to be earlier than Wickliffe's—'Who ever schal levee his wiif, geve he to her a lybel; that is, a lytil book of forsakyng.' The *libelli*—little books—are said to have first appeared about the commencement of the Christian era; and the term *libellus* was applied to many religious and legal documents—*libellus poenitentialis*—*libellus famosus*.

When tracts first came into existence, they were mostly confined to religious subjects: their name is derived from the Latin *tractatus*, something drawn out, as a summary or treatise. 'If,' as Hazlitt says, 'books, like wings, carry us o'er the world,' it must be confessed that the lightest books are often the heaviest wings: it would be difficult, indeed, to fly with the tracts that the schoolmen threw off as matters of recreation. 'Some books,' it has been remarked, 'like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.'

Antiquaries are in doubt as to the origin of the word *pamphlet*: various Greek derivations have been proposed, suggested probably by the syllable *pan*; in ancient times, however, paper was sometimes spelt *pamper*. The earliest known mention of the word occurs in 'Philobiblon,' a work of the fourteenth century, in which the learned and reverend author says he reveres books rather than pounds sterling—'*libros non libras*'—and '*pamfletos*' rather than '*palfridis*.' In the reign of Henry VI. the term was *pamflete*; and *plamflet* at the end of the fifteenth century. According to Dr Johnson, the derivation is from the French—*par un filet*, held by a thread; but another authority, Dr Pegge, suggests *palme feuille*, leaf to be held in the hand. In the period of the civil wars, England was overrun with pamphlets; so fast did they multiply in the heat of party spirit, that the parliament passed a denunciation against 'pamphlet, treatise, ballad, libel, or sheet or sheets of news.' The rulers, perhaps, looking round on the popular literature of the day, anticipated the thought of a modern writer—

'Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit,
Compose the mingled mass of it;'

and so, as prudent statesmen, applied a check to over-production. Tracts and pamphlets, nevertheless, have done, and are still doing, good service, by carrying

knowledge into quarters where larger works seldom or never penetrate; and we may say with an author of the past century, 'there's scarcely any degree of people but may think themselves interested enough to be concerned with what is published in pamphlets.'

Francis I., although called the patron of letters, issued an edict for the closing of all shops for the sale of books, under penalty of death. This severity was afterwards mitigated, yet booksellers were forbidden to sell any books but those in their catalogues, one of which was exclusively of works approved by the church. On no account whatever were they allowed to introduce books from countries out of the Roman pale. Penalty of death was also decreed against those who should sell or distribute books, or publish engravings and woodcuts, however small, without special permission from the royal authority.

According to some writers, Louis XI. of France sent Nicolas Jenson, director of the mint at Tours, about the year 1462, 'to inform himself secretly of the cutting of punches and characters, by means of which the rarest manuscripts might be multiplied by printing; and to bring away the invention subtilly.' Jenson, however, from some cause, did not return to France: he established himself at Venice in 1469, where he printed the 'Epîtres de Cicéron,' and one hundred and fifty other works, during the next ten years. He applied his talent as a graver of coins with equal success and skill to the art of typography; and to him are we indebted for the introduction of the Roman character in printing. In 1563, an ordonnance was issued by Charles IX., by which printers were enjoined not to print any books whatever, 'under penalty of hanging or strangling.' Such means for the suppression of knowledge, whatever their success at the time, remind us of the attempt to stay the stream of the Danube by damming up its source. Monarchs would have done better to leave printing to work its own cure; for, according to Sismondi, 'there is as great a mortality among books as among men.' Sir Thomas Overbury tells us—

'Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travelled that of old.
Our life, fame pieceeth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.'

The name of the Elzevirs, the famous printers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, first occurs in an edition of 'Eutropius,' printed at Leyden in 1592: it is seldom or never met with in works printed after 1680. Their Bible has sold for 110 florins, Seneca for L.17, Virgil L.15, Horace L.8. Their masterpiece is an 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' a small duodecimo of 257 pages, published in 1679; it has sold for L.6.

The Sultan Bajazet II. issued a decree in 1483 forbidding the use of printed books by the Turks, under penalty of death. This decree was afterwards confirmed by his son Selim I. in 1515, and implicitly obeyed by the Mohammedans, with equal ignorance and fanaticism, until the eighteenth century, when, in the reign of Achmet III., Seid-Effendi, who had accompanied his father, the ambassador, to the court of Louis XV. in 1720, was so much struck with the advantages of printing, that he determined his own country should participate in them. For the attainment of this object he employed the services of a Hungarian renegade, who was subsequently surnamed Basmadjy—'the Printer.' A memorial was drawn up, by means of which the grand vizier, Ibrahim Pachia, an enlightened protector of literature, obtained a favourable edict from the sultan. But fearful of wounding the religious scruples of his subjects, and of alarming the numerous class of copyists, Achmet forbade the printing of the Koran, the oral laws of the Prophet, the commentaries on these works, and books on jurisprudence—leaving to the industry of the printers philosophical, medical, astronomical, geographical, historical, and other scientific works. The

renegade was placed at the head of the new establishment, but the national character was against him; and notwithstanding his activity, at the time of his death, which happened in 1746, he had not been able to print more than sixteen works. The first was a Turkish and Arabic dictionary, 2 vols. folio, of which the impression was completed in 1729; the price was fixed at thirty-five piastres, by order of the sultan. In the following year a Turkish grammar appeared, a copy of which, with each leaf of a different colour, is still in existence.

Two years of constant labour were required for a copyist to transcribe the Bible carefully upon vellum. 'What time and trouble,' says Voltaire, 'must have been taken to copy correctly in Greek and Latin the works of Origen, of Clement of Alexandria, and of all the other writers called Fathers!' St Jerome says in one of his satirical letters against Rufinus, that he had ruined himself with buying Origen's works after having written with so much heat and bitterness against that author. 'Yes,' answered Rufinus, 'I have read Origen: if it be a crime, I acknowledge my guilt, and that I exhausted the whole of my wealth in purchasing his works at Alexandria!' The writer just quoted observes, that 'it is with books as with men, the small number play a great part, the rest are confounded in the crowd. Reflect,' he adds, 'that the whole known universe is governed by books except savage nations. Who are the leaders of mankind in well-governed countries? Those who know how to read and write. You do not understand Hippocrates, or Boerhaave, or Sydenham; but you put yourself into the hands of those who have read them.'

We have often looked into the substratum of history for incidental facts that might lead us to judge of the state of popular feeling in a city or town when the printing-press was first set to work. Did the inhabitants go about their ordinary avocations with the plodding unconcern induced by long habit? or did they meet by twos and threes to talk in half-doubting tones of the new mystery, savouring strongly of the supernatural, that was to make books faster than twenty copyists could write them? Were no curious and wondering crowds collected in front of the quaintly-gabled house, heretofore not more remarked than the surrounding edifices, in which the printer was shut up with his—so said the copyists—unholy mechanism? Was there no standing on tiptoe to peep in at the windows? Did no adventurous urchin climb by the projecting carvings to steal a glance through some weather-broken chink? Were there not women among the onlookers, who, as portentous whispers went round, half-wished the babe in their arms might be clerically inclined, and read the unwritten volumes so soon to see the light? Did not those about to set out on a journey put off their departure for a day, that they might first see a specimen of the wondrous craft, and carry the news with them? Did not wayfarers, arriving with dusty hose, unsling their knapsacks, and seating themselves on the opposite side of the narrow street, wait to see the upshot of an event that filled the town with wonder? Surely the magistrates and the brethren of the guilds, in furred and robed gowns, were sitting in their carved and panelled council-hall for the first sheet to be brought to them, there in grave debate to determine the question of doubtful agency? We can hardly believe that the enemies of progress succeeded in repressing all manifestation of curiosity; society had just then reached another of its culminating points. Luther, with unceremonious hand, was opening ways for the admission of light where, for ages, all had been darkness; the human mind had found a new want, and 'books, the mind incarnate, the immortality of the life that is,' were destined to supply it.

In the absence of precise information on these points, we may turn to a more recent portion of history, which future antiquaries will look back to with as much gratification as those of the present day feel in deciphering the hieroglyphics upon the bricks of Nineveh.

Printing was first introduced into the South Sea Islands in June 1817, when the first native printed books were published at Cimeo, in the district of Afareaitu. The king, Pomare, had taken the greatest interest in the proceedings of the missionaries, and requested that he might be sent for whenever they were ready to go to work. The composing-stick was placed in his hand, and, with some assistance, the monarch composed the first page of the spelling-book, an alphabet in capitals, and small letters. 'He visited us almost daily,' writes Mr Ellis, 'until the 30th, when, having received intimation that the first sheet was ready for the press, he came, attended by only two of his favourite chiefs. They were, however, followed by a numerous train of his attendants, &c. who had by some means heard that the work was about to commence. Crowds of the natives were already collected around the door, but they made way for him; and after he and his two companions had been admitted, the door was closed, and the small window next the sea darkened, as he did not wish to be overlooked by the people outside. The king examined, with great minuteness and pleasure, the form as it lay on the press, and prepared to try to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions. Having been told how it was to be done, he jocosely charged his companions not to look very particularly at him, and not to laugh if he should not do it right. I put the printer's ink-ball into his hand, and directed him to strike it two or three times upon the face of the letters; this he did, and then placing a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment, it was covered down, turned under the press, and the king was directed to pull the handle. He did so, and when the paper was removed from beneath the press, and the covering lifted up, the chiefs and assistants rushed towards it to see what effect the king's pressure had produced. When they beheld the letters black, and large, and well-defined, there was one simultaneous expression of wonder and delight.

'The king took up the sheet, and having looked first at the paper, and then at the types, with attentive admiration, handed it to one of his chiefs, and expressed a wish to take another. He printed two more; and while he was so engaged, the first sheet was shown to the crowd without, who, when they saw it, raised a general shout of astonishment and joy. When the king had printed three or four sheets, he examined the press in all its parts with great care, and remained attentively watching and admiring the facility with which, by its mechanism, so many pages were printed at one time, until it was near sunset, when he left us, taking with him the sheets he had printed to his encampment on the opposite side of the bay.'

An edition of 2600 copies of this spelling-book, and another of 2300 of a catechism and collection of texts, were rapidly printed and circulated among the natives, several of whom had been instructed so far as to be able to perform the more laborious part of the presswork. By the middle of 1818, 3000 copies of the Gospel of St Luke were printed, entitled, 'Te Eivanelia na Luka, iritihia ei parau Tahiti,' literally, 'The Gospel of Luke, taken out to be the language of Tahiti;' with the imprint, 'Nenheihia i te nenci raa parau a te mau Missionari,' 1818. 'Pressed at the (paper or book) presser of the Missionaries.'

The sensation created in the vicinity of the printing establishment spread over the whole island; chiefs and people crowded the office daily. 'The press soon became a matter of universal conversation; and the facility with which books could be multiplied filled the minds of the people in general with wonderful delight. Multitudes arrived from every district of Eimea, and even from other islands, to procure books, and to see this astonishing machine. The excitement manifested frequently resembled that with which the people of England would hasten to witness, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. So great was the influx of strangers, that for several

weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the district of Afareaitu resembled a public fair.'

Canoes came from distant islands, bringing cocoa-nut oil in exchange for books: on one occasion, a party who arrived late in the evening slept on the ground all night, rather than miss the chance of the first supply in the morning. But the books, to be really useful, required binding; and leather being scarce on the island, the supply was economised to the utmost. A copy half-bound in red morocco was sent to the king; the boards were formed of native cloth, made of the bark of a tree beaten together: these were, in numerous instances, covered with pieces of old newspapers, dyed purple with the juice of a species of mountain plantain. The natives learned to bind, some in thin wood; and all the animals were hunted to procure skins; dogs and cats, every creature that had hitherto lived unmolested, was killed, and the novel sight of skins hung out to dry at the door of the huts was seen throughout the island. Such was the desire to possess books, that, the narrator pursues, 'I have frequently seen thirty or forty canoes, from distant parts of Eimea, or from some other island, lying along the beach; in each of which five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these many waited five or six weeks, while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive with six or ten persons for books; who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters have been written by individuals who were unable to come and apply personally for a book, and had therefore thus sent in order to procure a copy.'

Details thus minute of the first printing and diffusion of books in the cities and towns of Germany, and other places on the continent, would now be regarded with high interest. None, unfortunately, have come down to us, and we can only speculate as regards the popular feeling on the first promulgation of an art whose design was, in the language of Davy, 'for perpetuating thought in imperishable words, rendering immortal the exertions of genius, and presenting them as common property to all awakening minds—becoming, as it were, the true image of divine intelligence, receiving and bestowing the breath of life in the influence of civilisation.'

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

No! reader, no! I am not a satirical fellow, about to launch poisonous words of unfeeling levity at those who are victims to the tyranny of that cruel dame; neither am I a Stoic, and desirous of proving that the absence of pleasure is as good as its presence. In no way do I wish to 'make the worse appear the better reason;' but I should like to prove, if possible, that there is *some* reason in these words, 'The pleasures of poverty.' I have some title to be heard on this subject, my dear reader, for (*entre nous*) I am, and have always been, as poor as a church mouse; and therefore you may be sure that what I am about to offer to your attention is no pretty piece of speculation, or imaginary theory, formed without the slightest knowledge of the facts.

Allow me to put some preliminary questions. In the first place, 'Who are the people who can with propriety be called *poor*?' We often hear that such and such a nobleman, with *only* ten thousand a year, is 'very poor;' and we can also call to remembrance one or two persons who have been

'Passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

At first sight, it seems impossible that both these statements can be true; and yet a little reflection shows that they may be. The village pastor may find forty pounds enough for his yearly necessities, and the man of rank may find ten thousand pounds inadequate to his expenses; in such a case, the latter is, and the former is not, poor. From these and other considera-

tions, we should define the poor as, 'All persons whose worldly wants transcend their worldly means.'

In the next place we would ask, 'Is poverty an *unmixed* evil?' From the earliest ages in which the opinions of the wise have been recorded, until the present time, they have never been so thoroughly agreed upon any subject (and they differ considerably upon most matters) as upon this one point—that all things upon earth are composed of a mixture of good and evil; there is nothing so good that it hath no taint of evil, nothing so bad that some good may not be found in it. Hence it follows that *poverty*, that 'direct curse,' is not without its redeeming points; and that though it be 'like the toad, ugly and venomous,' it

'Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.'

Since, then, we are assured that among its many pains some pleasures lie hid; and, moreover, since I pique myself upon having discovered some of the minor ones, besides perceiving important ones, discovered by wiser heads, I shall now beg leave to introduce them to the notice of the reader without further delay, giving precedence to the larger pleasures.

Nothing sharpens a man's wits like poverty; except, perhaps, love, which is, in one sense, a sort of poverty; for is not love the want of something felt to be necessary to the support and maintenance of the soul? Poverty will not actually convert an idiot into a Bacon or a Shakspeare, but it has a wonderful power of brightening dunces and quickening *slow-coaches*; and the brightness and the quickness are just so much pleasure added to the existence of the quondam dunces and *slow-coaches*.

Nothing is so efficacious in purifying and bracing a man's morals as poverty. Cincinnatus, Dentatus, Fabricius, and the other stern models of Roman virtue, would not have been so virtuous—perhaps they would not have been virtuous at all (who knows?)—if they had been rich senators of the Augustan age. Some people are of opinion that temperance, fortitude, discreet silence, and other virtues, cardinal and minor, became common at Sparta in consequence of the scarcity of ready money there. In short, if we may rely on the testimony of history, men are brave, truthful, magnanimous, in proportion to their poverty; and that the best are the poorest (always supposing they have enough to keep body and soul together). The poets, too, teach us that the golden age of every nation is that in which there is no gold in circulation.

Now, if it be true that poverty, acting upon ordinary men, tends to make them more intelligent by mental friction, and more virtuous by the deprivation of the means of vicious indulgence, it follows, as a general rule, that it must tend to make them happier. It would be superfluous talking, in these days, to show that the more intelligent and the more virtuous a man is, the happier he must be. Such an influence, acting upon extraordinary minds, will of course produce a corresponding result; and if we search the annals of true greatness in all ages, we shall find that poverty has been the nursing-mother of genius in an overwhelming majority of cases. It is poverty that has saved genius from wearing out in the enjoyment of mere mundane felicity; for all genius has an insatiable thirst for enjoyment; and if not forced very soon in its career to recognise the insufficiency of earthly pleasures to satisfy its infinite longings—if not compelled to forbear and to forego, to deny itself and to endure—it would be easily led by its instinctive demands for enjoyment to accept eagerly all the pernicious pleasures of this world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—instead of the divine joy of which it is capable, and which it can never possess, till, in some way or other, by its own will alone (which is too much to expect from a mortal), or by the assistance of circumstances, it has learned to trample on those temptations; and standing erect above them, can fix its gaze steadily on things above the earth. It is not unnecessary to

say this, because many people who have a profound admiration for genius, *per se*, have no conception of its struggles and its self-denials. They believe that men like Socrates and Pericles, Trajan and Antoninus, Alfred and Charlemagne, Wickliffe and Zuinglius, Descartes and Spinosa, Shakspeare, Sidney, and Schiller, are either born superior to the temptations to vice which rise up within ordinary men, or find little difficulty in *righting* themselves after temporary aberration. In this way their admirers often deprive them of their due share of praise. It is not for me to measure the merit of resistance in such men, but I am inclined to believe that they had generally a harder task to subdue the cravings of the lower part of their nature than ordinary men; and that the hardships of poverty, acting from without, went far to assist the workings of the higher faculties within, in most of the cases set down at random above. In the case of those who may be said to have been 'born in the purple,' either of empire or of luxury, an artificial or accidental poverty was imposed upon them, and they thus learned to control their appetites and their propensities, and to seek and find a joy which this world can neither give nor take away.

But to descend from these greater considerations of the bright side of poverty, let us now dwell on its little pleasures. Did you ever think, dear reader, of the pleasures of making sixpence do the work of a shilling? True, those who attempt the task generally find it difficult; but to people of spirit, difficult tasks are the only delightful ones. It is also true that many persons who have tried to perform the said task have failed in a signal manner, and pronounced it an impossibility. But there have been other adventurous poor persons who, like Napoleon, have trampled on impossibilities, and made their sixpences do double duty.

The ingenuity and forethought that a man must exercise in order to get a dinner for sixpence, give him more appetite for the meal than any rich man can feel by merely running his eye down the *carte* at a first-rate hotel, and selecting what he thinks he shall like best. The *embarras du choix*, in the one case, may be pleasing for a moment, but it can never be so thoroughly satisfactory as the fixed immovable necessity of the other; the chop or rasher, or *nothing*, cannot be a very embarrassing question to a well-constituted mind, that is roused to action by an empty stomach. And when each has finished his meal, which derives the greatest amount of pleasure from it? He who, with easy digestion, takes up his hat and hums a tune as he walks out of a coffee-house, and goes away again to counting-house or workshop; or he who, having achieved the *great fact* of his day—dinner—reclines in a state of somnolent repletion, waiting till such time as his over-taxed digestive organs shall have got through their business, and will suffer him to decide how he will wile away the evening?

Again: if you have five miles to go to business every day, is it not much more pleasant (and how much more healthful!) to take the omnibus one way, and walk the other, than ride both ways, as those men so often do to whom shillings and sixpences are unimportant objects? Besides, you can occasionally walk both ways, and thus afford to buy yourself a new pamphlet, or the baby a new toy.

Then there is the pleasure of making presents, which, I take it, no rich person can enjoy *properly*. Of course a rich man or woman can give away, if he or she be disposed to give; but they are not obliged to *do without* something themselves, that they may enjoy the pleasure of giving to a friend. Now, this pleasure of *doing without* is no chimerical one; and I firmly believe that, harsh and unpleasant as the practice of self-denial may seem at first, there is no virtue which, when we are accustomed to it, brings such ample and immediate returns of pleasure. Let us take a very trifling case. Which enjoys the pleasure of giving in the highest degree—the young millionaire, who lounges into a jeweller's shop, and orders half-a-dozen rings and chains

of the newest fashion to be sent as a present to his affianced bride : or the young clerk who, having heard his lady-love say she ' should so like a certain locket, in a certain shop, in a certain street,' goes off to countermand the dashing new waistcoat he ordered yesterday, and runs thence to the locket shop, and purchases the identical locket which his mistress has set her heart upon? Which enjoys the pleasure of giving most? And if we think of the result of the two presents, we shall feel that the one damsel will probably forget the giver in the multiplicity and richness of the gifts, if she be not too much accustomed to such things, and do not put them aside in her casket, to be worn when wanted; while it is ten to one that the other damsel required the locket for the sole purpose of putting into it a lock of her dear Edward or Henry's hair, which is put into it before his eyes, and, suspended by a ribbon, is placed next the heart of the happy girl, to be worn there day and night. The pleasure of a holiday or a treat is one of the pleasures of poverty. The life of the rich man is all holiday, *tant pis pour lui*; but the poor man, to whom a holiday comes once in six months or so, knows what a depth of enjoyment lurks in the word *holiday-making*.

The pleasures of contriving, and managing, and making old things look 'maist as weel' the new,' are by no means contemptible. Then that one great pleasure, which sheds its azure light over a man's whole life—the pleasure of hope that something good will turn up for him; that, if he keep on steadily and actively in a right path, he must succeed, and learn at last what are the joys of competence. This pleasure of hope is perhaps the pleasantest, as it is assuredly the best grounded, of all the pleasures of poverty. I will say no more on the subject, feeling convinced that enough has been said to suggest much more to the reader who is acquainted with it by experience; and to establish this fact in the minds of those who are not, that there is some reason, some very good sense, in these words—'The pleasures of poverty.'

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

[THE following vivacious piece, dashed off in the earnest hearty style of the poets of Fatherland, is extracted from one of the most brilliant of the 'books of the season.'* 'The Pictorial Gift-Book,' a full-sized quarto, with splendidly illuminated cover and frontispiece, numerous engravings, and plenty of poetry, wants nothing to recommend itself to the givers and receivers of New-Year's presents.]

THE little town of Weinsberg
Is built upon a hill—
And the ladies there are famed for
Sagacity and skill:
If e'er I go a-wooing,
Whatever may betide,
The little town of Weinsberg
Shall furnish me a bride.

The mighty Kaiser Conrad,
By fancied wrongs enraged,
Together drew his forces,
And war against it waged.
By sap and escalading
He struggled to prevail—
But its bulwarks were of granite,
Its burghers cased in mail!

Three times the veteran warriors
Redoubled the attack,
And thrice the stalwart burghers
The imperial host beat back;
But fell disease and famine
The patriots did assail—
The civic guards of Weinsberg
Could scarce support their mail!

Repulsed, and chafed to frenzy,
Dishonoured, one and all,
The despot sent a herald
Beneath the leagured wall:

'Ye base rebellious varlets,
Lay down your arms to me,
Or every boor shall dangle
Upon the nearest tree!'

A panic spread like wildfire
Through street, and square, and lane,
And frantic words were uttered,
Both pious and profane:
'By famine or the halter,
Alas, we must expire!
I feel the noose already!'—
Exclaimed a famished friar.

With wild vociferation
A shrivelled landlord cried,
'My larders all are empty,
And cannot be supplied!'
'We're lost!' cried Hans the baker;
'Undone!' rejoined a priest;
And grim old Karl, the blacksmith,
He smote his withered breast!

The iris spans the valley
When clouds obscure the sky,
And winter nights are darkest
When dawn is drawing nigh;
When lordly man's confounded,
Distracted, and distressed,
A balm is oft discovered
In woman's gentle breast.

Close to the hour of midnight,
An embassy of wives
Hied to the foe's encampment
At hazard of their lives—
Led on by Madame Lobson,
Whose bright dishevelled hair
Streamed o'er her milk-white shoulders—
A picture of despair!

She sought the chief's pavilion,
And humbly on her knee
The lovely suppliant bended,
And prayed for clemency!
Ah! vehemently she pleaded,
And copiously she wept;
But still the ruthless monarch
His fatal purpose kept.

'Go! tell that horde of traitors—
Audacious base-born thralls—
I'll hang them high as Haman,
When once I scale their walls:
I wage no war on women,
Be high or low their birth;
You're free!—So bring such treasure
As you can carry forth.'

The morning dawned serenely,
The birds were all in song,
When from the portals issued
A helpless female throng:
Each to the distant mountains
Pursued her devious track,
With terror in her bosom,
Her husband on her back!

Repudiated courtiers,
They sickened at the sight;
But Conrad from his tent-door
Beheld it with delight!
'Ha! bravo!' cried the Kaiser—
And rubbed his hands with glee;
'I question if the empress
Would do as much for me.'

From turret, spire, and steeple,
The civic banners streamed;
A pardon has been granted,
An amnesty proclaimed!
A sumptuous entertainment
The almoner provides;
And Conrad at the table
In regal state presides!

Ah! how the viands vanished,
Like snow-flakes in the Rhine;
The burghers were enraptured
With loyalty and wine!
They snapped their skinny fingers,
They toasted and they drank,
Without regard to talent,
Or precedence, or rank!

'What ho! ye mopping minstrels,
Strike up a lively air!'—
And Conrad in a twinkling
Sprung from his regal chair,

* The Pictorial Gift-Book of Lays and Lithographs. The Poetry by David Vedder, C.M.A.S.E. Menzies, Edinburgh; Orr, London. 1848.

He danced with all the females
Who filled these spacious rooms—
Alike with rank and beauty,
And her who gath'ers brooms!

The little town of Weinsberg
Is built upon a hill—
The ladies there are famed for
Sagacity and skill:
If e'er I go a-wooing,
Whatever may betide,
The little town of Weinsberg
Shall furnish me a bride!

IRON CARRIAGES.

THE tendency of the last few years to substitute iron for wood has been shown in ships, ploughs, and other machines. It has even been attempted in houses; but here, we believe, without that success which is shown in extensive use or practice. A gentleman of the north of Scotland is now experimenting, with good ground of hope, on the introduction of iron carriages. He proposes that the bodies of such vehicles should be formed entirely of an iron frame, the panels of plates of galvanised iron, and the axles of iron tubes filled with wood; the wheels to have for spokes double rods pyramidally arranged, or on what is called the suspension principle. The advantages proposed are—first, a lightness as about two to three; second, a saving of cost in about the same proportion. Thus, a pony-carriage, which, of the usual materials, would weigh five hundredweight, is only about three when constructed of iron; an omnibus, which, of the ordinary construction, would be twenty to twenty-four hundredweight, can be formed of iron at about eleven. The same in respect of external decorations and internal comforts. A carriage of this kind effects an important saving in the motive power. If successful as an invention, it must be of no small importance to humanity, both in sparing the muscles of individual horses, and allowing of a greater share of the fruits of the earth being turned to the use of human beings. For use in tropical countries, there is a further advantage in the non-liability to cracking and shrinking, and the unsuitableness of an iron frame for becoming a nest of noxious insects. Apart from the mere substitution of one material for another, which is the leading feature of the invention, much is claimed for it on the ground of the superior springs employed in these carriages. They are spiral, and vertically arranged, working in a case, with an apparatus which precludes their falling from the perpendicular.

We have seen one of Mr Aitken's carriages, and taken a drive in another, without being able to detect any point in which they are likely to prove a failure. Their success, however, must be matter for larger experiment, requiring time for a satisfactory issue.

INDIAN ARROW-POISON.

Snake-like in form, the *Urari*, or Indian arrow-poison, winds itself around and among the huge trees, fantastically shaped, that spring from the deep fissures in the mountain rock, and often reaches to a height of forty feet before it divides into branches, which are densely covered with a rust-coloured hair. The poisonous principle resides chiefly in the bark of the plant, which is stripped off, steeped in water for a certain time, simmered, and evaporated to the thickness of a sirup. It is then fit for use. 'As much as I had heard of the fatal poison,' says Professor Schomburgk, 'I nevertheless cannot abstain from noting the astonishment by which I was seized on seeing it used for the first time. While travelling, a deer was discovered browsing in the high grass before us. One of the Indians took a poisoned spike, and fixed it to his arrow. Cautiously he stole upon the unsuspecting deer, and shot the arrow into its neck; it made a jump in the air, fled with the speed of the wind before us, but had scarcely run forty yards, when it fell to the ground and expired.' It will kill the strongest bull in four or five minutes; and lizards and rats wounded with it die immediately. It may appear strange that this poison may be taken into the stomach with impunity. The writer relates that, when suffering from ague, and happening to be without quinine, he took frequently the urari in doses of 'about as much as I could get on the point of a knife.' The stomach, in fact, digests the poison, and thereby alters its properties before it reaches the blood. It is also well known that the flesh of animals killed with the urari is quite innocent for the same reason.

THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL.

In looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr Channing.*

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

John Russell, a plain gentleman residing near Bridport, county of Dorset, obtained a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin, Mr Russell, to wait upon the prince. Mr Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the king, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favour, that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell of Cleyneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favourite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time, William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.—*From The Right of the Aristocracy to the Soil Considered.*

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy violates contracts; dissolves society; breaks wedlock; betrays friends and neighbours; nobody is good; and every one is either doing or designing a mischief. Its rise is guilt or ill-nature, and by reflection it thinks its own fault to be other men's; as he that is overrun with the jaundice takes others to be yellow.—*Stray Thoughts.*

A SCOTCHMAN'S DESTINY.

I was born a Scotchman, and a bare one, and was therefore born to fight my way with my left hand when my right failed me, and with my teeth if both were cut off.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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INCIDENTS OF WINTER LIFE IN QUEBEC.

SURPASSINGLY picturesque is the situation of Quebec. Crowning the high and precipitous cliff which terminates the promontory formed by the confluence of the St Charles with the St Lawrence, it overlooks a scenic panorama, which, for extent and variety of features, is equalled by few prospects in the world. On one side of the city, and laving its very feet, rolls the lordly St Lawrence in sullen grandeur, the high grounds of Point Levy frowning over its deep, dark channel about a mile distant on the opposite side. On the north it is flanked by the broad estuary of the St Charles, after the junction of which with the main river, the latter swells into colossal proportions, which it not only retains, but greatly enlarges during the remainder of its course to the ocean. Close to the water's edge, its northern bank is covered with a succession of villages, which extend, from opposite the city, almost the whole way down to the Falls of Montmorency, the white walls sparkling brightly in the sunlight, and contrasting pleasantly in the summer-time with the rich and luxuriant vegetation to which an extended cultivation gives rise. In the midst of the great reservoir formed by the junction of the two streams, is the island of Orleans, its nearest point to the city being about seven miles distant, and dividing the river into two great channels for the next seven leagues of its course. Of these, the southern is the narrower, and that usually taken by shipping—the northern spreading out like a great firth, and forcing its way to the foot of the mountain-chain visible in the distance; the tumultuous masses of which constitute the left bank of the river, until it empties itself, about four hundred miles from the city, into the Gulf of St Lawrence. Near the parish of St Anne, several miles below the city, where the tide rises with a rapidity equal to that of its flow in the Solway, this mountain chain suddenly leaves the river, the channel of which, as you ascend it, diverges at Quebec several degrees to the south. The hills, as they run their straight course in a direction almost due west, form, by their serried and broken outlines, a splendid background to the lovely and widely-extended landscape which stretches between them and the city. As you follow their course westerly, the sight roams over the broad valley, which lies at their feet, shrouded in the foliage of the primeval forests, and which you can trace till the eye flags in the distance. Far to the south again, and on the opposite side of the St Lawrence, you have the distant uplands of Megantic, about midway between you and the American boundary. From the more elevated points of the city, the eye on all hands commands a prospect of nearly fifty miles in extent, replete with all the elements which enter into the formation of a perfect landscape. Over this glorious combination of

land and water, mountain and valley, forest and corn-field, town, hamlet, and village, floats the proud emblem of England's supremacy from the highest point of Cape Diamond.

Gorgeous as is the prospect in the summer-time, it is dreary and desolate when all around is wrapped in the frigid mantle of winter. From its position, Quebec is peculiarly liable to extremes of cold and heat: in the summer-time, the thermometer is not unfrequently for days at 100 degrees in the shade; whilst it sometimes descends, in the opposite season, as low as 40 degrees below zero, or 72 degrees below freezing-point, on Cape Diamond, which is the loftiest part of the Citadel. Some years ago, the Government-House fell a prey to the flames in the depth of winter. Numerous fire-engines were on the spot, but they were unavailable; for the water congealed into a solid mass in its passage through the hose-pipes: nor did it mend the matter that they were afterwards supplied with boiling water from the breweries.

Quebec, on the approach of winter, is as if in a partial state of siege. This is chiefly perceptible in the increase which generally takes place in the price of provisions and firewood. During the summer months, the town is abundantly supplied with the one, whilst it is only for culinary purposes that it is in want of the other. It is then plentifully supplied by the country on both sides of the river, a constant communication being kept up between both banks by means of horse boats, by which the bulkiest articles can be conveyed to and from either side. But early in November, winter lays his embargo upon the southern shore; and but for the means to which I shall presently advert, the city would be left, until the end of April, for its supplies to the poorer district, on the northern side of the St Lawrence.

Intense and protracted as are the rigours of a Canadian winter, it is seldom that they succeed in arresting the voluminous current of the St Lawrence. The depth of the stream and the strength of the current are, generally speaking, more than a match for even a Canadian frost. The river freezes, on an average, about once only every five years; and when it does so, the joyful event is announced by the booming of cannon and by extra issues of the newspapers.

It must not be supposed, however, that when not frozen across, the St Lawrence is unnumbered with ice. For the long dreary winter it is so burdened with it, that navigation is entirely interrupted; and for days at a time, it is sometimes impossible, as you cast your eye over its broad surface, to catch even a glimpse of its dark leaden waters. Its channel then presents to you nothing but one vast, moving, solid white mass, which glides rapidly past the city, up or down, at the will of the tide. This is caused by the conglomeration of dif-

ferent masses of ice, of all sizes and shapes, some of which are detached from the shores of the river; but the bulk of which, proceeding from the great and lesser lakes of the upper country, sometimes so chokes up the channel of the river, as to give rise to the most calamitous consequences.

It is not always, however, that its surface is completely covered with these frozen masses. Sometimes they form the exception to the deep dark tide which bears them, when they look like ornaments of frosted silver on a basis of steel. They are of all sizes, from several hundred acres in extent to a few feet in circumference; whilst in appearance they are singularly fantastic, their surfaces presenting a succession of spires and pyramids, interspersed amongst huge frozen billows, piled in some places in fragments, like the masses blocked from a quarry—here presenting the regular outlines of the cone, there an irregular complication of form, which the fancy may shape into the most fantastic images—smooth and glassy in some places, broken and rugged in others—with here and there deep patches of snow, flanked with frozen masses resembling splintered rocks; and others, in shape like colossal boards, standing upon end. In the bright sunshine of a clear frosty day, they present, as you thread your way over their billowy surfaces, a singularly beautiful appearance—in some places reflecting the hues of the rainbow, and shining in others with a dazzling whiteness, here and there relieved by the deep-green lustre of the emerald.

Throughout the winter, a species of communication is kept up between the two sides of the river, which qualifies, to some extent, the assertion that all intercourse is then suspended between its opposite shores. By means of canoes, which are adroitly managed by *habitans*, as the French Canadians are frequently styled, passengers and lighter goods are constantly conveyed from side to side. But as this is a mode of conveyance not common to the experiences of Europe, a brief description of it will not be amiss in this place. If, therefore, the reader will accompany me, we will cross together from Point Levy to Quebec.

It is low water, and our first business is to scramble to the river's edge over the broken fragments of ice which have been deposited by the retreating tide upon the beach. The river is profusely covered with ice, which is floating rapidly down with the current. Its huge glittering masses seem to interpose an insuperable barrier between us and the city, part of which is nestled along the foot of the dark frowning rock opposite the rut, struggling up its different clefts and crowning its summit, the impervious battlements of the Citadel rising high and grimly over all. The town is fully a mile from us, but it does not look half that distance in the clear crisp air. Look which way you will, the scene around you has but one wild wintry aspect to present: far as the eye can reach on either hand, there is but one monotonous succession of ice and snow, relieved only here and there by the dusky forms of precipices, to which snow cannot adhere, and the brown leafless woods, from which it has been shaken by the wind. Nevertheless, the scene has excitements which partially atone for its intrinsic cheerlessness. There is a pleasure in breathing through your furs the pure keen air; the blood, thoroughly oxygenated, courses rapidly through the system, and you experience an exhilaration of spirits which harmonises with the cold brilliant sunshine which is streaming around you; for, cold though it may be, it is seldom that the wintry sky of Canada is darkened by a frown, retaining, amid the intensest rigours of the season, the deep lustrous blue which characterises its summer glow.

Here we are at last, ready to embark with our crew and fellow-passengers. The latter, like ourselves, are well clad in furs and 'overalls'—a necessary protection against the intense cold. The former are all attired in the gray *capote* of the Canadian, with its hood thrown down with a careful fold upon the back, and which, with the *bonnet rouge*, or red nightcap, which covers

their heads, the variegated sash around their waists, and the well-greased moccasins which protect their feet and legs, impart to them an appearance decidedly picturesque. Our craft seems rather frail for the accommodation of so many, and for a voyage apparently perilous. It is a large canoe, neatly excavated from a single log, and calculated at twelve persons' burden. With passengers and crew, we have our complement; so now for embarkation.

The canoe, which was lying on the ice, having been carefully launched, and passengers and crew having got aboard, we push off for the opposite side: but how to make it is the question, for, within pistol-shot a-head of us, an enormous field of ice is moving past with the current. To double this at any point appears hopeless, for we seem hemmed in on all sides by floating masses. The difficulty is soon solved, for we are no sooner alongside the impediment in question, than our crew are landed upon it, whereupon the passengers are politely requested to disembark. Then follows the most striking peculiarity of this novel species of navigation. After some manœuvring, we get the canoe high and dry again upon the ice. Here we are, then, upon a veritable floating island, which it is now our business to cross, and launch again upon the water at its opposite side. So off we set, dragging our canoe after us, which is no easy matter, considering the precariousness of our foothold, and the uneven and rugged surface of the ice. We have to make many a detour to avoid confused heaps of the frozen matter, piled and jammed together by the force of the current. All this time we are being borne rapidly down by the tide, and must make up our leeway on nearing the opposite bank. By and by we reach the water, launch, and embark again as before.

Our journey across, with some slight variations, consists of several repetitions of what is here described: now on the water, then on the ice; now afloat in our tiny bark, then dragging it after us, until another opportunity offers of rendering it servicable. Here and there a pool of water, tranquillised by its confinement between two large sheets of ice, has frozen on the surface, forming a slender link connecting them together. When not very thick, it is broken by the weight of the canoe, which the stout *habitans* paddle lustily through it, crunching it before them. Sometimes, however, it is too strong, and defies their efforts, in which case the crew alone disembark upon it, and pull the canoe, with the passengers in it, over the glassy new-formed ice, which not unfrequently, whilst they are so engaged, breaks beneath their feet, when they are only prevented from sinking by the hold which they have upon the sides of the canoe. These successive interruptions render the passage exceedingly tedious, particularly when the river is much encumbered with ice; and the cold is sometimes so intense, that the drops which the boatmen throw off from their paddles fall frozen globules into the bottom of the canoe. One would be apt to suppose that so novel a species of navigation would be attended with peculiar hazards; and so it is. When the tide is ebbing, and the wind strong from the west, the adventurous voyager is sometimes driven far out of his course. I once, left Point Levy for the city, and was landed, after drifting for three hours and a half upon the ice, on the island of Orleans, at a point about eight miles below the town. The stream was then so choked up, that it was seldom we could find an opportunity of launching our canoe; the intermediate spaces between the larger fields of ice being filled up with pieces too small for us to venture upon with safety. Cases have occurred, too, in which a canoe has been crushed to atoms between two sheets, the passengers only saving themselves by springing upon them, and drifting up and down until rescued from their perilous situation. On one occasion, when this happened to a canoe with nine persons in it, six of them sprang upon one piece of ice, and three on the other. They soon parted company: the six being picked up shortly afterwards by parties

who descried them; but the three were lost sight of, and drifted the whole night up and down with the tide. In the morning the wind was fresh, and the piece of ice which bore them was being gradually broken by the agitation of the water. At length it severed into two parts, one of the parties being left alone upon the smaller fragment. The two who were together seized an opportunity which offered, and sprang upon a larger field, and were saved; but no such opportunity offered to the other, who was never afterwards heard of. It is proper, however, to remark, that, dangerous as this adventurous navigation may appear to be, it is seldom that any very serious accident occurs.

The following incident may serve to convey some idea of the position of Quebec, and of the aspect which it presents to the view. The back of the old Government-House formed part of the ramparts of the upper town overlooking the St Lawrence. It was my lot to be making a winter passage of the river when the pile was on fire, as already alluded to. The sight was inconceivably grand. It was dusk, and the burning mass, situated at a height of about two hundred feet above the river, threw a lurid glare over ice and snow, rock, spire, and battlement. At length the roof gave way amid a pyramid of flame and sparks, which rose high into the air, whilst some of the blazing rafters, tumbling over the precipice, fell on the roofs of the lower town, built at the foot of the rock. Had this occurred in summer, the result might have been most disastrous; but the houses below were plentifully covered with snow, which soon extinguished the falling brands, and otherwise protected the roofs from very serious injury. In other places the rock is not quite so precipitous, but even there sufficiently so to keep the inhabitants of the lower town in constant apprehension of land-slips, one of which occasioned such calamitous consequences but a few years ago.

For a considerable portion of each successive winter, the mode described is the only one by which Quebec can communicate with the extensive agricultural district on the southern side of the St Lawrence. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the frost constructs a temporary 'bridge,' as it is called, by fairly manœuvring the river in ice, when the isolated city is once more put in easy communication with the chief source of its supplies. When this occurs, it is generally attributable to the jamming up into one compact mass, extending the whole way across the river, of the immense fields of vagrant ice afloat upon the surface, in the attempt to force their way through the straitened channel opposite the city. Immediately above the city, the St Lawrence swells into the proportions of a miniature lake, in width about three miles. About nine miles up, its channel is again contracted, where little more than a mile of water separates Cape Rouge, or Carouge, as it is commonly designated, from the opposite side. Beyond this, again, its dimensions once more expand to a breadth of several miles. In this upper basin, the floating ice sometimes accumulates in such quantities, that, in attempting to force the narrow channel at Carouge, it chokes up the river, and gets arrested in its progress, when, by the strength of the current, it is piled up into one huge, compact, and immovable mass, its rugged surface presenting throughout an aspect of the most confused and fantastic character. Here and there the mighty tide seems to have forced masses together, until, by attrition, they have almost ground each other to fragments; whilst in other places it is piled, heap upon heap, high into the air. But it frequently happens that the accumulation takes place in the basin immediately contiguous to the town, where the phenomenon resulting in the bridge occurs directly opposite. This is certainly preferable to having it nine miles up the river, and is a great event in the winter experiences of Quebec, not only as affording additional means of recreation and amusement, but as occasioning a decided fall in the price of all the necessary articles of domestic consumption. The bridge thus formed, however, is of little use

to the beleaguered city, until a practicable road is laid out and constructed over its stormy and rugged surface. Some years ago, a bridge of this kind was formed, which continued for several months, and became notorious for its peripatetic propensities. Having taken but little hold of the ice, with which either shore was constantly incrustated, the consequence was, that with the flow of each successive tide, it moved slowly and majestically for many miles up the river, returning punctually with the ebb to its former place, where it remained until the succeeding tide again enticed it away. This was more singular than convenient, the citizens having the use of their bridge but for half the day; and, in addition to occasioning frequent delays, sometimes gave rise to the most awkward mischances. One of the most ludicrous of these occurred but a few years ago. A marriage party set out from Point Levy for Quebec. A gay procession of sleighs descended the beach, and the bells were ringing merrily in the city opposite, where the ceremony was to be performed. The bride, all blushes, was seated in the first sleigh, which was driven by a distant kinsman. They had scarcely passed the open rent which intervened between the bridge and the stationary ice, when the huge erratic mass suddenly started from its anchorage, and moved slowly up the stream. The astonished bridegroom, who was in the next vehicle, vainly endeavoured to urge his horse to spring upon the moving mass; the sagacious animal started back, snorting and affrighted. The bridegroom then sprang from the sleigh, and endeavoured to jump after the runaways; but he was too late, for more than six feet of deep, cold, leaden-looking water now intervened between him and his truant bride, and they stood gazing upon each other with looks of mingled astonishment and alarm. They had miscalculated their time; and the bridegroom realised that day, in his own experiences, the truth of the maxim, that time and tide wait for no man. When the power of utterance was restored to him, he informed his beloved that he would wait there for her until she returned, all hopes of having the ceremony performed that day being at an end. But his troubles were not yet over: his fair one was as fickle as the ice, and her heart soon became, to him, every bit as cold. In her romantic voyage she was alone with her kinsman, already alluded to; and being thus thrown so singularly together, she was soon persuaded that there was no reason why they should ever separate. They accordingly made their way across to the other side of the wandering iceberg, and about six hours afterwards, when it had returned to its moorings, stepped from it into the city, whence they immediately started for Montreal, where they were married. Since that hour, the forsaken bridegroom has never ventured upon the ice without being reminded of how many a slip there is between the cup and the lip.

Great is the rejoicing in the city and in the country round when, instead of this rugged and chaotic bridge, the frost lays the current by the heels, and the river becomes fairly frozen across. To accomplish this, however, requires his mightiest efforts; and it is only, as already intimated, about once in five years that he is equal to the task. It was my good fortune to witness the magnificent result of a successful effort. To attain success, it is necessary to surprise the current in its weaker moments, about the turn of the tide, before the ebb commences, especially when it is high-water early in the morning, when the wind is lulled, and the cold is most intense. It requires as much adroitness thus to arrest the St Lawrence, as it does to catch the wild horse on the prairie. No sooner was it known, on the occasion referred to, that the river had 'taken,' than the population of Quebec poured down upon the wharfs to assure themselves of the fact. Much anxiety was expressed lest the new-formed ice should give way, ere it had attained sufficient firmness to resist the impetuosity of the current at its strongest point. The only class of the population to which its formation gave umbrage, was that which subsisted by ferrying passengers across

in canoes, a business with which the bridge would necessarily interfere. The canoe men were therefore busy at an early hour crossing and recrossing, and forcing their canoes in zig-zag lines, from side to side, through the yet thin ice, in the hope of inducing it to move away. A proclamation issued from the executive government warning them to desist; but continuing their selfish work on the Point Levy side, it was only when a gun had thundered at them from the Citadel, that they left the frost to do its work.

The ice had first formed about five in the morning, and by ten o'clock several sleighs had ventured across it. By mid-day, they were to be seen gliding over its glassy surface in all directions, and whilst it yet bent elastically under them, like an extended carpet waving to the wind. In the afternoon things wore a jubilee aspect on the surface of the captive river. The city seemed literally to have emptied itself upon the ice. Thousands of pedestrians promenaded, as they best could, over its slippery surface; whilst multitudes of skaters, of all ages, and of both sexes—and a graceful thing it is to see a lady skate well—flew about in all directions, as if, like Mercury, they had a pair of wings at their heels. Sleighs innumerable, from the ice-incrusted sledge of the waterman, to carriages of the finest finish, and others of the most fantastic form, dashed about on all sides—the devices of the buffalo robes, the trappings of the horses, and the myriad little bells which dangled from the harness, and jingled merrily in the clear keen air, imparting additional vivacity and gaiety to the scene. But the feature in the picture most novel to the stranger was the ice-boat, which, with its overloaded cargo of jovial holiday-makers, flitted swiftly by with extended canvas, like a powerful bird upon the wing. In all parts of Canada, the ice-boat is a favourite source of winter amusement. It is easily constructed, being mounted upon three skates, or small runners in the form of skates; two of which are in front and abreast, the third being behind, attached to the rudder, the purposes of which, indeed, it serves. A mast is then erected, together with such rigging as is necessary to support the sails; and thus equipped, they are capable, with a good wind, of performing long journeys in a very short space of time. They are frequently of the rudest form, at other times elegantly constructed; and sometimes consist of an actual boat, mounted upon a frame already fixed upon runners. The speed with which they fly before the wind is almost incredible, whilst it is dangerous, unless they are properly steered. Nor are they deficient in powers of tacking, for, when rightly managed, they beat well against the wind. To be aboard one of them affords the most exhilarating sport. I was engaged to dine one day with a gentleman at Etchaim, about nine miles up, on the opposite side of the river; I was conveyed thither in twenty minutes by an ice-boat, and returned in the moonlight upon skates.

The ice affording excellent opportunity for artillery practice, the citizens are frequently, during the winter, treated to a spectacle of this nature. The track of the solid shot can then easily be traced by the eye; for, on every plunge which it makes on the now solid ice, it throws it up in a cloud of shivered fragments in the air.

The Quebeckians are fond of winter excursions to the environs of their city, which they frequently make in large parties; sometimes as many as a couple of dozen of sleighs, on such occasions, trotting merrily off together, either for Lorette, where the remnant of the Huron tribe of Indians have been settled by the government; or to the Fall of Montmorency, about ten miles down the northern bank of the river. At the latter place, an enormous cone of ice is formed by the spray, which rises gradually as winter advances, until at length it almost hides the cataract from view. When a bridge is formed, the points to which these excursions are made are of course multiplied, whilst the gaiety of the town is increased by the appearance within the

walls of 'country cousins' from the opposite side, to whom it was previously virtually forbidden.

Indeed winter is the season for gaiety in this ancient capital of the province. In summer, people are too busy for amusement; in winter, they are all idle, and think of nothing else. In the afternoon of a winter day, St John Street, the chief promenade of the upper town, is crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, presenting a picture of the most gay and lively description. Pedestrianism, by the by, is not always an easy matter in Quebec; the difficulty of keeping one's legs when the snow is beaten hard, in streets which lie at an angle of forty-five degrees, being sometimes great. To insure safety, many attach small spikes to their boots, removable at pleasure, as women in England put on pattens when it rains, to lift them out of the mud.

The snow which falls in Lower Canada attains each winter the average depth of five feet. But it is not allowed to accumulate in the streets of the city, each householder being obliged by law to prevent it from attaining, in front of his own premises, a greater depth than is necessary for sleighing purposes. What is left becomes beaten as hard as ice, resisting the action of the returning sun until the month of May, by the seventh day of which another municipal ordinance requires its removal. It has then to be literally hacked to pieces with axes, and carried away in sledges.

Cold as a Quebec winter undoubtedly is, there is an exaggerated notion abroad in this country respecting it. It is true that meat freezes so hard, that it has to be sawn like bone—that milk is sold in solid masses by the pound—that the carcasses of slaughtered sheep and hogs stand rigid and upright in the market places—that men are sometimes bedizened with pendant icicles from hair and whiskers, looking like ladies in their curl-papers—and that noses sometimes become frozen so hard, that it would be dangerous to pull them lest they should break off—but after all, notwithstanding these admitted horrors, a Quebec winter is not so very intolerable a thing. True it is, that whilst riding, it is always necessary to be well clad in furs and skins; but it is only at long intervals that the cold becomes so intense as to render extraordinary precautions of this kind necessary in walking. An old-country man endures the first winter better than any subsequent one; a six months' subjection to stove heat, in close rooms, with double windows to keep out the frost, followed by the intense heats of summer, so modifies his constitution, that his sensitiveness to cold increases. The worst feature of a Canadian winter is its protraction. Long before its close, the eye wearies for the sight of something green, which, when spring does come at last, clothes the landscape almost in a day. The citizens, too, are weary of their idleness; and it is with a delight which scarcely knows bounds, that, when the grass has once more taken possession of the fields, and the ice is fast forsaking the river, they rush down in crowds to the long-deserted wharfs, to hail with their shouts, and feast their eyes upon, the 'first ship from Europe.'

THE ONE-EYED WIDOW AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

'He's an old savage that vile Monsieur Pascal Camus; he would do anything to destroy my peace.'

'She's an old one-eyed vixen that Madame Marengo: nothing makes her so happy as to find means of annoying me. I know she wishes to put me in my grave; but I scorn and pity her.'

Such was the nature of the criminations daily uttered by two parties in regard to each other—the one an aged schoolmaster, and the other the widow of a sergeant, both of whom lived in the same tenement in one of the back streets of Paris. Let us introduce them to the reader. Madame Marengo was a tall masculine sort of woman who had seen service. She had for years followed the *Grand Army* during Napoleon's wars, in which she had first lost an eye, and then lost her husband, a

gallant sergeant, who had assumed the name of Marengo, in honour of the battle in which he had been promoted from the ranks. For her long and faithful services in attending on the wounded at the different engagements, as well as for the deprivation of her husband, Bonaparte had presented her with a cross of the legion of honour, which she greatly prized, and constantly wore suspended from her neck. Now somewhat broken down, but still animated with much of the old fire, she subsisted by carding and renovating wool mattresses—a great trade among the humbler classes in Paris. She did not derive much from her occupation of *cardeuse*, as it is called; but this little, joined to the trifling pension which accompanied her 'cross,' was enough for all her wants in her lofty and solitary attic.

M. Pascal Camus, who lived on the ground-floor, where he conducted a small school, was equally a curiosity in his way. While the *cardeuse* was tall and bony, and a little rough in manner, the schoolmaster was short, dumpy, and pompous; while she was all for the Empire, and considered Napoleon to have been the greatest of earthly beings, he was fixed in his admiration of the Bourbons, detested Napoleon, and called him a usurper and a tyrant. There were here sufficient elements of discord; but more were not wanting. M. Camus hated the *cardeuse*, because she wore a cross of the legion of honour. The *cardeuse* hated M. Camus, because he persisted in wearing a queue and shoe-buckles—undeniable tokens of regard for the old régime. Differing in sentiment on so many things, these two personages had at least one point in common—they had respectively a very great notion of their own importance. Madame Marengo could never forget what she had seen and gone through. M. Pascal Camus secretly believed himself to be a genius. It is true that his genius had not been acknowledged by the world, but he rather liked that: great geniuses had all been unknown at some time or other; and even should his genius never be acknowledged during his lifetime, there was no small pleasure in reflecting how society would afterwards lament for not having encouraged and rewarded his merits. It was quite a feast to think how mankind would some day be sorry for having neglected him, and wish to do him honour when it was too late. 'Perhaps,' thought he—for the poor man was a widower—'my little daughter Annette may one day come in for a share of what can no longer benefit me.'

Every one who thought anything of the subject, observed that no two persons could be more opposite in their notions than the *cardeuse* and the schoolmaster; but nobody could understand why they should live on such terms of hostility. They did not necessarily require to interfere with each other; though dwelling under the same roof, six floors separated them, and they did not even need to know each other. Why, then, did they quarrel so frequently? Why utter such terrible things of each other to their neighbours? The truth is, the good people who lived in the vicinity of the belligerents did not exactly comprehend their character. Both were, in reality, not ill-disposed; under an external eccentricity, each had a kindly heart. They, however, equally required a certain homage, which, if granted, all well and good; but if denied, then there was nothing but mischief. With two such persons a collision was inevitable. It is impossible to say on what occasion a mutual huff was created: but a disagreement once having taken place, the bristles of both were up; and soon was proclaimed an everlasting and mutual war. Henceforth they exchanged scowling glances when they met on the staircase, and the mutual hatred was intense.

Did this blow-up render the two unhappy? No such thing. They were of course kept on the fret; but somehow this was what they liked. It was meat and drink to them to have somebody to be at war with—somebody who, they imagined, was constantly persecuting them. They, in fact, required to live in one of two conditions of feeling; that is, either to feel that they were

worshipped or hated. All who paid them any sort of respect, were the most amiable people possible; all who gave them any real or imaginary cause of offence, were demons. Having settled down in this voluntarily-embraced enmity towards each other, their tongues, on all suitable occasions, told of sufferings. Madame Marengo averred that M. Camus, whom she called an 'old savage,' an 'old Cossack,' and fifty other bad names, had no other earthly purpose in living but that of tormenting her. Some charitable persons wanted to persuade her that the good man might wish to live for his own sake, or perhaps for that of his little daughter Annette; but Madame Marengo only smiled incredulously: she knew better than that. It was a remarkable proof of the sympathy which will sometimes exist even between inveterate foes, that M. Camus was precisely of a similar opinion. He affected, however, to look upon Madame Marengo with calm contempt, and a certain degree of the heroic resignation which is generally found to characterise lofty spirits. It was not the *cardeuse*, he declared, who acted, but a hidden and mysterious power within her. He forgave her, for he knew she was not a free agent, but merely the instrument of that fatality which delights in persecuting genius. When people advised him to leave the house, he seemed to compassionate their ignorance, and informed them that Madame Marengo would follow him wherever he went; that he did not, however, blame her for this: she could not help herself. And he generally closed his remarks with a quotation from Corneille or Racine, in which the *cardeuse* was successively compared to Athalia, Agrippina, and Berenice, to all which poetical characters the one-eyed widow evidently bore a striking resemblance.

Thus it will be seen that the enmity of the *cardeuse* and the schoolmaster was rather a pleasant kind of affair after all. It was something to think of; and whenever they were afflicted with any little misfortune, they had the comfort of knowing that it must come from the enemy's quarter. Of course it never signified whether there was proof that such was the case or not; M. Camus and Madame Marengo left proofs to the vulgar.

The parties were in the full enjoyment of their hatred, when a young working-man, named Paul Simoneau, about seventeen years of age, came to lodge in the house, and took one of the attics on the same landing with Madame Marengo. He was one of those joyous contented-looking beings whose constant good-humour secures them universal good-will. The world, after all, is generally disposed to be friendly with those who seem to be at peace with their own hearts. Though Paul was without relations or near friends, and though he earned but little in comparison with his wants, he was not merely resigned to his fate, like so many people, but perfectly satisfied with it, which was perhaps better still, and certainly more pleasant to himself. He soon became a great favourite with Madame Marengo. She had resolved at first to be exceedingly reserved; not approving of intimacies between neighbours, as such affairs—witness herself and M. Camus—never ended well. But this philosophy would not do when applied to Paul. In the first place, he had one of those clear pleasant voices which are perfectly irresistible; so at least thought the sergeant's widow, when she heard him singing in the morning some popular strain of Béranger's, almost always referring to the *Grande Armée*, or to her darling Emperor. Then, in spite of herself, her heart yearned towards him; for he reminded her of her youth, and of a son about his own age, whom she had lost many years ago, and who sang the very same songs. Listening to him thus morning after morning, the *cardeuse* could not help occasionally opening the door of her room, and thrusting out her head just to give him a good-humoured nod as he went out to his work. Paul answered by taking off his cloth cap, and politely inquiring after her health. With all her roughness, Madame Marengo was a rigid formalist. She would have felt highly indignant had a man, no matter of

what degree, addressed her with his hat on; and she was the more exacting of such homage, that she knew it was no longer paid to her personal attractions, but to her sex and military service. When Paul, therefore, stood before her with his cap in his hand, the good dame, smiling on him with gratified pride, could not but inquire if there was anything she might do for him? Should she give a look to his room, or feed his bird whilst he was out, or do any little thing of the kind? Paul generally accepted of her kind services; for he saw that Madame Marengo was never happier than when she had made his little room quite neat, sewed a loose button on his coat, or rendered him any other trifling service. In this manner, from mere acquaintances, they soon became friends. She loved the young working-man for his never-failing good-humour, which seemed to her to gladden the whole of the gloomy house for the few hours he spent in it; and he liked the cardeuse for her quaint sayings, old stories of long-fought battles, and the genuine kindness which, notwithstanding her outward roughness, still lived at her heart.

It happened that M. Pascal Camus, who was, however, far more exclusive than even Madame Marengo, was, like her, unaccountably mollified by the cheerfulness and good-temper of Paul Simoneau. It was this worthy gentleman's habit, when his pupils had retired for the evening, to sit on a chair near the threshold of his school-room, and thence mark attentively who went up or came down the stairs. The portress, whose office he thus usurped, was highly indignant at his presumption, which she ascribed to overweening curiosity; but M. Pascal Camus, like all true philosophers, delighted to observe human nature, and he declared that he had learned more by sitting at his door, with his little Annette working by his side, than from the reading of heavy folios.

It was thus he first saw Paul Simoneau coming home from his work in the evening, with his bag of tools thrown on his shoulder, and ascending the steep staircase that led to his attic, with a step so free and elastic, that M. Camus, who averred he knew a man's temper from his tread, instantly saw that Paul was perfectly happy. The young man did not fail, on his part, to notice the schoolmaster's quaint and stumpy figure; but seeing him, evening after evening, in the same attitude—for either summer or winter, M. Camus was at his post—he began to think that he could not pass by him without some token of recognition. Not wishing, however, to make too free—there being nothing particularly inviting in M. Camus's solemn visage—he merely bowed as he passed the door of the school-room. Here was a proper concession. The schoolmaster acknowledged his bow by a condescending nod; but though it would not have looked dignified to be pleased, he was, to say the truth, exceedingly gratified. There must be something truly delightful in natural courtesy, for it seldom fails to conciliate: the most rugged and stern are softened by it, because they feel that it is not a mere empty form; they see that it comes from the heart.

M. Pascal Camus, though a wise and learned man, was not above being pleased with the deference of those whom he considered his inferiors. Paul's bow showed the secret but respectful admiration which he felt for his—M. Camus's—character; his not venturing on any undue familiarity, also spoke in his favour; in short, the schoolmaster was so well pleased with the young working-man, that his nod became more condescending every evening, until he at last, one day, actually asked him to walk in. This interview so heightened his good opinion of Paul, that he frequently renewed his invitation; and the young man, who found the schoolmaster's conversation improving, though somewhat pedantic, neglected no opportunity of being in his company. It was not long before Madame Marengo discovered that Paul Simoneau was on friendly terms with her enemy; she was indignant at the schoolmaster's impertinence in presuming to entice away a person in whom

she felt an interest, for she would never admit that M. Camus might love Paul for his own sake: everything was done to vex and annoy her. M. Camus entertained a similar opinion: 'if Madame Marengo paid the young man any little attentions, it was because she knew that this was offensive to him.' But they both agreed that such conduct was too contemptible to be worthy of the least attention, and determined to disappoint the enemy by taking no notice of this treacherous attack. Thus the two antagonists exulted in their imaginary triumph over each other, admiring their own wisdom, and pitying the blindness of their foe.

This dream, so soothing to the pride of the two antagonists, was unfortunately disturbed by Paul Simoneau: he did not, or would not, understand that their enmity was for them a very pleasant and comfortable feeling; and he actually took great pains to destroy it. In the first place, he completely undeceived them as to the belief each had so long entertained—that the other was always engaged in some dark plot against his or her welfare. He proved to M. Camus that Madame Marengo thought much more about her mattresses than about him; whilst he clearly showed her that she was of very secondary importance in the schoolmaster's opinion, by assuring her, when she wanted to know all the bitter things he had been saying of her, that M. Camus had not uttered her name to him for the last week. Of course madame could not believe this; it was said to spare her feelings: but Paul need not fear; she was accustomed to the 'old Cossack's' hatred, &c. When Paul, however, assured her this was actually the case, she felt exceedingly disappointed, and haughtily wondered whether M. Camus meant to insult her by such behaviour? M. Camus felt himself equally aggrieved on learning from the young man that he was not the first object of Madame Marengo's thoughts. The two enemies now began to discover that the charm of their hatred was rapidly vanishing away; and as this was evidently Paul's doing, they would have quarrelled with him had the thing been possible. But he looked so unconscious of harm, and seemed so pleased when he had been saying something likely to reconcile them!

Matters went on thus for some time, until gradually, and in spite of themselves, the feelings of the two antagonists began to mollify. Paul had the art—if that could be called art which was so natural to him—of setting things in their most pleasant and kindly aspect. There was not a good trait in the character of Madame Marengo which he did not repeat to M. Camus, and *vice versa*. This did not produce a very strong effect on the schoolmaster, whose heart was somewhat tough; but Madame Marengo's was of softer texture. Being what is termed a woman of strong affections, she could not remain in a state of indifference. Her hatred for the schoolmaster was fast melting away! evidently it would be replaced by a better feeling. All at once she began to discover that M. Camus was a remarkable man, and profoundly learned; then his daughter Annette was such a nice, pretty girl! in short, there were so many reasons for liking him upon the whole! One morning, when she was thus favourably disposed, the cardeuse chanced to perceive M. Pascal Camus standing at the door of his school-room: he looked so majestic, that her heart was touched; she could not resist the temptation of calling up an amiable smile on her weather-beaten features, gently nodding to him as she passed by. At first M. Camus was so much astonished, that, as he afterwards observed, he remained rooted to the spot; but as he knew nothing of Madame Marengo's favourable feelings, and considered her courtesy an audacious insult, he soon rallied, and eyeing the smiling cardeuse with a glance of unutterable scorn, he turned his back upon her with haughty contempt.

Madame Marengo was highly indignant to find her advances repulsed; her hatred now returned tenfold; and as she was going to work the very same day for a dyer's wife who lived next door, she did not neglect this opportunity of venting her spleen on M. Camus,

by giving him every fault which a human being could possibly possess. On the evening of the next day, when Paul began speaking to her of M. Camus, the cardeuse immediately declared she would hear nothing about him.

'Ah, madame,' deprecatingly observed Paul, 'he is so unhappy just now. You know that he has not many scholars. Well, the dyer's wife, who lives next door, had promised to send her little nephew to his school; he was to get fifteen francs a-month with him, and it would have just paid his next quarter's rent. If you were to know how glad he and Annette were about it—for though she is only thirteen, he tells her everything. As they were telling me of it this evening, the dyer's wife came in, and taking Monsieur Camus into the other room, told him that she could not think of sending her nephew to his school, as he was known to be such a shocking bad character; that she had good authority for what she said; but not liking to make mischief, would not name the person from whom she had learned this. She spoke so loud, that Annette and I could hear every word: poor Annette cried all the time. When the dyer's wife was gone—and she did not stay long—Monsieur Camus came out, looking so sad, that it made my heart ache. Poor man, he was thinking about his rent, and wondering what he should do.'

Every word that Paul uttered smote Madame Marengo to the heart. Instantly she underwent a revolution of feeling. Her hatred turned to compassion. She was evidently the cause of all this mischief, and bitterly did she repent ever having uttered a word against the schoolmaster. Whilst Paul remained with her, Madame Marengo laid her feelings under some restraint, but as soon as she was alone, she began wondering how she could repair the injury she had inflicted on M. Camus. This seemed difficult enough; but though hopeless of success, she resolved to speak to the dyer's wife the next morning. As she had expected, she failed; the boy had already been sent to another school; the dyer's wife was, besides, one of those persons who make it a rule never to retract a resolution, howsoever absurd or erroneous it may be. Madame Marengo came home with a heavy heart. What was she to do? To throw herself on the tender mercies of M. Camus, and tell him all! But besides that, the cardeuse wanted sufficient magnanimity for this, she knew that it would not restore the lost scholar. After mature deliberation, she at length resolved to make another effort to get reconciled to the schoolmaster, hoping to be able to render him some service, which might compensate for the harm of which she was the cause. The very same day Paul was charged to bear proposals of peace to M. Pascal Camus from Madame Marengo. In his present humbled condition, M. Camus found this exceedingly gratifying.

'You see, Paul,' he observed with calm dignity, 'the moral power of genius. I have at length compelled Madame Marengo to acknowledge, as she was bound to do, my superiority. I cannot, however, grant her request without certain restrictions. She has braved me too long for this, and it would not do to let people think they have only to ask my forgiveness in order to obtain it.'

Accordingly, M. Camus clogged his consent by so many vexatious and haughty clauses, that Paul declared Madame Marengo would never submit to them. 'I don't care, sir,' replied the inflexible schoolmaster: 'I did not make any friendly proposals to Madame Marengo; if she will not agree to the terms I offer, it is perfectly indifferent to me. But she will agree to them, depend upon it,' he added with a complacent smile; 'I saw it in her eye the last time she attempted to insult me: that woman's spirit is conquered, sir.'

Though Paul somewhat doubted this assertion, he mentioned to Madame Marengo the conditions on which the schoolmaster had agreed to receive her into his favour. To his great surprise, she agreed to every-

thing. But M. Camus was not astonished; he had predicted that it would be so. When it was understood in the house that Madame Marengo and M. Pascal Camus were on good terms, the news was heard with that suspicious astonishment which might have been felt of yore if peace had been proclaimed between Rome and Carthage. The portress declared, for her part, that it was only a hollow truce, and most of the lodgers shared in this belief. Matters went on, however, much better than these charitable individuals had anticipated. M. Pascal Camus was all condescending kindness, and Madame Marengo much more submissive and respectful than could have been anticipated; but the truth was, that her soul was burdened with remorse, and she longed to repair the mischief she had occasioned by rendering her former enemy some signal service. M. Camus, however, would give her no opportunity of doing this; he was so exceedingly dignified, so reserved, and placed so many impediments in her way, that Madame Marengo fretted and fumed in the excess of her impatience. 'This only increased,' as the schoolmaster expressed it, 'the strong necessity which existed for him to keep Madame Marengo at a proper distance. For you see, my dear sir,' he would observe to Paul—he was always wonderfully polite—'it would never do to allow such people to be familiar with me, merely because they happen to be a little good-natured, and all that. Madame Marengo has good points, I allow; but I must confess, that to me she always smells of the barracks.'

Matters had gone on thus for about a month, during which Madame Marengo had more than once been strongly tempted to quarrel with M. Camus for not allowing her to serve him in some way or other, when, luckily for her, but, as it proved, rather unfortunately for him, she found an opportunity of displaying her zeal. The schoolmaster fell dangerously ill; and as the doctor declared that he had a contagious fever, the school was deserted in no time. Annette attended on her father with the greatest devotedness, but in a few days she was laid up with the same disease. Now was the time for Madame Marengo to show her friendship. Paul was very willing to do everything in his power for the poor schoolmaster; but the cardeuse declared that he was only in the way, and so managed, that the whole burden of waiting on M. Camus and his daughter soon rested on herself. She did everything; cleaned the rooms, prepared the necessary *tisanes*, attended on the two patients with unwearyd zeal, paid the rent and the doctor without saying anything about it; in short, she would even have given the lessons to the pupils, if they had not been all gone away. And her zeal was so exemplary, that every one admired it, excepting the portress, who declared, with a wink, that she was as knowing as Madame Marengo, and could see through her arts; which meant that the cardeuse entertained matrimonial designs on M. Camus. If such was indeed the case, Madame Marengo's expectations did not seem likely to be realised, for though Annette was soon out of danger, her father grew worse every day. His mind, however, was perfectly sound; and it is only just to say, that if his heart had long been obdurate, it now seemed to be entirely softened in favour of his kind nurse. Though Madame Marengo had lived amongst soldiers, and in barracks, and though her manners were not irreproachably genteel, she had a true and honest heart; and with all her outward roughness, none knew better than she did how to render a service in a delicate manner. The schoolmaster saw all this, and he now wondered why or how he had ever hated Madame Marengo.

One evening when the schoolmaster was revolving those thoughts in his mind, he suddenly turned towards the cardeuse, who was sitting at the head of his bed, and earnestly observed, 'Madame, if I die, I think I can intrust Annette to your care. I know,' he added, with a patronising air, which even now he could not quite cast away, 'that I might confide her to a more

educated and accomplished lady, but I doubt whether I could find one with a kinder heart.'

M. Pascal Camus spoke this in the tone of a man who confers a great favour; and though, after his death, Annette would be a portionless orphan, it did not occur to him to look on the matter in any other light. It will perhaps be saying more in Madame Marengo's praise than we might otherwise express, to state that she took precisely the same view of the subject. She only saw the moral trust reposed in her, and she was deeply affected. It was the first time, too, that the schoolmaster had ever addressed to her a word of praise: the tears rose to her eyes, and in the height of her emotion she begged M. Camus to forgive her all that she had ever done against him. Then she confessed to him that she had been the cause of his losing his pupil, and that numbers upon numbers of times she had called him, behind his back, 'an old Cossack.' This irreverent appellation rather shocked M. Camus; but he made a heroic effort, and as Madame Marengo was evidently deeply penitent, he declared that he forgave her. It was his duty, he said, as a Christian, for he felt his end approaching. Madame Marengo assured him that he was much better, but M. Pascal Camus persisted that he was dying. 'All men of genius,' said he solemnly, 'foretell the hour of their death: it is not therefore astonishing that I should be able to predict mine. I shall die,' added he, after a moment's pause, 'at seventy seconds past eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Mind, Madame Marengo, at seventy seconds past eight!'

'Well, do drink some of your tisane; there's a dear,' interposed Madame Marengo, rather alarmed at the sick man's excited look. M. Camus was the most docile of patients; he took the drink, and as it was of a soporific quality, he soon sank into a deep sleep. Madame Marengo was not very superstitious, but she had heard of such things as deathbed predictions, and she had strong faith in her own presentiments. Now she happened to feel a particular presentiment, which told her that M. Camus would really die at the appointed hour—great, therefore, was her anxiety during the night. M. Camus never awakened once: this looked extremely suspicious: morning came, and still the patient slept: eight o'clock struck, and Madame Marengo's heart beat high: she watched M. Camus with feverish anxiety: the seventy seconds passed, and still he did not waken: in short, M. Camus did not open his eyes until a quarter past ten. Though rather pleased to find himself alive and well, he was exceedingly surprised: there must be some mistake: the clock did not go right: this was the first prediction of his which had not proved correct. At this moment the doctor came in. He declared that the patient was much better; a favourable crisis had occurred during the night. M. Camus immediately brightened up: this explained everything: he *was* to have died at seventy seconds past eight, but a favourable crisis having occurred, the consequence was, &c. &c. Madame Marengo's presentiment admitted of a similar explanation, and both were perfectly satisfied.

M. Camus now recovered rapidly. In less than a month, he no longer needed Madame Marengo's assistance, and was able to attend to his pupils. He then discovered that they had all left him. Their parents declared, much in the same language which he had once applied to Madame Marengo, that both himself and his school-room smelt of the fever. This was a sad blow for the schoolmaster; but it happened that, at that very time, Paul ascertained that the savings' bank, in which he had deposited a few hundred francs, saved from his earnings, was a remarkably unsafe place for money. He immediately expressed a wish to invest it in some safe speculation. In short, though not without much pressing, Paul induced M. Camus to accept of a loan, part of which was to be applied to his immediate wants, whilst with the rest the school-room was to be fitted up in style. This produced a wonderful effect: pupils immediately

flocked in, the dyer's nephew among the rest; and in less than a year, M. Camus was able not only to return Paul's loan, but even to repay Madame Marengo the sums she had spent upon him during his illness.

Several years have passed away since the reconciliation of M. Pascal Camus and Madame Marengo. They have wisely abjured speaking on politics, and are now as stanch friends as they were formerly bitter enemies. They have learned, that though people may not agree on certain points, still there is no reason why they should be enemies. Though Paul was the instrument of their reconciliation, both the cardeuse and the schoolmaster declare that their friendship is simply owing to the excellent qualities which they have since then discovered in each other—qualities of which they could of course know nothing as long as they remained mutually hostile. It will serve to show the confidence which reigns between them to state, that they have lately agreed, but in secret, that a marriage between Paul and Annette would be a very eligible affair in a few years' time. But as both the parties are yet rather young, the elder ones have wisely determined, though they have long marked their secret attachment, to say nothing on the subject yet; and indeed it was premature to mention it even here.

There are a great many Madame Marengos and Monsieur Pascal Camuses in this world, who quarrel half their lives without knowing why. What a pity they will not try the other system, by way of change! They would find it much less troublesome, and ten times as pleasant, after all.

THE BLACKBIRD.

'I could not think so plain a bird
Could sing so fine a song.'

SONG birds, it is generally admitted, are among the most interesting portions of the animal creation, affording a copious and instructive study to the naturalist, and delighting the mere lover of nature with their matchless music, which adds a vocal charm to sylvan scenery. Among the warblers for which this country is celebrated, the blackbird is esteemed a universal favourite. The jetty songster may often be seen in the rural districts, whistling merrily in his wicker-cage suspended on a cottage wall, or the branch of a tree overhanging the garden path. Occasionally, too, his shrill and glad some note may be heard ringing in the noisy streets of large and busy towns, imparting a touch of nature, and reminding the passer-by, who has a heart to feel, of the green country, its pleasant lanes, sunny fields, and shady woods.

The blackbird is a native of England, staying with us the whole year, and is the largest and earliest of our messengers of spring. It is the first of the seven tribes which constitute the *turdus* or thrush genus, and is found all over Europe, but appears to be less constant in Holland than in other places; in that country, though numerous in the autumn months, it is rare in winter. Blackbirds are found also in Northern Asia, as far down as Syria: a large portion of the earth's surface is thus enlivened by their song. In England, they commonly begin to sing in February: while the ground is covered with snow, before a leaf is to be seen, or other birds have commenced their warblings, they pour out their clear notes from some thick hedgerow or the corner of a wood.

Blackbirds couple early soon after beginning to sing, and lay twice in the season—the first time about the end of March; but this brood is seldom reared, owing to the general inclemency of the season, and the want of shelter. The first laying—five or six eggs—is always more numerous than the second; a fact noticed long ago by Aristotle, and verified by later observers. The birds are said to be shy and suspicious: the place, however, in which they build appears to be chosen without regard to concealment; for they often select bushes and low trees in gardens, or hedgerows by the side of much-

frequented walks. The nest is made of rushes, twigs, or coarse grass, cemented together with clay, and lined with wool, hay, or hair. According to some naturalists, the birds render the clay walls of their nest more secure by mixing in hogs' bristles, and leave a hole in the bottom for the escape of water, which, if April be showery, would fill the interior, and destroy the eggs. Sometimes, as if for greater stability, the materials of the nest will be made to embrace a branch of the bush in which it is built; the structure is, however, very rudely finished, and exhibits none of that neatness displayed by many smaller birds. The colour of the eggs is a bluish-green, clouded with deeper shades of the same hue, and dusky patches and veins.

In some parts of the country, particularly the north, the blackbird is still called the *merle*, from its Latin name *merula*. Scott tells us, in one of his spirited ballads—

'Tis good, 'tis good, in gay greenwood,
When mavis and merle are singing.'

The bird's habit of flying *mera*, or solitary, is said by Varro to have gained it this appellation. The merle appears to have been a favourite among our older poets: Chaucer and Spenser make frequent mention of his musical name. He was also known as the *ousel*. Drayton uses both expressions—

'The *ousel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had marked of purpose, 't let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play.'

Shakspeare, too, sings of

'The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.'

The blackbird, according to Buffon, is of a more decided black than the raven, its plumage being less affected by reflection. The bill of the young does not acquire the yellow tinge until they are a year old; the inside of the mouth, the heel, and soles of the feet, then become of the same colour, and a beautiful circle of gold forms round the eyes. The female is not so dark as the male, her feathers incline to a rusty black or brownish hue. During the period of incubation, the male will frequently sit on the eggs for four or five hours, while his mate

——— 'Sudden fits
To pick the scanty meal.'

The sight of these birds is very acute, which enables them to detect an enemy from a great distance; their reputed shyness may probably arise from this cause, and their taking to flight on the first alarm. It is, however, certain, that if much watched or disturbed, they will abandon their nests, and on such occasions are said to break their eggs, or destroy the young.

Although the low position in which blackbirds generally place their nests exposes them to many casualties, they are slow to learn from experience. Gesner, however, relates an instance of two young broods having been eaten by a cat from a nest built at the foot of a hedge. After the second loss, the parent birds abandoned the old nest, and constructed another in an apple-tree, at a height of eight feet above the ground, out of reach of the enemy. On some occasions blackbirds seem to forget their habitual mistrust, and invite observation. A pair once built their nest among some dry thorns in a pile of fagots in a garden near Windsor, close to which men were passing the whole day with wheelbarrows. The nest was so near the ground as to be completely exposed to view, but the birds persevered and reared their young. Another pair built, a few years ago, in the camelia-house of the Messrs Lodiges of Hackney, where the female was frequently seen sitting on the nest by the numerous visitors to the celebrated nursery. An instance is recorded among others, in Stanley's 'Birds,' of 'a blackbird's nest on the ground, in a tuft of grass or rushes, close to the

seat of a rabbit—the tail, in fact, of the rabbit being in contact with the nest. As the seat as well as the nest were both occupied, these two companions must have sat meditating together for many a day in perfect peace and good fellowship.'

The old birds separate as soon as their offspring are able to live without aid, and never come together again until the next breeding time. Although attentive to their young, they take but little care of themselves, and in the winter are often found frozen to death in the hedges. They are very cleanly in their habits, and appear to derive much enjoyment from bathing and preening their feathers. They accommodate themselves easily to diversities of climate, and live to the age of seven or eight years; but from the attacks of birds of prey, and abandonment of nests, they are not so numerous as might be expected. They eat all sorts of berries, fruits, and insects, and display much cunning and ingenuity in hunting for snails in gardens during the winter, and breaking the shells against the wall or hard ground. The number of noxious creatures destroyed by these birds is surprising; but the good they do in this way is too often lost sight of by growers of fruit. Blackbirds, there is little doubt, have to answer for the misdeeds of other depredators. Their bright yellow bill and dark plumage cause them to be more easily detected than birds of the ordinary colour; they have, besides, the habit of uttering a quick shrill cry of alarm when suddenly disturbed, which naturally draws attention. They have thus come to be regarded as insatiable destroyers of fruit, and in many places a war of extermination is carried on against them. Others of the feathered race have suffered from the same prejudice, which arises entirely from a want of true knowledge. The best-informed naturalists agree that birds are more sinned against than sinning. A remarkable instance occurred about the middle of last century in New England: there was a general failure of the crops, and the inhabitants, attributing the deficiency to the depredations of jackdaws, turned out, and shot every bird of that tribe they could find. But for some years afterwards, such was the prodigious increase of insects and reptiles, that the crops were but little increased.

A grass plot attached to a country-house was once visited by a dozen or two of blackbirds for several days in succession; they ploughed it up so diligently with their bills, as to make the surface look rough and decayed. The owner of the property, unwilling to shoot the intruders, caused the grass plot to be dug up in several places, when it was found to be overrun with the larvæ of chafers. The birds were left in undisturbed possession; and although the walls were covered with ripe fruit, they left it for the grubs, which they effectually destroyed, and the grass plot soon resumed its original appearance. We can fancy the humane proprietor here spoken of acquainted with Tennyson's thoughtful lines—

'Oh, blackbird! sing me something well;
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plots of fruitful ground,
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and dwell.

* * *

Yet though I spared thee, kith and kin,
Thy sole delight is sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jennetin.

A golden bill! the silver tongue
Cold February loved is dry:
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young.

* * *

Take warning! He that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of spring.'

Amongst other freaks of nature, she sometimes produces a white blackbird; an instance occurs in Willoughby, together with this writer's explanation of the phenomenon. 'On the Alps,' he says, 'the Apennines,

and other high mountains, are sometimes found birds of this sort all over white. We ourselves saw one in a poulterer's shop at Rome, partly-coloured of black and white. But this we look upon as accidental: either the coldness of the region, or the constant intuition of snow, effecting this alteration of colour—as in crows, ravens, &c.—so that we do not think a white blackbird (pardon the seeming contradiction in *adjecto*) to differ specifically from a black one.' The same fact had not escaped the notice of older writers: Pliny believed the blackbird to turn red in winter. Le Vaillant describes an African blackbird, called, from its note, the 'John-Frederic;' and another, which seems to repeat the Dutch phrase, *Piet, mijn vrouw*. There is also a blue blackbird, found in Gibraltar, the Pyrenees, and the islands of the Mediterranean: its singing very much resembles that of the nightingale. Instances of white blackbirds have been met with in this country: the *albino* is generally found in a nest with three or four others of the natural hue; sometimes the head only is white. There was one, about ten years since, in the Zoological Gardens at London, which had been taken in Northamptonshire; and a stuffed specimen, cream-coloured, is preserved at the British Museum. On the continent, the flesh of blackbirds is esteemed a great delicacy, particularly after the *vendange*, or grape-harvest—they are then fat and in good condition. Preference, however, is generally given to those which have fed on olives and myrtle berries. By ancient physicians the flesh was regarded as provocative of good-humour, and easy of digestion. They prescribed it as a remedy against dysentery and colic: the gall dissolved in vinegar was an excellent cosmetic for the skin. The oil contained in the body of the bird was applied for the cure of sciatica; and this oil, together with the volatile salt supposed to abound in the flesh, was said to render it a specific against the plague. Blackbirds, it is said, were once rare in the north of England; but now they are numerous, and in the neighbourhood of Newcastle have almost driven away the common thrush. In the Orkneys, the bird is called the *chucket* from its winter note—chuck, chuck. The power of imitation is strong in the blackbird: one has been heard to give a respectable version of the nightingale's melody, and another to crow like a cock. The latter sat perched on a tree close to a mill where poultry were kept, and evidently enjoyed the imitations. Sometimes it broke off in the middle of the cock-a-d—, flapped its wings, and whistled its ordinary note. When kept in the house, the birds will imitate many sounds of the human voice, and may be taught little airs, which they seldom forget.

The natural song of blackbirds can only be heard in perfection when they are at liberty: it is too powerful to be listened to in-doors: in winter, their voice becomes hoarse and disagreeable. They begin to sing with the earliest dawn, and may still be heard when twilight is deepening into darkness, especially on the evenings of close, sultry days. Gilbert White enumerates the blackbird among others which are silent about July or August; the latter, he observes, is the mutest month of all the fine season. In September, when the woods begin to put on their autumnal tints, the blackbird may again be heard 'whistling from the thorny brake,' and he retains his musical voice until the cold weather has fairly set in. Different opinions prevail as to the character of the blackbird's music. Aristotle describes the bird as stammering and chattering in winter, but in summer growing darker in colour, and making a loud noise with open throat. 'The cocks,' says Willoughby, 'are very canorous, whistling and singing very pleasantly all the spring and summer-time, only their note is too loud and shrill near hand.' To some ears the note suggests nothing but melancholy—a chant of lamentation; the hearers, however, must have been in a melancholy mood, for the music is peculiarly cheerful and exhilarating. 'The male blackbird,' in the words of an intelligent observer, 'is one of our

most beautiful songsters: his song consists of many strophes, following at short intervals, among which are some more staid chirping hoarse notes, varied with clear whistles; but it is specially distinguished, and heard at a great distance, by a loud flute-like *tratic tratatoe*, which has also been compared to the sounds *david, hans david*.' According to Bechstein, 'the natural song of the blackbird is not destitute of melody; but it is broken by noisy tones, and is agreeable only in the open country. When wild, it sings only from March to July; but when caged, during the whole year, except when moulting. Its voice is so strong and clear, that in a city it may be heard from one end of a long street to the other. Its memory is so good, that it retains, without mixing them, several airs at once, and it will even repeat little sentences. It is a great favourite with the lovers of a plaintive, clear, and musical song.'

The blackbird's music has found responsive echo in many a heart; many a 'mute inglorious Milton' has been inspired by it, whose thought never expressed itself in words. The peasant poet Clare alludes repeatedly to the 'never-caring blackbird;' and we may conclude our notice of this interesting warbler with a sonnet in which the musical inspiration is happily conveyed—

'Methinks, methinks a happy life is thine,
Bird of the jetty wing and golden bill!
Up in the clear fresh morning's dewy shine
Art thou, and singing at thine own sweet will:
Thy mellow voice floats over vale and hill,
Rich and mellifluous to the ears, as wine
Unto the taste: at noon we hear thee still;
And when gray shadows tell of Sol's decline.
Thou hast thy matin and thy vesper song;
Thou hast thy noontide canticle of praise
For Him who fashioned thee to dwell among
The orchard-grounds, and 'mid the pleasant ways
Where blooming hedges screen the rustic throng:
Thy life a ceaseless prayer, thy days all Sabbath days.'

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

LINGERING PREJUDICES AGAINST SCOTLAND.

In a recent trial before the Court of Queen's Bench, a barrister, wishing to show that a witness could not have been simple enough to sign a particular self-condemnatory document without reading it, thought it a good point to show that he was an attorney; but this was not enough—he was a Scotch attorney; as if nothing but the shrewdest regard to his own interest was to be expected from a person so describable. The nature of the individual case is nothing to the purpose; but in so far as a great body of people is reflected on, we think ourselves called on to protest against the climax of the learned counsel. It belongs to a class of prejudices which we thought had long been left to the most ignorant of our southern compatriots. It surely is unworthy of an educated person of our age thus to sanction and assist in keeping alive antipathies to which a legislative measure of a hundred and forty years' standing gave a practical quietus. We should have thought that the evils arising from such antipathies were exemplified in so strong a manner in another section of the empire, that any rational or considerate Englishman would hesitate to evoke even a dormant specimen of this most unhappy class of feelings. Fortunately, Scotland is so contented in the enjoyment of the well-earned fruits of her own honourable industry, that she can afford to smile at such poor shafts of wit. But the discredit of launching them is not on this account the less.

It occurs forcibly to a Scotchman on hearing of such pellets being thrown at his country, through the English journals or any other medium, that the conduct of the chief of the three nations to the Irish proceeds on a strikingly diverse principle. From Ireland—no matter from what cause—England has for many years experienced extreme annoyance. Ireland is the millstone round her neck. She spent seven millions upon Ireland

in one year. Listen to a private individual Englishman, and he tells you, beneath his breath, that he is sick of this murderous beggarly associate, in whom he finds no honour or truth, but an endless, thankless 'Give, give!' England, however, publicly treats this matter with signal tenderness—no jibe, such as that of our barrister, would be ventured on in either the Queen's Bench, or the House of Commons, or at any public meeting. England dare not use such terms towards Ireland. It is curious to see her less considerate sons so ready to venture on jokes to the discredit of Scotland, which for centuries has given no offence—but from which nothing is dreaded. How far the contrast is honourable to her, we need not stop to consider.

We have already given more lines to the subject than it is worth; but a general remark may yet be allowed. If England has any sympathies with the two associated kingdoms, they flow as six to one in favour of Ireland. How like this is to the way of the world in private life! Literature and common talk are full of the cant of a sentimental interest about unfortunate persons, however truly the authors of their own misfortunes, and even although some dash of criminality, romantic or otherwise, may attach to them. But the worthy, industrious, frugal man, who sees after his own affairs and troubles nobody—who fulfils all the great duties towards his family, his friends, and the public, not excepting an abundant but modest beneficence towards the meritorious poverty round about him—that is a kind of man of a different stamp. He is not picturesque. He does not excite benevolence. Perhaps his success in life rather provokes envy. No one has any sympathy for him. This is the case of Scotland. Of course, in the satisfaction arising from duties well performed, and aims wholly legitimate and praiseworthy, there is ample compensation for every injustice that may arise from prejudices so vulgar and so ridiculous.

WALKS TO OFFICE—CAPRICORNUS TO CANCER.

We have read of a man whose whole life was passed in London, and who, walking daily to and from his official duties during a period of forty years, never found anything worth jotting down in his diary except his dinners and the name of the house in which they were eaten. Just imagine an individual, after nearly half a century of active service, retiring on a 'superannuated allowance,' with no other record of the past than a big catalogue of masticatory achievements! What a resource on rainy days, when the newspaper was exhausted, and the customary stroll could not be taken, to bring out the heavy volume, and 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies' over its suggestive memoranda, which might run thus: Feb. 19, 1830—Dined in Butcher-hall Lane; alamode beef and college pudding; half-and-half: or, July 6, 1831—Lamb chops and asparagus at Pamphilon's; gooseberry tart; cheese; stout! It follows, of course, that the writer of such a journal must be a bachelor; a wife and children would have given him something better to do than keep a chronological account of eatings and drinkings. Were it possible to investigate motives, we should perhaps find nothing but the physical fact of a good digestion. That a man may never write anything is within belief; but that one who kept a diary, and walked about the streets of London for a lifetime, could never find an accident, or a foggy day to commemorate, staggers credibility. It is possible that the very greatness and multiformity of the subject may make 'taking notes' difficult or impossible to an unpractised hand. A slight habit of observation will, however, detect a thousand things in the restless, roar-

ing streets, better worth recording than the items of departed dinners. How the continuous tide of human life pours on, hither and thither, in a resistless current, offering in itself a mighty range for contemplation! We know an old lady who shed tears as she stood and watched the multitudinous life of a busy thoroughfare: and truly is it impressive, presenting as it does every variety of human character. There are things to be seen and heard among the crowds that throng the streets of London, which can be seen and heard nowhere else, and which are as much a part of London as its parks and public buildings. The jibe and jest of folly—the hard sententiousness of business—the sneer of envy—the groan of misery—are strangely mingled in London.

We have lived for some years in London, and in our daily peregrinations through the streets, many objects have struck us as noteworthy, which may possess a general interest. Our residence is 'over the water,' which means on the Surrey side of the Thames, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from Blackfriars Bridge, away in what is at present debateable ground between smoke and sunshine. We are just out of one of the main thoroughfares, down a short lane, on one side of which is a real hedge, such as you see miles away in the country, and a goodly sprinkling of trees; and at night, all is as quiet as in a country village. We start in the morning at nine, and walk fast or leisurely according to the season; and if we have a few minutes to spare, can always dispose of them profitably at some book-stall on the way: many stray facts and valued volumes have we picked up by this means at little cost. In the winter, when the weather is fine, we step at once from our door on to a hard frozen path, that rings beneath our feet; the hedge and trees are white with a frosty incrustation; and on reaching the high road, we find its clean surface striped by countless wheel-tracks. But after the first furlong or two, the brightness and naturalness of surrounding objects deteriorate with every step of progress citywards, in a gradually-increasing uproar, gloom, and dinginess. Half a mile behind, all was clean and crisp; now the pavement begins to look as though it had been coated with damp ashes, which, a little farther on, are transformed into black slippery mud, trying to the pedestrian's patience, and provocative of ire in omnibus conductors and cab drivers. When you started, the sun was shining in a clear sky; but as you went on, he began to look a little tawny, then brown, and now he looms in lurid redness through the smoky atmosphere, which deposits itself in New Zealand tattoo lines round your eyes, nose, and mouth, makes your breath look as though it came from a coke-furnace, and half stifles you into the bargain. The white rime still clinging to the tilt-cover of wagons coming in from the country, is looked at with astonishment by people in the streets, nine out of ten of whom would hardly believe that the atmosphere is clear and exhilarating at a distance of two or three miles. The gloom deepens, and you are past all doubts as to its being one of the annually-recurring genuine London fogs. Gaslights are burning in the shops, flinging bewildering shadows across the streets, and making everything look strange and spectral. On crossing the bridge, the fog seems denser than ever—not a glimpse of the river is to be seen. Steamboats, however, are feeling their way along, and the murky fumes from their funnels remind you of smoke-vomiting monsters in some Dantean inferno. Sometimes the dismal pall lifts and floats away about the middle of the day, and the glad sun comes out (for it is mostly in clear weather that

the real metropolitan fog makes its visitation), and man and beast can breathe again. At other times, it clings all day, and creates a scene, on the approach of night, scarcely possible to describe. The gas lamps are of no more use than farthing rushlights; omnibus drivers lose their way in Fleet Street and the Strand, or mistake Temple-Bar for the Horse Guards, and shout to one another as mariners navigating an unknown sea. The habitual frequenter of the streets is as much at a loss as the veriest stranger: to walk is almost as adventuresome an undertaking as travelling in the desert without a compass; and when, on nearing home, you emerge from the smoke, you draw a long breath with a feeling of having escaped some horrid calamity, and lost a day.

Such is one of London's phenomena: but the same walk presents other characteristics for consideration, moral as well as physical. Nowhere is the struggle for existence so apparent as in the suburbs of the huge city, and nowhere is it attempted under more hopeless circumstances. The effort may probably be more intense 'in town,' but it is more concealed, masked by the profusion of brass, blaze, and glitter. But here, in the outskirts, where there is as yet no neighbourhood, no back streets swarming with a poor population, always ready-money customers, the attempts to establish a business seem little better than frantic. In some, the fraudulent intention is palpable from the very outset; but others excite our sympathy. A newly-married couple come out, and take one of the 'run-up' houses, all shop and closets, for which the suburban approaches to London are famous. The husband is a respectable artisan, or clerk at a coal-wharf; his wife has learned dress-making, and incontinently the window is filled with little frocks, coats, and caps for children, ticketed at foolishly low prices to tempt purchasers. 'FIRST FLOOR TO LET' stares you in the face from the central pane, day after day, as you go by; but the accommodation is too raw, and the rooms too small, for a respectable, quiet lodger; and they either stand empty, or, as the rent must be made up at all events, are let to a man employed at a neighbouring glue factory, who manages to squeeze his household gear, wife, and two children into them. Henceforth a dirty blind gives a squalid appearance to the first floor window: the struggle, however, goes on below: the trim and showy articles first exhibited disappear, and give place to others of a plainer style; and a glance at the interior shows you that the shop window contains the whole of the stock in trade. At last, on passing some morning, you see the shutters closed: the inmates have made a moonlight flitting of it, and gone to tempt fortune in another parish, or to hide their disappointment in a lodging close to the husband's place of business. The history of one is the history of a thousand—green-grocers, haberdashers, stationers, whatever may be the business. A few struggle on for a few years, until back streets are built, which drain them off from the main thoroughfare; better and larger shops spring up, and their places are taken by tradesmen with capital. What eventually becomes of all those who do not succeed, must remain matter for grave speculation.

The great human tide begins to flow citywards as early as six in the morning. A few scattered mechanics and porters are then hastening to their work. At seven, the number is augmented, with here and there an 'assistant,' or a bookseller's 'collector.' At eight, troops of merchants' and lawyers' clerks make their appearance; and from the hour at which their daily employment begins, are called the 'Nine-o'clock-men.' A few stragglers from this division fill up the next hour, when the 'Ten-o'clock-men' may be seen all going in one direction along the now busy thoroughfare. They are generally more advanced in life, and more staid in appearance, than those who preceded. Many are picked up by the omnibuses, which now come speeding on, crowded with passengers who must be in the city by ten. Not a few, however, prefer to walk. They fall in with acquaintances, by whose side they have paced the same

route for years, and their conversation, as you may hear in passing, is mostly of a hearty, cheerful tone—the inspiring effect of a good breakfast. With what generous pity is their hand often thrust into their coat pocket for stray halfpence to be dropped into the outstretched palm of some shivering beggar; and they seem to have a friendly word or nod for almost every one they meet. There is a contagious cheeriness in all this, but it is liable to fluctuation. We have watched those same individuals on their return from office, at four in the afternoon; their manner is then reserved, not unfrequently abrupt and somewhat snappish, which effectually keeps beggars at bay, and intimidates crossing-sweepers. We were long at a loss to account for this transformation of character, until a friend, well experienced in the phenomena of urban life, whispered that a Londoner going home to his dinner is always impatient and out of temper.

Now you meet a troop of German musicians, in round white hats, or slouching Italians with barrel pianos, on their way to the farthest suburban limit, from whence they play their way gradually homewards. Street music, compared with what it was a few years since, has undergone a great improvement. Young females occasionally pass you, coming from town, with a thin book or roll of music in their hand. How various are the characters they present!—some thoughtful and anxious, others mechanical and business-like, others, again, flippant and restless. They are governesses going to their daily task of teaching and training young children. You may read their qualifications at a glance, and discover those really fitted for their office. Some few who receive an adequate salary may be seen in the omnibuses; they are of the better sort: but for most, teaching is a weary duty, undertaken as a last resource. Here, too, you meet men with portfolios under their arms—artists who give lessons at a guinea a quarter. How sensitive they appear of being too closely scanned, for none but themselves know the trouble they have to retain a show of respectability about their threadbare garments! It is rare, even in the coldest weather, that you see them wearing a cloak or overcoat, and the attempt to brave it out is obvious. The struggle in many cases must be most painful and melancholy. How much more independent and contented appear the men hawking garden stuff in wheelbarrows, or bakers delivering their customers' bread! But it is of such that a large proportion of the necessitous world consists, which shrinks and suffers unseen within the greater world of London, all pleasure or business around them. The sparse traffic of the suburbs affords them no concealment, and the sight of them lets us into many a secret of the struggle for existence in the crowded metropolis.

How the cries and confusion increase as you approach the more crowded streets! The shops, too, have an air of business about them, and are less precariously supported than those you have hitherto passed. Here and there, however, you still see one whose existence depends on those of uncertain ways and means, where viands of most equivocal appearance are exposed for sale, while a scrawl on a black board announces, 'Hot sheeps' heads every night from eight to eleven.' Another will be, 'Notorious halfpenny shaving-shop.' A third declares a 'Rise in bones, and old iron,' adding, by way of postscript, 'Any gentleman's black eye cured in five minutes for twopence.' A few yards farther, you read, 'Ball this evening at seven; tickets threepence each, refreshments included!'—facts pregnant with meaning, exhibiting the physical resources of a numerous class of the population.

When the suburban roads converge, and pour their traffic into one line of street, it is no longer easy to detect individual characteristics; groups must now be taken instead of units. You need no other warrant that Christmas is nigh than the grocers' shops. What a profusion of plums and currants, spices and candied fruits! In fact, you have only to look at a grocer's or linendraper's window, at any time of the year, to know

what month you are in. Cheap and bright sugar is displayed as a 'leading article:' go in and buy a pound—it is kept ready weighed and papered—and on opening the packet at home, you will find the contents marvellously darker in colour than the sample exposed in the window. Call for a pound of butter at a provision shop, you will always see a weight left in one of the brightly-polished scales. If it be necessary to change it, the one required is always thrown in before the first is removed. This is so invariably the case, as to excite a suspicion of unequal balance. It is, however, regarded as one of the legitimate advantages of trade, arising out of the keenness of competition. Widely ramified, it descends to the lowest. Cast an eye into the measures of the venders of nuts and gooseberries in the streets, you will see a false bottom placed so as to diminish the interior capacity by one-fourth. We once asked an old woman, whose stand has been for years on the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge, whether she felt no compunction for her daily frauds on the public. 'Sure,' was the retort, 'doesn't everybody do it, and could I get a living if I didn't do the same?'

On passing the cab-stands, you may observe that the drivers seem more than usually alert during the hours that business men are making their way into town. If you chance to turn your head, a dozen fingers are held up to answer what is considered a call, and as many voices cry out, 'Keb, sir?' It is puzzling at times to know how these men get a living, paying as they do fourteen shillings a day to the owner of the vehicle. They like to see the day begin fine, and come on rainy at ten or eleven in the forenoon, after people have been drawn from their homes. On the approach of a shower, every cab is off the stand in an instant, as if by magic; and the 'waterman' runs hither and thither hastily to collect from each driver his lawful fee of one halfpenny for every fare that leaves the stand. A shower clears the pavement rapidly: people who have no umbrellas shelter themselves forthwith under awnings, covered passages, or gateways, and watch the falling drops with manifest impatience, or quiz any unfortunate wight forced to abide the storm. The Londoners astonish their country friends who venture to town, by recommending an observance of a rule of town life, 'Always take your umbrella when it is fine; when it is wet, do as you like.'

But all this while the season is getting on: the lamps are no longer lighted at four in the afternoon; the smoke seems less dense, and patches of blue sky are occasionally visible; thick and heavy overcoats have gradually retreated in favour of the light wrapper or 'Taglion', and the latter will soon follow, as the sun acquires power; women come out in shawls and mantillas instead of furs and cloaks; enterprising painters have begun to 'decorate' house fronts in the suburban roads; grass plots and box edgings in the little front gardens are clipped; early flowers peep out, and newly-gravelled paths give a cheerful aspect to the diminutive enclosures; a tinge of green appears on the bare branches of the trees that border the road, and the ivy, that thrives in spite of the smoke, wears a brighter hue, refreshing to the eye after the dreary months of winter. By and by, the lilac and laburnum are in full bloom, and you may almost cheat yourself with the fancy that the first mile of road is a country walk. But it is singular to note the change on nearing the more densely-populated districts. It was a fine day when you started—casual acquaintances said so. A mile farther on, where everything is deadened by a damp haze, it is also a 'fine day;' and as you go on, and find mud and murkiness, people still say a 'fine day.' Anything short of downright rain is a fine day in London.

Steamboats that had been laid up for the winter are now swarming on the river, in all the pride of new paint; and for a halfpenny, we may often enjoy the breeze for a mile or so on our way to office. Pleasure vans, too, filled with glad parties for Hampton Court, resume their trips, most numerous on a Monday—Saint

or Blue Monday being more perseveringly kept than any other holiday in the London working-man's calendar.

WANT OF LABOURERS IN AUSTRALIA.

ATTENTION has been lately drawn to the deficiency of labourers, more especially shepherds, in the Australian colonies, and New South Wales in particular. Probably the want has been immediately felt in consequence of the recent stoppage of the stream of convict exiles which long poured into these distant settlements. Be this, however, as it may, the demand for labourers is at present unusually great.

In lately conversing with a gentleman, a large stock-farmer from Australia, we found him speak with earnest solicitude on this subject. 'Things,' said he, 'have taken a great change for the better with us. From our vast pasturages we can produce any imaginable quantity of wool and tallow, articles always sure of a market; but of what use are these great sheep-walks, unless we can get shepherds?' 'What kind of men would best answer?' we inquired. The reply was—'Any man of active habits and trustworthy character would answer: in fact, I have known first-rate shepherds who were once London cabmen: we don't expect professional shepherds who are well off at home to come out to us.' As corroborative of this general demand for labourers, this person brought under our notice the case of his relation, Mr Boyd, who had chanced to visit Australia at the time when, sheep were at their lowest value, and had been tempted to embark largely in wool-growing. Finding himself, however, greatly embarrassed for want of assistance, he resorted to the novel and hazardous experiment of introducing natives from the not very distant islands in the Pacific. Having procured a vessel for the purpose, he instructed its commander to call at as many inhabited islands as possible, so that he might satisfy himself not only as to the people best fitted for the wants of the colonists, but also as to the number likely to be procured. 'In due time,' to adopt the language of the *Times* in its account of the expedition, 'the vessel returned with sixty-five of the natives of the New Hebrides group (distant about three weeks' sail from Sydney), of various ages, from fourteen to twenty-five; while the general accounts given of the cruise were such as to warrant an expectation of satisfactory and extensive results. Mr Boyd's wish was, that in the first instance only fifty should be engaged; but so eager were these people to be taken on board, that it was only through the authority of their chiefs that the number could be limited; the explanation of this desire for removal being, that the inhabitants of all the Coral Islands are in a condition, during upwards of eight months of the year, little short of starvation. With respect to the habits of the people, and their fitness for the occupations of civilised life, it is stated that although cannibalism and infanticide prevail amongst them to a fearful extent, they manifest in their intercourse with strangers a very great degree of tractability and intelligence; and hence it is considered that their vices may be attributed rather to the influence of the sufferings to which they are periodically exposed, than to any ineradicable peculiarity. The expense of introducing them is about £8 per man, and Mr Boyd's intention is to employ them as shepherds. At the same time, from the description given of them, it would seem that they might easily be instructed for other services. Regarding the conduct of the party during their three weeks' voyage, the master of the vessel reports as follows:—

"My first care on getting to sea was to limit the quantity of food for each person, particularly salt meat; to have the hold well aired and constantly cleaned, &c.; and so successful have I been in my endeavours to preserve all in a healthy state, that I landed them all at Twofold Bay, with only one slight case of dysentery having occurred during the passage. And I cannot refrain

from mentioning the grateful attachment they have all shown to me, as it exhibits a trait in their characters rarely found amongst savages, and one which will contribute in no small degree to render them manageable during their residence in the colony; but on this score I have no doubt: as short as the time is that they have been with me in the *Velocity*, they have already learned to make themselves useful, and the alacrity with which they endeavoured to obey any order I gave, fully proves their inclination to work."

"With reference to the numbers to be procured, he adds—"I have no hesitation in assuring you, that from the various groups in the vicinity of New Holland, this vast island, now nearly uninhabited, may be supplied with an almost unlimited number; for as the miseries of an over-population are removed by emigration, the crime of infanticide will cease, and the desolating effects of perpetual warfare—not only carried on for the purpose of eating the slain enemies, but also in the hope of plundering the enemy's country of the fruit and roots produced in it—will end when the principal cause is removed."

"Perhaps the chief danger to be apprehended is the common one in all these cases, of the temptation of intoxicating drinks. It must also be remarked that the number imported by Mr Boyd consists entirely of males; and that if this practice be persevered in, there can be no doubt of a repetition of the evils which not many years back were denounced in the first attempts at Coolie emigration to the Mauritius."

In this latter remark we cordially agree, and trust that Mr Boyd will find it to his interest, as it is certainly his duty, to maintain something like an equality of the sexes in his importations. By the last accounts, the New Hebrideans employed by Mr Boyd on the Murray River were so well satisfied with their treatment, and so zealously and conscientiously have they worked for their employer, that it has been deemed expedient to return three of them, that they may make a correct report to their fellow-islanders, and induce a more general emigration. All are represented to be an intelligent body of men; and, what is rather remarkable, possessing great powers of calculation by a system of decimals.

However advantageous and humane it may be to remove from their famished homes these poor islanders, it is surely in every respect a more incumbent duty to remember that there is famine among ourselves, and that we could very well spare many who cannot earn their bread at home. But the colonists cannot be expected to be the importers of our spare citizens, at the great distance at which they are situated from us. Emigration on a considerable scale, and under proper precautions, would require to be carried on by the government as a public duty. We subjoin on the subject an extract from a private letter, dated Melbourne, May 2, 1847, which a correspondent hands us for insertion:—

"In late English papers I have read most harrowing details of the sufferings and positive state of starvation of large masses of the Irish people; and I believe the poor-rates are pressing heavily upon the middle and lower classes in England. At the same time a complete check is put to the advance and prosperity of the whole of the Australian colonies from a deficiency of labour, which has already existed some years, retarding their progress, and has now reached a point which will shortly put a complete stop to their advance. It is distressing to reflect that, whilst such misery exists in the United Kingdom, thousands upon thousands of oxen and sheep, scarcely surpassed in quality in any part of the globe, are being slaughtered with us to supply the soap-boiler and the steam-engine—being melted down for the tallow alone. We have already, I may say, a redundancy of food: meat is from three-halfpence to two-pence per pound, and must soon come lower still, unless the population be materially increased, or an outlet found for fit stock by an extensive system of salting for exportation. Of bread, and other sorts of food, the

supply is only limited by the scarcity of labour and the small demand. With an abundant supply of labour, the capacity of the colony for production is almost without limit.

"Such is the scarcity of labour at the present time, and such are the apprehensions in consequence felt, that many influential men have memorialised the government for the renewal of transportation to New South Wales. I may observe, however, that this step has been strongly reprobated by a large majority of the community. The pressure of high wages is so great, however, that the emancipists and ticket-of-leave holders from Van Diemen's Land are brought here by societies formed with that object. These importations are loudly denounced by the townspeople, who are great sufferers by the increase of robberies thereby occasioned—the police being sadly deficient in numbers and honesty. There is no doubt that the influx of these Vandemonians has eased the labour market greatly, as the men are generally expert in shearing, splitting, and farm-work, and, if they turn out well, are more useful, and are under better control, than free emigrants, who give themselves all sorts of airs, and are never satisfied. The most useful man, and by far the hardest worker we have yet had in our employment, is an emancipated convict. But on the other hand, the greatest rogue that my brother was ever troubled with was also one.

"The majority of the colonists are very strongly opposed to the introduction of these Pentonville exiles (Penton Villains, or Patent Villains, as they are called). Several of them have already figured at the police courts. In the early days, the importation of these very doubtful characters would have raised a clamour through the whole length and breadth of our virtuous and unpolluted colony; but the fear of contamination, once so strongly urged, has given way before the pressure of high wages, and the self-interest of individuals; and the introduction of any sort of labour, whether penitent villains, or double distilled rogues from Van Diemen's Land, is not only reluctantly submitted to, but openly encouraged. The last batch of Pentonvilles included two lawyers, a clergyman of the Scotch church, and a lieutenant in the army. The most amusing stories are related of these gentlemen. One left his card at all the mercantile houses in town, with an intimation that he would accept a situation as managing clerk, with a salary to commence at L300 the first year, to be increased subsequently. Another wished to engage as a private tutor. Some one suggested that he would do well to take a situation in the bush, to serve out stores, and to combine teaching with other duties. His indignant reply was, as he turned upon his heel, that "that was an amalgamation of professions of which he did not at all approve." A third advertised for board and residence with a genteel family! But almost all of them hold themselves in the highest estimation, and scorn any but the highest rate of wages. Meanwhile house robberies are becoming of nightly occurrence, and the streets may scarcely be pronounced safe after dark. The town presents the finest field imaginable for burglary, and the bush an equally good one for cattle-stealing—accordingly, while one branch of the profession cleared out the country-house of a magistrate, the country thieves, not to be outdone, swept above two hundred head of cattle off a run, brought them into the public market, and sold them by auction. Whilst the lead is taken with such spirit, of course there are numerous humble imitators.

"Shepherds' wages are from L26 to L30, according to the experience of the men; farm servants, L30; female house-servants, L22 to L25; married couples, L45 to L55; and I have known boys of twelve years of age to get L16. These wages are of course accompanied with ample rations. I find our servants to be very wasteful; they have such an abundance of good food at their command, that they become careless and dainty, and throw to their dogs as much meat and bread as would support at least one person.

We pronounce no opinion on the credibility of the above, further than that we received it from a respectable quarter; and this suggests to us the repetition of a former advice to colonists, as to the proper steps to be taken for making their wants properly known at home. They must not trust to the people of England hearing anything of them through the colonial papers; for these papers are seen only by a few persons. Neither ought they to trust to a mere statement of their grievances to the colonial office. They should draw up a memorial, duly authorised, and have it published in the principal newspapers of Great Britain, so as to bring it directly under the eyes, and within the sympathies, of their fellow-subjects. It is not too late to adopt this practical measure as respects the demand for labourers.

MOTTOES.

PROVERBS are a condensation of common experiences adapted to universal comprehension; mottoes are a concentration of individual thought or feeling in one point; and consequently both mottoes and proverbs are worthy the attention of the student of human nature, as indicating much more than they express. A 'motto,' the Italian for 'word,' though now understood to be a short phrase full of meaning, was at first an expressive exclamation, accompanying those heraldic devices used by our ancestors as emblems of their piety, their anger, or their love; or to commemorate any extraordinary adventure into which those passions had led them. Most of such mottoes were in Latin or French, because those languages were almost exclusively used by the two learned and warlike orders who ruled over society in what we now call the dark ages. Shortly, the motto of the baron or knight who led his vassals to the crusade, or to the still more reprehensible attack on his next neighbour, became their slogan, war-cry, or watchword; and, when well chosen, often contributed to success in battle. What power and extent of territory were acquired by the Dukes of Normandy while they led on their followers, shouting their famous war-cry, 'Dieu aide!'—'God helps us!' which, to believe, was better for a man in the fierce struggle with his fellow-man, than breastplate, or helmet, or two-edged blade. In fact, so much did these war-cries foster the spirit of partisanship, that it became necessary in our own island, when the wars of the 'Roses' were terminated by the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York, to pass an especial act of parliament for their suppression, making it penal for nobles or their followers to use any cry but that of 'St George for England!' or 'The King!'

The motto of the royal arms of England, 'Dieu et mon droit!' has a disputed origin; some writers attribute it to Richard I., who adopted it to imply that he held his crown from no other sovereign, but only by Divine permission and hereditary right; others affirm that it was first used by Edward III. when he laid claim to the French crown in right of his mother Isabella. Certainly it is from his reign that we date the existence of the Order of the Garter, with its famous motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'—literally, 'Evil be to him who thinks evil of it!' as well as the adoption of mottoes on seals. One of the earliest impressions of a seal with a motto is one affixed to a deed executed by an ancestor of the Byron family, dated in the twentieth year of Edward III.; it is, 'Crede Beonti!' The present motto of the family is, 'Crede Byron!'—'Believe or trust in Byron!' From this period the use of seals was rapidly extended; and not only were large sums of money given for gems, for the purpose of converting them into seals, but the newly-awakened arts of design and engraving were eagerly employed to make them at once ornamental and expressive.

The three feathers of the Prince of Wales, with the German motto, 'Ich dien!'—'I serve!' are supposed to

have been the arms of that king of Bohemia who was conquered on the field of Crecy by Edward the Black Prince, and were therefore adopted by him; other heraldic writers assert that they were borne by the Princes of Wales who first paid tribute to the crown of England, though still independent princes. However they may have originated, these mottoes have been used successively by the monarchs of England and their eldest sons from that time down to the present day; excepting that William III. took for his, 'Je maintiendrai!'—'I will maintain!' and Queen Anne for hers, 'Semper eadem!'—'Always the same!' a sort of admission, on their parts, that their right to the throne of England was not indisputable.

The kings of France have for their arms three fleurs de lis, or lilies, which were sent, says an old tradition, 'by an angel from Heaven; and the flowers being in manner of spears, were given to the king of France in sign of everlasting trouble, that he and his successors all way with battle and swords should be punished.' With such a prophecy hanging over them, and such a retrospect as the Revolution, the house of Bourbon do well to take 'Espérance!'—'Hope!' for their motto.

It is a gratifying fact, that when mottoes fell into disuse as war-cries, they were adopted for another and far more interesting purpose. Printing was just invented, and rose, if not rapidly, at least certainly, to be the most important art that the mind of man could devise, or his hand could practise. Learning, hitherto confined to the college or the cloister, was now diffused among mankind, visiting the court, the camp, and the city, and humanising all who owned her influence. Printed books superseded the rare and costly manuscripts heretofore in use, and found such eager and numerous purchasers, that spurious and imperfect editions of the more celebrated works began to be circulated. To remedy this evil, and to give security and protection to those printers whose publications combined great literary merit with rare typographical excellence, princes and potentates granted them permission to use on the title-page some symbol and motto, to counterfeit which was legally as well as morally criminal. Thus Aldus Manutius, who established the famous Aldine press at Venice, and was the inventor of the type called Italic, adopted for his sign on his title-pages a dolphin and anchor. Henry Stephens, the founder of the celebrated family of printers of that name, when established at Paris, took for his symbol an olive-tree, which long continued to be used by his sons, particularly by Robert, the most eminent of them, who was equally noted for virtue, learning, and skill in his occupation. It is of him that an anecdote is recorded, worthy to be coupled with that of Charles V. picking up the pencil of Titian, for it took place about the same period, and is as honourable to Francis I. as is the better-known condescension of his famous rival. Everybody knows that Charles patronised Titian; that our Henry VIII., rude and brutal as he was, protected Holbein; and that Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis: few know that the same Francis, going, as was his custom, to the printing-office of Stephens, found him engaged in reading a proof. The courtiers in his train would have required the instant attendance of the printer; but Francis, ever high-minded and chivalrous, would not allow the interruption, but waited until he had finished—a small enough condescension, it may perhaps be thought, but a great one in the then state of society. For this monarch, who was a judicious promoter of learning and the fine arts, books were first ornamentally bound, having the edges of the leaves gilt, and the arms and motto of the owner impressed on the covers.

One of the earliest printers, of much celebrity in England, was Henry Day, who enjoyed the favour of Queen Elizabeth. Upwards of two hundred works issued from his press, all distinguished by his symbol—the rising sun, with a boy awaking his companion, with the words, 'Arise, for it is day!' in allusion to the dawning day of Protestant reformation, which was much pro-

moted by the dissemination of tracts, now first printed and published. Day was the inventor of the Saxon letter. Christopher Plantin, of Antwerp, adopted for his emblem and motto a hand and pair of compasses, with 'Labore et constantia!'—'By labour and perseverance!' And by rigid adherence to this motto, he became rich and eminent: who indeed, let his station in life be what it may, can fail to improve it by acting in like manner? Juan de la Cuesta of Madrid, the printer and publisher of the first edition of Don Quixote, took for his device a stork, surrounded by the words, 'Post tenebras, spero lucem!'—'After the darkness, I expect light!' He was the intimate friend of Cervantes, and was well acquainted with all his struggles and difficulties, so that we, who now know how much sorrow and suffering made up the story of his life, ought to appreciate the touching appeal thus made to the heart of posterity. From his gloomy confinement in the narrow dungeon where he passed so long a period, through the jealousy of the litigious Mancheyans, this immitable but persecuted man looked forward to a period when the light of fame should surround him. Nor was he mistaken. Some fame was his in life; but, as too often happens, it was not until the darkness of death had settled on his eyes that his great merit was fully acknowledged. Let us hope that the hopefulness so strongly expressed in his motto never deserted him, but that he felt the full force of the fine Spanish proverb that he puts, on the occasion of some disaster, into the mouth of Don Quixote, 'There is yet sunshine on the wall.'

From the mottoes of printers to those of men of letters the transition is easy. That adopted by the celebrated Erasmus, 'Festina lente!'—'Hasten slowly!' was considered by him to convey so much meaning, that he wished it might be carved in stone on public buildings, as well as printed in books. Less paradoxical is that used by an ingenious countryman of Erasmus, Tulp, or Tulpius, a physician of Rotterdam, who, besides being eminent in his profession, encouraged his fellow-citizens to resist the attacks of Louis Quatorze on their freedom. He took for his symbol a lamp burning, with the motto, 'Aliis inserviando consumer!'—'I consume myself for the advantage of others!' And if, among the many occupations pursued by men of talent for the benefit of their fellow-men, there be one more self-sacrificing, more truly useful than another, it is that of the clever and conscientious practitioner of medicine—he who 'wounds to heal' when it is necessary, but who also knows how to administer the balm of sympathy to the worn and sinking sufferer.

The virtuous and learned Selden wrote in all his books, 'Freedom above everything!' Yet this freedom, so highly valued, was sacrificed by him to his still greater love of truth and consistency. During his illegal imprisonment by James I., being debarred the use of his books and papers, he declared that his mind had been undefiled by any wish to purchase liberty by a compromise of his opinions: in fact, he had the best freedom—that of the mind. Dr Robertson, the famous historian, commenced at fourteen to take notes of what he read, and he wrote in all the books so used for this purpose, 'Vita sine litteris mors!'—'Life without learning is death!'—and to the spirit of this motto he adhered throughout life. 'He devoted himself to study,' says Lord Brougham in his *Lives of Men of Letters*, 'examining and revolving the facts of history, contemplating ethical and theological truths, amusing his fancy with the strains of Greek and Roman poetry, or warming it at the fire of ancient eloquence, so congenial to his mind, at once argumentative and rhetorical.' To choose a motto so early in life, to retain it so long, and to act up to it with such persevering industry, seems to indicate a firmness and consistency of character worthy of imitation.

An amusing instance of the influence over Lord Eldon of a motto on the panels of a stage-coach, is related in Twiss's life of that eminent lawyer. When

he was plain John Scott, he went to London in search of fortune, in one of the stage-coaches known to our fathers, but of which our children will have no recollection: the motto on the doors of the vehicle was, 'Bis dat, qui cito dat!' on whose meaning, 'Twice done, if done quickly!' he ruminated all the journey. To everything that occurred, whether serious or ludicrous, he applied it; it remained fixed in his mind through life; and when he himself relates the anecdote, after having attained the highest honours of his profession, and realising a splendid fortune, he doubts, very characteristically, and very justly also, whether it would not have been wiser on his part to have more frequently made it the rule of his own conduct.

In closing the subject of mottoes, let us refer to that engraved on a sun-dial in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris: 'Horas non numero nisi serenas!'—'I count none but sunny hours!' the only course for a sun-dial, but neither the only nor the wisest one for man. They have little true knowledge who have never felt that the darkness which alternates with the daylight has benefits as great, if not as glorious—that the storm which sweeps over, and even threatens to destroy us, may, in fact, save us from unseen or specious danger. In the human heart, as in the bosom of the earth, there are seeds which can only germinate in the winter of adversity, which yet may have an after-growth of beauty and utility sufficient to repay the patience which has endured trustingly, and counted carefully, the dark and chilly hours.

ART OF MAKING MEN HAPPY.

There is an art in making a man happy which very few understand. It is not always by putting the hand in the pocket that we remove afflictions; there must be something more. There must be advice, and labour, and activity; we must bestir ourselves, leave our arm-chairs, throw off our slippers, and go abroad, if we would effectually serve our fellow-creatures. When to this active and effectual benevolence the more prompt efficacy of money is added, how great and how lasting may not the good be! Few, however, possess this quality of philanthropy; for it costs less to give a guinea than to give an hour.—*Five Nights of St Albans.*

THE OLD BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

LITTLE BESSY—pretty Bessy—vainly I have tried,
From 'midst the idle, fluttering throngs, to find a fitting bride;
And now a steady bachelor of two score years and one,
I'm almost in despair that I—must end my days alone;
So I will train a wife to suit my wishes, or I'll none!

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—thou shalt be my wife
When fifteen years are added to thy present three years' life;
In modest, meek humility, a model for thy sex—
A temper cheerful, tranquil, kind, which nothing e'er can vex—
Refined and courtly bearing too, with learning quite complex!

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—life is full of care,
And I must not expect to be exempted from my share;
But music hath the magic power of dissipating gloom,
And soft old songs you'll carol forth in our warm, cosy room,
Amid the perfumed wreathing clouds of my dear meerschaum's fume.

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—thy white fingers trim
Must mould confections to the taste of epicurean whim;
No Berlin wool, no silken twist, with beads of gold or steel,
Shalt thou weave into mystic gems from many a shining reel;
No—rather would I list the hum of thrifty spinning-wheel.

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—thou must stay at home;
All gossip parlance hating, nor ever wish to roam;
Simplicity's adornment thy attiring must display,
Avoiding all profusion, but moderately gay,
And ready always to be seen from dawn to close of day.

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—sure I ask not much;
Although I own my private doubts—I shan't meet many such:
So, if you'll promise me to wed—a rich old man and kind,
And to his failings and his age to be for ever blind—
I'll marry you in fifteen years—if then thou'rt to my mind!

C. A. M. W.

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THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

IN a former paper, it was shown that the foundation of knowledge is simply Curiosity. I now venture, with perhaps a little more originality, to suggest that the moral reform and social improvement for which the present age is remarkable have had their basis in—TEA. The bulk of mankind, according to the testimony of all travellers, require something in the nature of a stimulant. Wherever this stimulant is tea, there is to be found, as will presently be shown, the spirit of civilisation in full activity. Where it is wanting, or used in small quantity, barbarous manners are still predominant. I therefore propound that tea and the discontinuance of barbarism are connected in the way of cause and effect.

The original country of tea had arrived, at the date when history began to be written in Europe, at a stage of refinement which was unknown in the west for many centuries after. When the wandering shepherds who migrated from the table-land of Thibet, or the slopes of the Himalaya, or, as other writers will have it, from the Tartarian mountains of the north-east, reached the banks of the great Chinese rivers, they were engaged for a certain time in the slow struggles of barbarism. Even the luxury to which they were gradually led by wealth and ease had something savage in its character. One of their early princes, for instance (who flourished at some trifling distance of time from the Mosaic deluge), giving a great banquet, set his guests to swim in a tank of rice wine, with the meats arranged within reach round the brink. But the great agent of refinement was in the midst of them, though unknown and unheeded at the time; and as the uses of the tea-plant were discovered, and its civilising juice disseminated throughout the land, the Chinese, from some hordes of barbarians, became a great and polished nation. This revolution, he it observed, did not take place, as at a later period in Europe, through the collision of races. The Chinese were shut up, with their tea, between the desert and the ocean; and when visited at the end of many centuries by Europeans, who crossed the deep, or penetrated through a cordon of savage nations for the purpose, they were found to possess the political and social institutions, the manners, and even the frivolities peculiar to civilised life.

Tea is suggestive of a thousand wants, from which spring the decencies and luxuries of society. The savage may drink water out of his calabash till doomsday; but give him tea, and he straightway exercises his faculties in the invention of a cup worthy of such a beverage. Tea was thus the inventor, I have little doubt, of that rich porcelain called china, from which arose numberless ideas of elegance in form, and beauty

in colouring. A single piece, before it is finished, employs forty hands, from the pounder of the flint (usually a blind or lame person), who earns half-a-crown a-month, up to the artist who sketches the design, while another fills in the colouring.

Is it going too far to inquire whether tea may not have borne an important part in the formation of that gentleness and tractability of character which keeps the Chinese calm and orderly even in the midst of political revolutions? Leave them alone to their ceaseless industry, to present offerings to the manes of their grandfathers, to read and write ever new romances, and they care not a straw what dynasty occupies the throne. Why, then, do we find any vestiges at all of barbarism among the Chinese, the very meanest of whom are educated, and may rise to the highest dignity of a subject? Because the poor have no tea. Tea is cheap in China, but still beyond the reach of the lowest classes, who have recourse to decoctions of all sorts of plants, which spoil the taste of the water, without adding to its virtue. Another reason is, that rice wine (if it should not rather be called rice beer), although a very weak beverage, is frequently drunk in such quantities as to intoxicate, and that, in the northern parts of the country more especially, the consumption of spirits and opium is very considerable. Opium-smoking, however, is by no means an imported vice, as it is commonly imagined to be. The English found the people besotted with the drug, which whitened the fields of the richest departments of the country; and they supplied their craving, just as they would have done had its object been cottons or woollens. In order to accomplish this, they were guilty of the political crime (for commerce may be said to have no moral sense) of leaguering themselves with the masses and the functionaries against the autocratical government of Peking, whose powerless edicts had been fulminated against the native cultivation of the poppy, when as yet the 'demons' of Europe had hardly entered the field.

The Japanese are perhaps still greater tea-drinkers than the Chinese; and they afford a more striking instance than the latter of the union of this custom with a high state of refinement and politeness. The first absolute emperor of Japan is said to have been a Chinese warrior, who commenced his reign in the year 640 B. C.—just thirty years after the invention of porcelain in China. Before the middle of the seventeenth century of our era, disgusted with the religious quarrels of the Dutch and Portuguese, and annoyed by the eager selfishness of the traders of various other nations, the Japanese grew tired of the world, and sealed themselves up hermitically in their own islands, where a population, as some say, of 45,000,000 remain to this day in a state of utter isolation. But luckily the tea-plant continued, and continues, to flourish among them; and

they permit a farther supply of the manufactured article from China. The Japanese are therefore polite and refined recluses. Every individual among them is taught reading, writing, and the history of his own country; but all beyond the lowest classes go through a regular educational curriculum for many years. The girls, in addition to literary instruction, are taught needlework, useful and ornamental, and the discharge of household duties. Morning calls and dinners are as common as in Europe, but more especially grand tea-drinkings, at which the matrons amuse themselves with ornamental work, and the others with singing and dancing. 'Chess and draughts,' says a recent work, 'are the sedentary games; but when forfeits are introduced, the polite, dignified, and gorgeously-dressed company throw ceremony out of the window, become rank philosophers on a sudden, and play with might and main like so many boys and girls.*' There is no country in the world where tea leads more directly than in Japan to the study of the comforts and elegancies of society. The exhibition of porcelain and lacquered ware is magnificent; but in the ornaments—or rather the ornament—of the room, there are displayed a taste and refinement that are absolutely unique. There can hardly be said to be anything we would call furniture, the carpet serving for chair, table, sofa, and bed, in one. Neither are there jars, statuettes, or nicknacks suitable for an old curiosity-shop; but in a recess, at one end of the drawing-room, stands a single picture, with a vase of flowers before it; and this picture being always changed to suit the peculiar occasion, addresses itself in a direct manner to the hearts and imaginations of the guests. Rural parties and water excursions are another grand resource of the polite hermits. 'The rivers, the lakes, the innumerable bays of the coast, are thronged with gilded barges, which lie mute and motionless under some shady bank during the heat of the day, but when the bland evening comes, shoot like stars through the water, tracked by many-coloured lanterns, and the silvery laugh and buoyant songs of women.' In a state of society like this, it need hardly be mentioned that the theatre is a principal source of amusement; although there the ladies are themselves the principal performers, being accompanied to the boxes by their attendants loaded with dresses, the effect of which they pass their time in trying upon the audience.

It is only necessary to add, that the Japanese are fond of poetry, and that tea-drinking gives rise there, as elsewhere, to abundance of love-making. The following verses, extracted from the book referred to, but coming to us through the medium of a Dutch translation, would pass very well in an English annual. They are supposed to proceed from a young lady who has set her heart upon an inferior in station—for there is nothing more dreaded, or more dreadful, in Japan, than a *mésalliance* :—

'To hear thy deep but gentle voice,
Thy calm and radiant brow to see,
Oh how it would my heart rejoice!
But that is too much bliss for me.

One look of thine, by others known
To thrill me to my bosom's core—
One word not heard by me alone,
And I were lost for evermore !'

Tea has not as yet made much impression upon the Tartars; and the reason may be, that it is only the coarser part of the leaves that falls to their share. This is beaten up, and moulded into what are called

bricks, and in this form sent into the desert. When the Tartars, however, come into China, and drink fine tea out of porcelain cups, they lose their distinctive character in a very short time, and behave as if to the manner born. So far from conquering China, as is commonly supposed, they yielded to its tea. They annexed their vast territory to the empire, and while nominally reigning, submitted to the government, laws, and customs of the country—in fact, became Chinese.

The fine tea of China passes through the Mongolian desert, and is delivered to the Russians at the southern frontier of Siberia. Here a couple of posts mark the boundaries of the two great empires, with the little town of Kiahkta on the Russian side, and that of Maimaitchin on the Chinese. The tea travels through the whole breadth of Siberia, and at length arriving in Europe, is distributed at the fair of Nishni. This lengthened land transit adds so heavily to the price, that only the wealthy in Russia can afford to drink it. The article is not to be seen on any respectable table at a less cost than half-a-guinea a pound, and I have myself partaken of tea in Moscow which cost twice that sum. The consequence is, that only the noble and mercantile class drink it, while the peasants, or great body of the people, flood themselves with the abominable small-beer called quass, or brutalise themselves with votki, the Russian gin. Tea civilises, so far as it goes, the mercantile class; but hemmed in as they are by the nobles on one side, and the serfs on the other (for all three are castes as inexorable as those of India), they cannot be expected to receive its full benefit. Still, the merchants are an amiable, good-natured tribe, and their wives and daughters are decidedly ladylike, and dressed in magnificent silks and satins. They have a great value for tea, and pride themselves on its quality. I remember having the pleasure of falling in once with a Russian merchant—a princely-looking fellow, in his fine beard and flowing kaftan—who scorned the tea we met with at the roadside inns, and invariably made use of his own private store, sharing it liberally with his fellow-travellers. As for the nobles, they drink so copiously of other beverages, that it is hard to distinguish the effect of tea upon them. The quantity of French champagne they consume is almost incredible, although they have an excellent champagne of their own, made in the Caucasian provinces, at little more than a third of the price.

In another direction the tea of China finds its way into the empire of Annam, Siam, and the adjacent countries. The Cochinchinese have already begun to shake off their Oriental apathy, and purchase steam-vessels; but as yet the farther races have only received the civilising beverage concentrated in the form of lozenges, which they melt into tea. Indeed, in some parts of the Burman empire, the animals use it as a kind of pickle preserved in oil; just as in the Highlands at home, it was at first looked upon as a culinary vegetable, and presented at table in the form of greens. Tea has hitherto done little or nothing for the neighbouring Archipelago; but in Australia beyond, its operation is distinctly visible. In a former paper, I described the dreadful state of intemperance in which our settlements in that valuable country grew up, and which was in a great degree attributable to the monstrous practice of government paying its labourers in spirits. Since this was discontinued, and tea introduced in greater quantities, a remarkable change has taken place. The cheap luxury (for it is not burdened with the duties it bears at home) carries comfort and refinement into places which

* The British World in the East.

before were distinguished only for the squalor and brutality of drunkenness. In the bush, it is of course vain to look for the elegancies of the tea-table; but it is something even to find the lonely stock-keeper, instead of drowning the sense of his hardships in intoxication, infusing his enlivening tea in a kettle, and drinking it out of a quart-pot. That intemperance still prevails to a considerable extent, cannot be denied; but the crisis, thank God, is past, and the reign of tea has fairly commenced.

Passing over the attempts made to naturalise the tea-plant in Java, British Malacca, and Brazil, and to turn to account the wild plants of the kind found in Assam and other parts of India, more especially the British provinces in the north-west, I may now come to the introduction of the magical beverage into Europe, and its result.

Tea was hardly known at all in this country till after the middle of the seventeenth century. We at first received it in trifling quantities, through the medium of the Dutch East India Company; and it seems to have been classed commercially with intoxicating drinks, a duty of eightpence per gallon being imposed on the decoction. In 1689, this mode of rating was discontinued, and a duty of five shillings per pound charged on the leaves. In 1711, the quantity returned for home consumption in Great Britain was 142,000 pounds; in 1786, it was 14,000,000 pounds; and before the end of the century, it had reached 20,000,000. At present, we require an annual supply averaging 35,000,000 pounds. Russia consumes about 9,000,000 pounds; Holland 3,000,000 pounds; Germany 2,000,000; and the United States 16,000,000 pounds a-year.* The consumption of France and Italy is not worth mentioning; so that Great Britain drinks considerably more tea than all the rest of the western hemisphere together.

It would not be easy to trace, in a direct manner, the operation of this new agent in civilisation; for tea does its spiriting gently. It is no vulgar conjurer, whose aim it is to make people stare. It insinuates itself into the mind, stimulates the imagination, disarms the thoughts of their coarseness, and brings up dancing to the surface a thousand beautiful and enlivening ideas. It is a bond of family love; it is the ally of woman in the work of refinement; it throws down the conventional barrier between the two sexes, taming the rude strength of the one, and ennobling the graceful weakness of the other. At the dinner-table, there is something repulsive in the idea that we are met for the purpose of satisfying the animal necessities of our nature; and our attempts to gild over this awkwardness by a gorgeous display of plate, crystal, and porcelain, only serve to superinduce an air of stiffness and formality. At the tea-table, on the other hand, although one may likewise eat, he does so without the gross sensation of hunger, while he who has no appetite at all, is spared the smell of smoking viands. In drinking, his excitement is seen, not in the flushed face, extravagant laugh, and confused ratiocination, but in an unconscious buoyancy of spirits, a rapid but clear flow of ideas, and a kindness, amounting to warmth of regard, for all around him.

Tea, however, philosophically considered, is merely a rival of alcohol. The desire for an agreeable and exhilarating drink is natural to man, for it exists in all states of society; and the new beverage, gratifying the taste, as it does, without injuring the health or maddening the brain, must be considered a blessing to the human race. We are apt to look with disgust at such statistics as I have ventured to introduce, though sparingly, into this article; but if we consider the moral consequences attending the consumption of a few additional million pounds of tea, the arithmetical figures will be invested with more than romantic interest.

A story is told of our gigantic neighbour, the western metropolis of Scotland, which illustrates amusingly, and with but little exaggeration, the state of manners in that city within the recollection of us middle-aged men. An Edinburgh gentleman, then young, and not yet sixty, being at dinner with a merchant of Glasgow, and finding the company inclined to sit longer over their wine than he liked, rose from table without ceremony, and made his way up stairs to the drawing-room, to take a cup of tea with his hostess. The large and elegant room was almost dark, for only a single candle burned on the table, and Mrs — was alone, and sat covering over the fire. When the visitor entered, the lady started up in some alarm, and rang the bell. Presently recognising the intruder, she apologised, by telling him that he was the first person during her married life, now of some years' duration, who had entered her drawing-room after dinner!

Glasgow, I need hardly say, is now in this respect like other places; and, in fact, the change in the manners of the country at large is quite as striking. The gentlemen never fail to take tea, and for that reason they never fail to enter the drawing-room in a state of gentlemanly sobriety. I may be told that it is not the tea that has effected this, but that other influences have driven them to tea. Be it so. But I must still be permitted to think it odd that such influences should *always* exist in connection with tea, and that tea throughout the world should be found to accompany civilisation. I have a strong notion that the atrocities of the French Revolution were owing to the want of tea; and likewise that the kennels of Paris, during the three famous days of July, ran wine as well as blood. The Italian states would at this moment be greatly the better of settling their new constitutions over a cup of tea; and by the aid of the same elixir, Austria would be sure to see at once the absurdity of her pretensions. A few million pounds of tea thrown into Switzerland (and paid for by the sale of the arms and ammunition of the belligerents), would greatly facilitate the work of mediation. In Germany, I would recommend the Protestants and Catholics to empty their filthy beer casks into the Rhine, and hold a general tea-drinking for the settlement of their disputes.

But if Great Britain is so large a consumer of tea, why do crime and ignorance still prevail among the body of the people? Because the poorer classes still drink bad tea, imitation tea, or no tea at all. The tea that is sold in bond at tenpence pays a duty of *two shillings and a penny*, while the tea which is sold in bond at several shillings pays no more. Thus the poor are charged at least three times more, according to value, than the rich. This fact would be almost incredible; but the duty on paper presents quite as wild an anomaly. The publishers of an expensive book, with a circulation of 500 or 750 copies, pay a few halfpence of duty on the paper per copy, while the publishers of a cheap publication, which could only exist through a circulation of scores of thousands, are mulcted by government in the greater part of their entire profits! The consequence as regards tea is, that the consumption, though immense, is really restricted, as is proved by the great quantities of adulterated or imitative tea constantly in the market; that the horrible massacres perpetrated by the English in China, for the sake of trade, have been in vain, since tea is the only Chinese staple capable of unlimited extension; and that an almost insurmountable obstacle is opposed to the complete triumph of temperance at home, by the virtual denial of the genuine beverage to those classes which most require its civilising influence. With regard to paper, the duty has little or no effect upon expensive publications, but it closes in a great measure the door of legitimate speculation against those who, in pursuing business, would fain strive to enlighten the masses of their fellow-countrymen; while it induces persons of an opposite character to pander to vice and folly, in order to secure that enormous circulation without which a cheap

* This was a few years ago; but the republic having had the wisdom to abolish the heavy tax on tea, the consumption is probably much increased.

publication could not exist. There is a connection between the two subjects which I would fain enter upon, if I had left myself room; but any one may see that tea and literature are the two great agents of civilisation, and that it is the duty of all good citizens to insist upon the free circulation of both.

GENEVÈVE GALLIOT.

THE name of Louis Stanislaus de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, is familiar to our ears as a household word, in consequence of the untimely end of his beautiful and noble-minded widow, who was one of the earliest victims of revolutionary fury in France; but the personal history of the prince is comparatively unknown, although some of its details are so romantic, as to merit at least a share of our passing interest. He was the only son of the Duke de Penthièvre, a nobleman whose rare and distinguished virtues made him worthy of the illustrious name he bore, and whose blood now flows in the veins of the royal family of France, through the union of his only daughter with that Duke of Orleans who, at a later period, became so painfully conspicuous in the annals of his country.

The Duke de Penthièvre, during the greater part of his life, was united in the closest bonds of friendship with a lady, who, by her kindred qualities, fully merited the esteem of so excellent a man; nor was the Marquise de Créquy (the lady alluded to) less beloved by the duke's children, both of whom were wont occasionally to address her by the name of mother. It is from her pen that we gather the following details of the Prince de Lamballe's early love and its unhappy results. She tells us in her memoirs, that the artist Greuze having brought her some of his paintings to look at, she observed amongst them the portrait of a young girl, whose beauty was so naïve, and yet of so elevated a cast, that she desired to purchase it for her oratory, as a type of ascetic loveliness. Greuze, however, declined selling it to her, and excused himself by saying that it belonged to an eminent individual, for whom it had been expressly done, so that it was no longer his property; but the Duke de Penthièvre happening to enter at the moment, intreated the artist with such persevering courtesy to make a copy of the painting for him, that before a fortnight had elapsed, this angelic image was placed in Madame de Créquy's apartment, as a *cadeau* from her friend. Before fixing it in her oratory, she resolved to leave it for a while in her saloon, that others might share in the admiration with which she viewed this beautiful portrait.

'Two or three days afterwards,' she writes, 'I was reading in my oratory, when a visitor was announced, whom I understood to be the Marquis de Pombal. After a few minutes' delay, I entered my saloon, and found there, not the Portuguese ambassador, but the Prince de Lamballe, who was standing before my cherished picture, upon which he gazed with so strange an expression. . . .

"Dear mamma, who gave you this portrait? How does it happen to be here?"

"It was given to me by the Duke de Penthièvre, monseigneur."

"By my father! Is it my father?" and in another moment he fell senseless at my feet.

'His swoon terminated in a violent hæmorrhage, which left him in a state of utter exhaustion. As he wished to pass the remainder of the day with me, I refused admittance to all other visitors, and did my best to comfort and reassure him. Poor young man! I loved him as if he were my own son. In the course of the evening, he confided to me the following details:—

"You know that my childhood and early youth were chiefly spent at my father's château d'Arnst, whose neighbourhood was full of charms for me, because of the boyish freedom I enjoyed there. Many a time I escaped from my tutor, and wandered alone through our wide Vexin forests. There I would sit dreaming away my mid-day hours on the banks of some shady rivulet, or go and eat brown bread and milk with the dwellers in some lonely cottage. Or perhaps I would follow to the grave a

peasant's funeral cortège, or go and say my evening prayers with the hermit of Chesnaye.

"One day I overheard my father saying to the Abbé de Florian, 'Let him alone, and do not torment him, or else he may perhaps go so far away that we shall not know where to find him. He seems impelled by a spirit of restlessness, which he does not know how to repress; but he never makes a bad use of his liberty—so watch him, my dear abbé, but do not, I pray you, punish him.'

"I was about twelve or thirteen when these words of my father met my ear, and they were uttered in that tender and affectionate tone with which you are so well acquainted. I was smitten with sorrow for having disquieted so good a father; my rambles became less frequent; and I never indulged my passion for freedom, without lamenting it afterwards as a sort of lesser crime towards him.

"On my way home one summer's evening from an excursion of this kind, I paused a while on the summit of a craggy rock, just outside the bounds of our park, to gaze at the setting sun. At the same moment there passed close to me a charming little girl, who was leading along a goat. She was not strong enough to control its movements, and yet would not relinquish her hold of the rope, by which she was endeavouring to guide it; so that the animal dragged her among the rocks, where she fell down bruised and wounded. I ran to her assistance, and wiped her bleeding forehead with my handkerchief; but even in the midst of her tears, she smiled sweetly upon me, and assured me with the most silvery voice that it was nothing—nothing at all. I insisted on leading the stubborn goat home, and the rope breaking, I untied my scarf, fringed with gold, and fastening it around the creature's neck, was bearing off my prize in triumph, when I met my father on horseback with a numerous retinue. At first I felt confused at the rencontre, but told him simply all that had passed. My father desired one of his gentlemen to accompany me. 'I will not scold you to-day,' said he smiling. 'Monsieur de Fenelon was far your superior, and I have seen him, in his episcopal habit, driving home a cow which had escaped from the stable of a poor widow. Go! my son.'

"The little girl had stood timidly at a distance all this while, so that she heard not a word of our conversation. The mother of Geneviève Galliot was suffering from a pulmonary complaint. Poor young woman! . . . She was the widow of a carter on one of our farms, and her husband had been gored to death by a bull. He was spoken of among his neighbours as a worthy good fellow, and one of the finest young men in the principality. The widow of Remy Galliot had no earthly possessions save her cottage, a small garden stocked with fruit-trees, some hives, and an acre of land sown with barley and rye. She would have gained a livelihood for herself and her daughter with her distaff, but that her illness incapacitated her from working. . . . Pardon all these little details concerning Geneviève's family, and do not be surprised, dear madame, at my dwelling on them. The merest trifles, you know, become important when they concern those we love.

"I told Baudesson, our gentleman, that I was weary, and that if he would go and order my carriage, I would meet him at the end of the lane leading to Fresnoy—so was the little hamlet called wherein stood the Widow Galliot's cottage. As soon as Baudesson was gone, I presented to Geneviève's mother the only louis-d'or I had about me, telling her (from an instinct of respectful love to her daughter) that my own mother had sent it to her, and that she would take care she should want for nothing during her illness. After invoking many blessings on our heads, she inquired who was my mother. This simple question filled me with perplexity. I felt that the answer to it might raise an insuperable barrier between these poor people and me; so I replied, with some embarrassment, that my mother's name was Madène, whereon the invalid rejoined languidly, 'There are so many gentlemen in these parts whom we know nothing about!' The young girl thanked me with an expression of grateful friendliness that filled me with joy.

"Geneviève Galliot came daily, as was her wont, to the Thymérale rocks in quest of pasturage for her goat; and a day rarely passed throughout the summer without my meeting her there. We used to make rustic bowers among the interwoven branches of the trees, and would weave garlands of wild flowers, or pluck nosegays of them for each other. One day, while giving Geneviève money for her mother, I told her that her present should be a gold cross.

"With a silver heart?" inquired she in a tone of innocent delight.

"With a gold heart like the cross! . . . I love thee so much, my Geneviève, that I would gladly give thee all I have, or ever hope to have!"

"And so would I too, Monsieur Louis! . . . But I have nothing to offer you," continued she, with an air of sadness, and yet of gentle, trustful resignation.

"I remember one day her bringing me a bunch of pale-yellow primroses, which she had gathered in the hedges for me. I have always preserved this nosegay: it is in a casket where I keep all that is most precious to me—a prayer written by St Louis; a letter of our ancestor's, Henry IV.; a relic of the true cross; a pearl bracelet of my mother's, with her picture; and the primroses of my poor little friend, my first friend, my sweet Geneviève!"

"One day towards the end of October she did not come to the rocks, where I waited in vain for her till evening. I returned home in a state of feverish excitement, undressed myself as usual, and let my two *valets-de-garde* retire, under the impression that I was going to bed. It was ten o'clock; my parents were absent at Rambouillet; my governor playing at trictrac in a distant apartment with the Abbé Florian; so that I resolved to open my window, and to escape out of it in quest of Geneviève. This was speedily accomplished, and in a few minutes I found myself beyond the limits of the park, and bounding over the Thymérale rocks like a young roe. I soon found myself close to the low hedge which separated the Widow Galliot's garden from the road. I stood there about half an hour, with my eyes fixed upon the door of the cottage. I did not dare to approach it; but I knew that she was there—that I was near her; and the painful, troubled feelings that had oppressed me, were stilled; and truly I had need of this inward repose, for the heart of a man had beat within my boyish breast, and its power was too mighty for my frame. . . . It seemed as if nothing more were wanting to my happiness than to watch there until the morning, when she assuredly would come forth and relieve my anxiety.

"After a while, however, the door was opened, and an aged woman, holding in her hand a small lamp, came out. She approached the hedge, cut off the slender twig from a tree close to which I was standing, and returned to the house. Some strange indefinite fear took possession of my soul. I followed her into the cottage. Geneviève was kneeling by the bedside of her mother, to whom the old curate of Rouvres was administering extreme unction. I knelt down by her side, but she seemed scarcely sensible of my presence. Her eyes were mournfully fixed upon her dying mother. The good old priest began the prayers for the dying, and while he was pronouncing the last solemn absolution, the spirit fled from its earthly tenement.

"Depart Christian soul! return to thy Creator," were the old man's closing words; to which I responded a hearty amen! The curate, who had not before observed me, turned his head and exclaimed, "Is it you, monseigneur?"

"Yes, good sir, it is I;" and pressing his hand cordially, I begged of him not to leave Geneviève in this house of mourning, but to take her home with him, and that I would pay all her expenses.

"This charitable pastor at once accepted the charge, adding, however, that he would accept of no remuneration for his care of the orphan; thanking me the while for having suggested to him a duty, which otherwise he might not have thought of fulfilling.

"Geneviève smiled gratefully upon me in the midst of

her tears. She did not seem either surprised or pleased on hearing of my high rank: she had always known me to be a gentleman, and my title of prince did not appear a whit more exalted in her eyes.

"She was so anxious to remain near her mother's body, that there was some difficulty in prevailing on her to leave the cottage; but I expressed my desire for her removal with so much gravity and decision, that she yielded the point at once; looking at me, however, with an air of astonishment, as if struck by the difference in my tone and manner from what she had previously been accustomed to. A revolution had, in fact, taken place in my existence: I had the charge of Geneviève, and although only fifteen years old, I was become a man; one who must exercise his own will, and form his own plans; and from that moment I have never had a single childish thought.

"The curate being obliged to visit a sick person at the other end of his parish, Geneviève departed under the care of the old woman, and I was left alone with the pale and lifeless body of her mother. I attempted to pray, but another sacred duty seemed present to me. I knelt by the bedside, and addressing the remains of Susan Galliot, I swore to respect and to watch over her child. 'I will marry her. Yes! Geneviève Galliot shall be my wife. I swear it in the presence of Him who is your judge and mine.' So saying, I imprinted a filial kiss on the cold hand of the deceased. . . . And I have kept my word to thee, Susan Galliot; for thy daughter's husband is Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe and Coëntin. Nor do I repent of my choice, for I love all things in my Geneviève, even the inferiority of her birth. All that concerns her family is become dear to me for her sake: you may imagine how dear, when I tell you that I have even removed the ashes of her parents from their humble burial-place, and interred them in the church of Dreux, between the mausoleum of the Duchess Diana and the cenotaph of Henry II. You may infer from thence, madame, how I love and honour my own inestimable Geneviève."

"M. de Lamballe had expected happiness, but he did not find it. It is almost needless to say that his marriage had been a private one. He knew that it would be impossible to gain his father's consent to so unequal an alliance, therefore he resolved to keep his union with Geneviève a profound secret, being painfully anxious not to wound the feelings of so beloved and revered a parent. The lovely Geneviève could not be established in Paris without attracting some degree of public attention, so it was decided that she should live in the country. Accordingly, her husband had purchased a charming little residence near Clamont sous Meudon, not far from his father's château at Sceaux Penthièvre, where he contrived to spend as much of his time as possible.

"Madame de Saint Paër (this was the name bestowed on Geneviève, being derived from a fief of the principality of Lamballe)—Madame de Saint Paër began by believing herself happy; and if the fondest love could have secured happiness to her, then she would have been blest indeed. But however poets or romancers may extol the sweetness of stolen pleasures, yet, to a well-constituted mind, they involve more or less the consciousness of guilt, and consequently of fear and disappointment.

"The prince was obliged, by the duties of his station, to pass much of his time in Paris, and occasionally his visits to Madame de Saint Paër could not be prolonged beyond a few brief minutes. In those days the country posts were irregular and slow in their progress; and among the whole bevy of livery servants at the Hôtel de Penthièvre, there was but one to whom the prince could intrust a letter for his wife. By way of avoiding any unfavourable suspicions concerning his beloved Geneviève, he confided to this man the secret of their union, and also to his brother, who was valet-de-chambre to Madame de Saint Paër. If this confidence was imprudent, it at least indicated a generous and noble heart, willing rather to incur a risk than to injure an innocent and helpless being.

"The gentle Geneviève now found herself too often a solitary being, and many a tedious day passed without

her seeing or hearing from her beloved. Disquietude soon succeeded to ennui. A noble and handsome young man!—an irritated father!—a powerful and perhaps vindictive family! What might she not anticipate? . . . Tempting offers for him; severities for her; and then desertion—forgetfulness! . . . Yes; these were the images which continually floated across her mind, until her life became a prey to tears and melancholy. The prince, during his visits, endeavoured to reassure and console her; but all in vain. Then he grew impatient at her suspicions; and his irritability added tenfold to the burden of her misery. He would occasionally come and pour out in my ear the tale of his sorrows and his difficulties.

"Suffer, and be patient," was my advice; "for never are we allowed to despise the obligations and duties of our position with impunity; that is for *you*, my dear prince; and as for Geneviève, innocent creature, whom you have made me love without knowing her, she too, alas! must suffer, for it is impossible to occupy a false position without disquietude and trouble. But I beseech you to remember that it is you who have brought her into this state of perplexity; for if you had truly loved, you would have carefully avoided her, instead of making her the unfortunate offer of your hand and heart. The fact is, that you are a man, a true man; so you thought of yourself alone, my prince: you believed yourself a generous lover when you married a country girl, whereas you committed only an act of egotism. But do not add to your error by being unjust to her who is the victim of it. I pray you to bear with her fears and complaints, remembering that she is a tender, lonely woman, and has no other earthly stay or counsellor but yourself."

"About this time it happened, unfortunately, that the Prince de Lamballe, who had for a long while been estranged from his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, was induced to become reconciled to him, and in an evil hour was prevailed upon to share in the Orleans revelries at Mousseux, from whence he was carried home in a state of insensibility, which was followed by so severe an illness, that the Duke de Penthièvre became alarmed for his safety, and came to communicate to me his fears and anxieties. He told me that his son seemed overwhelmed with melancholy, and was continually inquiring for his favourite valet, Champagne, who, like himself, was in a most deplorable state since his return from the banquet at Mousseux, whither he had attended his master, and where, it would appear, they had both partaken of drugged potations. The Duke of Penthièvre added, that his son had received several letters stamped with the post-mark of Suaux, and that the perusal of them seemed greatly to increase his feverish agitation.

"It was very painful to me not to respond to the confidence thus placed in me by my excellent friend; but my lips were sealed by the promise of secrecy imposed on me by his son; so I could only assure him of my truest sympathy, and promise that I would go and visit the young prince on the following day.

"On entering his apartment at the Hôtel de Penthièvre, I found him consumed by the most gloomy sadness. He was too ill to go to Clamont; and Madame de Saint Paër, not having seen him for a fortnight, had written to him in a delirium of jealous agony, saying that she could no longer endure the torments of suspense, and that she would, without delay, come and see him at the Hôtel de Penthièvre! . . . He had replied with severity—"Madame, I command you not to come here. My honour is concerned in the matter!"

"Ah! what have you done?" cried I. "You are wonderfully careful of your princely honour. But poor Madame de Saint Paër!—methinks you might consider her a little. . . And what fearful surmises must your conduct excite in her mind!"

"At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess of Bourbon, and soon afterwards I returned home, oppressed by the forebodings of coming woe.

"Two days afterwards, the Duke de Penthièvre wrote to tell me that he could not call at my hotel, because the state of his son's health required his unceasing watchfulness. The prince had, during the preceding day, suffered

from brain fever, and he was then lying in a lethargic stupor, which alarmed his medical attendants. The duke ended by saying that his door was closed to every one but his daughter and myself. I had scarcely finished reading his note, when the trusty Dupont entered my saloon, telling me, with a disturbed look, that there was in the antechamber an elder brother of Champagne (the Prince de Lamballe's confidential valet), who earnestly desired to see me for a moment on a matter of life or death!

"It was the valet-de-chambre of Madame de Saint Paër, who, bursting into tears, told me that his mistress was poisoned—that he had vainly endeavoured to see the prince—and that, knowing I was his intimate friend, he thought it best to seek an interview with me. . . "You have done right," said I to him; and sending off instantly for my surgeon Baudret, before another hour had elapsed, we were at Clamont, by the bedside of Geneviève. Her femme-de-chambre having almost lost her senses from fright, had called in the whole village to her mistress' aid, so that the apartment was filled with a crowd of idle lookers-on. They were a little abashed at my presence, but could not be induced to leave me alone with Madame de Saint Paër, until my servants imposed silence by telling them that I was the Marquise de Créquy, whereupon they submissively retired.

"Ah, madame, is it you? . . . What excessive goodness! . . . Ah, madame!"—and these were the only words to which the lovely Geneviève could give utterance—she whose days I would gladly have prolonged at the expense of my own! . . . Alas! it was too late; for the poison was doing its deadly work so effectually, that Baudret told me she could not live beyond seven or eight hours longer, and that her present convulsive state would speedily be followed by one of languid torpor.

"With earnest cries she called for her confessor, the Vicar of Suaux; but he could not be found. . . "Your husband," said I to her, "has great confidence in one of the priests of this parish."

"My husband!" she cried out with a bewildered look. . . "You know, then, that he is my husband! He told you. . . Ah, pardon me, merciful God! pardon my crime! . . . Ah, if I could only have known that he had acknowledged me. . . And I have doubted thy goodness, gracious Lord! Oh, pardon my blindness—my want of trustfulness in Thee!" Then turning round to me—"Alas, madame, can you not get me cured? Or at least do not, I beseech you, let my poor body be buried on the highway! Every one knows I have taken poison. Alas! alas!"

"My poor child," I replied, "do not let your thoughts dwell on such a painful idea. But rather repent of the great sin, the crime you have committed, and leave the rest in God's hand."

"And monseigneur! . . . my husband?"

"He is as ill as you are."

"Ah," said she with a faint gleam of joy upon her pallid countenance—"ah, then, we may soon meet one another again. . . Look at these, madame," continued she, presenting to me two letters which had been concealed beneath her pillow; "read them, and judge of my misery."

"These infamous letters bore the Parisian post-mark, and their contents curdled my blood with horror and indignation. The writer, while addressing "the adorable Madame de Saint Paër" in the most adulatory strain, hinted that a certain young prince, in whom she was deeply interested, was pursuing a most unworthy career; and that she must prepare herself for a speedy rupture with him, as he was about to form an alliance with one of the princesses of the royal family. Too well I could guess the quarter from whence this tale of calumny had sprung; but Geneviève, ignorant of the world and its wicked devices, almost a child in years, passionately attached to her husband, and left alone without friend or counsellor, had been crushed by the weight of miserable thoughts which beset her; and on receiving the prince's severe letter (already alluded to), her reason gave way, and she swallowed the deadly draught which was now consuming her vital powers.

'The vicar of Suaux arrived; and on my preparing to quit the room, Geneviève besought me not to abandon her. "Stay, madame, I beseech you! Leave me not to die alone! You may hear my confession."

"I must leave you for a while, my poor child; but you may depend on my speedy return, and I hope not to come alone."

"Geneviève! Geneviève! do you not hear my voice? (This was after an hour and a-half's absence, and the patient, just after receiving absolution, had sunk into a narcotic stupor.) Here is the Duke de Penthièvre. He is come to Clamont to see the wife of his beloved and only son."

"Wife!" she articulated almost inaudibly. "His wife!"

'Perceiving that she was not yet insensible, and wishing to impart a consolation which, even at that moment, would, I knew, be precious to her, "It is the Duke de Penthièvre," repeated I in her ear. "He is by your side."

'She opened her eyes with difficulty, and her languid glance resting on the order set in brilliants which sparkled on the duke's breast, she smiled with ineffable sweetness, saying, "How have I—deserved? Pardon me, monseigneur—your son"—

'These were the last words breathed by the expiring Geneviève.

"My son had chosen you for his wife in the presence of God! you have received the blessing of our universal Father—of our Father in heaven; and now I am come to bless you, and to pray with you, my daughter!"

'Before his prayer was ended, she had yielded up her spirit; and there she lay, with an aspect of such pure and lovely serenity, that it seemed as if joy, rather than sorrow, had hovered over her departing moments.

'Geneviève Galliot is inhumed in the vaults of the collegiate church of Dreux, by the side of Marie Thérèse Felicie d'Est de Modène, the mother of her beloved husband. I never go to Montfaucon* without stopping at Dreux to offer up within the church of St Stephen a prayer on her behalf.

'M. de Lamballe had a long and serious illness, from whence he came forth purified as gold from the heated furnace; and amid his deep affliction he appeared calm and resigned.

'Two years later, he was induced to marry Mademoiselle de Savoie-Carignan. Inauspicious marriage! Never shall I forget his pallid countenance in the chapel of the Hôtel de Toulouse, where he was surrounded by brilliant lights, and fragrant flowers, and glowing draperies; while his young and beautiful bride looked dismayed at the mournful aspect of her betrothed. He scarcely looked more deathlike after his decease, which occurred within a brief period after his second marriage.

'The Princess de Lamballe was beauty, amiability, and virtue personified; but her fate in marriage was by no means a happy one; and it need not be told here how fearfully tragic was her end.'

THE NEW SANITARY COMMISSION.

If an excuse were required for recurring once more to the sanitary question, it might be found in the fact, that society is too apt to be forgetful of matters even of vital importance, when not brought repeatedly under notice. To some readers the subject will have become wearisome, if not repulsive; but as there appears now to be a real desire to go to work in earnest upon remedial measures, we can do no less on our part than direct attention to them.

The new Commission appointed by her majesty in September last have just published their first Report. It relates exclusively to London, their duty being 'to inquire whether any, and what several means may be requisite for the improvement of the health of the Metropolis;' and they have pushed forward this portion of their task with much spirit and comprehensive-

ness of purpose, so as to have it ready for the early meeting of parliament.

The great increase during the past year in the rate of mortality, and the impending visitation of the cholera, have led the Commission to direct their attention, more especially in this stage of the proceedings, to cleansing, draining, and paving, in conjunction with an efficient water supply. Cholera, fever, or any other disease to which large numbers of individuals are liable, must be either set at defiance, or rendered harmless. The Commission, we find, recapitulate the instructions issued by the London Board of Health in 1831, on the best means for checking the progress of the disease. 'At that time,' however, to quote the words of the Report, 'not only had no knowledge been acquired by experience of the true character of this disease, but nothing was known of the real condition of the classes which proved to be its first and easy victims, nor of the state of the localities in which they lived. The official inquiries which have since been made into the sanitary condition of the districts inhabited by the poorer classes, have disclosed a state of things which must expose, as is now universally admitted, the vast masses that are crowded into them to the ravages of every epidemic that may chance to prevail; and if this be true of epidemic diseases in general, it is emphatically true of the special disease under consideration.'

We have then a statement showing that the breaking out and spread of the cholera occurred under similar circumstances all over Europe. In the cities and towns attacked, it invariably made its first appearance near the water side, by muddy shores, along rank ditches, or at the outlets of foul drains. Whether in Petersburg, Moscow, Dantzic, Berlin, Paris, or London, the first victims were always found in the localities above specified. Fever is seldom or never absent from such places as these; and as we have frequently shown in our notices of the sanitary reports, there is scarcely a town in this country in which these pestilential hotbeds of fever are not to be met with: dirt, damp, and darkness, are three mighty affluents of cholera, or of disease of any kind. And it is a fact worthy of record, that notwithstanding the humid atmosphere of Holland, the Dutch, owing to their general scrupulous cleanliness, were remarkably exempt from cholera.

It is now pretty satisfactorily ascertained that cholera is not contagious; attempts made to communicate it from one person to another by mere contact signally failed. A knowledge of this fact must tend very materially to establish confidence, and prevent that neglect of persons attacked by the disease, many painful cases of which were brought under notice on a former occasion. Something appears to depend on geographical position: the cholera committed great ravages in Paris and London, while Lyons and Birmingham escaped unharmed. The latter town is not remarkable for cleanliness, but it lies high,* on a dry, absorbent, red sandstone. Among other physical conditions which promote epidemics, are instanced impure air, unsuitable food, and deficient clothing; the Commission consider the second of these conditions more likely to be a predisposing cause than real want of means—'amidst a population in which upwards of L.24,000,000 per annum, or more than five times the amount of the poor's rates, is spent in ardent spirits alone, and nearly an equal amount in tobacco and fermented liquors. . . . The want of sufficient and proper food,' continues the Report, 'by diminishing the vital energy, and thereby the power of resisting external noxious influences, renders the body the easy prey of whatever causes of disease

* Birmingham, being between 300 and 400 feet above the level of the sea, may be considered as singular in this respect among the large towns of England. Probably, however, the exemption from cholera in 1831, and the small amount of fever at all times, for which this town is remarkable, are in a greater measure owing to the number of separate dwellings used by the middle and lower classes, and the great quantity of ground which the town consequently covers.—Ed.

* One of the baronial residences of the De Créquy family.

may surround it. In the present state of most towns and cities, the number of persons whose constitution is enfeebled by want of food, compared with the number whose vital energy is depressed by want of pure air, is found to be an exceedingly small minority. We have little power to deal with the former class of predisposing causes; but we have complete power, by arrangements which are known, and which involve large and manifold economies, to remove from the Metropolis, and from every lane, court, and alley of every town, the sources that poison the air. Here, then, is the true field for exertion.'

The Commission lay great stress upon the fact, that cholera invariably follows the track of typhus. The *habitat* of the latter is unfortunately but too well known: it is in the unpaved, undrained streets and alleys, saturated with the fætor of cesspools, shocking the senses with filth and squalor. Incredible as it may seem, we learn from the Report that little or nothing has been done towards abating the evils signalised. Even where drains and sewers have been made, the condition of the neighbourhood has been altogether unimproved, from imperfect discharge of the sewers, and want of a proper supply of water. The evils of a deficient supply of the indispensable element are forcibly urged. Some districts, it is stated, are not only not improved, but are in a worse condition than in 1832; fever, according to the evidence, is never absent from them; in fact, the fever generated daily and hourly in these wretched localities is proved, in some instances, to be more fatal than cholera. On a comparison of three of the metropolitan districts, taking 1838, the first year of the registration—'in the first case the deaths from fever were more than double the deaths from cholera; in the second case more than treble; and in the latter case they were nearly five times the number.... The whole difference between the mortality produced by cholera and that produced by fever is under eight per cent.' For several years, the rate of death from fever has been steadily progressive in the Metropolis; in 1846 it was double that of the preceding year, and in the year just expired it has been still more in excess.

The Commission suggest alleviative measures, which apply equally to the prevalent unhealthiness and to cholera. In case of an attack of the latter disease, they discountenance removal to an hospital, and 'recommend that the best provision practicable should be made for rendering effectual assistance to the individuals who may need it at their own houses. This,' they continue, 'in our opinion, would be best effected by the selection of proper persons, who may be instructed as nurses, and engaged to devote their whole time to attendance on the sick at their own habitations, under the directions of the medical officer. Prompt assistance might thus be given to the patient, without subjecting him to any risk from bodily fatigue, and without anything being done calculated to excite apprehension or alarm.'

A perfect system of draining and cleansing is insisted on as the only effectual preventive means. Let this be well and thoroughly carried into effect; and although it is not contended that disease will become altogether innocuous, yet there will be no longer ground of reproach for neglect of duty.

The modes of drainage are next discussed, together with the relative advantages and expense of various forms and dimensions of sewers. The folly of making sewers without house-drains leading into them, forms an especial subject of notice, combined with an exposure of the present utterly inefficient mode of constructing these drains. Instead of being square, and made of common bricks, they are to be of glazed earthenware circular tubes, which are not only cheaper, but much more effectual for the purpose. 'Thus,' says the Report, 'whilst a twelve-inch drain, which is required by the Kent and Surrey, and the Tower Hamlets, and the City Commissioners, accumulates deposit, and generates noxious gases, a tubular earthenware drain, of nine times less capacity, or of four inches in diameter, or

proportional to the house, of from three to six inches, keeps perfectly clear. Even three-inch drains convey away the refuse from middle-sized houses, and keep perfectly clear, whilst the layer permeable brick drains, which are usually charged three times the price, are choked up.'

It is impossible that there can be effectual drainage without a constant and abundant supply of water; in some instances the construction of drains has only made the atmosphere of houses more poisonous than it was before. According to the inspector of sewers, there is nearly always a current of air setting from the sewer into the drain, so that they become 'as retorts with necks carried into the houses for the conveyance of the gases there.' A recent case of death in Langley Court, Long Acre, is clearly traced to impure air generated in a foul sewer. This sewer was five feet six inches high, and three feet wide. The filth had accumulated in it to a depth of three feet, and remained stagnant—an instance of useless and wasteful expenditure, combined with entire inefficiency. A six-inch tubular drain would, without stoppage, have carried off the whole drainage of the court, while the saving in expense would have been L.5, 17s. 6d. per house. Mr Phillips, the witness examined on this point, observes—'The sewers of this sort are only elongated cesspools; and not only is almost every house infested with one or more cesspools, somewhere within or about the premises, but probably the inhabitants, and the public generally, are not aware of the existence of such enormous cesspools under the streets. If the whole of the sewers of this description could be uncovered and seen, their horrible condition, I feel assured, would almost stagger belief that such a state of things could be, and that the authorities having control over them could allow them to continue so even for a single day longer.' Other witnesses speak of huge sewers being constructed for mere driplets of water; nearly the whole sewage of London, in fact, is a subterranean monument of 'vested' shortsightedness and ignorance. The surveyor for the Tower Hamlets states that no provision was made in his division for the draining of courts, no estimates contemplated for this object, or the draining of private houses, no consideration of future utility or water supply; and yet the Commission of Sewers for that district were about to apply to parliament for an extension of powers and privileges. From the evidence adduced, the Sanitary Commission 'have confident assurances that cesspools may be abolished, and a complete system of house drainage maintained in houses of the poorer class for a rate of twopence-halfpenny per week, including a constant supply of water carried into each house.'

Without a complete system of levelling, it is obvious that a perfect system of sewage cannot be combined. The Commission believed that complete levels might be obtained from the existing materials, the bit-by-bit surveys of each district; but the ordnance officer applied to on the subject denounced the whole as utterly worthless—affording another proof that nothing useful or effectual in regard to so great a work can be accomplished, unless combined under one vigorous system of management. In summing up, the Commission state that, 'for the prevention of disease, and the saving of health and life, by early carrying out efficient works of drainage, and diminishing the mass of atmospheric impurities by which the public health is depressed, and for the prevention of expenditure upon inefficient works, we feel it our duty to recommend an immediate exercise of the powers of the crown; and that the several commissions appointed under its authority in the Metropolis be recalled with the least possible delay; that the law of sewers, now administered by numerous persons in these separate districts, be confided to one body of commissioners for the whole of the Metropolis.'

This recommendation has already produced some good effects: the Heptarchy of Sewage Commissions, as they were called, for the Metropolis, have been super-

sessed by writs issued by the Lord Chancellor; and the whole management of the work of drainage, &c. is confided to a new Commission, composed of twenty-two gentlemen of known ability and earnestness in the cause of sanitary reform. London, which should be a model to the whole kingdom, has, generally speaking, been slow to bestir itself in questions of immediate vital importance. The inhabitants of the great city will often contend stoutly for the perpetuation of old abuses or worn-out prejudices; let them now show equal spirit in promoting the views of the new Commission, and the Metropolis will become a centre from which the most beneficial influences will extend over the whole country. The point of the wedge is now fairly inserted, and it is to be hoped that the work will go steadily on to a successful accomplishment.

The inquiry, which is still going on, has brought to light many abuses under the old system of management. Among others that have come to our knowledge, we may mention a case of a sewer paved with granite. The employment of so expensive a material naturally led to investigation, when it was ascertained that the chief promoter of the measure—a person occupying an official situation in the city—traded in the article, and had supplied the granite. Not least among the benefits of the new system will be the prevention of wasteful expenditure. The Report, which, as we have shown, is entirely to the purpose, has the further merit of being short: we commend it to the careful attention of municipal authorities all over the country.

HISTORY OF A DESERTED SAILOR.

ON the morning of Saturday, the 5th of May, upwards of a century ago, a ship belonging to the Dutch squadron came in sight of Ascension Island. Anchoring at some distance off shore, she put off a boat, which, under the efforts of an active crew, made rapidly for the island. The boat contained, besides the crew, an individual heavily manacled, and a guard. The prisoner, seated at the stern between the two soldiers who guarded him, sat with his head buried in his hands; but gave no further sign of emotion until he was disturbed from his position by the sound of the boat grinding on the white shore of Ascension: when, with an agonised look at his comrades, and at the vessel, he silently rose, and in company with his guard, left the boat, and stepped on to the beach of *his prison*. A sailor's chest, some bedding, and sundry other articles, were taken from the boat; the prisoner's chains were removed in silence, and the crew and guard re-embarked, leaving him alone on the beach; and nothing moved by his now frantic intreaties to them to return and take him with them, they pulled hard to the ship, apparently anxious to take leave of a scene so painful. Arriving on board, the anchor was presently heaved, all sail set, and the vessel stood out to sea, leaving the unhappy man sunk on the sand in the most abject despair. Before noon, she was out of sight; and in every direction nothing was visible but the blue and desolate waters tossing up their heads to the sky. The nature of the crime which was visited by this dreadful punishment we are not permitted to divulge; but that it was of great heinousness, may be gathered from his own confessions. Some mercy mingled with the sentence, as was manifest in the numerous little articles which were left for him on the shore. Among these was a limited supply of provisions, consisting of a little rice, onions, peas, and meal. He had also a cask of water, two buckets, an old fryingpan, and a fowlingpiece, but no ammunition. Some paper, a Bible, a few clothes, and some unimportant sundries, completed the list of his possessions.

The island itself was of a nature so savage and repulsive, as was well calculated to impress with horror and despair the stoutest heart condemned to so vast a dungeon. Being of volcanic origin, its surface was strewn with broken rocks, ashes, and pumice; here

and there a little red soil, scorched and sterile, peeped from between masses of rock upon which the traces of fire yet existed. Its shores on one side were frightful to approach: horrid precipices of black lava seemed to fringe the island with mourning, and threaten intrusion with death, while at their base were deep chasms, eaten out by the insatiable wave. Farther on, the wildest confusion of rocks, whose jagged summits added to the desolation of the spot, was occasionally relieved by small patches of a glittering, naked beach, white like snow, composed of fragile coral, and frailer shells ground to dust against the iron bulwarks of the island. The other side of the island was more hospitable, possessing a less frowning coast, a good bay, and a tamer sea-shore. Inland, a few acres of plain stretched away between the gloomy-looking hills; but even these were either wholly barren, or scantily covered with a weak growth of innutritious plants, such as grass, ferns, purslain, a few thistles, and a convolvulus. Not a shrub was there on the whole island; and the only spot refreshing to the eye wearied with so long a glance at desolation, was a tall mountain called the Green Mountain, whose verdant sides gave the promise, which they did not fulfil in reality, of supplying something that might support the outcast during his stay there. The spot was, on the whole, somewhat like a vast cinder, spotted here and there indeed with green, but otherwise as dry and burnt as if it had just been vomited from the depths of some vast volcano. Yet the place was the habitation of a legion of wild goats, and populous nations of rats and mice over-scrampered it; and one or two tribes of melancholy insects awoke with its morning sun, and went to sleep at an early hour in the afternoon. Its shores, fierce looking though they were, were more lively: flocks of 'boobies' strutted along its glittering sands in all the impertinent independence consequent upon unacquaintance with mankind; a vast turtle or two, six or seven hundred pounders now and then, crawled from the blue waters, and after taking a short walk for the benefit of their health, crawled in again, walking over possibly hundreds of enraged crabs on their way back; and the waters themselves were livelier still, for they abounded in eels, old wives, and rock-cod. The extreme length of the island was a little more than seven miles, its extreme breadth about six, and its general form was oval.

Such were the miserable and most unpromising circumstances under which this unhappy man was left to take his chance of perishing utterly, or the more remote one of being discovered and rescued by some passing vessel. As his journal, which he regularly kept from the first day of his landing, has been preserved, we are able to proceed with the rest of his history. After recovering in some measure from the shock of being left alone, and after watching with an aching heart the ship's snowy topsail sink beneath the waves of the horizon, he addressed himself to his first labour, which was the construction of a tent. The spot he selected for its site was sufficiently gloomy, for it was beneath one of the dismal overhanging black rocks of which mention has been made; but it assisted to cover his tent from the weather, and it was close to the beach upon which he, and all he possessed, had been left. By the close of the first long and weary day, a temporary tent was raised, into which he brought his chest, bedding, and all his other chattels; and here, heavy and sick of heart, he spent the first night. Rising early the following morning, after partaking of his lonely meal, he set forth to explore the island. It was the Sabbath, and around was more than the stillness of that sacred day—it was the silence of the grave. No 'church-going bell,' no faint notes of a village hymn, no quiet tumult of a departing congregation, came to the outcast's ear—the wind was asleep, the waters were at peace; but in his heart there was no peace, and he himself was alone unquiet amid surrounding quietude. He searched in vain for some green thing which might promise him food; he then returned

to his tent, and, to beguile the dull hours, set about some alterations in its arrangements; he also covered it with a tarpaulin, which he fastened down with stones, thus securing himself from rain. Towards evening, the solitude of the beach was broken by bustling flocks of boobies; on approaching them, he found them so tame, as to permit him easily to seize several, which he afterwards killed, skinned, and salted, laying them in the sun to dry. His eyes were ceaselessly directed to the horizon; but viewed from whatever eminence, it revealed nothing but the same hopeless, unbroken blue line. Hoping it might catch the notice of some distant vessel which might escape his eyes while searching for food, he made a white flag with a portion of his linen; and fastening it to his almost useless fowling-piece, he planted it in the most conspicuous position he could deservy. Sauntering afterwards along the beach, he had the good fortune to overtake a fine turtle, which he killed by beating it on the head; and this supplied him with provision for a little time. As the terrors of his lonely situation grew upon him, he began to fear lest the threatening overhanging rock, under which he had placed his tent, should suddenly fall and overwhelm him: he therefore removed his dwelling to a less alarming position. He was by this time in a very miserable and disconsolate state of mind: often, after a long day's fruitless search for water and food, returning home with torn feet and an aching heart, he would pray, with one of old, that he might die. But he would by no means be accessory to his own death, as, in the constancy of hope, he still looked to his signal being seen, and himself delivered out of 'that terrible place.' Conceiving it singular that he had met as yet with no beasts upon the island, he searched carefully for footmarks on the beach and inland; but without success; the unbroken surface declared to him, again and again, that he was alone. The contents of his water-cask also daily reminded him that, unless he shortly succeeded in finding water, the most terrible fate awaited him. On one of his excursions he met with a little purlain, which he boiled with the boobies, and thus made a tolerably palatable dish for one in his condition. The few other herbs which that niggard desert afforded he was afraid to eat, nor were they sufficiently inviting to induce him to make the attempt. Every day saw him now anxious and careworn leave his tent, bucket in hand, seeking for water; and every day saw him return in the evening almost fainting, and with an empty vessel. His supplies of food also grew short; boobies became scarce—turtle were not seen. He then used to boil a little rice in a little water, of which he made most of his meals. Many, many times, and with a gaze made intense by the struggle in his mind between hope and despair, were his eyes bent upon the lonely waters, but no ship appeared. It was fortunate that, as yet, his bodily health continued good. Thus were his days spent at this time: in the morning, the spring of hope poured its assuaging waters over his soul, and he set forth fully expecting success of some sort; in the evening, those waters were cut off, and he beguiled some of the tedium of the night by reading until his eyes were weary, and then, as a diversion, he would set to mending his clothes. Finding no promise of native esculents, he thought to increase his stock by planting a few of those he had with him. He therefore set some onions and peas in a patch of soil near his tent. Finding a number of nests of sea-fowl, many containing eggs, he plundered them, and made his principal food of their contents. He was for some time much at a loss for a light at night; at length he hit upon the expedient of melting down some of the turtles' fat; and thus, with a saucer for his lamp, and a bit of rag for the wick, he had a tolerable light, which he used to keep burning all night. Thus passed a fortnight of his life in this great prison.

All his search for water had proved unavailing, and he was under the painful necessity of daily diminish-

ing his stock, without the means or the prospect of being able to replenish it. He explored the island in a new direction, looking narrowly into every cranny of the rock, and searching every spot covered with a little fresher-looking herbage than the rest; but no bubbling waters appeared. Bethinking him, then, of his fishing-tackle, he repaired to the rocks to try his fortune in a fresh direction; he spent several hours in this employment in vain, which was somewhat remarkable, as the waters were unusually prolific of fish. Meanwhile a sad accident had occurred. Turning homewards, what was his surprise to behold a dense volume of smoke rising up to the skies in the direction of his tent! Deeply alarmed, and dreading the worst, he flew with the utmost speed to the spot: he found the presage too true: his tent was on fire! Hastily snatching up his buckets, he ran to the sea; and thus, by considerable efforts, he was enabled to quench the consuming element. It appears that the origin of the fire was attributable to his having carelessly left his tinder-box, with some lighted tinder in it, upon his quilt. By this calamity he lost a shirt, a handkerchief, and a part of his quilt; and his Bible was much singed. Yet he felt thankful to God for what he had saved. He then knelt down, and earnestly intreated God to 'give him the patience of holy Job' under his accumulating sufferings. The spirit of his journal at this time is one which betokens a degree of humble acceptance of his punishment, severe as it was, and of patient submission to the Supreme Will. Thus the month of May passed away—his provisions diminishing, his barrel of water failing, his hopes growing fainter, and the future full of the gloomiest anticipations, in consequence of the rapidly-increasing heat of the weather.

On the 1st of June, there is this touching entry in the journal:—'It would be needless to write how often my eyes are cast upon the sea to look for shipping; and every little atom in the sky I take for a sail; then I look till my eyes dazzle, and immediately the object disappears. When I was put on shore, the captain told me it was the time of year for shipping to pass this way, which makes me look out the more diligently.' At the end of the first week in this month, he had but two quarts of water left in his cask, and this was so muddy, as only to be drinkable after straining through a handkerchief. He then thought of digging for water. After digging to the depth of seven feet, he found not so much as a trace of moisture, and he desisted from his labour with feelings easier conceived than described. At this time deep considerations of his apparently approaching death filled his mind, and he spent many hours in prayer and in solemn meditations upon a future state. On the morning of the 10th of June, faint and sick with thirst, he drank his last portion of water to the very dregs, and in the strength of it he went out on a fresh search for some of this precious fluid. After four hours' tedious walking under a burning sun, he at length became so weary and faint, as to be unable to proceed any farther, and he lay down wishing he might die. His situation was that of the fainting Hagar in the wilderness, and his deliverance was to prove as signal. Rising at length from the earth, he walked slowly over the rocks towards his tent, as he thought, to die. But not so: his eye was led to a hollow place in a rock, toward which he eagerly sprang. Who can paint his joy, or describe his gratitude, on finding that it contained a little silver rill of water, pure, cool, and fresh! The poor fellow cast himself on the earth, and drank most immoderately of the delicious fluid. In the intoxication of his joy he sat down by its side, and drank again and again of its life-giving draught. The treasures of the whole earth were poor and mean in comparison with that tiny streamlet. Evening was closing in, and taking care to mark well its position, he returned to his tent with a step more elastic than he had yet known, and a heart brimful of gratitude and joy. Thus one source of his deepest anxiety was, for the time at least, diminished. He was now

able to use the water freely; but whether from previous excessive over-fatigue, or as the consequence of a long disappointed hope, cannot be said, but it is evident that now symptoms of delirium began to appear, and of these he was himself conscious. Strange fancies filled his mind at times, which disappeared at other times. At this period there occurs the following remark in his journal:—'It makes me very melancholy to think that I have no hopes of getting off this unhappy island.' The sharp volcanic rocks, which were like so many broken glass bottles, cut his shoes to pieces, and wounded his feet so severely, that he was scarcely able to stand upright. Now also a terrible adventure befell him. Awakening from sleep, he heard a dreadful noise around his tent. Listening more attentively, he recognised the voices of either men or evil spirits in loud conversation close to him. This continued all night, so that he awoke in the morning unrefreshed. The next day, and for several days subsequently, he speaks of having been repeatedly accosted by an apparition, which assumed the form of one of his old comrades. Greatly to his relief, it at length departed. Although it is manifest the unhappy man firmly believed all these supernatural events, we are safe in ascribing one and all to the inroads of delirium upon his understanding. Possibly, from the free use of water, these symptoms, which might have taken a part of their origin in the want of that fluid, disappeared; and the entries in the journal resume their usual simple character. For some time past his supply of wood for fuel had failed him, and, as we have before mentioned, that not so much as a shrub existed in the island, he began to despair of again tasting cooked food, when one day, as he paced along the beach, a good-sized tree was cast ashore. This he cut in half, and was thus resupplied with fire materials for a little time. Another difficulty then opposed him: he was quite unable to procure any fresh food; and with a 'raging hunger' preying upon him, he wandered about the island seeking it in vain. As if to heap misfortunes on his devoted head, the increased power of the sun, the heat of which blistered his face, dried up his well. Previously to this he had filled his cask, and, for convenience' sake, had removed most of his things to a cave near to the well. Thus were all his first anxieties renewed again, while there remained to him less energy of body and mind to struggle against them. One day as he wandered along the shore, he was startled at the appearance of a rude cross in the distance. On approaching it, he found it the grave-mark, as he conjectured, of some one buried in that spot. This was the first token he had perceived in the island of a previous visit by his fellow-men; and while it kindled hope, it was also full of melancholy promptings upon his own condition. He, too, appeared to be cast there as one dead, yet with this difference—as one deserted in his death. This brings us to the close of another month. In spite of the most diligent search, water was not to be found. On the last day in June he writes with mournful brevity, 'There is now not one drop!'

July opened upon this miserable man with all the intense heat of the season in that latitude. In one of his water-seeking expeditions, he saw, for the first time, large flocks of goats, to the amount of several hundreds. He vainly endeavoured to pursue them; but they proved far too swift for his decaying strength, and bounded away, leaving him in his desolation. Great flocks of sea-fowl were often visible in the strand, in such numbers, that, when they took wing at his approach, they appeared like a dense cloud, which, coming between him and the sun, completely intercepted the light. Once he found a brush on the shore, and early in August he discovered other traces of the visits of previous voyagers, finding in a rock—which, at a distance, looked something like a rude cottage—some old nails, and pieces of broken glass bottles, and also a piece of a broken oar. He now called to mind his early

attempt at horticulture, and set out for the spot where he had planted his peas and onions, near to the place where he had first pitched his tent. He saw from a little distance, to his joy, that some green plants appeared on the spot, and on drawing near, he found that a few had sprung up; but as if the withering hand was upon him in all things, the rest had been utterly devoured by vermin. For the period of three months there had not fallen a half hour's rain on the island. At this period of his history, with his miseries increasing upon him, he thus writes:—'My heart is so full, that my pen cannot utter it. I now and then find a little water, which the goats have left me. I always scoop it up to the last drop, and use it very sparingly.' On one of his visits to his old tent, while inside it, he was much alarmed at hearing a great noise, as if a 'hundred coppersmiths were at work.' His alarm continued until he resolved to search for the cause of this commotion, and ascending a hill, he discovered its origin in the chattering of a vast flock of birds, which whirled into the air as soon as they perceived him. This little discovery greatly relieved his mind, which, under the horrors of his situation, was become much enfeebled. He measured the contents of his water-cask, and found he had but six gallons left. He drank by measure, and eked out his allowance as much as he could, abstaining from boiling his food. The entries in his journal preserve a melancholy monotony—'Went out to search for water, but in vain,' is the only memorandum for many days. How earnestly he now lifted up his prayers and his eyes to the heavens, may well be imagined! But that saying was true of them which had its primary reference to another race, 'The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.' 'I looked up,' he writes, 'to the heavens all round me, to see if the sky was overcast, that I might have some hopes of rain; but all, to my sorrow, was very clear.' He was now frequently out until evening looking for water, and many times was far from home as the shades of night approached. On one of these occasions, the sun having set, he was compelled to sleep away from his cave: having lain down, his slumbers were soon disturbed by new tormentors; such a prodigious number of rats surrounded him, as put him in considerable jeopardy of being devoured alive. He took good care after this to return to his cave before dark. Despair was now rapidly seizing his mind, resisted only by a few feeble struggles of expiring hope: he had now 'given up all hopes of finding any water,' and wandered on the strand lost in distraction. Here he espied a turtle, which he succeeded in killing; and he slaked his burning thirst with the greatest avidity in the creature's blood. At a later period, he found some relief in drinking the fluid contents of the eggs of the sea-fowl; but both proved ill substitutes for water, and he was seized with an illness, which he ardently hoped might end his sufferings. His head swelled, he became dizzy, and was frequently delirious: he could no longer walk, and could only crawl from place to place. He often crawled up to a turtle, which, with his razor, he killed, and then the poor fellow lay by its side quenching his thirst in its life-blood. And now approaches the close of this mournful history. Burnt up with thirst, he drank, in desperation, a quantity of salt water; but this had nearly proved immediately fatal to him. Now, in a few affecting words, he scrawls, 'I am so much decayed, that I am a perfect skeleton, and cannot write the particulars, my hand shakes so.' Further on—'My wood is all gone!' 'I hope the Lord will have mercy upon my soul.' The last entry is on the 14th of October, when the unhappy outcast records the short and simple words, 'All as before!'

Thus perished the deserted sailor, after the endurance of bodily and mental agonies, for upwards of five months, a part of which only would have sufficed to unseat the reason of many men. We believe the facts here narrated may be considered genuine and authen-

tic. They are contained in a tract preserved in the Harleian collection, which states, in addition, that some months after the poor fellow's death, a ship touched at Ascension, and found his journal, and his body, and possessions there. Yet this unhappy man need not have died: a little knowledge of the first principles of chemistry would have saved him. We were struck recently with the expedient of some sailors in procuring fresh water from salt, which, though perfectly familiar to us before, deserves notice. The apparatus was an iron pot, a wooden lid, and a musket barrel. By this means a good supply of pure fresh water was obtained by distilling the salt water. So might our outcast have saved himself from death. How easy to make a still of the teakettle which he had, and a worm of the musket barrel! Two or three hours thus spent every day, might have supplied him with sufficient fresh water for all his necessities, and preserved him from the dreadful death which overcame him. Not knowing into whose hands these pages may fall, we have thought it worth while repeating this homely suggestion here. How different now is the aspect of this once melancholy island! Many acres of the Green Mountain are under cultivation: esculents of all kinds grow in abundance; roads have been made; a plentiful spring of water has been discovered, whose contents are conveyed by iron pipes to a large tank in the English fort. Cattle, and sheep, and livestock enliven the hills, where wild goats still wander in immense numbers. An importation of terriers has exterminated the rats. Fruits of various kinds adorn and enrich the gardens. A safe anchorage has been found, in which many a gallant ship has ridden; and a government establishment gives Ascension its laws and orders. Thus have the united efforts of men caused this 'wilderness to smile and blossom as the rose,' where all the energies of one unhappy individual proved insufficient to deliver himself from the combined terrors of thirst and hunger.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THERE is an assumption of offence being meant, which is almost as bad as to give offence. It strikes us that this is eminently the case as between nation and nation. For one of these aggregations of humanity to express an apprehension of danger from another, is assuredly an unfriendly demonstration on its own part, and we can readily imagine such a thing leading, through a brief process, to a diminished inclination for peace on both sides. Thus to increase the likelihood of war, merely by a false imputation of bad dispositions in a neighbour, is surely much to be deprecated. It becomes an obvious duty of nations, living peaceably side by side, to be careful of adopting any erroneous views as to each other's inclinations in this respect, lest they precipitate the very evil they would guard against.

Entertaining these views, we cannot but think the present an unsuitable time for raising an alarm about the means of national defence; that is to say, supposing that these means are not sensibly less in magnitude and force than they have been at any time during the past thirty years—which we believe to be the case. The tendency to war was certainly never less than it is now among any European people. There is no feature in the state of foreign nations to give the least increase of apprehension. On the contrary, we are at the commencement of the experience of a great change in international economy, which manifestly has a tendency to create a community of interests among nations; while increased means of personal communication are everywhere making them better acquainted with each other, and thus diminishing mutual antipathy, and increasing mutual affection. This is rather a time for putting on the smile of kindly good-feeling towards our neighbours, than the sullen scowl of suspicion. We are no more advocates for a Quixotic benevolence, than for an irrational jealousy; but we do think that it would

have been more appropriate, at the present crisis, to hold out some additional signals of friendly regard and generous fellow-feeling towards other states, than to get up a cry that we are not in a fit state to defy them to do their worst. When will the time come for states to assume in their relations to each other the looks and language which give sweetness to the relations of private life—those demonstrations, for example, which will cause natives of different countries, when they meet and travel together for a few days, to become attached and friendly, and to regret the approach of the hour which must part them? Odd as it may sound—from the mere novelty of the idea—there is nothing in the relation of man to man more than in that of state to state; and France and England have at this moment as little reason to fall out with each other, as a Frenchman and an Englishman have to get into a quarrel on meeting at a table d'hôte in Brussels. To render a little service to a fellow-creature, or even to express sympathy with him on the occurrence of a domestic affliction, makes him a friend. Suppose that, when an opportunity of *obliging the French* were to occur, we were to take it. Suppose, on an occasion of famine in France, we were to offer them aid in the language of unmistakable good-feeling: might we not expect the same results as we find in similar cases in private life? Undoubtedly. Hours of time and pounds of money devoted in this way would go as far as years and millions in any other way spent. One sentence of honest good-feeling spoken with little ceremony, were worth whole bureaux of the most elaborate diplomacy conducted in that style of cunning and dexterity which has come down from old times as the style proper to international affairs, but which is only devil's wisdom at the best, and necessarily unavailing to any good purpose.

Some years ago, there was a district in the Highlands of Scotland which was in such a state of Arcadian simplicity, that the locking of doors by night had fallen into desuetude. An Englishman came to take a situation of trust in the place, one long accustomed to all the rogues and sharperisms of London. His discourse was full of references to clever expedients for detecting and defeating frauds, and, as a matter of course, he *locked his door*. The suspiciousness expressed by his words, and, in particular, by this deed, made him decidedly unpopular. So many nations, which are meaning no offence, be provoked by the arming and defending of a wrong-witted associate. No doubt, if there were any very strong and decided ground for apprehension, it would be proper to arm nevertheless. But this ought to be very clearly ascertained before the provoking policy is entered upon. We do not scruple to avow our belief that there is no real appearance of materials for a war against England in any part of the earth, though we can imagine serious thoughts of it arising in some places if we should show, by the proposed defences, that *our* thoughts are not turned on peace.

Should we be told that peace-breathing sentiments are all very well, but that they will be unavailing against the attack of a bellicose neighbour—vain as it would be to coax a Hyrcanian tiger, or preach morality to a highwayman—we reply that we are not so ill prepared for defence as necessarily, on an exigency, to have only such soft expedients to look to. England found herself safe during the last war, when an amount of hostility was mustered against her such as scarcely any nation ever had to contend with. She is not weaker now in proportion to the force that might be brought against her, but probably much stronger. The fact is, that the difficulties of landing a large force in a populous island, possessing anything like decent means of resistance, are next to insuperable. There is also such a thing as the cheap defence of nations, of which we have abundance. We have a defence in that wealth which gives us the readiest command of the means of war. Peace and all its attendant circumstances, so far from disqualifying us for war, if the monster should come, are constantly adding to our best power for flight—

ing and resisting, in as far as they are constantly increasing our wealth, and enabling us to effect those social reforms which, by extinguishing grounds of complaint, are strengthening the fidelity of the people to their own common cause. In these considerations, it seems as if we had sufficient grounds for resting satisfied with the present amount of our tangible means of defence; and we earnestly hope that such will be the judgment of the nation, if the question of increased defences should be further pressed.

‘IT IS ONLY A FORM.’

The recent trial for selling a commission in the East India Company's service is full of instruction. Two gentlemen are found guilty of this offence, and subjected to all the ignominy usually associated with criminality; while no one pretends to doubt that such commissions have been all but regular matter of barter for many years. In one country town known to us, the genteel residents who had sons to provide for, were accustomed to consider the giving of eight or nine hundred pounds for a commission in the Company's service as a matter of course. A clergyman had agreed to advance a son in this way; but when the papers were presented, and he found that he was expected to sign one declaring that he had given no money for the commission, he drew back, and refused, for conscientious reasons, to ratify the bargain. A gentleman of our acquaintance once took some steps with a view to obtaining such a situation by favour for a friend's son. He found it was set down to provincial simplicity that he should think of obtaining by favour or good-will what brought several hundred pounds in the market! Such being the case, the actual culpability of the two condemned gentlemen becomes somewhat different from the apparent, though we certainly should not like to become their advocates.

It seems at first a little difficult to understand how men moving in a respectable sphere of society should have been able to get over the difficulty of making a declaration directly contrary to the truth. We suspect that, after all, this is but little of a marvel. In public affairs, there are so many things merely formal, and not real, that men's sense of rectitude as to what they say and sign is apt to be much confounded. For example, a cathedral chapter is called on to elect a meet person to be a bishop, as if it would be an error on their part to elect one who is unmeet; but there is no real choice in the matter. They would break a somewhat terrible law if they were to fail to elect the particular person pointed out. Continually such things occur, ‘You sign this; it is only a form.’ It may be an attestation of something you know nothing about; but it is only a form. Hesitation would look like Quakerism or imbecility, and you sign accordingly. The effect of such things must be demoralising, by reason that they accustom men to treat the semblances of solemn affirmations with levity. While they are so rife around us, we suspect that declarations like those given on obtaining a commission for a son in the East India Company's service, will be but a slight protection against a breaking of the law, even though one culprit out of a thousand be now and then detected and exposed.

MIDSUMMER EVE.*

A FAIRY tale of love, bearing the date of the year of grace 1848, and not specially intended for good boys and girls, but likewise for grown men and women! This is an odd fashion; but it must be owned it is the fashion; and, moreover, that the genius of one of the most graceful of the female writers of our day, never looked more graceful than when arrayed in its phantasy. The chief fault of the volume is—and we like to get out the critical growl at once, and have done with it—that Mrs Hall, aware of having seized upon a capital idea, has

made somewhat too much of it: that her fairies appear too often, say too much, do too little, and are not sufficiently distinct in their character and feelings from human beings. But such objections are neutralised by the fact, that the story would be very beautiful and interesting even without the aid of the supernatural machinery at all; and the candid reader accepts this adjunct as something intended to soften and refine the common incidents of life—and, above all things, to admit of a store of pictorial illustrations and ornaments, such as few works of the kind can boast of.

The substance of the literature, and most of the illustrations, appeared originally in the ‘Art-Union Journal,’ which in itself is sufficient evidence of the value of both; but the names of the fair author, of Macleise, Stanfield, Landseer, Paton, Creswick, and numerous other artists of distinction, afford an additional guarantee. This origin, however, has been productive of another peculiarity—that the hero of the tale is an artist; and although we concede to certain critics, that the people of this country have not sufficient familiarity with art to feel any deep interest in the recorded fortunes of its followers, still it should be observed, that Mrs Hall has had too much tact to treat the young gentleman before us as a professor. It is not the incidents of an artist's life which delight not the million, but the prosing about art itself, the æsthetic mysteries which they can neither comprehend nor enjoy; and in ‘Midsummer Eve,’ all this is either avoided entirely, or touched upon so lightly, as to give refinement to the narrative without weariness.

The story is founded upon the popular belief in Ireland, that a child whose father has died before its birth, if born on a midsummer's eve, becomes the rightful property of the fairies; and the esoteric purpose of the work is to describe the conflict of good and evil influences to which the individual is so delivered. But setting these aside, the tale, as we have hinted, is a capital tale in itself, and the child in question grows up into a glorious girl and a heroic woman, as naturally as if there were no such beings as fairies in all Ireland. We must not detain the reader longer, however, but proceed to lay before him a specimen of both kinds of interest—the supernatural and the natural.

While the mother-expectant was in her last exigence, on a certain midsummer eve—and a fearful eve it was,

On which a child might understand,
The devil had business on his hand—

an old nurse was watching anxiously for the arrival of assistance.

‘A certain wise man—known as Randy the Woodcutter—had been sent off for the doctor; and while she waited his return, she had, she thought, frequently heard him “whisperin’ and cosherin’ at the door;” and yet he came not. At length, however, his well-known step was distinctly audible.

“Is all right, Randy?” she asked from within.

“All *will* be right when I knock,” he answered, “and then open quickly.”

“Is he on the road?” inquired the nurse, heedless of the warning; but before he could reply, a sharp blast rushed inward, and extinguished the flickering light of the lean candle she held with a trembling hand.

“A cross and a blessing about us, Kitty Kelly!” exclaimed Randy, falling on his knees. “God, he knows I couldn’t help it. Why did you open the door before I knocked? I done all for the best, as the end will prove. Oh murder! Why don’t you shut the door, instead of standing there like a rock in the lake: there’s something more than the wind passed in now!—bless yourself, woman, dear! Oh, then, sure it’s impossible to tell what would be on the wings of the wind this midsummer eve!”

Kitty is in great consternation; and the rather that Randy (who, the reader must know, is a celebrated seer), instead of bolting out the wind, stands staring and bowing to the rafters.

* *Midsummer Eve, a Fairy Tale of Love.* By Mrs S. C. Hall. Longman, London. 1846.

"Kitty Kelly, you're not altogether of this country!" exclaimed Randy in a low tone: "you've only been two hundred years in it—for you came in with old Oliver Cromwell; so give way to your prayers—it's no wind that we're trembling in: of the three we're watching, one came in with me—the mistress will thank me for that; there was a second—and there will be a third. You may strive against them; I dare not!"

"I dare!" replied Kitty, whose courage had in part returned; and then she started, for she fancied she heard shouts of ironical laughter; but, little daunted, she attempted to close the door violently. In this, however, she did not succeed; the wind pushed against her, and not only had the best of it, but flung her to the other end of the kitchen.

"Make the blessed sign," said Randy, yet without moving to her assistance.

"I can't," she replied; "my hand's weighed down by a ton weight." She had hardly uttered the words, when a gust of wind, freighted with most extraordinary noises—sighs, and snatches of music, atoms of laughter, and fragments of old songs, mingled with the sound of rushing waters—entered the cottage, and filled it as with an atmosphere.

"It will shut aisy enough now," observed the woodcutter, rising from his knees, and wiping his brow. "Air, earth, and water! Oh, I'm not afraid to say my say about the good people, day or night; they never did me an ill turn, and never will; quiet, and kindly, and good they are, and mane nothing but good to the dear lady;" and his huge head nodded, and his long limbs bent and twisted, in a peculiar sort of homage to something invisible to all eyes but his own. The nurse thought it probable that Randy made the speech, and performed his gesticulations, in the hope of propitiating the good offices of the company whom she now knew had come to the birth. It was currently believed that he could see and understand more than be seemed an honest man; and yet Randy was an honest man, and had the unbought happiness of being more loved than feared. * * * The door was now easily closed, and the candle relit at the kitchen fire; the woodcutter threw upon it an additional heap of bog-fir: the old cat's hair stood out like porcupines' quills; every now and then she opened her mouth to hiss, but closed it again without a sound; she would lift a paw, and stretch it forth, bristling with claws; then draw it back again, each claw returning to its downy sheath.

"Sit down, Randy, and don't be showldering the chimney, as if there wasn't a chair in the place," said the nurse through her chattering teeth.

"I know better manners than to disturb any one from their sate," he answered, bowing round respectfully.

The nurse crossed herself with the thumb of her right hand, and retreated to the bedroom of her mistress. The fire burned brightly, yet the cat took no pleasure in its blaze, but kept moving uneasily from one side to the other, "wrinkling" up her coat, as if water had been thrown upon it, her tail twitching and bristling in restless discomfort.

"It's hard on you, pusheen gra!" said Randy, addressing the cat; "but you can't help yourself. They'll neither hurt nor harm you, pusheen. They've got possession now, and they'll keep it," he thought to himself.

"They will!" whispered a soft voice in his ear.

This may be taken as an introduction to the supernatural parts of the story; but as for the fairies themselves, we dare not meddle with them, because, tiny as they are, they would take up too much room.

We must now turn to scenes of natural interest. The heroine, with her husband, a high-born but poor artist, is struggling for bread in London.

But Eva had stern realities to deal with. Like all persons of great talent, Sidney was discontented with his own labours. He had "looked" at the old mighty ones—not to imitate, but to emulate; and it might be

that their strength was beyond his grasp, though not beyond his aim. This frequently dispirited the artist; and so intent was he on bringing up his picture to the ideal of his conception; that he would destroy the labour of a week, if any new thought—or a thought fresh set—suggested a better working out of his subject. As the spring advanced, Sidney became more abstracted, more nervous, lest his great labour should not be completed in time. He ceased to concern himself about the necessities of life, and then Eva rejoiced at being able to labour unobserved. She gloried in the great privilege of shielding him she loved from petty anxieties—the frets of life. She endured all things patiently, save the terror which arose from an idea that his mind was at times confused—overwrought, overburdened. He could not endure noise; the very gentlest tap of the lame boy's finger at the door would make him start, and render his hand unsteady. As the time approached when, finished or unfinished, his picture must claim admission, he could neither sleep nor eat. In the dead hour of night she would awake, and hear him pacing in the darkness, or see him through the gloom, leaning his head, at intervals, upon the frosted glass of the window to cool its burning. It was at these times—in these dark-thinking hours—that Sidney struggled bravely—as great men do not only with the hard and knotted world, but with themselves—against apprehensions which Eva never felt; but for her, the picture he laboured at would never have left the easel: he thought it unworthy of his better genius: he had neither space nor light for his great conception; commencing his figures on so large a scale, he had worked upon too small a canvas: the praise Eva bestowed upon it at times sounded like reproach, while at others it reconciled him to all contingencies. She looked upon his talent as certain of triumph; and, secure in that, was able to combat what, after all was achieved, would serve but as shadows to the great brightness of the future. But in the meantime their necessities grew more and more urgent, till every trinket, every small luxury, had disappeared; but Eva did not murmur, for Sidney never missed them. Sometimes he would talk wildly about his hopes; at others sink down beside his easel in a sleep so unrefreshing and disturbed, that his wife would abridge it. The picture was his great stimulus, and he revived to fresh exertion. At length it was sent to the Academy, not finished as he intended it should have been, for painting in and painting out retarded his great purpose. But Eva thought, notwithstanding, that it would attract the world. Poverty in England was then denied all access to high works of art; but she would look at the pictures in the shop windows, and return with increased faith in the greatness of her husband's conceptions.

The interval of suspense after the picture was sent to the Academy, and before the painter knew whether it would be received or not, was terrific. Sidney, however, poor Eva thought, 'would care little for his threadbare coat when Fame heralded him to the world, and wealth followed in her footsteps; and so they went on from one long day to another—the poor painter and his wife!—he fancying that she paled daily, she knowing that he was gradually wasting—until at last they divided crusts with Keeldar!—their faithful dog.

They are rescued both from illness and starvation by a good physician; and the exhibition being at length opened, the painter, more receiving support from his wife than giving it, took his way towards Somerset House.

Eva and Sidney walked quickly along Oxford Street, but were obliged to pause at the crossing to let a pompous funeral go past. It moved slowly; the hearse heavy with plumes, the mourners in trappings of the deepest wo—all except their features! They expressed no sadness; the eloquence of death made no impression on them; they kept time to the horses' tread, and that was all. Some private and mourning carriages followed.

"We shall not be among the first," exclaimed the impatient Sidney. They crossed: another mourning carriage was passing: they were recognised by one of its inmates—it was the physician. He thrust his arm out of the window. "God bless you!" he said, and every feature of his kind face was lit up with pleasure; "I give you joy with all my heart."

"I daresay," whispered Eva to her husband—"I daresay he has heard the picture is well hung."

"You speak, dearest, as if you were certain it was admitted."

"A light, light laugh, such a one as had often echoed through the Dovecote, followed this observation. On they went."

"You are looking pale, dearest," said Eva; "shall we call a coach?"

"You require it more than I do, my own kind love," he answered; "but I fear we cannot spare so much."

"I have three shillings."

"The admission two, and the catalogue one."

"But you will get in free—have your card for the season, Sidney."

"He beckoned to a passing carriage, and the manner in which he threw his wearied frame upon the cushions, proved how much he needed rest."

"They alighted in the Strand; crowds of persons were hurrying forward; the joy-bells of the churches were ringing merrily; every person seemed to them in holiday dress. Together they passed beneath the portal of the once palace of the proud Somerset, pausing for a moment, and looking at each other. Eva fancied Sidney became paler than usual, but she could not be certain. Her head swam round, and motes, strange tiny forms, floated between her and him. She could not have defined her feelings: they were already of mingled hope and despair. She saw clearly enough that the "elect" walked confidently in, knowing they were "well hung." They had touched upon their pictures—a grace only accorded to those whose station and knowledge in art ought not to require such a privilege. She rejoiced in the happiness of others; but she wished that Sidney had the same certainty! She pressed his arm more closely to her side. He did not tremble, but she felt that he breathed earnestly, as if nerved for trial, and she dared not look at him again. Numbers who pressed forward were haggard and careworn: brows of noble mould, wrinkled by anxiety, not age, contracted over eyes filled with fire—blazing it out in discontent. Some, again, with compressed mouth, so rarely defeated—men who shape their own fortunes; others whose frank features were changed into recklessness by disappointment; numbers, bitter thinkers, who mistook a desire to paint for the power to do so; all these mingled with the visitors—some loving art for its holy self, others for its fashion, others, again, because the exhibition passed away time, that great material of the skilful workman!"

Unable to obtain a catalogue, they traversed the picture-rooms in an agony of suspense. "She felt that her powers of sustaining such a trial were passing away. In a whirlwind of conflicting emotions, she talked, hardly knowing what she said. She sprang to the next flight of stairs after her husband; but eager as she was, she could not equal the rapidity of his movements. "You see, you see; it is not here—nor here!" he repeated. Then in a hoarse voice he added, "Let us go down for a catalogue." Eva followed him breathlessly, but she felt as if her heart was breaking. When they were opposite the principal rooms, he paused, drew her hand beneath his arm, and bending down, whispered, "Do not sink now, my own heroic wife. You have sustained me through much worse than this, when all earthly friendship was far from us. It is not so now. I am, you see, calm—calm! There may be some mistake. Bear up, Eva! He who gave me such a treasure, will give me strength to keep it! Bear up, my darling; you always hoped more from this picture than I did! Bear up!"

"Gaining strength from his, Eva muffled her face in her veil, and clinging to his arm, they descended."

"A shilling," said the porter, as he handed the catalogue.

"Sidney could not say he had it not, but he turned away."

"Pay me next time," added the man, whose generous heart was in his kindly countenance. How their fingers trembled among the leaves, as a bird rustles amid the foliage that surrounds its rifled nest: eagerly they glanced over it.

"H—H—H—No Sidney Herbert!"

"Sad want of room, sir; some of the very finest pictures rejected for want of room. A fine exhibition could be made of the rejected pictures," explained the kind porter, who comprehended the scene at once.

"Sidney returned the catalogue."

"The gentleman looks tired," persisted the man; "better go and sit down in the sculpture-room."

"Neither replied, but Eva's look thanked him."

"There it is again," he muttered, looking after them.

"I often wonder how I have stood it so long—poor things!"

"You hear, Sidney; some of the finest pictures have been rejected for want of room," said Eva.

"Oh, what agony was in the answering smile! What power—what eloquence—what anguish! too earnest, too intense for words! Heart understood heart. Never—never—never, in their long course of love, had each loved the other with such entireness of devotion as at that moment!"

"My Eva!" he said. She felt him tremble: she hurried him to the open door. There, rushing forward, came the physician. Although the mourning crape was still on his hat, his face was charged with tidings of great good. He was too full of it to impute *their* changed looks to more than ordinary fatigue. "I am delighted to have found you," he exclaimed; "such true homage as you have received!" Before the sentence was concluded, Sidney fell on his shoulder, to all appearance lifeless.

All this is admirable, and worth scores of fairies; but having now shown what kind of interest there is of both kinds, we must conclude, but not without assuring the reader that Sidney did not die this bout, but succeeded to a fine estate, where he and his high-minded wife, as is necessary in fairy tales, lived happily all the days of their life.

LOOK FORWARDS.

What, we ask, is the secret of British success?—Looking forwards. There are but few men in this country, we had almost said in any class of life, who have not been wronged and injured—we might say ruined—and all but annihilated over and over again, they and their fathers before them. Time after time we have begun life again, and rejoiced in a fresh start. Who cannot remember, if not in his own history, at least in that of his family, the greatest vicissitudes? We could point to men who, twenty years ago, swept shops and slept under counters, who were cast on the world orphans or homeless, or who, after a youth of toil, were stript of their all by dishonest partners or needy friends, who were ruined by commercial crises and financial uncertainties, who might have sat down and wept themselves to death at the sight of the misery around them, but who speedily wiped the tears from their eyes, and smoothed the wrinkle from their brow, who found hope at the bottom of their empty wallets, and set to work as if the world was before them, who have thus won from the future a revenge on the past, and remember what they have gone through only as a foil to their present prosperity. Such is the case not merely in the classes in which fortunes are lost and won, but even still more so the great industrial staple of the British population. Nineteen labourers or artisans out of every twenty could tell, if they chose, how they were buffeted in youth, how they were starved at home, slaved by their first masters, insulted, turned off, cast adrift, wanderers on the face of the earth. They could tell of cottages from which they were ousted, and commons of which they were defrauded; how

often they had to begin the world afresh, how often they were penniless and friendless. But they did not turn rebels and murderers. They did not even sit down to make a catalogue of their wrongs. They forgave what they could, and forgot the rest. They buried their grievances, and so put them out of sight. They looked before them for employment, and above them for aid. So they set to work, and built their nests again. Such is the story of that Saxon whom we are accustomed to hear so much beholden to fortune, to position, and to successful ascendancy. The secret of his success is in himself, as it is in every one who chooses to look forwards instead of sitting down to brood upon the past.—*Times*.

THE LARK.

BY W. NOY THOMAS.

PRITHEE, from thy topmost height,
Canst thou see the lazy night
Creeping up the western wave?
Or a peeping foresight have,
O'er the roundness of the world,
Of any thunder-storm unfurled?
If thou hast, 'tis wondrous rare,
For the day is bright and fair;
And thy little eyes must be
Dazed with blue serenity,
In that upper heaven where thou
Never canst be high enow;
Whence thy diamond music falls,
Faint and loud at intervals,
Like the intermitting light
From a trembling star by night—
One sweet note, and then a long
Waveless rivulet of song;
Then that note caught up again,
As if thou with sudden strain
Sought'st to gain two steps for one,
Dropped from what thy wings had won.
Fainter, fainter, fainter still!
Oh, till I have had my fill,
Rain thy voluble melody
Down upon me from the sky.
Thou art gone; and this fair day
Now may quickly pass away,
For I was but listening
Unto thee as thou didst sing;
Nor on aught else did bestow
A single loving glance, although
Well I felt the day was fair
With thy music everywhere.
Hark! most surely did I hear
Far off, but for a moment clear,
Half a note dropped gently down;
Yet must I for truth's sake own,
That I may not half believe
What my ears do seem to give;
But that thy mellifluous
Hanging still upon the sense,
In this grassy loneliness
That so lately thou didst bless,
Passeth for reality—
A fresh and recent memory.
But I hear thee, hear thee, hear thee!
As if earth were drawing near thee;
And I now behold thee too
Making circlets in the blue;
And a new song dost thou sing,
Timing to thy fluttering:
Then dead-heavy, as a stone
Shot from Etna's flaming cone
Dropping on a land afar,
Or more like a falling star
From the sameness of the sky,
Down thou comest wearily:
Only with a gradual swerve,
Cutting out a gentle curve,
Just to come upon thy feet
In amongst the unripened wheat.
And so well I mark the place,
That I might thy cover trace,
Keeping still my eyes there resting,
Find where thou art warmly nesting.

But I leave thee to thy sleep,
And when morning from the deep
Kills the eastern stars, and wan
Grow their brethren every one,
Hither will I come again,
Through the deep grass wet with rain,
Or with heavy summer dew,
Ripping all the meadow through,
Once again to hear thy song
Like the morning fresh and strong,
Flung about so prodigal,
Caring not where it may fall,
Just as if 'twere nothing worth;
Heeding not though all the earth
Sleep unconscious of thy lay,
So that thou canst give away
Joy, which not o'rfloving there
Would become too keen to bear.
Singers are there on the ground
To this tyrant planet bound;
Poets, whose sweet song to hear,
Men forget their daily care;
But like thee they cannot be—
With no selfish vanity—
Some must hear them, 'or they die.'

ECONOMIC PREPARATION OF FOOD.

A short time ago, No. 201, we presented a brief account of the method suggested by Liebig for preparing food economically, and are gratified to find that it has been practically and advantageously put to the test. In a letter written to us by Mr Leach, of Vernon House (a Retreat for Mental Invalids), Breton-Ferry, near Neath, South Wales, the following passages occur:—

'Permit me to thank you for calling attention to the very valuable work of Baron Liebig on animal chemistry. In consequence of reading your paper on the subject, I have had the meat, soup, &c. of this large establishment (about 160 inmates) cooked according to Liebig's directions; the result is, that the waste in cooking is lessened 50 per cent., while the quality of the food is greatly improved. Were all the animal food in the whole kingdom cooked in this manner, an immense national saving would be obtained; and what is even of more importance, the national health would be greatly benefited—thanks to you and Liebig!'

We of course disclaim all title to thanks: we have only performed a duty to the public in disseminating the knowledge of a fact likely to prove generally advantageous.

THE PULQUE OF MEXICO.

The maguey, American aloe—Agave Americana—is cultivated over an extent of country embracing 50,000 square miles. In the city of Mexico alone, the consumption of pulque amounts to the enormous quantity of eleven millions of gallons per annum, and a considerable revenue from its sale is derived by government. The plant attains maturity in a period varying from eight to fourteen years, when it flowers; and it is during the stage of inflorescence only that the saccharine juice is extracted. The central stem which encloses the incipient flower is then cut off near the bottom, and a cavity or basin is discovered, over which the surrounding leaves are drawn close and tied. Into this reservoir the juice distils, which otherwise would have risen to nourish and support the flower. It is removed three or four times during the twenty-four hours, yielding a quantity of liquor varying from a quart to a gallon and a half. The juice is extracted by means of a syphon, made of a species of gourd called *acajote*, one end of which is placed in the liquor, the other in the mouth of a person, who by suction draws up the fluid into the pipe, and deposits it in the bowls he has with him for the purpose. It is then placed in earthen jars, and a little old pulque—madre de pulque—is added, when it soon ferments, and is immediately ready for use. The fermentation occupies two or three days, and when it ceases, the pulque is in fine order. Old pulque has a slightly unpleasant odour; but when fresh, is brisk and sparkling, and the most cooling, refreshing, and delicious drink that ever was invented for thirsty mortal.—*Adventures in Mexico*.

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SOCIAL OUTLAWRY.

IN almost every ancient and modern state assuming to be civilised, there has sprung up a class of persons deprived of the usual privileges of citizens, and in a sense outlaws. The commission of crimes, or other violations of the law, has of course been in all ages a common cause of expulsion from society; but history and experience too surely demonstrate that misfortune of birth, as in the flagrant case of the Pariah tribes of India, has been a greatly more prevalent source of this monstrous evil. The truth seems to be, that a disposition to do even-handed justice to the whole of its denizens irrespectively, is about the last concession made by any state—such being the force of inveterate prejudice and interest which requires to be overcome. Curiously enough, this dislike of justice is not exclusively or most frequently manifested by nations of a monarchical or aristocratic character. It happens in this, as in some other cases, that the aristocratic in name is perhaps the least aristocratic or exclusive in practice, and that the form of injury and injustice we speak of is most strongly maintained by people who themselves have suffered under a similar oppression. Let us select a few of the more flagrant instances of social outlawry.

Switzerland is reputed to be the *freest* country in Europe. This is an error, arising most likely from the common notion that the country is a confederacy of republics, which wrested its freedom from surrounding despotisms. It is one thing to throw off a foreign yoke, and another to establish internal freedom. Switzerland at the present day, with all its wonderful industry and spirit of liberality in matters of international trade, is, in point of fact, a cluster of little despotisms, the despots in each case being a majority of the population which oppresses the minority—oppression on the score of religion and of birth. Ignorance, and selfishness—which is only a manifestation of ignorance—are conjointly the cause of this discreditable state of affairs. Under the common name of Swiss, three great European races meet and nestle about the heart of the Alps—the French from the west, the German from the north and east, and the Italian from the south; and the want of communication, till of late years, has kept these races apart and ignorant of each other. Nowhere, also, is the distinction of religion more marked. Two-thirds of the Swiss are Protestant, and the remaining one-third Catholic; and the Protestant and Catholic cantons, as the recent civil war has shown, hate each other as the hostile clans in the Highlands hated each other two hundred years ago. Besides, though Switzerland, compared with most countries, is a land of mountains, the greater part of it is composed of plains amidst the stupendous Alps. Two hours' stiff climbing suffices to change from

the neat-trimmed flower-garden and stuccoed cottage of the industrious artisan of Zurich, into the lofty hill-country of Schweitz, where the mountaineer leads a half-vagabond existence, tending his numerous goats among storms and mist, while his children run ragged and barefooted along the road, begging from travellers. Between people so variously situated there can be little sympathy.

A consequence of this national disintegration has been, that the rights of citizenship possessed in one canton have always been good for nothing in another. The citizen of Geneva, who was driven to settle in the Valais, was allowed toleration; but neither he nor his posterity could, by any length of residence, become denizens of their adopted country. A Roman Catholic at Lucerne who turned Protestant, lost all his property, and was liable to banishment; a Protestant at Berne turning Roman Catholic, was punished in like manner. Several of the present cantons continued, up to the time of the French Revolution, to be vassals to the larger ones. Thus the canton of Berne was sovereign lord of the present cantons of Vaud, Uri, and Tessin, which it crushed with taxation, without admitting its subjects to any political rights whatever. Thus, in process of time, it came to pass that all over Switzerland there grew up a distinct body of men, the descendants of individuals who had lost their civil rights in their respective cantons, either in consequence of change of religion, or of misdemeanours for which they were sentenced to banishment, or of illegal marriages, or lastly, as foreigners settled in Switzerland. The stigma thus cast upon the fathers descended upon the children to the last generation. They formed a separate class called *Heimathlosen*—literally, the homeless—people to whom the law allowed nothing—involuntary outlaws. They exist at the present moment in steadily-increasing numbers; and as injustice always reacts on itself, the parties so degraded form an organised body of mendicants, hucksters, pilferers, and often robbers, like the gipsies of other countries, but much more numerous, compact, and formidable to the society which has cast them out.

Some years ago, these *Heimathlosen* were become so troublesome, that their state was forced upon the attention of the Swiss diet, which instituted inquiries accordingly, the result of which is now before us. The report stated the *Heimathlosen* to amount to many thousands in number in all the central cantons, from the Lake of Geneva to the Grisons, beginning at the Hanenstein in canton Soleure on the west, and extending on the east beyond the Rhine into the Austrian principality of Lichtenstein. None of these thousands had any fixed trade, or were allowed by the law to possess a permanent house or lodging. When they ventured into the towns, they assumed, for the time, the characters of

thread-twisters, match-sellers, bird-catchers, and menders of pots and kettles. Whenever they might, they lived by choice in the woods and mountains, supporting themselves by all kinds of thievery. At night, they creep into caves, or sleep round a fire in the open air; and this through the depth of winter. Marriage is unknown among them; none of those examined could tell their own age, and very few knew who were their fathers and mothers. As soon as the children can walk, they are sent into the towns to beg and steal, and bring their plunder at night to the elder vagrants, who remain meantime encamped in the forests. They have still a voluntary government, and their leader at this time was a noted housebreaker named Krusikans, subsequently executed. Wherever and whenever discovered, they are liable to be imprisoned without cause assigned; and formerly, when the prisons were overcrowded, many were executed without even the formality of a trial. They are now, as soon as seized, escorted by troops to the boundaries of the canton, and thrust into the next, by which they are expelled in like manner, unless they can meantime escape. The report recommended various plans for absorbing this unwholesome population, which have been frequently since discussed; but nothing has been done, and the troubled state of the country renders any improvement now less likely than ever.

Vaud was a few years ago the scene of some enormities on the score of religion, and while we now write, intelligence has reached England that the council of state of that canton, which is Presbyterian, has enacted that all religious meetings of parties, not in connexion with the authorised church, are illegal; public worship of all such bodies is accordingly put down by military force, and ministers are in danger of their lives. A more startling instance of the tyranny of a majority over a minority could scarcely be found in modern times.

Let us proceed to another example. The West Indian Islands, during the last century, were troubled with a race of outlaws, whose existence is a curious corollary upon the working of the slave system. In all times and lands, one inevitable consequence of a legalised slavery is the constant tendency among the slaves to escape out of the pale of the society through which they are slaves, and thereby, as it frequently proves, to get beyond all laws whatsoever, the good as well as the bad. The timid suffer; and the bold, if they cannot throw off the yoke, fly from it as far as may be; and thus, by allowing freedom to none, the slave system generates a race of outlaws who subsist by war upon the body which has cast them out. It very rarely happens that a slaveholding country exists side by side with a free one, which may receive the refugee into its bosom, and under the guardianship of its institutions. Slavery, besides, in a productive point of view, is only worth keeping up in a thin population where labour is dear, both from the want of competition and the ease of acquiring land. Among populations like these, the superior land only is tilled; the mountains, marshes, and forests subsist as nature made them, offering a ready refuge and an impregnable fortress in which the fugitives may collect and grow apart.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, almost every West Indian island had its organised outlaws; hunters and robbers by turns, who, when game failed them, or prompted by revenge, stole into the cultivated flats, fired the canes, drove off the cattle, and often consummated their inroad with the massacre of the planter

and his family. So dreadful a scourge were they, that the early West India records treat of nothing else. In the smaller islands, where the cover was less, they were hunted down and exterminated like so many wild beasts: in the larger, they lasted longer. In all alike they bore the same title of Maroons, which some derive from a native word signifying 'wanderer,' and others from 'marrow,' the Spanish name for the wild hog, on which they principally lived.

There is a very full and curious account of the Jamaica Maroons in the works of Dallas and Bryan Edwards—the one a soldier, and the other a civilian—who look at their subject very differently, yet agree in most of their details. The year 1733 was the end of a lengthy, troublesome warfare, stained with much bloodshed on both sides, in which the damage done by the Maroons was roughly reckoned at £240,000 sterling, besides a loss of from three to four thousand lives. For the next sixty years both parties lived at peace. A large tract was assigned to the Maroons, on which they hunted undisturbed, and where they built three small towns, or rather villages, the chief one called Trelawny Town. It would seem that a very few years of kindness, and attention to the introduction among them of humanising habits, would have sufficed to absorb them peacefully among the free black population; but to take any trouble for a negro, never entered a planter's head in those days. The Maroons lived on hunting, as if in the middle of Africa—a kind of Pariahs, dreaded and neglected; and the planters lived on, heedless of the past and the coming peril, though Trelawny Town was only eighteen miles either way from the principal ports of Falmouth and Mondego Bay; and it needed but a three hours' march of the Maroons, as the event proved, to burn down half the sugar plantations in the island.

The slave emancipation act would have effectually dissolved this strange society, by destroying the causes which led to its existence; but it was destined to come to a more speedy and violent end. In 1794, the negro insurrection broke out in St Domingo, and produced a great effect among the blacks throughout the West Indies. In the following year the Maroons were in full revolt. The war which ensued lasted for a year and a half, and cost the island in direct expenditure more than half a million sterling; and all the plantations were burned to ashes. Cultivation was at a stand, the courts of justice were shut up, the whole male white population was drafted into the militia, and the island at large became one entire garrison. We have no intention to go into the details of this miserable conflict. The Maroons were not six hundred in number; the regular infantry employed against them alone amounted to fifteen hundred, with eight thousand militia; but the nature of the country and warfare made this disparity of numbers of little effect. From the precarious life which these savages had led, their powers of sight and hearing were incredibly acute; with their bare feet and hands they could climb trees and cliffs like monkeys; and their aim was deadly: it was a common thing among them to strike a dollar with a bullet at one hundred yards. The whole country was a mass of forest and underwood, impassable except to the Maroons, who cut narrow paths through it known only to themselves, and would crawl for miles on hands and knees through the tracks made by the wild hogs, till, coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our sentries, while the marksman was unseen. Driven at length from their towns, they retreated to a range of narrow glens in the interior, walled in by cliffs two hundred feet high, in which they continued as safe as in a fortress, till the English, by cutting a road, were enabled to bring up their heavy guns, and throw shells with effect from the upper ground, when the Maroons escaped at night through the cordon of troops, broke into small parties, and carried fire and sword through the island.

At last the Assembly, in the month of September,

utterly despairing of success, resorted to an expedient which no extremity could justify: they determined to send to Cuba for bloodhounds. The employment, according to Edwards, to which these dogs are generally put by the Spaniards, is the pursuit of wild bullocks, which they slaughter for the hides; and the great use of the dogs is to drive the cattle from such heights and recesses in the mountainous parts of the country as are least accessible to the hunters. Much opposition was made to the plan, as cruel and dastardly, reviving the worst atrocities of the Spaniards, and disgraceful to the British troops; but at length, on the 14th of December, a commissioner landed at Montego Bay with forty chasseurs, or Spanish hunters, and about a hundred dogs.

When these new allies were landed, the wild and formidable appearance of the men and dogs spread terror through the place. The streets were cleared, the doors were shut, not a negro ventured to stir forth, as the muzzled dogs, ferociously making at every object, and dragging forward the chasseurs, who with heavy rattling chains hardly held them in, proceeded onwards.

Dallas, in his history, gives the following account of their first appearance before the commander-in-chief:—'Anxious to review the chasseurs, General Walpole left headquarters, the morning after they were landed, before daybreak, and arrived in a postchaise at Seven Rivers, accompanied by Colonel Skinner, whom he appointed to conduct the intended attack. Notice of his coming having preceded him, a parade of the chasseurs was ordered, and they were taken to a distance from the house, in order to be advanced when the general alighted. The Spaniards soon appeared at the end of a gentle acclivity, drawn out in a line containing upwards of forty men, with their dogs in front, and muzzled, and held by cotton ropes. On receiving the command "fire," they discharged their guns, and advanced as upon a real attack. This was intended to ascertain what effect would be produced on the dogs if engaged under the fire of the Maroons. The volley was no sooner discharged, than the dogs rushed forward with the greatest fury, amid the shouts of the Spaniards, who were dragged on by them with irresistible fury. Some of the dogs, maddened by the shouts of attack, while held back by the ropes, seized on the stocks of the guns in the hands of their keepers, and tore pieces out of them. Their impetuosity was so great, that they were with difficulty stopped before they reached the general, who found it necessary to get expeditiously into the chaise from which he had alighted; and if the most strenuous exertions had not been made to stop them, they would most certainly have seized upon his horses.'

This scene was well got up, and it had its effect. General Walpole was ordered to advance on the 14th of January following, with his Spanish dogs in the rear. Their fame, however, had reached the Maroons, and the general had penetrated but a short way into the woods, when a supplication for mercy was brought from the enemy, and 260 of them soon after surrendered, on no other condition than a promise of their lives. 'It is pleasing to observe,' adds Edwards, 'that not a drop of blood was spilt after the dogs arrived in the island.' Those who had actually borne arms were soon after transported to Halifax in North America, and ultimately to Sierra Leone, where it is believed their descendants are still to be found. A portion had sided throughout with the English. These have continued a separate people, employed by the authorities as local police, for which their perfect acquaintance with the woods, and capacity of endurance, completely fitted them; but partially civilised, and few in numbers, they differ in little from the rest of the free black population. In the British West Indies, the Maroons may be considered extinct.

France, which assumes to herself the leadership of European civilisation, still upholds slavery in her colonies; but these are too few and scanty to have much effect upon the progress of the emancipation struggle.

The largest of the French West Indian Islands (Guadeloupe) consists, in fact, of two islands, respectively called Grandterre and Guadeloupe, separated by a salt-water channel, some thirty yards broad. Grandterre is flat, cultivated, and thickly peopled, almost clear of wood, and without cover. Guadeloupe is one mass of rugged volcanic mountains, rising steeply from the sea, and rent by subterranean fires. In the midst towers the Souffrière, or Sulphur Mountain, to a height of 5500 feet above the sea, which is constantly smoking. There are ravines and caves enough to hide a dozen armies. The whole island is a maze of thickets, in which Columbus with his sailors were bewildered three centuries ago, and which remain in the same state at present.

Many years ago, a slave ship from Africa, in attempting to beat up to Basseterre harbour, during the hurricane months, came ashore on this coast. The crew took to their boats, and the slaves found no difficulty in knocking off their fetters and hiding themselves in the mountains. Once there, they were safe. Other runaways joined them; the negroes deserted by wholesale; and the united body took the name of Kellars—it is not known from what. The planters, for whom a neighbourhood like this was a continual peril, assembled in force to hunt them down, but did not even succeed in coming in sight of their light-footed foes. The same night the Kellars made a descent on the plain, and set fire to the sugar-canes. The wind was strong, and spread the flame, and nearly a half of the magnificent plantations were reduced to ashes. When daylight came, the incendiaries were invisible. Pursuit was impossible, and it was resolved to treat. A treaty was made accordingly, which, with few exceptions, has been kept steadily to the present time. The Kellars were allowed the free possession of their mountains, and on their side pledged themselves to commit no farther depredations. Matters remain on this footing at the present day. One half the island is populous, richly cultivated, and reflects across the Atlantic the civilisation of France, while the other half is a howling wilderness, in which the persistence of a nation calling itself Christian, in a system forbidden alike by Christianity and common sense, perpetuates on a smaller scale the barbarism of interior Africa, which will here, as in Jamaica, assuredly one day work out its own retribution.

It would be easy to multiply instances of social outlawry, or at least deprivation of social privilege. The unhappy coloured races throughout the greater part of the American continent offer the more flagrant examples; but others of lesser note haunt our own and other countries. In France, with all its revolutions and code-Napoleons, justice is denied to parties not naturalised; in other words, if one Englishman plunder another Englishman in France, the law admits of no redress. Some years ago, an Englishman who died in France bequeathed his property by will to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. The society claimed the money from the trustee, an Englishman in Paris. He resisted payment: the society brought the case into the French courts, and these finally determined that they could not interfere between foreigners! The trustee keeps the property, amounting to several thousand pounds! How different the law of Scotland! A Parisian tradesman sued Charles X. while at Edinburgh, before the Scottish Supreme Court, and the case was determined as if between two British subjects.

It appears to us that the privileges still claimed by royal burghs, and to the *freedom* of which they occasionally admit strangers, is a relic of the past, which it is time should be swept away. It amounts to this—that certain inhabitants, called *burghesses* or *freemen*, claim some kind of superiority of privilege over neighbours less fortunately situated. Think of an advocate of free trade being, by way of compliment to his principles, presented with the *freedom of a city*! If the presenters really love freedom, they ought long since to have de-

nuded themselves of privileges partial in their operation, and which require to be bought or given away. The whole thing is an inconsistency. It is a lingering token of social outlawry.

HANNAH WHITE;

A SKETCH OF IRISH HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD,' &c.

HANNAH WHITE had been for many years the confidential nursery-maid of an officer and his wife, whose fortunes she had faithfully followed into different quarters of the globe. She was an Irish girl; one of an unfortunately numerous class, abandoned from their birth to the care of strangers, called amongst her country-people a 'nurse-child.' Her parents, whom she had never seen, were servants in different gentlemen's families in Dublin. Her mother, on the approach of her hour of delivery, had repaired to the lying-in hospital, where she had been carefully attended for the regulated fortnight, and on leaving which, she had parted with her baby to one of the many healthy young women from the country who crowd the gates of the institution, in the hope of receiving, with the charge of a new-born child, the welcome five pounds, which is to repay them, they fancy at least, tenfold for the additional burden to their family. The little creature was fortunate in her nurse—a decent farmer's wife in the mountains, who had lost her own first baby; and not being worn out with one twelvemonth's cares before undertaking a second of equal fatigue, was able to do justice to her nursing; and having the comfort of a cow, and other land privileges, the home she carried it to was comparatively respectable.

Here Hannah for some years acted the part of an only child—eating as much potatoes and buttermilk as she could conveniently pack within her little sturdy person, sharing at festivals in the dinner of bacon with greens or *calecannon*, and on Sunday mornings having her bit of griddle bread and butter, and her cup of tea; and free at all times to roam the wilds she lived in unconfined. At the end of the first year, her mother made a new bargain with her nurse: three pounds a year was to be the future payment for her board, but there were large promises of advances, and presents, and clothing, a good bundle of which, new and old, some neatly made for the child, the rest useful to the nurse, was readily handed over as earnest. It was the last transaction between the parties. The following year, Hannah's mother could not be found. She had quitted her place, engaged with another family, gone to England, left no traces. The father had never brought himself prominently forward; there was no clue to him. The child was in truth deserted. But the nurse, and indeed her husband also, had become attached to their charge, and they brought back the poor baby to their home and hearts, well knowing they would be never a penny the better for her. Nor did they neglect her after children of their own were born to them. She had her share of what was going, at least after younger pets were served. She was useful among the little crew; and as she grew older, she went the messages, and did the work long, long before her strength was fully equal to it. But she knew that she was a nurse-child, that no money was coming for her, and that she had no right to consider herself as quite a daughter of the house.

When she was about twelve years of age, the comforts of her mountain home became considerably reduced. A season or two of failing crops, the loss of a cow, and the increase of children, were all pressing heavily upon the parents who had adopted her. To replace the cow, her foster-mother determined to take another nurse-child, undeterred by the questionable success of her former attempt in that line: the five pounds in hand was of such importance in the eyes of both wife and husband, that they overlooked all future uncertainty; so a little Biddy, and the highly-valued cow, were added to

the family. The two foster-children very naturally became much attached to each other. Hannah was put in immediate charge of the baby, and as they grew, they still clung together—the little one seeking sympathy, the elder one affording protection, attracted to each other by the indefinable bar which seemed to separate them from the rest. Little Biddy's quarterly payments were made regularly for some time, contributing in no small degree to her wellbeing. They came through the hands of a humble dealer in groceries in the Liberties in Dublin, who acted for invisible parents, and always required the child to be shown to her on these matter-of-business occasions; but at last, on nurse and nursing making their usual visit, the shop was changed, the mistress of it had disappeared—she was bankrupt. A shoemaker was established in the premises, and little Biddy never heard more of her early protector. She did not suffer much from the disappointment. She was a very pretty and a lively child, and none having been born in the house since her babyhood, she remained a sort of pet in it. Poor Hannah had to bear the rubs: early and late the little hardy body worked. Out and in—rain, snow, or wind—Hannah did every one's bidding: she was used to it, and she hardly minded. Her business of messenger took her at least six times a week on errands to the minister's, where she carried butter, eggs, fowl, and such things, and brought back help in sickness, yarn for knitting, and many a bundle of old clothes for the children. It was in this house that she found her friends—made by herself, by her good-humour, her activity, her steadiness, and perhaps her rags; for her scanty raiment, and her bare, red feet, had early attracted the pitying notice of her future mistress. The sister of the minister's wife was married to the officer in whose family Hannah passed her many happy years of service. Under the careful superintendence of these kind masters, she improved quickly in all good qualities, rewarding the pains bestowed upon her by her increased intelligence and ever-anxious zeal for the interests of her kind employers.

She was what is called a middle-aged woman when she returned to Ireland. Her master and mistress had come to settle for their old age in their own country—not near the hills where she was reared. The minister who had been so kind to her in her childhood had removed to a better living, and had engaged a house for his connexions in his new neighbourhood. She had thus for some time back lost traces of her early home. While he had remained in his first glebe, she had often heard of what she called her family; but after he left it, she had received little news of them. All she exactly understood was, that her foster-father had become very feeble, her foster-mother was dead, the children dispersed, and little Biddy married. She determined, however, to look after them all. She had saved money. She was in a way to reflect credit on them—to help them, not to require help from them. She knew that though she had worked hard enough for it, she had always got her share of what was going with them, and she had a grateful remembrance of what had been done for her. Her heart warmed also to poor Biddy, to whom she had often sent substantial marks of affection through the minister. In short, she was resolved to visit the home of her childhood. She set out on a fine autumn morning, on an outside jaunting-car, with her trunk and her carpet-bag, her heavy cloak and her hand-basket, in company with five other travellers, well protected by frieze coats and duffel cloaks from the weather. The day was pleasant, the company sociable, the car not very crazy, nor the horse quite lame. He was changed once or twice upon the road for twin brothers apparently, so like are the individuals of his wretched class. Towards the afternoon, Hannah recognised her former neighbourhood, little changed from what she remembered it: all the great features remained, and all the little ones were as yet indistinct to her. She was set down at the end of a lane leading up to the mountain farm where she was reared. A solitary cabin stood by

the roadside, where she was told she would get help in the transport of her luggage, as it was a sort of house-of-call for wayfarers, in evidence of which a tidy-looking old woman came forward from it, to receive her bag and basket, as also several small parcels consigned to her care by the carman. The old woman's face, though lengthened and sharpened, was familiar to Hannah. She soon recognised the wife of the herd whom she remembered in the service of her early friend the minister, one of whose last kind acts, before leaving the district, had been to establish this old couple in a small cabin, with a bit of potato garden attached to it, the rent of which he paid for them to the gentleman in whose shrubberies the old man worked. They were decent and industrious, and so more comfortable than many could have contrived to be in their station. The old woman gave Hannah a most cordial 'welcome home,' putting on the kettle in preparation for the cup of tea, which is the usual refreshment offered where both parties are above a certain humble grade.

Much conversation passed of course upon the topics naturally interesting both to guest and hostess. Hannah mentioned her intention of seeking out her foster-mother's family, of visiting her foster-father at his little farm, but first establishing herself with Biddy, whose cabin she meant to make her abode while remaining in the country. The old woman heard her very quietly. For an off-handed people, as they are said to be, it is singular how very cautious the Irish are in committing themselves by advice, or opinion, or information. She replied dryly, that the morrow would be time enough for the walk to the hill farm: as it was some miles off, and the night coming on, her visitor had best take her bed where she was; she would find it clean, and she would be obliging an old friend; and as she had a fortnight's leave, there was no need to hurry. But Biddy was at no great distance, Hannah said. Biddy, she knew, lived in the village close at hand, on the road to the bog, a little piece beyond the turn at the end of the lane, convenient to the old highway. She must go on at once to Biddy: she would take her basket with her, leave her cloak and bag, and send Biddy's husband up for them and her trunk either that night or the next morning. The old woman merely coughed, promised to take all care of the luggage left with her; and seeing her friend determined on proceeding to the village, offered no farther dissuasions, only adding, as she bade her 'God speed,' that if she found Biddy had no way of putting her up comfortably, she hoped she would return where she would be certain of the best of welcomes. Hannah bade the old woman a kind farewell, and set out, walking briskly down the lane, every object she encountered beginning to return to her faithful recollection with a familiarity almost unbroken. At the turn, she came, as she expected, within sight of the village. A strange collection of hovels it appeared to her now; and as she approached it, the street looked dirtier, the cottages more ruinous, the air of desolation more apparent. The cabins were principally built of mud, and had been whitewashed at some time or other, thatched at an equally uncertain period either with straw or rushes, overgrown now by moss, and grass, and various lichens, and in sad need in many places of repair. Windows were some built up, some half-filled up; others with only a broken shutter to the opening where a window should have been; while in some walls any means for the admittance of light had been altogether forgotten. Doors were such as suited the style of windows; doorways were in perfect keeping with the condition of the road they bordered; heaps of manure lay beside each threshold; fowl, and pigs, and dirty children lay about, or wandered amongst the filthy riches of the place; and as Hannah walked along, a dirty cap, over bronzed features and matted hair, peeped at her from every wretched dwelling, in wonder at the decent stranger. Her heart sank within her: Biddy reduced to this: she felt unwilling to ask for her amidst such evidences of misery. A stone-and-

lime house, neatly thatched, and newly whitewashed, encouraged her a little; she stopped at the door to make inquiries, and seeing a decent-looking woman in the act of filling a trough, just *inside* her door, with potato peelings for her pig, she half hoped to recognise the features of her foster-sister, as the woman raised her head to reply—'Is it Larry* Quin's? Sure he has no cabin: it's only lodging he is in a little room at Luke Brady's, on the side of the big pool there beyant, as ye turn to go on to the chapel: he has the kitchen part: that cabin there with the big stone again' the chimley wall.'

Hannah walked on along the road to the big pool, round the corner of the muddy pond, over to the house she had been directed to; several children were within, seated quietly on the mud floor, dabbling with hands and feet in the dirt around them. She stood a moment to pick her way through the offensive draining from the dung-heap against the wall, by means of two or three large stones placed for the purpose.

'God save all here!' said she on stooping to enter, for she had not in all her travels forgotten the touching salutation of her country. 'Whose house is this?' asked she: she could not bring herself to frame her question more assuredly.

'Larry Quin's,' cried a quick, sharp voice from beside a wooden cradle, which the speaker, a lanky boy of eight years old or so, was rocking lazily.

'Larry Quin's!' repeated Hannah. 'Is he your father?'

'He is,' screamed the lanky boy.

'Where is your mother?'

'Gone to the well for a sup of water to bile the praties.'

'Where's your father?'

'Binding there above at Bryan Casey's, on the commons, where he does be working.'

Hannah looked round: seat there was none; light very little; bare walls, smoky rafters, a wet clay floor; fire, furniture, all wanting; no bed. A large pot, two broken teacups on the window sill, a tin teapot, and three or four tin porringers, were all that she could discover in the room, except the five half-naked and very dirty children. The old woman's cautious cough recurred to her. It seemed very likely that she should not find her foster-sister in a way to put her up comfortably.

'Get out o' that now, at wanst!' said rather a coarse voice outside to the little dirty squad that blockaded the doorway; and in a second the naked feet of the mistress of this Irish labourer's home appeared inside the threshold.

Biddy Quin was a young and very handsome woman. She would have excited general admiration could her person have been seen to advantage in decent clothing, and her features have been distinguished instead of being concealed by dirt. Even as she was, tattered, and soiled, and careworn, at a distance, with her piggish water on her head, the natural grace of her figure would have delighted a painter. But to tidy Hannah, in her clean gown and spotless shawl, the near approach of any being so little familiar with the use of soap gave any feeling but one of pleasure. The recognition was therefore a different sort of scene from what had been expected. Hannah was almost as much annoyed as she was distressed. Her manner was reserved in consequence. Biddy showed some surprise; a little mortification; not any particular affection; while there was a sort of hope in her look and her voice, and her words even, of benefit to be reaped from this visit of her foster-sister, which, though natural in their circumstances, and indeed prepared for as well as expected, jarred somewhat against the feelings of the presumed benefactor.

After a few introductory exclamations, a little nervous chiding of the children, and many blessings scattered

* Short for Lawrence.

over the world at large, and on Hannah in particular—'I am greatly tоссicated to-day, Hannah, honey,' proceeded Mrs Quin, seating herself, baby in lap, on a slab of stone that ran along against the wall inside of the large chimney. 'Them childer keeps me for ever on the fret; my heart's a'most broke with them—strivin' to keep the life in them, and to gather a bit of firing—and has just the pratics an' a sup of milk at odd times according as I can rache on it. Jim, fetch the stool out from under the straw there for your aunty—she'll be a good one to you. That's our bed, Hannah, jewel,' continued Biddy, pointing to a bundle of straw that was heaped up in a corner; 'and that's our blanket,' taking up the end of a long black-looking rag, which had been doubled up over the baby.

Hannah searched for a clean, that is, a dry spot, on which to place the stool which had been produced for her; and finding the neighbourhood of the hearth looked best, she there seated herself, carefully drawing up her gown, and gathering her petticoats so close round about her, that as little of the hems rested on the clay floor as might be. Her reply to her foster-sister consisted of a string of questions concerning the absence of such necessary articles of plain furniture as she had hitherto been used to consider indispensable to the poorest household.

'Bedstead!' exclaimed Biddy; 'sorra one—bed, nor bedstead, nor bedclothes, nor an individual happ'orth of one thing nor another owns this, but just what you see: nor manes to get one.'—'Small rint! bedad, and it's sixpence a week we should pay for these four bare walls, an' they falling, an' glad to get it: sure cabins' scarce, lodgin's itself hard to meet with these times.'—'Arn! an' what signifies his arnin'?—fivepence a-day, an' diet! Hannah, jewel, it's a folly to talk: take the tobaccy out o' that, an' it's little comes to our share whin the rint's paid. He *does* smoke, then, now an' agin,' continued she; 'but,' she added in a tone of decision, a little proud and a little sulky, 'he don't drink—sorra a drop.'

There is no need to continue the conversation between the prosperous and the destitute foster-sisters. Hannah ascertained that the misery of Biddy and her husband was extreme; that he lazily served a hard master, and had little wish to occupy his spare hours in any extra work that would benefit his family, generally throwing himself down upon the straw when he returned from his day's labour, after the coarse but plentiful supper he had been supplied with by the farmer. On the wife fell the burden of providing for the wants of the family—all that she and her children required beyond the potatoes, which indeed formed almost their only food. To use her own expressive phrase, she seldom had the 'handling of a shilling.' The few pence her eggs procured her was all the coin that ordinarily 'came her way.' Her housekeeping consisted in running here for milk, or salt, or soap, and there for firing, tearing her ragged petticoat into still longer tatters while grubbing among the furze hedges for the green prickly whins that filled the house with smoke while heating the potful of potatoes. The husband's earning was nearly absorbed by the potato rent, which was managed for him by his master, on what is called the con-acre system—seed, and tillage, and ground, set against his labour and the 'trifle' of manure collected at his cabin door. If there were as much over as provided him with shoes and a new suit, hat included, once in two years, he was fortunate: for all else they depended on the pig and the few hens Hannah had on her first survey overlooked, perched over her head on the rafters. To attain anything like comfort from such elements of bare subsistence, would have been beyond the powers of a better manager than poor Biddy, who, a spoiled and idle child, had married to please herself against the advice of all who were interested in her. Unable to struggle with her poverty, she had completely sunk under it, consoling herself, young as she was, with 'a blast of the pipe' she saw so necessary to all around her. This Hannah heard from her old

woman, to whose tidy cabin she returned to pass the night, after leaving with her foster-sister what would procure for her and her children a better supper than they often ate. Biddy received the money with many thanks, but no surprise, remarking, too, that Hannah 'need hardly be troubling herself: Mrs Riley, good luck to her! was a very good one to give score whin there was any rasonable depindence for repayment.'

The introduction next day to the husband was as little satisfactory as had been the interview with the wife. Larry Quin had a 'jaunty' air; he was a good-looking, stout-made man, with his old hat set on one side, his ragged coat flying open, and a straw in his month, which he twisted in all directions while vapouring on with a torrent of apologies for his household deficiencies. He 'had been intinding to git a little dresser;' and he 'had laid out to procure an iligant bedstead,' that had belonged to somebody, and been for sale at some time; and he 'was determind, plase God to lave him his health, to do' all that was right and desirable at some indefinite period. But 'being in lodgin's, and greatly tоссicated this while back by'—in plain truth, neither the will nor the way to do better, there he was to the full as spiritless as the wife—almost contented with his low condition. 'In regard of the little pig, too,' he had never happened to have been without one before. 'It chanced, very unlucky,' that a friend should happen to come just when they were worst prepared to receive her; but, 'with the blessing of God and *her help*, things would soon be better than ever with them;' and very easily, for, by the old woman's account, things had never been very well.

Larry was a nurse-child too; abandoned, like the rest of this unhappy class, by his natural protectors, and thrown upon the charity of his foster-parents as soon as habit was supposed to have endeared him to them. Though not much worse used than the rest of the children, he grew up fully conscious that he had no legal claim to the affection of those who had reared him; that he had no right to look for careful tendance; to murmur at privations shared unequally by him, with extra labours, and sometimes cruel words. He early felt that he belonged to nobody, and he soon began to act as if nobody belonged to him. To live, therefore, for himself alone became his rule of conduct. Without a hope, without an aim, without a tie, till he fell in love with Biddy, what had he to care for in a world to him so cold? Naturally of a lively temper, his position made him neither sad nor sulky—merely reckless. He was noted as a pleasant companion, but he had no reputation as a steady workman. He had therefore never kept his place as a labourer with the gentry or the larger farmers, who could afford to pay him a fitting hire. Instead of tenpence or a shilling a day, with perhaps a house and bit of ground, milk at times, help in fuel, with many useful occasional presents from the ladies of such superior families, to say nothing of a kind superintendence, maybe of more consequence to a servant's well-doing than all the rest, he had been obliged to content himself with jobbing at busy seasons, or serving the little farmers, who, hardly able themselves to pay their rent, and meet their current expenses, make the hardest possible bargain with their unhappy labourers. They give the lowest wages—as little as they can contrive in cash, and the commonest of frugal diet. 'It is, however, the certainty of this diet that insures the unfailing supply of strong bodies, able for better things. The husband, thus secure of victuals, is content to let the wife and children make it out as they best can at home; seldom without food, indeed, but rarely able to supply themselves with any other necessaries, neither parent seeming ever to have a thought how they were to manage to bring up their children. 'Should the potatoes fail!' This passed often through careful Hannah's mind, but never through her foster-sister's. The present was enough for Biddy, and all she seemed to heed in that was food in plenty—the best she could get, whatever her means were. Satisfied

with the large quantity she deemed sufficient of the cheapest fare, she could not resist expensive provisions when she had the money in her hand to buy them. Perhaps, had she had more experience in the laying of it out—understood its value better—she would better have comprehended the worth of what it could procure her. As it was, to save for another day, or for clothes, or for fuel, or for furniture, was quite beyond her powers of control over the little sum her foster-sister had given her. While it lasted, tea, sugar, white bread, butter, herrings, bacon, were lavished upon herself and on her children, among whom, sharing in all the vicissitudes of this miserable family, there was actually another abandoned nurse-child. The present thus provided for, Biddy contentedly resigned the future to fate, or luck rather, to which she quietly attributed every event of her life.

Hannah found that to trust to such a character for any family improvements was altogether out of the question. Whatever was to be done for them, must be done by herself, as she should judge best for their future comfort. She, with a little trouble, got the husband, who was much more manageable than the wife, to remove the manure to the end of the cabin, fill up the gutter with stones, and spread some gravel before the door. She mended the thatch, dashed the walls within and without, glazed the window, levelled the floor, purchased a few articles of common furniture, washed, and mended, and made clothing essential to decency. Biddy was delighted, but she could not help—her habit of wandering about for water, and for furze for firing, and for milk, was so inveterate; the many gossiping meetings with her numerous acquaintance, who were all abroad on the same errands, appeared to be so necessary to her getting through the day, that Hannah could never keep her ten minutes together at any regular work. Then she had nothing to do anything with—no more had her neighbours. A system of lending and borrowing pervaded the village, completely defying the attempt to make any individual family independent or comfortable. There was but one pair of scissors in the whole row of houses to which Larry Quin's belonged. When one neighbour had a washing, she borrowed her tub here, her smoothing-iron there, and, in Biddy's case, her table elsewhere. Very few had an even set of knitting-wires; they were eternally bartering an odd thick one against an equally odd slender one. Even their wardrobes seemed to be in common. The possessor of a decent cloak very seldom had it much at home; any one in want of respectable covering for some extraordinary occasion 'borrowed the loan of it' without ceremony. Bonnets, gowns, shawls, all seemed to be public property. Any effort, then, to raise the condition of one amongst the set must fail, unless the whole could be simultaneously supplied with an equal amount of property. And how, or where, to begin, would have been a problem difficult to solve by more reflecting heads than Hannah's. The village had no liege lord; it straggled over 'three lairds' lands'—'bonnet lairds,' too, very nearly. A few cabins on this holding, a few on that, mere patches, all of them belonging to those who had never set foot on the sod within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The little farmers who rented these neglected fields had, for L.1 in hand, permitted any one to erect a hovel anywhere; for which abodes—when built, like beavers' dams, with mud and sticks—they exacted an annual rent; not according to the value of the dwelling, but according to the means of payment possessed by the dweller. He, again, in a troubled time, to meet his rent, sacrificed one room to a lodger. The lodger, for the same reason, frequently let his corners; and thus these most destitute creatures struggled through a life of little enjoyment, yearly adding to the sum of wretchedness, unequal to the attempt of improving their condition—many of them, indeed, unconscious of their degradation. With the wasteful habits common to the miserable, the scanty means they had they squandered. They boiled many

more potatoes than even their large appetites required, throwing out the remainder to the pig and fowl. An overplus of buttermilk was even sometimes thus disposed of. Truly they 'took little thought for the morrow.' The pig, however, fattened, and in due time was sold, and the money he brought procured one of his lean brethren, and cleared scores with the huckster, the decent woman, the Widow Riley, owner of the only respectable-looking house. There was generally a long arrear to settle with her, for the borrowing system was extensively pursued in all its branches. How Biddy had carried on matters with her was a marvel, for she was no manager, had seldom made much of her pig, and had often been without one. The begging system had hitherto relieved her. She had trusted to remittances from her foster-sister, or to help from her foster-father, who had never quite cast her off, though she had married so much to displease him.

Little effectual relief could be given to a pair so reckless, so indolent, so low in feelings, as Larry and Biddy Quin. All that it was possible to do Hannah did. She made the possession of a pig a certainty, arranging with her friend, the old herd, that twice every year a store-pig should be bought for them, the proceeds of which, unencumbered by any claim, Biddy was to have to spend as pleased her. For this generous gift both husband and wife overwhelmed her with gratitude; the blessings of Heaven were called down plentifully upon her; yet each had a trifling favour to ask in addition—'A grain of tea, now and again, or a taste of sugar, or any old rag of covering that was past another body's wearing,' was the modest request of Biddy, while Larry put in for 'the next east shute of the general's.'

Thus ended Hannah's dream of comfort in little Biddy and her husband; one pair out of thousands similarly circumstanced, equally ignorant and helpless, who, now that the days of pigs and potatoes are done, have been crushed down into the mass of utter pauperism by which the sister island is overwhelmed. Can we lament over the sum the 'three lairds' have to pay in poor-rates?

Next week we shall show the results of her experience in another department of the microcosm of Irish life.

OKEN'S PHYSIOPHILOSOPHY.*

PHYSIOPHILOSOPHY is the name for what is otherwise more familiarly called the philosophy of matter, as distinguished from the philosophy of mind; it comprehends the whole system of our knowledge of the material universe—heavenly bodies, earth, minerals, vegetables, animals, man—up to the confines of the human soul, which is the starting-point of a new circle of subjects, such as metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, ethics, and theology. The reader is aware that the different departments of material nature have given birth to a number of distinct sciences; and that, in the present day, each of these is so extensive, as to occupy large and voluminous treatises, and to require years of study to be completely mastered. Thus mathematics, astronomy, physics or natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, and anatomy, the various branches of natural history, geography, and many other sciences growing out of these, contain individually such a mass of important truths, so many explanations of natural appearances, and so wide a range of practical applications, that no small labour is required to grasp completely any one of them; and it is generally reckoned enough for a single book to concern itself with only one, or even a fraction of one, at a time. But now and then works are published with the view of grasping the whole at once, or of exhibiting the most concentrated essence of each in connection with the essences of all the rest, forming a

* Elements of Physiophilosophy. By Lorenz Oken, M.D., Professor of Natural History at the University of Zurich, &c. &c. From the German, by Alfred Tulk, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Printed for the Ray Society. 1847.

world-science, or a comprehensive survey of the entire universe. Such productions have a distinct value of their own when competently executed. They have this peculiar fascination, that they embrace a vast and imposing subject; they are to other books what a mountain prospect is to a cabinet of minerals, or a case of birds. The author speaks little in proportion to the greatness and extent of his subject matter; he has the advantage of a modest position; by the nature of his enterprise, he is compelled into the virtue of suggesting many ideas by few words.

But if the position of such an author is in one respect modest, his pretensions are not always so. There is a temptation to hazard explanations of obscure phenomena at a venture, or by a stroke of fancy, instead of pursuing the laborious process of studying each point in detail, and at the expense of multiplied observations, experiments, and reasonings. It is so delightful to grasp the whole universe in thought, or to possess ourselves of the laws of its most hidden workings, that human nature must be excused for prematurely making the attempt. It is quite true that no ideas which we possess at the present day can comprehend the whole processes of vegetable and animal life; and, moreover, these mysteries may not be unriddled when the whole generation of living men shall have passed away. But we are not, for that reason, to be prohibited from running over our chain of connection through the departments of nature, and of forming our own conception of the unity that prevails in the world. There is a certain license of speculation or imagination allowable, before the consummation of that perfect knowledge which is to mark out the latter-day glory of the human reason. This is the justification of the theories of the universe, formed in all ages to suit an irrepressible craving in the mind of man to view the world in unity, or as a compact and connected whole.

Oken's 'Physiophilosophy' is an attempt to relate the various sciences to each other, and to reduce the whole of nature to a very few simple principles. It has been translated and printed in this country by the Ray Society, which was formed for the purpose of diffusing rare works on natural history. This fact shows at once what is the real value of Oken's book, although it does not indicate the limits of the field over which he ranges. Professing to expound the first principles of all the sciences, and to advance new and comprehensive doctrines in each, his success is strictly confined within the subjects of the vegetable and animal kingdom. As a naturalist, he is great and original; if he had only known to stop there, the feelings excited in his readers would have been very different from what they are. Preachers and lecturers have sometimes remarked, that by cutting out a part of a discourse, they improved all the rest. Never would this maxim have been so well applied as in the present work. The first hundred and fifty pages—which are devoted to the inorganic world, or to the subjects of mathematics, astronomy, motion, gravity, light, ether, mineralogy, and geology—present a succession of absurdities, extravagance, and wild day-dreams, that could scarcely be matched anywhere out of Bedlam. Something approaching to the author's treatment of these subjects may perhaps be found in the earliest speculations of the Greeks, or in the cosmogony of the Hindoos. But there are few sane men in modern ages, still less men of powerful intellect and extensive knowledge, that have allowed themselves to publish to the world such a bewildering tissue of night and chaos.

The doctrines that Professor Oken thinks self-evident and unimpeachable, are often made of very surprising stuff. Take, as the first example, his idea of certainty itself. 'If anything be certain, it can only be *one* in number;' or this, 'the whole science of mathematics depends upon zero (a mathematical name for "nothing" in the sense of the commencement of a series); consequently, mathematics is based upon nothing.' But nothing being eternal, the principle of mathematics is

therefore eternal. In short, 'the Eternal is one and the same with the zero of mathematics.' 'The Eternal is the *nothing* of Nature. As the whole of mathematics emerges out of zero, so must everything which is a singular have emerged from the Eternal, or nothing of Nature.' Now, by the creation of mathematics in this simple way out of a very narrow original, a great step is gained, and the rest of creation is comparatively easy. For mathematics includes length, breadth, space, solidity, circles, and spheres, with numbers, and all that they handle; and thus, by the first act of creation, a considerable stock of things is produced to begin with. For instance, what is man but 'the whole of arithmetic compacted out of all numbers,' whereby 'he can produce numbers out of himself?' Again, a vast deal may be made out of the sphere: 'God manifesting is an infinite sphere. The sphere, therefore, is the most perfect form; for it is the primary, the divine form. Angular forms are imperfect. The more spherical a thing is in form, by so much the more perfect and divine is it. The inorganic is angular, the organic is spherical.' Unfortunately, however, for Professor Oken's originality, this is the very doctrine of Aristotle, which was so thoroughly ridiculed by Galileo in the seventeenth century, that it was thought to have been obliged to hide its head from that day forthwith. Most readers know the basis of the fictions of cycles and epicycles for the planetary motions that were maintained in the middle ages, till they were destroyed by Galileo, Kepler, and their contemporaries: it was no other than this—that such dignified bodies as the planets could move only in *perfect* figures: that is to say, *circles*; there being no other form perfect but the circular.

But to pass from the subject of mathematics, it may be interesting to hear the professor's account of some of the physical agencies. Take, therefore, the following sketch of electricity, which is related to the spherical form in this manner:—'Electricity is a merely peripheric antagonism, without centre, thus without union: an eternally disintegrated without rest.' As to gravity: 'Gravity is a weighty nothing, a heavy essence, striving to a centre; a realisation of the first divine idea.' The reader is also welcome to the following very simple explanation of perhaps the greatest mystery in nature—the constitution of the sun. 'The sun can never be extinguished, never become dark; for it gives out light, not as fire, but *simply by reason of standing in the midst*; its simple position, its enchainment to the planets, is light.'

As he advances into other regions, the professor prepares fresh surprises for the reader, whom, however, we must refer to the work itself for the demonstration of such propositions as, that 'self-consciousness is a living ellipse'; 'the earth is an oxyde of carbon'; 'the mean tension of ether, or light mingled with darkness, is called *colour*.' 'Red is fire, love—Father: *blue* is air, truth, and belief—Son: *green* is water, formation, hope—Ghost. These are the three cardinal virtues. Yellow is earth, the immovable, inexorable, falsity the only vice—Satan. There are three virtues, but only one vice.'

All this madness has its method. It is easy to discover the ruling principles of Oken's intellect: we see in it great native power running into a wild profusion of analogies, which are restrained by no law or motive, or maxim of sound thinking. There are certain common ideas that he carries out into every region of thought, without examining whether nature herself has really employed them to such an extent. For example, the notions of point, line, surface, solid, have a very great range of application; but with all their range, it is possible to find things to which they do not apply. Thus, who but our author could define and discriminate the four forces of crystallisation, magnetism, electricity, chemism, by saying that the first is *point*, the second *line*, the third *surface*, the fourth *cube*? There would be about as much propriety in expounding our political constitution as containing the sovereign, which is a point; the House of Lords, or a line; the House of Commons, or a surface;

the ten-pound electors, or a solid. The professor, in like manner, is never done with applying the sun and planet relation; and the idea of combustion in his hands elucidates an infinity of things. But perhaps the stock idea of the book is the four elements—earth, water, air, fire; withdraw these from the fabric, and it would crumble into fragments. Now, the distinction of the four elements has been shown by modern science to be accidental, and not fundamental. The three states of matter are distinguished by nothing but the possession of more or less heat, and the physical and chemical laws apply alike to solids, liquids, and gases.

The introduction to the biology is not encouraging. 'Galvanism is the principle of life.' Every part of organised beings is formed from mucus; and 'the primary mucus is the sea mucus.' Accordingly, the creation of organised beings takes place as follows (there being water and light to begin with):—'*Light shines upon the water, and it is salted; light shines upon the salt sea, and it lives.*' *'Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea in the neighbourhood of the land.'*

The four elements are our author's key to all mysteries; behold how they serve to divide the animal organism! 1. The nutrient, earth; 2. The digestive, water; 3. The respiring, air; 4. The motive, fire. 'It is impossible for more than these to be developed in an organism; impossible for anything else but what is in nature to originate therein; impossible that anything new be born by it. How could,' exclaims the professor with warmth, 'the organism be aught else—how aught else than the focus of the four elements?' When, however, we come to the structure of plants and animals, his fertile analogical genius suggests many very striking comparisons between the different parts of the organisms; and probably in a good many cases he is right in his suppositions. If he is correct, at an average, once in every five analogies (and we do not say he is not), his book is probably the most original work on natural history that has appeared for half a century. We shall present the reader with a few specimens of these ingenious comparisons.

In plants, he says, 'the leaf is the table of contents or index of the stem.' And he goes on to show how the varieties of leaf-structure are uniformly accompanied with corresponding varieties in the stem-structure, thus indicating a unity of organism throughout the plant. And the flower, in like manner, he considers as originating out of the leaf. The whole of the development of this idea, as he goes through the various tribes of plants, is very interesting, and contains a great deal of probability. Still, the reader must lay his account with such declarations as the following:—'In impregnation, the heaven is married to the earth; for then the spirit descends, and does not esteem itself too highly to become flesh.'

In order to come at a few of the suggestive comparisons that the professor makes in the animal system, we must pass over a good deal of this character: 'The animal is a whole solar system, the plant only a planet.' In comparing the animal with the plant in detail, he remarks that the *lung* is analogous to the *leaves*; and the likeness undoubtedly holds in many points; but according to his logic, 'this is sufficient ground for assuming also the parallelism of the other organs;' which therefore he boldly carries out.

Within the animal system itself, the professor suggested one analogy, which has had the good fortune to be proved by Professor Owen—namely, that the bones of the head are an expansion of four vertebræ; so that the head, although not identical with, is analogous to, a portion of the trunk. He follows out the similarity in the detail as follows:—

'If the bones of the head are the repetition of those of the trunk, so also must the flesh of the head be a repetition of that of the trunk. Pectoral and abdominal muscles are ennobled in the muscles of the face.

'The face must have been principally formed by the orifice of the intestine—the mouth, and by the opening

of the lungs—the nose, and by the apex of the vascular system—the members which are repeated in the jaws. The mouth is the stomach in the head; the nose, the lung; the jaws, the arms and feet.

'The salivary glands are the liver in the head, as the mouth is its stomach. The liver, which was originally also symmetrical in form, has become wholly symmetric in the higher organised head, and forms two glands.

'The tongue is the œsophagus elongated upon the anterior side, because in front there is more flesh. The tongue is the extremity of the intestine converted into muscle.

'The nose includes pectoral muscles, the mouth includes the muscles of the limbs.

'If pectoral and abdominal muscles are repeated in the face, so also must the anterior bones, ribs, and limbs be repeated. It will be shown that the nose is a vertebra, the jaws members, and their muscles those of the limbs. The brain is the spinal marrow; the skull, the vertebral column; the mouth, intestine and abdomen; the nose, lung and thorax; the jaws are members. The whole osseous system is nothing but a vertebra repeated.'

Then, with regard to the muscular system in general, Oken gives the *heart* as the prototype. 'An entire layer of flexors and extensors is the pattern of the heart; even a bone is an ossified heart.

Another of the professor's analogies that has been admitted to be successful, is the comparison of the *wings of insects*; not to the wings of birds, but to the *lungs* of the mammalia. Although their mechanical use is the same as that of the birds' wings, their structure and functions in supporting the system refer to the aëration of the blood. His explanation of epidermis or outer skin, nails, hairs, and feathers, relates them all to the branching filaments of the lungs.

The ribs are the bony envelope of the lungs: and arms and legs are considered as expanded ribs. The professor becomes very touching on this head. 'The arms, when clasped together by the fingers, are a thorax without viscera, without heart and lungs. They are destined to enclose a whole body in the embrace.' 'By an embrace, that which has been embraced has been made our viscus; it has been adopted as our animal heart, and as our animal vital organ—our lung. The embrace has an exalted physiological signification, and precisely that which it unconsciously possesses in the state of pure love. Nature always thinks more nobly than we do. We follow her beautiful regulations, and she rejoices in the sport.'

The head being reckoned analogous to a portion of the trunk, the jaw corresponds to the limbs. 'Each jaw consists of the same bony divisions as the limbs of the trunk, of scapula, humerus, and forearm; or of pelvis, femur, and tibia. This is easy to be demonstrated in birds, reptiles, and fishes. The digits are repeated in the teeth. The teeth are claws.' Again, the movements of the muscles of the face correspond to the movements of the muscles of the limbs. 'Upon this depends the interpretation of dumb-show, or the art of physiognomy.' 'The oral cavity also consists, properly speaking, of mere tactile organs, which have been repeated in the head. Thus there are tactile organs which are subservient to the gustatory sense, in biting, chewing, and swallowing.'

This theory of the analogy of head and trunk serves to explain the well-known fact of the tendency of all the members of the body to act together, and in the same way. The child's movements involve legs, arms, and face in one kind of motion; and it demands express training to make an arm move one way and the leg in some different way at the same instant, just as it requires training to make the two hands perform different processes at once. According to Oken, there is the same foundation in the animal system for the concurring motions of head, arms, and legs, as for the simultaneous action of a pair of limbs. 'Sympathy is the result of parallel systems.'

With all the merits that there may be in the latter portions of this book, we hope we shall never meet its like again. It is lamentable to see a man of so much mental grasp utterly destitute of the power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Professor Oken never seems to have adverted to the possibility of starting a hypothesis not strictly in accordance with nature in all its details: the process of *verification* has never occurred to him as either necessary or useful. Upon everything he gives us the first thoughts of an inaccurate thinker. One would suppose that he felt himself called upon, within his own lifetime, to explain all nature somehow; so that, above all things, it was needful for him to get on. Except in natural history, his actual knowledge of science is very trifling; his grand analogies in physics and chemistry could not have occurred to a mind knowing the facts. Even his valuable suggestions rarely amount to *discoveries*. For one thing, they are never *proved*; and the discoverer of a truth is, properly speaking, the man that proves it, and shows its full range and meaning. Gross injustice is often committed by people who find in old books something like the statement of a truth that has been established by scientific investigation, and on that ground ascribe the merit to a man in whose hands the doctrine was a dead letter. A loose talker, like Oken, will hit upon a truth, and rest it upon such flimsy reasons, and put it in such bad company, that the world takes no heed of it, till it is again announced by somebody that has laboriously wrought it out, and settled it for ever upon adequate evidence. The ravings of a madman, or the revelations of a clairvoyant, may contain new truths, but mankind can never learn them from such sources. Truth must always bring its authority with it: by its evidence do we know it. A well-informed man may gain much by reading such a book as the 'Physiophilosophy;' by his knowledge he will distinguish what is absurd, and sometimes he will be able to supply to what is true the needful demonstration; but the world at large can believe nothing that is said in it from beginning to end, till it first passes through more trustworthy hands.

WALKS TO OFFICE.

LEO TO CAPRICORNUS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the noise, dirt, and discomforts of London, there are thousands of its population who prefer it to all other places. We have known some of these town-worshippers: when, after much deliberation, they visit a country friend, they are always miserable until they get back again. Charles Lamb, who

—'Ranged the crowded streets
With a keen eye,'

affords a memorable instance of love of urban life, amounting almost to a devout feeling. We have another example in Dr Johnson: his attachment to London breaks out in many parts of his writings. In one place he says: 'The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom.' And Davy, speaking of the Metropolis, observes: 'It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought, and action. . . . There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety, that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science.' To multitudes, however, London is a place to be inhabited only from necessity, which compels them to a weary and monotonous course of task-work. How many of those you meet during a walk to office are mere machines, who have outlived all desire to go and look upon a green field! Their holidays are

spent in lounging at the corners of streets, or in the dingy parlours of out-of-the-way taverns. Stand for a few minutes on any one of the bridges, and watch the human tide as it goes by. You shall see objects of misery such as can be seen nowhere but in London. Not mere penury or destitution, but hopeless misery, that stamps a wolfish expression on the victim's features, and kindles a fiery madness in the eye. They move with the throng, but are not of it. Notice, too, how some men's trade tells upon their physical constitution: the one now approaching, with one shoulder higher than the other, head inclining a little to the right, the left hand always carried in advance, while the right, with bent fingers, is held back—he is a filer in some engine factory. The next, in threadbare coat, with a slight stoop, curved legs, slouching gait, and right arm swinging in uneasy jerks—is a tailor: you cannot mistake him. Here is another with a dirty canvas apron twisted round his waist; he takes long, slow steps, and turns in his left foot—he is a cabinet-maker: and in the same way might we go on reading off each one's calling or character for a whole day. The peculiar expression, however, varies in different quarters of the town. 'Let any one,' says the Tatler, 'even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollens, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears to lie hid in the race for two or three generations.'

In the daily walks to office much may be seen of the petty trades of London—the under-current of its commercial activity. Things are turned to account here. In front of patten and clog makers' shops, stand small baskets filled with the little lumps of beech sawn off the ends of the sole pieces—'only a penny.' A little farther on, at a place half shop, half shed, a man and two or three boys are busy sawing and splitting firewood. One saws the blocks to the required length, a second splits them, and a third, with the aid of a small lever and a strong loop, ties them up into bundles with marvellous accuracy and celerity. This, though classed among petty trades, requires the employment of large capital. We have seen a wood yard, half an acre in extent, by the side of the Surrey Canal, completely filled, and piled to the height of thirty or forty feet with the 'chunks' of pine brought from Canada, to be split up and sold four bundles a penny, to kindle fires in London. A few of the old cobblers' stalls, little dens, half in the cellar, and half in the street, are still to be seen. Pass when you will, their occupants are always busy; it does not appear, however, that any of them ever remove into a shop or more roomy premises. A parallel class of out-of-door workers, are the men who go from one butcher's shop to another to sharpen and set the saws. Half-a-dozen files, a hammer, and 'saw-set,' a wooden stand with screw-clamps, constitute their stock in trade. The stand is generally painted the professional blue; and the fliers appear to be merry fellows, for they whistle blithely while at their work, generally performed at the edge of the pavement. Another form of petty trade is presented by butchers' and provision shops: the latter with pennyworths of bacon and scraps of cheese; and the former with fragments—cuttings and trimmings of mutton and beef—of most repulsive appearance. Yet nothing is lost: however indifferent the article offered for sale, there is always a purchaser for it. The New Cut, in Lambeth, the upper extremity of White Cross Street, and Clare Market, offer a spectacle fraught with profound instruction about the animal food supplied to the humbler classes of London.

'Garret masters,' as they are called, represent a considerable amount of petty trade. They are turners, carvers, cabinet and chair makers, and almost every

other business that can be mentioned. How often, on a Monday or Tuesday morning, you meet the wife or boys of one of these small traders, with a plank and cane for chairs, or veneer for workboxes—material for another week's struggle! On Saturdays you will see the man with tea-caddies, a table, or half-a-dozen chairs upon his shoulder, panting along with hungry and anxious look to find a purchaser. Poor creatures! many of them are to be pitied; for very often the price they obtain does not exceed the cost of the materials on which they have expended six days' labour. Several of the large advertising houses derive their supplies of goods from these sources. Boys, looking keen and experienced as grown-up men, are seen both morning and evening delivering and vending newspapers—how they collect round the doors of newspaper offices on the announcement of a 'second edition,' waiting for news as jackals for carrion! A singular fact connected with these boys is, that they go 'on 'Change.' Turn up Catherine Street any afternoon about four, and there, within hearing of the Strand, you will find them congregated, and with a perfect Babel of cries exchanging papers. 'Times' for 'Herald'—'Standard' for 'Chronicle'—who wants 'Globe?'—who wants 'Daily News?' are calls kept up for the better part of an hour with vociferous iteration. Watch the group for a few minutes, and you will see that the newsboy is as great an adept in turning a penny as the stockbroker farther east. Our present purpose is to describe only the more obvious of what presents itself to the eye in a walk to or from office; much more might be written, were we inquiring into the multiplied resources for gaining a livelihood to be found only in great cities. One more instance, and we must leave this part of our subject. Every day, 'except Sundays and holidays,' two rather grim-faced, weather-beaten men may be seen walking up and down under the portico of Somerset House. For years have they taken up their position in this place, from ten to four, and will probably continue to do so until incapacitated by age or infirmities. They look like man-of-war's men 'in shore-going toggerly;' and their business is to stop the sailors, great numbers of whom are continually calling at the Admiralty Office, within the quadrangle of the building, and advise them how to proceed in making their inquiries. With the proverbial generosity of seamen, the applicants, on leaving the office, hand over a fee to their two informants, or invite them to drink at a neighbouring tavern. It is only in such a place as London that it would be worth any one's while to come out in all weathers, with clean polished shoes, and well-brushed though threadbare coat, to watch for the chances of a living from such an apparently uncertain source.

It sometimes happens that the routine of official duty is disturbed by some unexpected stroke of business; on such occasions, a brief interval is allowed for refreshment at a coffee-house—a half hour, in which some of the peculiarities of London life may be studied. How the disposition to avoid all unnecessary expenditure of words appears in the short, technical orders issued to the attendants! With some customers it borders on slang: 'Coffee and a thin un!' or, 'Dab o' grease and ball o' pipeclay!' may be heard from some remote corner; the speakers' requirements being a cup of coffee and a thin slice of bread and butter, or a pat of butter with an egg. You may observe, too, how the demand for bread serves as an index to the season. In cold weather, brown and cottage loaves are most in request; but in warm weather, nothing will go down but light French rolls and tea-cakes. London coffee-houses would be nearly all that could be wished, if their arrangements included ventilation, and real coffee for the fluid supplied to customers.

Should it happen to be a Saturday on which the unexpected detention occurs, the walk home late in the evening reveals many new features of life in the great city. The people who now crowd the streets are quite of a different class to those seen during the day: la-

bourers, operatives, and artisans with their wives and children, are making their purchases for the week or the next day. This is the time to see the infinitesimal system of dealing carried out at butchers' and grocers', or any place where food is sold. Petty dealers, never seen at any other time, now station themselves at the entrance of alleys and corners of streets, offering skewers, meat-hooks, penny roasting-jacks, cabbage-nets; in short, a complete *batterie de cuisine*. They invite purchasers in most vociferous tones, and it is hard to say whether they or the beggars are the more importunate: the latter have to provide for a blank day on the morrow, and make most moving appeals to the charity of bystanders. Presently you come to a ready-made clothes warehouse, flaring and flashy, in front of which half-a-dozen musicians, engaged by the proprietor, have been blowing away most lustily ever since noon, and will keep on till midnight. This is a frequent mode of advertising in the transpontine regions, and is often adopted by enterprising bakers, when the usual 'glass of gin,' or 'penny returned with every loaf purchased,' fail to attract. So bewildering are the noise and confusion, that you feel a sensible relief as the walk homewards carries you into a quieter neighbourhood.

It is pleasant to note the succession of flowers, from the crocuses and violets of early spring to the roses and carnations of summer, offered for sale in the streets. The taste for flowers has increased of late years; some persons you will see never walk to town without a flower in their button-hole during the fine season. From the markets, as centres, they are carried in hand-carts, barrows, or baskets, into every quarter of the town: even back streets and dismal alleys are visited by hawkers of flowers: and is it too much to expect that the sweet-scented things may have a humanising influence? Another pleasure of the summer season, is the opportunity for varying the daily walk by a trip in one of the cheap steamboats. You make for the nearest bridge, walk on board, and for a halfpenny, are set down close to your place of business. These river omnibuses are admirable places for observation; here you may detect many peculiar characteristics of the Londoner. Rather than wait two minutes and a-half for the next boat, they overcrowd the deck until the little vessel is top heavy, and stand wedged together, half suffocated, without the possibility of changing their position. They will land at all sorts of inconvenient wharfs, with imminent risk of life and limb, week after week, and month after month, or until it may please the proprietors to provide better accommodation. Extremes meet: and London is at once the fastest and slowest of cities. The man who cannot stay to answer your salute in the street, will live with exemplary patience close to some horrid nuisance for ten or twenty years. He wonders what people can possibly find to do with themselves in the country, and goes night after night to the same parlour, in the same tavern, to hear the same rapid talk that he already knows by heart.

You walk home leisurely on summer afternoons, resting a while to contemplate the animated view from the bridge you may choose to cross, or halting at some of the frequent book-stalls. All the world is thirsty: the benches in front of public-houses are crowded with porter drinkers, who imbibe the contents of pewter pots with infinite relish; and vendors of ginger beer offer their cooling draught at every hundred yards. Frequent parties of strangers are now met on the shady side of the street, gazing with wondering delight on all they see. Among these some have evidently come to settle in London: you may see them cheapening furniture at the brokers' shops; perhaps a widow with two or three children, eking out a scanty income to the utmost. According to Johnson, whom we have before quoted, 'there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London: more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than everywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place: you must make a uniform appearance. Here a lady

may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.'

If the weather be at all rainy, the approaches to the bridges are beset by retailers of second-hand umbrellas: 'Only one shilling each!'—'Save a shower for a shilling!' It is a better business than would at first sight appear; for, apart from those who can afford only a shilling for an umbrella, there is many a well-to-do citizen who would rather lay out that sum than get wet to the skin. Day after day, as your eye glances along the line of clerks and men in office walking homewards, you are sure to see one carrying a blue bag. A blue bag is considered respectable; it has an official look about it; it suggests ideas of papers and parchments tied up with red tape. But appearances are often deceptive: if that young clerk there, who has not yet reached his first promotion, would show you the contents of his bag, you would see a leg of mutton, a bargain from Leaden-hall or Newgate market. We have known oysters, ox-tails for soup, onions, crockery, to be carried home in a blue bag. The bag enables many to economise, who otherwise would be ashamed to do so.

But the days begin to draw in: by and by both sides of the street are shady; and those who look for sunshine as they walk home, see it only on the gilded weathercocks of church steeples, or slanting through the opening of some side street in long sickly-looking rays. And then, before you are aware of it, the return walk is all by lamplight; and the long suburban roads, with their lines of flame on either side, remind you, as you look down them, of the avenues described in the 'Arabian Nights,' brilliant with lights, but ending at last in a gloomy void. Butchers and grocers are decorating their shops again with holly, which reminds us that our Walks to Office have made the round of the seasons.

A SECOND WORD ON THE ROADS.

NEARLY three years ago, we took occasion to notice a plan for reforming the public road managements throughout the United Kingdom, projected by Mr W. Pagan, a Scottish country solicitor. Since that period, the subject has attracted the attention of divers road-trusts, town-councils, and other public bodies, and been received in a generally favourable manner, without, however, any practical result being attained.

The present method of maintaining the principal roads by means of exactions at toll-bars is universally agreed to be most objectionable. It is interruptive of intercourse, annoying to travellers, distracts traffic into wrong channels, is a severe and clumsily-levied tax, and, worst of all, not more than from 50 to 60 per cent., on an average, of the money so levied, goes to the support of the roads—the remainder being swallowed up in the erection and maintenance of toll-bars, the paying of turnpike-men, legislation, and jobbery. To keep the principal roads of England in repair, nearly five thousand toll-bars are put in operation, and the expense of the acts of parliament to sustain the system in vigour, has been stated to be £100 per mile. The cost of collection alone is said to amount to £800,000 per annum. Besides the charge for maintaining the principal roads, large expenses are incurred for cross or parish roads, which are usually supported by rates. Mr Pagan's plan points to the entire abolition of toll-bars, the consolidation of trusts, and the levying of an annual rate on horses, as the sole means of supporting the roads and liquidating the debts which the trusts have generally incurred. In the first edition of the work in which this projected reform is explained, the writer presents tabular statements showing the extent of saving that might thus be effected within two counties—Fife and Kinross. Rating all the horses in the district at 30s. each per annum, £18,000 would be raised—a sum which, compared with that levied by the existing methods of exaction by toll-bars and otherwise, would effect a

saving of £15,000. The second edition of Mr Pagan's work,* and some other tracts he has issued on the same subject, make several revelations equally worthy of remark. It appears from a statement respecting the above district, that an annual rate of 27s. 6d. per horse would be sufficient. Of this rate 19s. 6d. per horse would maintain the roads, 5s. 6d. would go to the payment of interest and redemption of the debt, and 2s. 6d. be taken for management. In this way the management would cost only a twelfth part, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., instead of 44 per cent., as at present! The debt, he calculates, would be paid off in thirty years; and accordingly, the rate per horse would ultimately sink to 22s. From some investigations that have been made, it appears that farmers, the class most opposed to the change, would generally save by the adoption of this plan. Among twenty-nine of the leading agriculturists in Fife, there would be a gross saving of £186, 4s., or about 27 per cent. per annum. A farmer in one of the southern counties of Scotland lately mentioned to us that the lime he laid upon his land cost him at the rate of sixteen shillings per acre for toll-bars!

Having been invited to state his plans at a meeting of the county of Forfar, Mr Pagan showed, by a statement before us, that he could effect an annual saving of nearly £4000 on the road system of the county. The aggregate sums levied from the public annually by toll-bars, and statute-labour, and bridge-rates, amounted to £18,232. This he proposed to reduce to £14,500, raised by a rate of 29s. per horse—of which there would be applicable to road repair, 18s. 6d.; to expense of management, 2s. 6d.; and to payment of interest and redemption of debt, 8s. By the extinction of the debt in thirty-one years, the rate would ultimately fall to 22s. But there was a likelihood that, by the diminished tear and wear of roads, arising from absorption of traffic by railways, as well as from an increase in the number of horses, the rate might be lowered much sooner. In all probability, the rate would ultimately be only 14s. 6d. per horse!

From statements brought forward at meetings in Haddingtonshire and other places, similar inferences are drawn. Scarcely a voice is lifted in defence of what is now admitted to be a great abuse. The only parties who attempt a vindication of the toll-bar and statute-labour exactions, are the functionaries whom a change would dispossess—lessees of bars, turnpike-men, and a host of clerks and collectors. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that there is as yet any overt attempt at reform. The trusts, composed exclusively of the landed gentry, who are unfortunately not men of business, seem to be in a sense paralysed. They almost everywhere acknowledge their existing condition to be bad, but they hesitate as to the means of improvement. It would be well that they proceeded to fix on some determinate policy. In all the central and populous districts of the kingdom, the roads are already deprived of their through traffic by railways, and nothing is left them but local intercourse; in other words, the roads now depend for support chiefly on the rural population, the tolls upon many of them are scarcely worth collecting, and the trusts, burdened with heavy debts, cannot meet their obligations. In this state of things, toll-bars are increased in number, to the grievance of rural tenants and villagers; but all will not do; and from forty-four per cent. for collection, the ratio of expenditure rises to sixty, eighty, and even a hundred per cent. We happen to know the case of a toll-bar in a rural district which yields only £4 annually. To gather this sum, £2 and a free house are given to a female keeper. As the house and bar undoubtedly cost £120, the annual interest of which sum is £6, it is evident that the road-trust loses £4 by the transaction. This deficiency, however, really falls on the public, which incurs an expenditure altogether of £10, no more than £2 of which actually goes

* A pamphlet of 120 pages. Blackwood, London and Edinburgh.

to the maintenance of the road. The cost of collection in this instance is five hundred per cent. ! Ere long, in many quarters, turnpikes will not draw sufficient to pay their keepers. Then will begin the end of toll-bar exaction. Except in remote localities, and in the close vicinity of towns, it will perish from mere natural decay, and no one will pity its fall !

Foreseeing these consequences, the apathy of turnpike trusts seems like an infatuation. It surely cannot escape their notice that the loss, falling first on the rural population, will come ultimately on land. The question, therefore, as to toll-bars and no toll-bars, is one which greatly more concerns landlords and their tenants than the people of towns; and on this account, except from a wish to see an end put to a social barbarism, the subject is not likely to excite much popular commotion. We are sorry to observe that, in some districts where the question has been agitated, the tenant farmers, while not objecting to the removal of toll-bars, have opposed Mr Pagan's plan of reform, on the score that the proposed rate levied on horses would bear unduly on them, in relation to others who make use of the roads. Although it is our belief that farmers generally would be relieved by the principle of a uniform rating of horses, as compared with their present condition, it may be admitted that the reverse would possibly be the case in a number of instances. The degree of rating, however, is a matter of detail; and Mr Pagan does not press for an exact uniformity in all circumstances. The horses, for example, which are employed pretty continuously in stage-coaches, and omnibuses, and in carriers' wagons, might properly enough be subject to a higher rate than horses engaged almost exclusively in agricultural operations, or in carting rural produce. Some parties, we know, incline to government management and taxation for the roads; but this we hope never to see. Local managements, though sometimes defective in their operation, are of the highest value in cultivating a practical knowledge of affairs, and preserving constitutional freedom. Let local trusts and taxations, therefore, continue, but organised on better models, and in most instances consolidated over districts irrespective of county divisions.

We are not without a hope that some individual will step out of the ranks to master this important subject, and distinguish himself as a leader in road reform. Thanks to Mr Pagan, the way is open before him.

VINTAGE AT BORDEAUX.

WE had spent the greater part of the summer of 18— in wandering among the Pyrenees, whose then unsophisticated small watering-places had greatly delighted us; their simple, and in some cases rather rough accommodations, and the absence of all the ordinary idle appliances for killing time, being amply compensated by the society of a relation long settled in that region, whose sporting propensities, as well as his taste for the natural beauties of this magnificent region, had made him thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner which a hunter after a bear, iizzard, or the picturesque, could desire to reach. Many a delightful expedition to the higher parts of the mountains, or to some spot out of the beaten regular 'guide' track, did we accomplish under his experienced direction; always rendered more interesting, from his knowledge of the Bearnais dialect enabling him to give us information on the peculiar habits of this people, which we could not have obtained under ordinary circumstances. There was a cheerfulness also given to these mountain rambles, from his being able to converse with any of the country folks overtaken on the road, or who were busy about the cabins we chanced to pass, and many local tales and traditions of that district became ours through his means. In some of our shorter evening strolls, husbandry, cultivation of land in general, wine-making, &c. used occasionally to be discussed by the gentlemen of our party; and as the summer closed in, and the season of the 'vendange' approached,

we all wished it were possible to witness that busy scene. Our longings were destined to be gratified, for a kind invitation from the Comte de — to one of our party opened the way for the whole inundation of us; and we set forth not only to view the vintage, but with the prospect of a residence, at that interesting period, in a veritable French château. We reached Bordeaux in the evening, where a letter awaited us from the Comte de —, full of friendly welcome, and pointing out all the necessary steps for our safely and expeditiously reaching his place on the following day.

At eight o'clock the next morning, we were accordingly on board the steam-vessel which was to carry us down the Garonne. Its banks in this direction do not long continue to bear the beautiful *riant* character which so delighted us in the upper part of this noble river; and I could not help reverting to the change since I had sat on its banks in *Spain*, enjoying a rural luncheon, carried with us to the edge of the narrow, gently-flowing stream, in which the olive-complexioned women of the village were washing their linen, and the children, half-clothed, picturesque little objects, were dabbling and crossing over it partly on stepping-stones !

The weather was not bright; but there was a large, cheerful, and amusingly mixed company on the deck; and a most excellent breakfast was soon served, which drew us all much nearer to our associates, among whom were families going to their country-seats, whose names, connected with mercantile affairs, I had heard, when a girl, mentioned in England. The time was agreeably spent in hearing their accounts of the many villages we passed, and in watching for the meeting of the rushing Dordogne, which comes very boisterously down upon its more dignified brother the Garonne; occasioning the same sort of contest which occurs in the Shannon, and which is called in England a 'bore.' About two o'clock we reached the landing-place, and found the carriage of Monsieur le Comte, driven by a cocked-hatted coachman in full livery, in waiting to convey us to the château, distant about three miles. The roomy old coach soon carried us to the mansion; and before we could alight, our host was on the flight of steps, which he descended to meet me, who had the good fortune to be on that side of the carriage. I was immediately taken by the hand in the most courtier-like manner, handed through the anterooms, &c. and finally seated in one of the fauteuils, at the side of a large old-fashioned chimney corner; my young companion, with equal deference, being similarly escorted by the eldest son to the corresponding seat of honour. There we sat for a while, like the two supporters of a heraldic shield !

The two elder daughters of our host, unluckily, were absent, but the honours of the house were kindly and gracefully performed by his son's wife; and there were also many agreeable intelligent men staying in the château, a very curious rambling old concern, full of faded grandeur. The 'salon,' into which we were first ushered, had that formal bare appearance which was usual in the days of our grandmothers, when no one thought of moving, or perhaps had the strength to move, the massive seats from their allotted places, or of deranging the order in which two rows of yellow damask gilt chairs were placed against the wainscot, round the room, as in the present case. The apartment was lighted by many very lofty windows, composed of small panes of glass; and the large old trees immediately overhanging them, gave the room, with its uncarpeted polished oak floor, a very sombre air, quite in keeping, however, with the appearance of the old comte and the 'ancien régime' tone of things in general; and we soon discovered that we were in one of the strongholds of 'conservatism' and 'legitimacy'—Don Carlos and Henry V. being there objects of profound and respectful interest. The former had been actively seconded by one of the family in his secret journey to Spain; and the mother of the young prince, not having at that time played all her 'fantastic tricks before high Heaven,' was the heroine of their romantic loyalty. A pair of superb Sèvres jars, many feet high, standing in corners of the salon, gifts from her, were pointed out to us with a proud pleasure

by these devoted adherents to her son's cause. I could not but think of one of Sir Walter Scott's old cavaliers when listening to the fearless remarks of our venerable host on present times. His details of bygone days were likewise curious, when one of his ancestors, whose portrait hung over the drawing-room mantelpiece, formed part of the cortège that accompanied the infants from Spain to France, and whose château was one of the resting-places for the betrothed princess before proceeding to meet her future husband Louis XIV.

The first difficulties of introduction among persons with whom we had no common tie or subject of interest, were soon got over by this truly well-bred family: still we were glad when there was a move to prepare for dinner. This repast was most elegant as to the cuisine, though in some of the appointments the table might, in these luxurious modern days, be considered slightly deficient; but then it was in matters that made the whole affair less commonplace; and the attentions of our high-bred, kind-hearted host made us all forget, long before we rose from table, that our acquaintance was of only a few hours' standing. We all quitted the dining-room at the same time, as is usual abroad, the two lady-visitors being led by the hand to the drawing-room, as on their first arrival. Some strolled into the gardens, others to the billiard-table; and on my return from my room, after the lights were brought, I was amused to find my young companion engaged at piquet with one of the gentlemen, quite fearless of the difficulties of new terms, &c. in this her début at card-playing in France, and in full flow of French conversation with her agreeable adversary. He had been many years a prisoner in England, and having lived in very good society (on his parole, I suppose), was full of inquiry concerning many persons, mutual acquaintances, as well as about customs, places, and things which had changed in various ways since his liberation. He understood and wrote English extremely well, and gave her even some very pretty poetry written in our language, making the most polite efforts at speaking it likewise, though he had lost his fluency. A small round waiter was brought in, and placed on a little table at the end of the room; and there tea was poured out of a small china teapot into diminutive but beautiful cups, such as would have excited greedy longings in a china-fancier. This beverage was evidently served in compliment to 'les dames Anglaises,' so my young companion and I partook of it; the rest of the family helped themselves at their pleasure from the 'carafe' of cold water, to which they added sugar and 'fleur d'orange,' a bottle of which favourite preparation stood beside the tea equipage.

The bedchamber was as singular-looking as our love of novelty could desire—lofty, with many large windows and several doors. None of these fitted very closely, and we were on the ground-floor; so that, with the occasional startling from their noise, the sighing of the wind through the overhanging trees, and our own thoughts on the novelty of our position, it was some time before we sunk to rest. There were no blinds to keep the sun from shining through the boughs into our room, gladdening us with the assurance of a brilliant morning having succeeded the dull unpromising evening; and while considering whether, by stirring at this early hour, I might cause some commotion among the household, one of the doors was gently opened, and Mademoiselle Julie, the pretty femme-de-chambre to Madame de —, glided softly up to the bedside, having a small tray in her hand, on which were two delicate little cups of green tea, with the necessary accompaniments, and a plate of biscuit. While presenting these to each of us, her graceful manner, her costume, and the singularity of being thus awakened, made my young companion fancy she had opened her eyes on a scene at the 'Gaieté' or 'Vaudeville.' This refreshment was considerably provided before making our toilettes, lest we should be exhausted by waiting for the regular déjeuner, which would not take place for some time. We found that most of the family had gone to mass, *early*, at the neighbouring village, in order to be free to give us their company during the remainder of the day; but we assembled between ten and eleven at

a most recherché meal, served *sans* tablecloth, which omission deprived it in our eyes of all the elegance belonging to choice fruit, fine fish, game, and every article that could form a tempting repast. The conversation was lively and agreeable, ending by a proposal to walk through all the vineyards of our host, who accompanied us. He was full of information concerning the different growths of the surrounding lands; for the varieties in the size and appearance of the grape, and consequently in the quality of the wine produced, are in many instances extraordinary—a narrow lane only sometimes intervening, on one side of which there will be a first-class production, while its opposite neighbour has hardly a name with the wine-buyers. The same mode of cultivation will not remedy this caprice of nature; and even in one instance, where a trifling slope of the ground a little varied the exposure of a plant, there was a perceptible difference in the flavour of the fruit. In the afternoon, we completed our course of examination by a visit to the Lafitte and Monton vineyards, and to the village of Cost, famous for the St Esteppe wine. Our delightful old comte accompanied us, and enlivened by his agreeable intelligent conversation this classic drive through a pretty though somewhat flat country; most interesting, however, when one considers what is the produce of so vast an extent of plants, more insignificant in appearance than our currant bushes, for none are suffered to grow to more than three feet in height. On our way home, we stopped at the church where the family had gone in the morning to mass, that we might see a picture of the 'Crucifixion' by Mademoiselle —; and though this specimen of amateur art was far above mediocrity, it was less interesting to us to behold than the good old man's delight in showing us this sample of his daughter's talent and piety. The evening was delightful; and after dinner, I had a long and charming walk with the comte, who greatly interested me with the particulars he gave concerning the mode of managing the vines, &c. They furnish constant occupation all the year round to families who live close by, and who have each certain portions intrusted to their superintendence, which is required *day* and *night* at particular seasons. These crops were all of the black grape; but the colour of the fruit does not affect that of the wine. At a certain stage, there are assistants also required to give additional turning to the ground about the roots of the plants, or to thin the leaves; and this last is a most delicate operation, as a little too much of exposure, or exposure not timed to the moment when the grape requires it, may be its ruin! When I add, that the vines are subject to a plague, in the shape of a *fly*, and another in the shape of a snail, to a terrible extent, it will appear that these precious productions cause as much anxiety as our own useful and far more beautiful hop, before they attain to full and perfect maturity. There was a small tower-looking building raised very high in the midst of the crops, where at this time I was amused to see a man *watching* from a little wooden balcony, recalling to my mind allusions to such things in the Scriptures. Busy preparations had been going on all this day, by men bringing out casks, which had been stored away somewhere in the château, not far from our room on the ground-floor; for we had been awakened by the unusual rumbling noise made by rolling them close by our windows. People were busy likewise in putting in order the yard and 'cuvier,' or great wine-house; and thus everything we saw and heard increased the interest with which we anticipated the 'gathering,' which was to begin on the following morning.

The sun shone out gloriously; and long before we were dressed, the merry voices of women and children were heard, who are principally the 'cutters.' One hundred of these are employed, besides the numbers of men required for the more heavy work of lifting the wooden sort of basket, two of which, when filled with grapes, are put on a low sort of cart, to be driven away to the cuvier. In this merciless tossing to and fro, all bloom and beauty of the fruit, alas! soon disappears. The whole band of labourers assemble at sunrise, when breakfast, consisting of bread, onions, and grapes, is served out in the great

yard. We were not, however, up early enough to witness this performance; but when our own more delicate meal was finished, we accompanied our venerable host to the scene, and on his appearance, there was such a lighting up of the rough countenances around us, and so pleasing a buzz among the workmen, as showed their delight at the kindly general sort of greeting given by their old master, whose arrival at the currier is considered to begin the 'vintage.' The currier is much like a very capacious barn; and the good old comte pointed out to us a large, simple wicker-chair, in which, for sixty years, his mother regularly took her seat on the first day, and which had never been moved since her death. An equally precious relic was the old fiddler, who for above fifty years had, on these occasions, stood on the same precise spot where he now received his beloved patron's special notice with a sort of proud gratitude. The comte gives the signal, and now the music strikes up, and the first cart tumbles its precious load, through a wide sort of arched window, into the great cistern, which stretches along just below the level of its sill. There were three of these openings in the length of the building; and each cistern was manned by sixteen men in merely their white shirts and short breeches tucked up above the knee, showing the brawny legs and bare feet which were soon to 'tread a measure' to the old fiddler's lively melodies. A strange effect it had to our English eyes when these rough-looking beings, taking their places opposite to each other, began a set of quadrilles in a most decorous manner, at every step crushing down the once beautiful fruit, whose juice runs out at an aperture in one corner into tubs, beside which a man watches lest they should overflow. I ought to have mentioned, that before the ball commences, there is a very large wire-frame or cullender placed over the shallow cisterns, in which the men rapidly separate the stalks from the fruit; the latter falling through, and the stalks being carried to another cistern, where a man with a small kind of rake picks off any grapes remaining on them. These stalks are then piled up in a press, and the liquor they yield makes an inferior drink for the lower classes. As the juice streaming from the pressers' cisterns filled the tubs, they were borne away on poles between two men staggering under their loads, like Caleb and his companions bearing away their bunch of grapes from Eshcol. I was surprised to hear that the *skins* of the grape are thrown with the juice into the great vats, where all is left to ferment, during which process they rise to the top of the 'must' (as the liquor is then called), and are easily skimmed off afterwards. At twelve o'clock symptoms reached our ears of fresh bustle, and we were soon summoned out to the great yard, where a temporary wooden kitchen had been erected, and where the large, cheerful body of labourers—men, women, and children—were assembled, divided into moderate-sized groups, engaged in merry chat, till it came to their turn to be served with dinner. This consisted of *bouillon*, with plenty of good bread in it, followed by an excellent dish of meat and potatoes, much like our unmentionable Irish stew. We were much interested in watching them, all polite to each other, and in full enjoyment of their rest and this excellent fare. A supper of bread and grapes finishes the day, throughout which there are casks of small wine near at hand for general refreshment; and assuredly, most necessary was some such beverage, for the heat was so intense, that, towards the latter part of the afternoon, the *dancers* had much slackened their movements; and many told us that, but for the inspiring tones of the violin, they should not be able to get through their labour. I was amused to see the old *Orpheus*, too, nodding most vehemently now and then—and not surprised, for besides his indefatigable exertions, something might be ascribed to the fumes arising from this quantity of grape juice (beginning soon to ferment), which had a perceptible effect upon my own head during the comparatively short time I was exposed to their influence. Besides this liberal board, the men were all to have a franc a day; but the money wages vary with the season.

The concluding day of the vintage is distinguished like

our own harvest-home, and is quite a festival, dancing and a supper winding up the whole; but unluckily our plans did not allow of our remaining to witness the gay scene. Most sorrowfully did we ladies especially see the carriage drawn up soon after our last breakfast with these kind people, who neglected nothing that could make our stay or our going away agreeable. They did 'welcome the coming and speed the parting guest' in the truest spirit of kindness; and we took our leave as if they had been the friends of many years, instead of recently-made acquaintances, with real regret that the distance between us, and the great age of our venerable host, made it so little probable that we should ever meet again. There was another painful feeling accompanying our departure from this hospitable mansion—we were now to consider our holiday as drawing to a close, and on reaching Bordeaux, were to commence our long journey to England. In those days there were no railways on the continent; and when we reached the Dordogne, which could be crossed only by an immense *ferry boat*, we were told, to our great astonishment, that the current was running too strongly for it to cross. For above an hour, on a miserably rainy morning, did we sit in our carriage till the turbulent waves subsided, when our vehicle, and the *malle poste*, whose patience had been put to the same test, were shipped on board of an enormous barge, moved by a horse in a mill; and this primitive, uncouth-looking vehicle was the medium of communication between the two greatest cities of France! A suspension-bridge was about to be constructed; and when the projected railway, too, is finished, travellers of the present day, who skim rapidly in all directions without hindrance or adventure, will view as 'old women's tales' the singular shifts, diverting *contre-temps*, and entertaining incidents which were to be enjoyed by those who could keep their tempers, and open their eyes and ears wide enough, in a journey performed at the rate of five miles an hour, and in a quarter where the English were still stared at. We never met, however, with anything to annoy us seriously; and though no thoroughgoing conservative, I look back with thankfulness to my lot in having made this delightful journey as in the 'good old times,' with four stout steeds to our own luxurious travelling-carriage. But here we must part. Vines and grapes met our eyes for many days, but with *them* we had no friendly associations, and my little narrative is therefore at an end.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

THE following are selected from a great variety of interesting anecdotes of dogs in Captain Brown's 'Popular Natural History,' just published:—

An English gentleman some time ago went to Vauxhall Gardens (France) with a large mastiff, which was refused admittance, and the gentleman left him in the care of the body-guards, who are placed there. The Englishman, some time after he had entered, returned to the gate and informed the guards that he had lost his watch, telling the sergeant, that if he would permit him to take in the dog, he would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, the gentleman made motions to the dog of what he had lost, which immediately ran about amongst the company, and traversed the gardens, till at last he laid hold of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch; and on being searched, not only his watch, but six others were discovered in his pockets. What is more remarkable, the dog possessed such a perfection of instinct, as to take his master's watch from the other six, and carry it to him!

Of the alertness of the dog in recovering the lost property of its master, we shall give one other instance. M. Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St Denis, Paris, offered to lay a wager with a friend, that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When they had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-

place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin, which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The gentleman, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his clothes, than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that he wanted to go out. Caniche instantly snatched up an article of dress, and away he flew. The stranger posted after him with his nightcap on, and literally *sans-culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of double Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived in a moment afterwards, breathing and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. 'Sir,' said the master, 'my dog is a very faithful creature, and if he has run away with your clothes, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you.' The traveller became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other smiling; 'without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you!' The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much un-casiness and such an unpleasant chase.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, 'Our country, right or wrong!' which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, 'That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern.' An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, 'Myself, right or wrong!' Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham*.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

In a quarter of the town of Hingham, known as Rocky-nook, there is a pond where a little girl, not six years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs in the water. Gradually the fishes learned to distinguish her footsteps, and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand, and allow her to touch their scaly sides! A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners. The control of Van Amburgh over his wild beasts is not more surprising than that which this little girl has attained over her finny playmates. The fishes will have nothing to do with any but their tried friend. They will trust no one else, let him come with provender ever so tempting. Even fishes are not so cold-blooded but they will recognise the law of kindness, and yield to its all-embracing power.—*Doston Transcript, United States*.

THE OLD AND NEW-YEAR.

CROSSING last night a dreary moor,
Where deeply lay the snow,
I overtook at midnight hour
An old man creeping slow.
'Twas the Old-Year! with age subdued,
Tottering, and cold, and lean,
And seeking mid the solitude
Some place to die unseen.
He had brought me many happy days—
I would not on his ending gaze.

Scarcely had I passed the touching sight,
When a deep stillness fell;
I heard an old voice say 'Good-night!'
And a young one chime 'All's well!'
I turned me; the Old-Year was gone!
And lo! a beauteous child
With silvery laugh came dancing on,
And ever sweetly smiled;
And prattled with such guileless art—
I clasped the New-Year to my heart!

So 'tis with life! when midst the gloom
Of the soul's night, we see
A loved joy sink into the tomb,
Some young Hope comes with glece,
And sings so sweetly in our ear
Of gladness aye to last,
That mid our grief, we cease to hear
The music of the past—
And long as much for joys unknown,
As e'er we prized the blessing flown.

MAXIMS ON MONEY.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon casiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life*.

CONSUMPTION.

Sir James Clark, physician to the Queen, enumerates, as the exciting causes of consumption, 'long confinement in close ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries, school-rooms, or manufactories;' he also says, 'if an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia'—the beginning of consumption. Persons engaged in confined close rooms, or workshops, are the chief sufferers from consumption: thus, of the 233 tailors who died in one district in London, in 1839, 123 died of diseases of the lungs, of whom ninety-two died of consumption. Of fifty-two milliners, dying in the same year, thirty-three died from diseases of the lungs, of whom twenty-eight died from consumption. Dr Guy reports, that in a close printers' room, he found seventeen men at work, of whom three had spitting of blood, two had affections of the lungs, and five had constant and severe colds. After reading these sad facts, who can deny that the chief cause of consumption is the respiration of bad air?—*Ventilation Illustrated*.

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SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

STUTTGARD, AUGSBURG, MUNICH.

ONE may now very nearly make the tour of Europe by steam—steamboats by sea and river, and steam-impelled locomotives by land! A man may go from Edinburgh to Vienna, and not have more than a few hours of ordinary vehicular travel. Last summer I had a run of this kind through Germany, and the pleasantest thing about it was, that almost the whole time was spent in viewing interesting towns; the transit from place to place occupying a very brief, and, for its briefness, a very agreeable space. Having probably tired the reader with detailed accounts of former continental tours, I propose to devote but a very few papers to this excursion. The truth is, one loses the relish for novelty after seeing the continent several times, and leaves himself but little to glean. After the first sight of Calais, says a traveller, nothing surprises.

My route on this occasion was across Belgium to Cologne by railway, and thence up the Rhine by steamer to a point near Frankfort, whence I had the railway to Carlsruhe. Here, in crossing a hilly tract to Stuttgart, I entered on new ground: it was the first time I had gone any distance eastwards from the valley of the Rhine. Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, lying embosomed in a fertile valley, and built of stone, in a regular and tasteful manner, formed a point of interest for a day's leisurely observation. After seeing a good deal of Germany, I think it is one of the handsomest of its towns—the long rows of white and tall houses having a cleanly and pleasing effect. The town is evidently literary—a centre for printing and bookselling. I had the fortune to light upon a young and enterprising publisher, who, strangely enough, has entered on plans of publication similar to our own, and with the present Journal, as he acknowledged, as his model. I saw some of my own articles in German in his paper—one of them, 'A Day in Manchester,' which had conveyed an account of the Manchester Athenæum and soirée of 1846 to his readers. Nothing could exceed the attention of this ingenious publisher, on learning who it was that had dropped in upon him. A round of visits to remarkable lions was at once proposed and agreed to. The place most interesting to which we were conducted was a large edifice employed as a Public Museum and Library. The museum, containing the usual variety of stuffed beasts, birds, and fishes, reptiles in bottles, insects stuck on pins, and fossils, I pass over. I daresay it was a very good collection; but my feelings led me to take more interest in the library, which abounded in bibliographical curiosities. The greatest curiosity of all is a large room containing nothing but bibles. It seems that a late professor of the university of Tubingen had an extra-

ordinary fancy for collecting bibles. It was a mania. He devoted his means and his life to the pursuit. His object was to have a bible in every language in which the Scriptures had been written or printed, from the most remote times till the present. Accordingly, he accumulated bibles to the number of eight thousand five hundred, and at his death, bequeathed them to this institution in Stuttgart. The bibles are of all sizes. A large number are in folio and quarto, many in octavo and duodecimo. Going from shelf to shelf, our attention is drawn to ancient tomes, in dingy vellum, or faded leather and gold—bibles in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit, Latin, all the modern tongues of Europe, Indian, African, Celtic—in all, I believe, sixty languages. Some were written with a pen on vellum, others were rare copies of printed editions. One was written with great elegance by a nun; and a curiosity equally valuable was a copy of the first printed bible of the illustrious Gutenberg.

Another room in the museum was devoted to missals and psalters, most of them beautifully illuminated; and here we saw a greater curiosity still. This consisted of several large volumes of costumes, the execution of a nun, and about three hundred years old. On each page was a figure, whose face and hands were painted in water colours; but the whole of the dress was in the actual materials employed in the garments of the original, every part being stuck on with the most surprising neatness. The labour must have been immense; most probably the work of a lifetime, and undertaken to lighten the solitude of a cell. We were informed that the volumes embraced the costume of every religious order, male and female; also of most of the kings of Europe, soldiers, and civil functionaries of distinction at the time. Adjoining this apartment was shown a room devoted entirely to manuscripts, some of them said to be valuable. I need hardly explain that the museum owes many of these acquisitions to the dissolution of monastic establishments, and their careful sequestration by the state.

From Stuttgart, the ride up the valley of the Necker was charming. It was the 21st of May, and the whole country was white with the blossom of fruit-trees. Some of the hill-sides appeared at a distance as if covered with snow, such was the density and brilliance of the blossoms. The country was fertile and beautiful; but it betrayed all the evidences of poverty. The land in Wurtemberg is alleged to be too much subdivided, and there are swarms of people with the scantiest means of subsistence. On the roads, and in the fields, women wrought along with men, and, what was more new to us, they were labouring in gangs on a railway which is designed to connect the valley of the Rhine with that of the Danube. This railway pursues the valley of the Necker to its summit, and there ascends

and crosses the mountains to Ulm. It seems to be cut without tunnels, and effects a most daring ascent by long winding gradients, which occasionally approach the brink of the precipitous banks. All the way to the top, the female labourers clustered like bees, their severe bodily toil, and skinty brown faces, imparting an unpleasant effect to what would have been otherwise an agreeable scene.

After crossing the bleak mountain tops, we found ourselves descending into the great broad valley of the Danube, and passing some fortifications in the course of construction, we entered Ulm. Hemmed within walls, badly paved, and with crooked narrow streets, Ulm has nothing to interest strangers but its ancient cathedral. It was a great relief, in a desperately hot afternoon, to take refuge in this grand old edifice, which, besides being as cool as a cellar, is attractive for some fine sculptures in wood and stone, and several painted windows of ancient date. The town being Protestant, we found a portion of the building fitted up with pews. The view from the summit of the lofty tower rewards the fatigue of climbing, by at once bringing under our eye the scene of several important battles, including that of Blenheim, which lies within the verge of horizon on the east. In the foreground, the Danube is seen pursuing its way through a flat country in an easterly direction, and here dividing Wurtemberg from Bavaria.

Descending from the tower, we enjoyed a pleasant walk along the long line of ramparts which hem in the town on the side of the river. It was my first interview with the Danube, and I was correspondingly interested. Coming apparently out of a hilly region on the west, the stream, in this its upper part, was already as large as the Clyde at Glasgow, but of a dingy white colour, and too rapid for any other navigation than the floating of rafts of wood to the low country. A steamer some time ago was attempted in vain. The fierceness of the current, and shifting character of the sandy bottom, have prevented steamers carrying on a trade higher up than Donauworth, a day's journey below Ulm; and I would recommend no one trying to steam down the Danube before reaching Ratisbon, whence the boats are large and commodious. Next day, in crossing the bridge into Bavaria, we could not help looking back on Ulm with a degree of compassion. Considered as the key of Austria, it may be said to be at present the furnace of military operations—its beautiful environs becoming dotted over with fortresses, and its fine river shut out by an odious thick wall. So, in order that the cabinet of Vienna may sleep in peace, the poor Ulmese must be confined to a species of prison, and breathe a foul atmosphere instead of the free breezes of heaven!

There was no stoppage to examine passports or baggage in entering Bavaria; and we jogged on in our voiture to Augsburg—country undulating, and well cultured and wooded—the peasantry, men and boys, dressed in long coats and ample jack boots, as if there was a scarcity in neither cloth nor leather. At a glance, on entering Augsburg, as we wheeled through a decayed portal, at which a Bavarian soldier stood sentry, we saw we had got into a curious old city, and the oddity was not diminished on acquaintance. We of course took up our quarters at the Three Moors, a hotel of princely dimensions, in the Maximilian Strasse, one of the most ancient and princely streets in Europe. An inn of the same name had been on the spot five hundred years ago, and, from all appearance, the present edifice is from two to three centuries old. Pertaining to the establishment in its original state, is the room which accommodated Charles V. Our apartment, large and lofty, commanded a view of the great long street, ever dull and solemn, with its windows universally closed with jealousies in defence against a sun of overpowering brilliance. It is only justice to say that the Three Moors is one of the very best inns on the continent.

We were several days in Augsburg, and had the pleasure of driving out daily under the guidance of an

old Chelsea pensioner, a German, who had been a sergeant in the British service. By this chatty veteran we were introduced to a knowledge of the place, and hauled into a variety of odd holes and corners—churches, convents, and places of historical note. Augsburg is evidently but the ghost of what it was—a town of the middle ages, kept up, as it were, to satisfy archaeological curiosity. Once a free city, with a reputation for artistic talent, and the great emporium for the interior of Germany, it suffered a decline, along with Nuremberg, and various other cities, owing to the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. This discovery threw Venice out of the richest trade in the world, and Augsburg and her other depôts fell in consequence. To the religious wars of Germany it also owes some of its misfortunes; and Bonaparte terminated its independence—at the time very little worth—by constituting it a provincial town of Bavaria. It has still a few manufactures, but its chief attractions as a place of residence seem to be its perfect silence and the cheapness of living. The houses are generally huge in size, exhibiting marks of faded grandeur. The fronts of several have at one time been covered with frescoes representing historical subjects; and these paintings, partially obliterated by the weather, testify the former wealth of the city, and the vicissitudes to which it has unfortunately been subject. The town is spoken of as having still some influence in money dealing; though, if this be the case, the trade is carried on in anything but that open and liberal manner we are accustomed to in England. The principal banking establishment, which I had occasion to visit, more resembled a prison than a place of business. The money-room was a gloomy vault, in which, within a railing of iron bars, in the midst of dark iron-bound chests, each garnished with a padlock as large as the crown of my hat, ministered the genius of the place with a gravity and importance worthy of Plutus. My business was to relieve him of twenty pounds, which I carried away in the form of a sackful of florins—gold not being obtainable for love or money! After visiting such terror-struck concerns as this, one feels wonderfully pleased with the spectacle of bank interiors in England—a row of affable tellers behind mahogany counters, with great heaps of notes and sovereigns laid fearlessly before them, as if there was no such thing as covetousness in the world.

One of the chief lions of Augsburg is a long white-washed house of no great mark, bounding the extremity of an open space, in which stands the cathedral. This house, once the palace of the bishop, now used for government purposes, is that in which the celebrated Confession of Augsburg was presented to Charles V. Some other spots, interesting from their connection with the Reformation, are pointed out in the neighbourhood. The town is now pretty equally divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant; but I am glad to say, on the faith of our conductor, that exasperation on the subject of religion has long since disappeared. Perhaps the religious wars and other misfortunes of the country had the good effect of inspiring mutual respect and toleration. In a back street near the cathedral, we visited the printing-office of the famous 'Allegemeine Zeitung,' or Augsburg Gazette, and had an interview with one of the editors. The paper, which has a circulation of about fourteen thousand, and is the most popular journal in Germany, is printed by several smart steam presses.

Augsburg will by and by be connected with the principal cities of Germany by railway; but at the time of our visit, the line was completed only to Munich, a distance of rather more than forty miles, across a flattish country. The whole mechanic of the line seemed excellent, and the fares about one half of what they would be in England or Scotland. The price charged for a place in a superb first-class carriage is equal to four shillings—baggage a few pence additional. The fuel employed by the locomotives is peat, of which we saw large quantities preparing in the line of route.

It is hopeless to give an account of Munich, such as it deserves, in a less compass than a volume. I can point only to a few of its leading features and objects of interest. Situated on a plain on the banks of the Isar, it consists partly of an old and little-improved town, and partly of modern erections. The newer part, which stretches away from one side of the old, is mostly the creation of the last thirty years, and has been the work of the present king, Ludwig (Louis) I. The expense lavished on buildings and embellishments has been immense, but a large portion, I was informed, has been defrayed from the private revenues of the king. There can be no doubt whatever that Ludwig is the most munificent patron of art in the world; and his taste equals his munificence. A walk through the newer part of the city overwhelms one with the variety and costliness of the creations which have sprung up at his bidding; and we feel that to his principal architect, Von Klenze, the highest merit of a designer and adapter is due. The streets are mostly arranged in long lines at right angles to each other, and are lined with public and private buildings of a lofty and imposing character. The style of the private houses is chiefly the Italian (families living in floors); while that of the public edifices is more varied; but the Byzantine, modified in many agreeable ways, prevails. There cannot, indeed, be said to be any originality. Greece and Italy have given models for almost everything in Munich; yet it would be unjust to say that this diminishes the pleasure which is derived from seeing so fine an assemblage of works of art. A number of the buildings are of sandstone, but the greater proportion are faced with cement. The centre of attraction is the Ludwig's Strasse—a long street of noble width, in which are many of the finest public buildings—palaces, churches, the Library, Blind Asylum, the University, &c. The interiors of the churches are superbly decorated with gilding and frescoes; the latter exquisitely beautiful, representing Scripture subjects. Cornelius has been the principal painter of these frescoes. In the church of St Lewis is one of his productions, a fresco painting of the Last Judgment, of the enormous height of sixty-four feet. The Basilica of St Bonafacius, a church (red brick, of fanciful arrangement) in the Karl Strasse, was finishing at the time of our visit—its seventy-two marble columns supporting a roof of blue, dotted over with gold stars; its marble floor, its frescoes, and other decorations, transcending in splendour all that had previously been attempted.

This and other churches we took in our way to two edifices which constitute the glory of Munich—the Pinacothec and Glyptothec. The Pinacothec, so called from a Greek word signifying repository of paintings, may be styled the national gallery of Bavaria, for it contains the largest and most select collection of works of pictorial art in the country, and, like everything else, has been given to the nation by the king. It is open to the public without fee or inquiry. The building is a large and beautiful edifice of sandstone, isolated on all sides; and the interior, one floor up, consists of nine magnificent halls, lighted from the roof, with twenty smaller side-apartments for cabinet pictures, lighted by ordinary windows. The pictures in the great halls are arranged according to schools. We have first the hall of the royal founders, with pictures of the present king and his predecessors; then we enter, second, a hall devoted to pictures of the German school; the third, the same; the fourth is devoted to the Dutch school; the fifth, which is about double the size of the others, is the hall of Rubens; the fifth is also the Dutch school; the sixth the French and Spanish schools; and the seventh, eighth, and ninth, the Italian schools. The paintings in the side-cabinets are likewise arranged according to styles and eras, but they do not require to be particularised.

A walk through the Pinacothec cannot fail to have an inspiring effect on all lovers of the fine arts. Large and small, we have presented to us a selection of fifteen

hundred pictures, the productions of the first masters of their craft; while the very taste with which they are accommodated, is in itself a thing commanding our admiration. As is well known, the collection is rich in the works of Rubens; but those which gave us the greatest pleasure were some of the pictures of Murillo, of which there are a few of great value. We visited this magnificent institution several times during our stay in Munich, on each occasion loitering for hours on the seats scattered about for the accommodation of visitors, and discovering new beauties in the collection.

The Glyptothec is a similar establishment for sculpture, ancient and modern. Its elegant Ionic portico of white marble; its highly-finished scagliola walls; the roofs of its halls green, white, and gold; its marble floors—all must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is divided into twelve halls, each devoted to a distinct class of sculptures; as, for example, the halls of Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities, the hall of Grecian sculptures of the era of Phidias, the hall of Heros, the hall of Roman sculptures, and the hall of modern masters. Inferior in extent or in value to the collection in the British Museum, there is nevertheless here much to delight, from the great care and expense lavished in making the exhibition commodious, classic, and therefore unexceptionable, in point of taste. Many of the ancient figures have been restored in part by Thorwaldsen; and after having seen some most objectionable mendings of this kind at Dresden, I cannot but give the greatest praise to the artist who has performed this delicate duty for the Glyptothec. In the hall of modern sculptures are some exquisite pieces by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Schadow, and Rauch—the latter at present the greatest sculptor in Germany, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak on arriving at Berlin.

After paying visits to the foregoing lions, the stranger usually proceeds to the palace of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg (Eugene Beauharnois), where there is a gallery of paintings, and also some sculptures of considerable value, which are shown to the public. On the occasion of our visit, the crowd here was much greater than at any place where we had yet been. Instead, however, of noticing the beautiful works of art in this collection, I shall cross the broad Ludwig's Strasse, and conduct the reader to the precincts of the royal palace. Here, on one side of the king's residence, is the Hofgarten, a large square enclosure, plentifully dotted over with trees, under whose shade, and also in an arcade, which runs along two sides of the ground, is the great daily lounge of the inhabitants. The arcade, in its whole extent, is decorated in the inner side with frescoes illustrative of Bavarian history, and other subjects. This method of telling a nation's history by the pencils of the most eminent artists, is surely one of the best means of cultivating popular feelings: we have, in fact, here a long series of pictures of high art in an open public promenade, but protected from the weather by the roof overhead. The king has been the presiding genius of this novel gallery, and some of the frescoes are adorned with poetical mottoes from his pen. Adjoining the Hofgarten is the entrance to the English Garden, a large park laid out with wood and water. This was one of the useful works of the celebrated Count Rumford during his residence in Munich.

On the opposite side of the Hofgarten is the new royal palace, an edifice of fine sandstone, presenting a Grecian front of eight hundred feet. Behind, and partly in connection with it, is the old palace. We made two several visits to this extensive suite of buildings, in which German art has done its utmost to unite the classic style of Pompeii to that of modern Italy. The state apartments are a succession of superb halls, for the greater part painted in fresco, or with walls of scagliola, and having floors of the finest inlaid wood, of divers colours. The throne-room may be considered the grandest thing which human art can reach—floor of polished marble, from each side of which rises a row of twelve lofty columns with gilded capitals. Between

these columns are placed colossal statues in bronze, but gilded all over, representing the most illustrious ancestors of the reigning monarch, and after models by Schwanthaler. This magnificent saloon, which is in length 112 feet by 75 feet in breadth, and 57 feet high, is further enriched by frescoes picturing incidents in the works of the Grecian poets, surrounded by Romanesque borders. A gorgeous throne, draped with crimson-velvet hangings and gold, occupies the upper extremity of the floor.

Adjoining the new palace stands the chapel-royal, for which likewise marble, gold, frescoes, and scagliola, have done their utmost. The encaustic paintings on the roofs of the different compartments are among the finest things I have ever seen—that of Christ blessing little children leaving an impression on the mind every-way becoming the subject. In this, as in all the other places of worship visited by us in Munich, we observed persons of the poorest class in attitudes of devotion—women of the humblest rank in life, with their children about them, being seen kneeling in the midst of splendours such as are reserved exclusively in England for individuals occupying the highest stations. Without drawing the slightest inference unfavourable to the religion of our own country from this circumstance, I feel impelled to remark, after some experience in church-seeing, that the perfectly free entrance, at nearly all hours, to highly-embellished places of worship on the continent, must have in itself, and apart altogether from any question as to devotion, a useful effect in cultivating habits of veneration and respect—respect for works of art, and a love of what is beautiful. The absence of all means, secular or religious, for exciting into activity a similar class of emotions in the humbler orders in England, and most of all in Scotland, has produced fruits which it is unnecessary to particularise.

Magnificent as was this chapel, and the halls of the palace of which it forms a part, we had reason to be more interested in what was still in reserve—a visit to the old, or, as it is called, the *Rich* chapel, which is reached by a gallery from the more ancient part of the royal residence. Apparently unused for any religious service in the present day, this little old chapel, which consists of one apartment, about fourteen feet square, and which could not well hold more than a dozen people, was founded by the Elector Maximilian I. It may be described as one entire gem, consisting of a combination of precious stones, pearls, gold, silver, ebony, ivory, and other costly articles—a treasury to which each successive prince has given a contribution. The roof is of lapis-lazuli, the floor of marble, and the walls Florentine mosaic. At the entrance are a few antique seats, and on the left-hand side a small organ with silver pipes. The objects to which attention is drawn by the exhibitor are six cupboards of ebony, adorned with coloured stones. One by one these are opened; and their contents, consisting chiefly of vessels in gold and silver, and reliquaries, are explained. In one were the skulls of four popes, set in velvet and pearls; also the hands of four saints, dried and brown like shrivelled mummies. Another reliquary contained a bone set with precious stones, and another a circular piece of skull as large as a crown-piece. The contents of five presses having been exhibited, each article involving curious points in personal history, we came at last to the sixth press, adjoining the entrance. The objects brought into view on opening the doors, were described as of the greatest interest, and the spectators, with eager eyes, crowded closely round the exhibitor. Taking from one of the shelves a small article of about four inches long, three inches broad, and half an inch in thickness, resembling a lady's card-case, the general interest became quite impassioned. Removing the exterior case, which was of ebony, we held in our hands the altar-piece used by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution. This great curiosity, which had come into the possession of the Bavarian family, and whose history is of undoubted authenticity, is of

silver gilt, enamelled with green and other colours. Nearly square in form, it opens in leaves, so as to form two side-wings, with a part above the centre, making three leaves in all. Thus expanded, it presents miniature paintings of Scripture subjects in the style of the fifteenth century—the last things on earth, it may be supposed, on which had rested the eyes of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

W. C.

HANNAH WHITE;

A SKETCH OF IRISH HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD,' &c.

It was an agreeable change to Hannah White, after the scene of discomfort in poor Biddy's desolate cabin—described in our last number—to pay an occasional visit to her foster-father's 'snug little piece of a farm,' which lay all along down the sunny slope of a low hill. It was a narrow strip, descending pretty equally, between well-marked double ditches, from the furzy summit to the meadow by the river side. Old Luke White, or rather Terry* White, old Luke's son, held about three-and-twenty Irish acres of good land, ill cultivated, neither weeded, nor drained, nor rightly fenced, nor properly cropped, yet profitable, even under his untidy management, from the small rent he paid for it, and the light burdens it was taxed with. He would have made more of it had he possessed it unencumbered; but there were several roads, and even half-acres, and an acre each patch, with a ruinous cabin belonging to it, which he had sublet to different paupers, or in a few cases had, more correctly speaking, suffered to remain with the original tenant of a larger proportion, who had been at some fitting opportunity 'bought out of his holding.' In Hannah's time, her foster-father had never owned above six or seven acres, on which he had contrived to bring up a large family very creditably; for he had been an active man, of frugal habits in his working days, and a 'simple' man, busied merely with his own small affairs in all honesty. The English hardly understand the Irish interpretation of this 'simple' word, although Miss Edgeworth has done her best to explain it to them in one of her delightful children's tales. The son, Terry, exemplified the converse of the meaning given to it by his countrymen to perfection. He was a very different character from the father—people said he had 'a strong dash of the mother in him.' Lounging through the world in the most sleepy way, with his eyes apparently half-shut, no one saw more clearly all that was going on around him; no one knew better how to 'bide his time,' and act at the fitting moment for his own advantage. He was greatly admired by his neighbours for his quiet abilities. To be as 'cute an' knowin' a'most as Terry White,' was high praise of any 'endeavouring' young man. He had thus, in his own easy way, nearly tripled the size of his holding, gaining credit all the while for helping the distressed, by coming forward at the critical hour when the wonderfully-enduring powers of his race could bear no more. While he relieved the unfortunate both of land and difficulties by means of his closely-kept purse, he spared himself the odium of removing the family of the outcasts. He had permitted them always to remain in the cabin built by themselves, and given a bit of ground adjoining, charging for the same, however, a rent that nobody talked about, and which was generally taken out in labour.

Terry White's most ardent admirer was his wife; for he had married, though not early, a woman made expressly for himself, young, but not young-looking, quiet, managing, home-keeping, an adept in getting one drop more out of what he imagined he had already squeezed dry. She had brought him money too—money and stock—otherwise it is more than probable she would not have been solicited to come herself. She brought a

* Short for Terence.

cow, a heifer, a sow, a store-pig, two turkey hens, a piece of frieze, a fur-tippet (which she wore on Sundays over a real cloth cloak, all the year round, summer and winter alike), and forty sovereigns wrapped up in the heel of an old stocking. She was quite a mountain heiress, although, in her frequent allusions to her fortune, not an item of which she ever neglected to enumerate, she always modestly summed up its amount as a 'trifle.' This managing couple had, by imperceptible degrees, while accumulating stock and acres, contrived to get rid of all encroachments on either. Sisters and younger brothers had passed out from their childhood's home to struggle with the crowd of necessitous around them, leaving only the old man behind. In their place, a set of fine healthy grandchildren filled the house, recalling by name and features those of a former generation at their age.

Hannah's first visit impressed her favourably with all she found. Terry and Terry's wife vied in their attentions to her. The old man said little, but he looked on her with much affection as he rose from the comfortable settle within the large open chimney of the kitchen, displacing a baby from each knee, that he might reach to shake hands with her. The place looked very much as it used to do. The entrance was at once into the kitchen; it would have been into the fire, but for a wall that was run out at right angles from the chimney back some feet on along the floor, facing the door, and cutting it off, in fact, from the room, forming a small square lobby, which would have caused nearly total darkness at the fireplace, had it not been avoided by a window of a single pane made in this bit of wall, close above old Luke White's head, as he sat on his usual seat within. The floor was clay, hardened by a slight mixture of lime and sand. The thatched roof was unceiled; but all was tight, and dry, and clean, and the walls were neatly whitewashed. The old plain furniture was there: nothing having, to all appearance, been added to it. A turned-up table leaf was near the fire, let down for every meal, as in long past days. The dresser stood opposite, well filled with crockery of all shapes and sizes. Along its lower shelf was ranged a whole row of wooden bowls and platters; and on the upper shelf still shone, what had been the pride of Hannah's foster-mother's heart, pewter-ware, which had descended to her from a long line of ancestors. A long ironing-table followed, before which Hannah had many a day stood till her strong back ached; bright tin-cans hung on the wall behind it; an eight-day clock faced the small window; a settle bed, a large wheel for spinning wool, some stools, tubs, and a turf basket, bottom upwards, under which a hen was hatching, completed the furniture of this 'small farmer's' comfortable kitchen. At either end of the house was a room, clay-floored, and unceiled like the kitchen, from which one of them, indeed, was only partitioned off by the dresser. In this more open apartment slept the old man, the maid-servant, and the elder children. In the other private retreat, with the chimney-stalk and the lobby to separate it from the rest of the house, slept Terry, his wife, and the babies. The old man's room contained nothing but two bedsteads: his son's not much more—only a cradle, a press, and a very dingy mahogany table, and a chair or two to match; extra with sundry boxes, bags, band-boxes, and bundles, heaped on the top of the bed and the red-painted press. Nothing more in sight, we should have said; for Mrs White, when doing the honours of her house, by showing off to her husband's friend all its treasures, drew out, with no little pride, from underneath the bed a small barrel full of eggs, and a large tub half full of beautiful butter. She was very particular, she said, in her dairy management, butter being in these times as good as gold. She had seven cows, and no right dairy; no dairy with a right lock: she therefore kept her butter where no fingers but her own could reach it. Our Scotch and English readers might suppose the cream to have been in equal

danger; but in the dairy husbandry of the part of Ireland we are describing, they do not deal in cream—the milk is all strained at once into a large churn-shaped vat, warm as it comes from the cow: the operation is repeated at every milking, till the vat is full, when two men relieve each other in churning the ripened milk into butter. The buttermilk sells readily in the neighbourhood; the butter is packed for market. Mrs White's milk-vat stood in a dark corner partitioned off from the barn, which barn being partly open, served occasionally as a cart-shed and general tool-house, when it occurred to Mr White to shelter articles of such value from the weather. The partition was merely brushwood closely wattled, and overhead some yards of calico were nailed across the rafters, to prevent rubbish from falling below. The brick floor, the white walls, the shaded window, the cool shelves, loaded with pans of richly-coated milk, the curd, the cheese, the beauty, the profits of a British dairy, when will they be universal in the sister isle, where, of all farming, dairy-farming should best thrive, from the quality of the pastures, and the short mild winters of the country?

Unknowing of these better things, Mrs White was quite content; vain even of her untidy premises, her pigs ranging over the fields, her fowl laying their eggs under the haystacks, her garden as full of weeds as of vegetables, the bawn* ankle deep on wet days, and mired at the driest of times, from the constant tread of the cattle on the refuse thrown there for the purpose of being thus prepared for the manure heap. She grieved, indeed, over her many troubles—her slaving life, her crosses, losses, great expenses, little profits, heavy rent, and heavy cess, and more than all, her difficulties with Terry, who was entirely too good-natured, failed in bargain-making, was for ever giving to this brother and to that sister, Biddy included, and showed himself in many ways too innocent for the world he lived in. These complaints required no redress, scarce even a reply: they were a habit rather than a necessity; not called forth by any real evils, merely adjuncts to the dignity of her station as a prosperous farmer's wife. That there was any merit wanting in herself, had never occurred to her, nor was it in the nature of things that it ever should. Though she admired the character of her husband, she did not by 'any manes consider him her equals.' Her father held forty acres of land, and her mother went to chapel in her jaunting car, and her brother rode his own horse at the steeple-chases. Terry could pretend to no such high doings; but he was 'snug,' and good-looking, and 'cute,' and the best match that offered for her at the time her parents judged it fit she should be disposed of; and 'she had never repented, thanks be to God for that and all his other mercies! She did not fault him (the husband), nor complain of him, nor any one, but Hannah herself must have the sinse to see that he was by no manes her equals.' Terry seemed to see it, and to feel it too, for her word was law to him. He paid her implicit obedience, and readily, as if her commanding thus was an honour to him; and in his private conversations with his foster-sister, he dilated warmly on his wife's perfections: 'The best of creatures!—the finest housekeeping woman!—the hardest† woman in all Ireland!—the nicest‡ hand at a bargain! They would need to be 'cute indeed that offered to have dealings with the like of her!' He was evidently delighted with his prize, lived but to serve her, came and went as she ordered, lounged after his lounging workmen when she sent him, or indolently, at her bidding, set half to rights what they had wholly neglected. He bought and sold only by her directions; and being both of one mind as to spending nothing they could spare, and pocketing all they could contrive to make, they got on very comfortably together; except at an odd time of a fair day, when Terry, not having

* Yard before the door.

† A good bargain-maker.

‡ Shaving close.

taken the temperance pledge, had been 'after' refreshing himself too frequently. They were really decent, well-doing people after their lights; paid priests' dues, cess, rent, and rent charge—kept themselves, as they said, 'to themselves, and had no call to nobody.'

Subsequent visits hardly kept up these agreeable impressions: a more intimate acquaintance with the ways of the house revealed a style of management ill calculated to satisfy the judgment of the active little woman, who had been disciplined by many years' service, under conscientious employers, into the most perfect regulation of her time, and the most faithful discharge of her duties. Terry White cultivated his farm at no great expense of labour: his cabin tenants did his work 'according as he happened to want 'em;' no man had his particular business, no hour its allotted task; the whole concern went on at haphazard; the pay, poor as it was, was very grudgingly given—the work returned for it was very lazily done: conscience seemed to be wanting on both sides: the men could hardly be trusted out of their master's sight a moment: his time, indeed, was principally occupied in watching their doings, for suspicion dwelt ever among them all. He gave better wages than some of his neighbours—a fact on which he sufficiently prided himself: he gave sixpence a day and diet; but there was a long per contra account, so long, that little money passed between them—there was cabin rent, garden rent, potato rent, and cartage of fuel, for the husband's share; and the wife and Mrs White had their separate account for buttermilk. This being, by the custom of the country, the perquisite of the farmer's wife—part of her private fund for the purchase of such luxuries as tea and clothing—she reckoned her quarts very carefully. They were paid for either by a few days' work in harvest, or in copper, as they were got—the copper being earned by the sale of eggs from the fowl, permitted to pick about over the fields at will, except when they ventured near the corn. Yet with all their carefulness, all their hard dealings, Terry and Mrs White were about this time beginning to feel that they were not rich. The fund in the stocking heel had diminished, for they had been obliged to apply to it once or twice in seasons of difficulty; their children were increasing in age and numbers, and not being brought up to help in any industrious way the business of the family, they were an annually additional charge, instead of becoming an assistance. Terry scraped and shaved closer than ever; the parings and pinchings of Mrs White were felt to the heart's core by every member of the household; still matters mended little. That they had themselves to blame, that for want of outgoings, they could hardly expect incomings, never crossed the thoughts of this self-satisfied pair: self-blame never does cross the thoughts of Irishman or Irishwoman. The times, the seasons, landlord, agent, master, mistress, friends, neighbours, anybody, anything, everybody, everything, deserves high blame, and gets it, all but those only who are in fault—the individuals whose indolence prevents their making the slightest exertion of mind or body to better their own condition.

Hannah ventured to suggest that a little more activity, a little regularity, some attention to order and tidiness, some improvements on the methods of farming pursued by Terry, would be rewarded by increased productiveness, and would lessen the necessity for much of the niggardly proceedings which so exceedingly diminished the comforts of his family. But she found her hints far from kindly taken. So far from having neglected a proper outlay on his 'little piece of a farm—the worst bit of land, take it all out, that he would engage to say would be to be found in the country'—her foster-brother assured her 'that he had done a power. Ne'er a man in all Ireland would have done as much, or could, had he been willing.' He had 'bought three pounds of powder, and blasted two astonishin' rocks in one field;' he had 'drawn forty barrels of lime three miles—'cross the river, up the hill—and put them all out'

on another field; he had 'sowed dales,* fine three-year oulds, five score o' them'—all along in a row, down the top of the double ditch he had made betwixt himself and his next neighbour, 'the contrariest man was ever seen, for ever poundin' an' annoyin'. What man alive could do more, or as much? But the times bate him intirely. He was shuck with 'em, and sure it was no use strivin' agin' 'em.' Mrs White had been equally distinguished on her side. She watched, and she worried, and she scrimped herself and every one. She turned away a good, strong, active maid-servant, 'an' took up wid jist a slip of a girl' in her stead, the daughter of one of their cabin tenants, to whom she gave no wages, and from whom, in return, she got no work. She withdrew her two eldest children from the school she had hitherto sent them to, 'an' striv' to tache them herself of an evening.' She had no idea of making money but by sparing it—inflicting really a course of privations on herself and all belonging to her as her only resource in these 'stroogling' times. 'My dear life,' said she, addressing the foster-sister—'my dear jewel, it's little you know. What with the roads contractin', and them wars, and one thing and another, it was aiser to make a guinea in the ould times than a penny now.' The conclusion to which this unpromising condition of their affairs had brought this contriving couple was, that Hannah, with her grand friends, and her fine place, and her 'hapes of savings,' was to take it upon herself to provide for all their children. It would be unnatural to expect otherwise, for who else had she to look to? Them that 'raired her had a right to dipind upon her;' and she had equal 'right' to afford her best assistance to them. Hannah had no wish indeed to deny it. She had never forgotten the care taken of her childhood, never omitted to send many useful remembrances to the only home she could look back to; nay, she had come now to the country for the express purpose of seeing what could best be done to advance the fortunes of her foster-mother's family; but she did not exactly incline to be their sole dependence; and she also began to fear that they might not all perfectly agree as to the means to be adopted. Her wish was, to educate the children, and by enlightening the parents, endeavour to elevate the condition of Terry and his family. Mrs White had no notion that either she or her husband had anything to learn; for they were, in fact, in some respects rather in advance of their neighbours: no intention of making herself, or encouraging her husband to make, the very least exertion to further their object; still less did she purpose to spend a farthing of their hard-won money on it; neither did she imagine that their children could require aught but the 'help of a friend' to fit them for every sort of creditable employment. She therefore expected Hannah to use her interest to provide them all with such situations as she had fixed on for them, 'accordin' as they grew to years.' She had 'laid out' to get places in the police or the Excise for her sons, and to make ladies'-maids and dressmakers of her daughters, without further trouble to her or their father. She did not mean them to be 'kilt with work;' she was come of 'dacent' people—Terry was come of 'dacent' people too; their children had had 'the best of raising'—'never let out with the common sort,' &c. &c.; and when she found that Hannah was sceptical on their merits, dissatisfied with their idle habits, their insubordination, and their lack of the most ordinary instruction, and was resolute not to importune her master and mistress for their patronage in favour of connexions not previously fitted to deserve it, her manner changed entirely to the friend she had up to that moment made so much of. She did not cool—she heated; words, actions increased in vehemence as she worked herself up to resent this unnatural indifference: all former kindnesses were obliterated. Hannah was thankful to escape from the house with a whole skin,

* Planted larch-trees.

and to leave the future welfare of the family to time, and the changes time would bring.

Thus ended Miss White's visit to the scene of her early days. She felt that she could be of as little use to her comfortable foster-brother as to her miserable foster-sister; that were she to continue any close connection with either, she might herself be ruined between them, brought down to Biddy's level, another pauper among the crowd of wretched, without a hope of ever raising them to her own position. She therefore determined on restricting her intercourse with Mr and Mrs White to little occasional civilities, as better in the end for them, and essential to herself for her own respectability. Her heart was hardly as light on her homeward journey as when the hope she brought with her to the hills had filled it; but she was content with the feeling of having done her duty: she had satisfied herself that she had shown herself not ungrateful for the home given to her childhood; and for the rest, forty years in this struggling world had inured her to disappointment.

THE IPSWICH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

SOME months since,* we abridged from the 'Manchester Guardian' a very interesting memoir of James Crowther of that place, a naturalist in humble life, including notices of some of his companions who had united with him to form a society of about forty weavers and mechanics, who met occasionally to exhibit and compare their acquisitions of plants and insects; and we added some observations as to the great desirableness of similar tastes being more widely imparted to the working-classes by making natural history a branch of their education. A step in this direction has since been made by the adoption of Mr Patterson's 'Introduction to Zoology' in the schools under the National Board of Ireland, and in several public and private seminaries in England and Scotland; and we are now happy to add, that a Museum of Natural History, of handsome architecture, lately erected, of which the professed object is to communicate a knowledge of this science to working-men, was opened at Ipswich on Wednesday, December 15th, by eloquent speeches from the Bishop of Norwich, the Dean of Westminster, Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., &c. addressed to a large auditory, comprising some of the principal gentry of Suffolk, the members of parliament for Ipswich, and numbers of the inhabitants of the town of all ranks. The president of the Museum, the Rev. W. Kirby, rector of Barham, near Ipswich, now in his eighty-ninth year, was present; but in consequence of his great age, the Bishop of Norwich officiated as president in his stead, and moved, at the conclusion of the meeting, a vote of thanks to him for the valuable services he has rendered to natural history during his long life, to which the venerable father of entomology in this country replied in a brief and most affecting valedictory address, which brought tears into the eyes of most of those present. This Museum, as stated in the 'Suffolk Chronicle,' now before us, owes its origin chiefly to the indefatigable zeal and unwearied exertions of George Ransome, Esq., of Ipswich, proving, as in so many other instances on record, how much may be effected by a single individual; and as the Messrs Ransome of that place, who employ many hundred men in their extensive manufactory of agricultural implements, &c. will use their influence to induce them to attend the lectures meant to be given, there is every prospect that this institution will succeed in its great object of introducing the working-classes of Ipswich to what is yet so great a desideratum in all plans for their advantage—a new description of out-of-door recreation, at once healthy and rationally exciting in a very high degree. For how intense must have been the delight derived from their

pursuits, which, as we learn from the memoir of Crowther above referred to, could lead him and his comrades, after a hard day's work, to walk ten or fifteen miles in search of a rare plant or insect! To many even well-informed minds, the idea of directing the attention of working-men to such pursuits seems absurd and impracticable; and so it would be, if the aim were to make them profound naturalists. But this is not the intention. It is simply to give them such a taste for, and general knowledge of the subject, as may lead them to take an interest in observing and collecting the natural objects which present themselves so profusely in every walk, and comparing them with similar ones deposited in the museum or described in books, and thus ascertaining their names and properties, and being able to explain them to their children. Every one remembers Mrs Barbauld's charming tale of *Eyes and no Eyes* in 'Evenings at Home,' containing the history of two boys taking the same walk, in which one found nothing to observe, while the other was attracted by novelties at every step. And so it is with working-men. The great mass of them never having been taught 'the art of seeing,' find nothing but barrenness and weariness, where instructed men, like Crowther, are in ecstasies of delight. Such is the force of the principle of imitation in man, that let but one or two in a place acquire a taste for any branch of natural history, and numbers will be sure to follow their example; nor will the scientific naturalist quarrel with these humble disciples, if, stopping far short of his knowledge of the subject, they content themselves with merely collecting and admiring the objects with which nature presents them. No botanist, however profound, refuses to smile with complacency at the rapture with which the critical eye of a Norwich weaver hangs over the points of beauty and perfection in the flowers of his auriculas and polyantheses; and no ornithologist would disdain to enter into the feelings of the Spitalfields weaver, who pointed out to him, with exultation, his matchless 'croppers' and carrier-pigeons, which he had reared with such anxious pains and skill. Nor does the entomologist refuse to sympathise with his brethren of the same locality, whose great ambition in collecting insects is to arrange them so as to form a symmetrical 'picture,' in a glazed frame, to hang up in their parlour. These humble collectors of insects often find species not before known; and many of the rarer ones of Mr Haworth's 'Lepidoptera Britannica' were obtained by him from the Spitalfields weavers, to whom he paid frequent visits.

But independently of this consideration, however restricted may be the views of naturalists in humble life, what can be more desirable than to direct their attention to objects which, apart from their beauty and marvellous structure, as the works of a Divine hand—works which, if He thought it worth while to create and adorn, must be worthy of our study and admiration—must even merely, as presenting matter for constant interest, largely promote their happiness? Gray the poet well observed, that the enjoyment of life depends on our 'having always something going forward,' exclaiming, 'Happy they who can create a rose-tree or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water!' And it is precisely thus 'having always something going forward,' that constitutes the charm of their pursuits to the humble florist, who fosters with assiduous care the growth of his seedling auriculas, and watches with intense eagerness the first expansion of the hoped-for prize-flower; and to the butterfly and moth collector, who daily feeds his rare caterpillars for weeks with their appropriate food, sees them at length with joy change into their chrysalis state, and then impatiently expects their transformation into the perfect insect. No man knew better than Crabbe (himself, by the way, like Gray, an entomologist) how largely the happiness of the working-classes, with whose wants and feelings he was so well acquainted, can be increased by giving them a taste for even the humbler depart-

* Journal, No. 170, p. 215.

ments of natural history—a conviction strikingly conveyed in the lines in his ‘Borough,’ which run—

‘There is my friend the weaver; strong desires
Reign in his breast: ‘tis beauty he admires:
See, to the shady grove he wings his way;
And feels in hope the rapture of the day—
Eager he looks, and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower by nature formed arise
Bright troops of virgin moths, and fresh-born butterflies.

* * * * *
He fears no bailiff’s wrath, no baron’s blame;
His is untaxed and undisputed game.’

But though the Ipswich Museum will render no small service to the working-classes, if it should merely convert hundreds of them who now saunter in the fields, uninterested and without object, and to relieve the vacuity of their eye and mind, adjourn to the alehouse, into cultivators of flowers, rearers of pigeons, or collectors of insects, it by no means follows that much more important results will not follow from its establishment. Though the bulk of the Messrs Ransome’s workmen may go no further, some of them, like Joseph Fox, the Norwich weaver, recorded by Sir J. E. Smith as the first grower of a lycopodium from seed, or Hugh Miller, the stone-mason, author of the excellent geological work on the ‘Old Red Sandstone,’ may render high services to science: and if this should prove the case in only one instance in a hundred of those to whom the Ipswich Museum gives a taste for natural history, and if the same result should follow from other similar institutions, which it is to be hoped its example will cause to be formed in all our towns, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the large accession of enjoyment which will be conferred on the working-classes, and of advantage to natural history from enlisting them among its cultivators.*

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THIS is the somewhat poetical name of a book† published for the purpose of rationalising the ancient, though of late exploded belief in prophetic dreams, spiritual appearances, and other mysterious things. What first strikes the ‘candid reader,’ is the amazing moral courage of the author: she, a novelist of some reputation, and a woman of the world, to come boldly out with the profession of a belief in what the intelligent public has long condemned as only fit matter for vulgar wonderment—even though she profess a philosophical object and a wish to fortify the conviction of the spirituality of our nature, and to elevate thereby our moral life—it must be acknowledged to be no common phenomenon in literature. A second feeling, on dipping into the book, will be surprise at the ripeness of such matters in these cool, unwondering days—so contrary to the common notion that they have disappeared along with the disposition to believe in them. It appears as if, while scepticism is the general profession, a vast number of persons had yet experiences which they could not resolve into accordance with the admitted course of nature, and which they are willing to disclose in certain circumstances, but always with an injunction as to concealment of names, lest they be suspected of a secret leaning to an unfashionable belief. These Mrs Crowe has determined to collect and arrange, with the view of endeavouring to bring them within the domain of science. ‘Because, in the seventeenth century,’ she re-

marks, ‘credulity outran reason and discretion, the eighteenth century, by a natural reaction, threw itself into an opposite extreme. Whoever closely observes the signs of the times, will be aware that another change is approaching. The contemptuous scepticism of the last age is yielding to a more humble spirit of inquiry; and there is a large class of persons amongst the most enlightened of the present, who are beginning to believe that much which they had been taught to reject as fable, has been, in reality, ill-understood truth.’ If such a reaction be actually in progress, it is a fact of obvious importance. Perhaps the reception of the ‘Night Side of Nature’ will in some degree be a test how far it is a fact.

Our author starts with a chapter of speculation on the ideas which have been entertained regarding the inner spiritual nature of man. Adopting the doctrine of there being a spiritual as well as fleshly body, she seeks to show how some faint gleams of its attributes may at times shoot up through the clay in which it has taken up its temporary abode; through this medium, she thinks, we may, under certain perhaps abnormal conditions, have communication with the spiritual world, so as to become cognisant of things above the apprehension of the bodily senses. Disease often supplies these conditions; mesmerism supplies them to some extent; so does common sleep; often, however, the communication takes place without any extraordinary conditions being observable.

Revelations by dreaming she takes up first, as being the simplest class of phenomena; and of these she presents a number of curious examples. Take as a specimen the following:—‘Mr S—’ was the son of an Irish bishop, who set somewhat more value on the things of this world than became his function. He had always told his son that there was but one thing he could not forgive, and that was a bad marriage—meaning by a bad marriage, a poor one. As cautions of this sort do not always prevent young people falling in love, Mr S— fixed his affections on Lady O—, a fair young widow, without any fortune; and, aware that it would be useless to apply for his father’s consent, he married her without asking it. They were consequently exceedingly poor; and indeed nearly all they had to live on was a small sinecure of forty pounds per annum, which Dean Swift procured for him. Whilst in this situation, Mr S— dreamt one night that he was in the cathedral in which he had formerly been accustomed to attend service; that he saw a stranger, habited as a bishop, occupying his father’s throne; and that, on applying to the verger for an explanation, the man said that the bishop was dead, and that he had expired just as he was adding a codicil to his will in his son’s favour. The impression made by the dream was so strong, that Mr S— felt that he should have no repose till he had obtained news from home; and as the most speedy way of doing so was to go there himself, he started on horseback, much against the advice of his wife, who attached no importance whatever to the circumstance. He had scarcely accomplished half his journey, when he met a courier, bearing the intelligence of his father’s death; and when he reached home, he found that there was a codicil attached to the will, of the greatest importance to his own future prospects; but the old gentleman had expired with the pen in his hand, just as he was about to sign it.

‘In this unhappy position, reduced to hopeless indigence, the friends of the young man proposed that he should present himself at the vice-regal palace on the next levee day, in hopes that some interest might be excited in his favour; to which, with reluctance, he consented. As he was ascending the stairs, he was met by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he belonged to the church.

“Good heavens!” said he to the friend who accompanied him, “who is that?”

“That is Mr —, of so and so.”

“Then he will be Bishop of L—,” returned Mr

* When in our concluding remarks on Crowther’s memoir, we observed, ‘The common soldier, if acquainted in even a small measure with botany or entomology, would have at command a means of enjoyment which would make the dreariest of hours in foreign stations to him a paradise’ (p. 217), we little thought how soon, and on how large and fearful a scale, our position would be verified by the fatal consequences of the want of some such recreation in the ease of our troops in India, whose late general insubordination, and the consequent sad execution of several of them, is attributed by the editor of the ‘Times’ newspaper (Dec. 27, 1847), solely to the insupportable wearisomeness and ennui of being obliged to live in remote quarters, without any object to interest or occupy their attention.

† By Catherine Crowe. 2 vols. London: Newby. 1848.

S—; “for that is the man I saw occupying my father’s throne.”

“Impossible!” replied the other. “He has no interest whatever, and has no more chance of being a bishop than I have.”

“You will see,” replied Mr S—. “I am certain he will.”

“They had made their obeisance above, and were returning, when there was a great cry without, and everybody rushed to the doors and windows to inquire what had happened. The horses attached to the carriage of a young nobleman had become restive, and were endangering the life of their master, when Mr — rushed forward, and, at the peril of his own, seized their heads, and afforded Lord C— time to descend before they broke through all restraint and dashed away. Through the interest of this nobleman and his friends, to whom Mr — had been previously quite unknown, he obtained the see of L—. These circumstances were related to me by a member of the family.”

Akin to such cases are presentiments, a class of phenomena exemplified also in the lower animals. Many of these prove to be warnings against danger, and an instruction as to the means of avoiding it. For example—A few years ago, Dr W—, now residing in Glasgow, dreamt that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living; that he started on horseback; and that, as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal, where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and released him. Whilst at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came; and, smiling at the odd *coincidence*, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go; but by and by he arrived at the moor, which he recognised, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt towards him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr W— declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety.* Mrs Crowe thinks that there is no need to suppose supernatural intervention in such cases. It may be only from some cause connected with the condition of the individual that the apprehension takes place—“an accident in the sense that an illness is an accident; that is, not without a cause, but without a cause that we can penetrate.”

Mesmerism has some pretensions to throw light upon these mysteries, as will appear from the following anecdote in connection with one ensuing upon it. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, are asleep at Cheltenham, occupying the same bed. The mother, Mrs C—, dreamt ‘that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him; but, owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, “Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!” “Oh, so have I!” returned the mother: “I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law.” “My dream was about him too,” added Miss C—. “I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in, wearing a shroud trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me, he said, “My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind.”’

“As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C— hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and

there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead, and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night.”

The magnetic illustration was related to the author by Mr W. W—, a gentleman well known in the north of England. This gentleman ‘had been cured by mesmerism of a very distressing malady. During part of the process of cure, after the *rapport* had been well established, the operations were carried on whilst he was at Malvern and his magnetiser at Cheltenham, under which circumstances the existence of this extraordinary dependence was frequently exhibited in a manner that left no possibility of doubt. On one occasion, I remember, that Mr W. W— being in the magnetic sleep, he suddenly started from his seat, clasping his hands as if startled, and presently afterwards burst into a violent fit of laughter. As, on waking, he could give no account of these impulses, his family wrote to the magnetiser, to inquire if he had sought to excite any particular manifestations in his patient, as the sleep had been somewhat disturbed. The answer was, that no such intention had been entertained, but that the disturbance might possibly have arisen from one to which he had himself been subjected. “Whilst my mind was concentrated on you,” said he, “I was suddenly so much startled by a violent knock at the door, that I actually jumped off my seat, clasping my hands with affright. I had a hearty laugh at my own folly, but am sorry if you were made uncomfortable by it.”

The question will of course arise—What is this *rapport* or relation between the parties, and how is it established? Even admitting the facts, who can answer this question?

We are told, in ensuing chapters, of persons who had the power of entrancing themselves, in which state their spirits were free to roam abroad to any determinate place, and for determinate purposes. ‘One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little: he was grave, benevolent, and pious; and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether *lawful*. Many extraordinary stories were told of him, and amongst the rest the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a voyage to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her; and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he were dead. She of course did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons, but that he was then in a coffee-house in London, and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly he arrived; and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the captain, had thereupon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding, that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him.

‘I have no authority for this story,’ says Mrs Crowe,

'but that of Jung Stilling; and if it stood alone, it might appear very incredible; but it is supported by so many parallel examples of information given by people in somnambulist states, that we are not entitled to reject it on the score of impossibility.'

This leads to the class of phenomena called in Scotland *wraiths*—that is, appearances of persons where bodily they were not. This, says our author, sometimes occurs at the time of death, but often at an indefinite period before it, and sometimes where no such calamity is impending. 'In some of these cases, an earnest desire seems to be the cause of the phenomenon.' Maria Goffe of Rochester, dying at a distance from home, said she could not die happy till she had seen her children. 'By and by, she fell into a state of coma, which left them uncertain whether she was dead or alive. Her eyes were open and fixed, her jaw fallen, and there was no perceptible respiration. When she revived, she told her mother, who attended her, that she had been home and seen her children; which the other said was impossible, since she had been lying there in the bed the whole time. "Yes," replied the dying woman, "but I was there in my sleep." A widow woman, called Alexander, who had the care of these children, declared herself ready to take oath upon the sacrament, that during this period she had seen the form of Maria Goffe come out of the room, where the eldest child slept, and approach the bed where she herself lay with the younger beside her. The figure had stood there nearly a quarter of an hour, as far as she could judge; and she remarked that the eyes and the mouth moved, though she heard no sound.'

There is nothing remarkable in the following wraith anecdote; but it recommends itself, because of the parties being well known in Scotland. 'Mrs K—, the sister of Provost B— of Aberdeen, was sitting one day with her husband, Dr K—, in the parlour of the manse, when she suddenly said, "Oh, there's my brother come; he has just passed the window!" and, followed by her husband, she hastened to the door to meet the visitor. He was, however, not there. "He is gone round to the back door," said she; and thither they went; but neither was he there, nor had the servants seen anything of him. Dr K— said she must be mistaken; but she laughed at the idea: her brother had passed the window and looked in; he must have gone somewhere, and would doubtless be back directly. But he came not; and the intelligence shortly arrived from Aberdeen, that at that precise time, as nearly as they could compare circumstances, he had died quite suddenly at his own place of residence. I have heard this story from connexions of the family, and also from an eminent professor of Glasgow, who told me that he had once asked Dr K— whether he believed in these appearances. "I cannot choose but believe," returned Dr K—; and then he accounted for his conviction by narrating the above particulars.

'I have met with three instances,' says Mrs Crowe, 'of persons who are so much the subjects of this phenomenon, that they see the wraith of most persons that die belonging to them, and frequently of those who are merely acquaintance. They see the person as if he were alive; and unless they know him positively to be elsewhere, they have no suspicion but that it is himself, in the flesh, that is before them, till the sudden disappearance of the figure brings the conviction.' We happen to know that one of these persons is an eminent man of science in Scotland. So familiar are his family with the circumstance, that one of them has been known to express apprehensions as to the early death of a distant friend, 'because — has seen him.'

One curious circumstance in many such narratives, is the irrelativeness of many of them to a useful or dignified object. 'Some few years ago, a Mrs H—, residing in Limerick, had a servant whom she much esteemed, called Nelly Hanlon. Nelly was a very steady person, who seldom asked for a holiday, and

consequently Mrs H— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favourably heard; but when Mr H— came home, and was informed of Nelly's proposed excursion, he said she could not be spared, as he had invited some people to dinner for that day, and he had nobody he could trust with the keys of the cellar except Nelly; adding, that it was not likely his business would allow him to get home time enough to bring up the wine himself.

'Unwilling, however, after giving her consent, to disappoint the girl, Mrs H— said that she would herself undertake the cellar department on the day in question; so, when the wished-for morning arrived, Nelly departed in great spirits, having faithfully promised to return that night, if possible, or, at the latest, the following morning.

'The day passed as usual, and nothing was thought about Nelly till the time arrived for fetching up the wine, when Mrs H— proceeded to the cellar stairs with the key, followed by a servant carrying a bottle-basket. She had, however, scarcely begun to descend, when she uttered a loud scream, and dropped down in a state of insensibility. She was carried up stairs and laid upon the bed, whilst, to the amazement of the other servants, the girl who had accompanied her said that they had seen Nelly Hanlon, dripping with water, standing at the bottom of the stairs. Mr H— being sent for, or coming home at the moment, this story was repeated to him, whereupon he reproved the woman for her folly; and proper restoratives being applied, Mrs H— at length began to revive. As she opened her eyes, she heaved a deep sigh, saying, "Oh, Nelly Hanlon!" and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she corroborated what the girl had said—she had seen Nelly at the foot of the cellar stairs, dripping as if she had just come out of the water. Mr H— used his utmost efforts to persuade his wife out of what he looked upon to be an illusion; but in vain. "Nelly, said he, "will come home by and by, and laugh at you;" whilst she, on the contrary, felt sure that Nelly was dead.

'The night came, and the morning came, but there was no Nelly. When two or three days had passed, inquiries were made; and it was ascertained that she had been seen at the fair, and had started to return home in the evening; but from that moment all traces of her were lost, till her body was ultimately found in the river. How she came by her death was never known.' Here, it will be observed, there is an element of triviality. To appear at a cellar door seems below the dignity of a spiritual existence. Yet, it may be said, what is it inconsistent with, but only our sense of taste—that sense under which we select incidents for fiction? We are not necessarily to expect that there is any such law presiding over these phenomena. On the theory, moreover, of an earnest desire being concerned in the case, it was natural for Nelly, at the moment of danger or death, to think of the duty which she would have been performing if she had not that day left her home.

Nearly akin to wraiths are what the Germans call *doppel-gangers* (double-goers), or self-seers—that is, appearances of a second self, sometimes seen by the individual as if it were a reflection of his own person, and sometimes only by others, either in his presence or at a distance. Catherine of Russia saw a figure of herself sitting on her throne, and ordered her guards to fire at it. Dr Kerner states the case of a Madame Dillenius, who was lying in bed when her sister saw her also walking about the room. No particular incident followed this event. 'Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into an argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading, and looking over its shoulder,

he observed that the book open before it was a Bible, and that, with one of the fingers of the right hand, it pointed to the passage, "Make ready thy house, for thou must die." He returned to the company, and related what he had seen; and in spite of all their arguments to the contrary, remained fully persuaded that his death was at hand. He took leave of his friends, and expired on the following day at six o'clock in the evening.

Of such anecdotes there is a large store. 'A Danish physician is said to have been frequently seen entering a patient's room, and on being spoken to, the figure would disappear with a sigh. This used to occur when he had made an appointment which he was prevented keeping, and was rendered uneasy by the failure. The hearing of it, however, occasioned him such an unpleasant sensation, that he requested his patients never to tell him when it happened.' In such cases, a strong wish of the person seen to be at the spot at the moment seems to have a great concern in the phenomenon; but there are many cases in which no such wish was felt. A Berlin professor, walking home one evening, saw a duplicate of himself passing in the same direction on the other side of the street. Arriving at home by a short cut, he saw it at the door. It rang; the maid opened; it entered; she handed it a candle; and as the professor stood in amazement on the other side of the street, he saw the light passing the windows, as it wound its way up to his own chamber. He then went in, and proceeded to his own room, where, as he was about to enter, the ceiling fell with a loud crash. Here the case seems like an intervention.

So much for the present. We shall resume the review of the work next week; till which time, moreover, we postpone any general remarks that may occur to us on the subject.

DISCUSSION CLASSES.

THERE is scarcely a Mechanics' Institution, Athenæum, or other literary society, throughout the country, that has not a discussion class or debating club connected with it; and as large numbers of young men, at the period of life most open to impressions from without, mingle in these discussions, their influence must be considerable, whether for good or evil. Like everything else, perhaps, they have a share of both ingredients; but we incline to think that the good predominates. In examining lists of subjects that have been discussed in some of the largest of these societies in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Edinburgh, during the last six years, we are pleased to find that it is mostly questions of present practical importance that occupy attention; and that the young men have too much sense to aim exclusively, or even chiefly, at florid declamation. The practice of *speaking*, which, twenty or thirty years ago, was so assiduously cultivated, is now happily defunct, having died of its own mortal absurdity. The power of 'speaking a speech' is, very properly with the present generation, less an object of ambition than the practical habit of discussing moral and economical questions that press for immediate settlement.

We are inclined to think that these societies, under one name or another, and with various modifications, are becoming much more common now than at any former period; but they cannot be said to be altogether new, as far as their main features are concerned. For, not to refer to the rhetoricians of ancient times, who are reported not merely to have delivered general instructions, but to have taught their pupils what to say on any subject whatever, the system of public disputation was pursued in the middle ages to a very large extent. It was then that the 'Admirable Crichton' went from

one university to another, challenging professors to dispute with him on any subject, and on any side of the subject. We need hardly say that we consider this a great abuse of man's highest gifts—reason and the faculty of speech; and one which would now be universally condemned, if not laughed at. It is not the mere power of ingenious disputation, or 'much speaking,' that is valuable. The speech may be loud and long; but if there is no useful thought in it, silence would be far better. It was excellent advice given to a young man by a crabbed senior in the matter of speaking—'Never speak till you have something to say, and stop when you have said it.' Debating societies are now frequented chiefly by young men who wish to exercise themselves in the art of public speaking, and the management of business in public assemblies. In speaking, as in every other thing else, practice alone 'can breed perfection;' and the needful practice can be best gained by young men in such associations. It is too late to attempt to acquire it when the serious business of life is commenced. *Men* will not be practised on, though *boys* may.

From the very nature of these societies, they are for the most part unknown, except to the members and those in the immediate locality of their operation; and whatever good they do, passes silently into the general stream of social improvement. A few of them, however, have attracted notice, in connection with the lives of celebrated members. Who needs to be informed that it was in one of these that Robert Burns trained himself to that vigour of expression for which he afterwards acquired so much distinction? In the Tarbolton Club the young poet found vent for his overflowing thoughts, and acquired a readiness of speech that astonished not merely country lads of his 'own degree,' but the learned professors and fashionable ladies of the capital. If, according to the classical *saw*, Burns 'was born a poet,' we have no reason to suppose that he was born with the gift of conversation and ready effective utterance. It is surely more reasonable to conclude that he owed it, partly to his excellent instructor, who seems to have followed the *intellectual system* of education, as it is now called, and partly to the practice in debate, that he had for several years in the club that he himself established, and of which he was the leading star? Nor must it be inferred, that because only one of the young farmer lads acquired distinction, this was all the good the club did. Every member, doubtless, profited by the discussions there carried on; and, not to speak of the pleasant hours spent in agreeable companionship, became a more intelligent man. They might not, by discussion, become more skilful agriculturists, though this admits of dispute, but they would certainly increase their general power of mind; and if in this way a superior grace were cast over private life, the club cannot be said to have existed in vain.

But it has not merely been among the class to which Burns belonged that practice in debate has been had recourse to. From various recent publications, we find that at almost all our colleges such societies have long existed; and there is no reason to doubt that they have, on the whole, been beneficial. They have served in some measure to counteract the monkish tendencies of such institutions, by directing the attention of the 'ingenious youth' to questions of present importance, instead of keeping them for ever gnawing at the dry bones of antiquity. Moreover, by developing the power of speech, and accustoming the youth to the ready use of their mother tongue, they have gone as far to cultivate the practical reason as any course of logic or mathematics to which they could be subjected. It was in one of these societies that the Rev. Robert Hall and Sir James Mackintosh trained themselves to

that facility of speech for which both were subsequently so much distinguished. We are far from thinking that the careful study of the great writers of antiquity went for nothing; still less are we disposed to value lightly the reading of our own native writers; but we consider it not unfair to assume that the habit of conversing on the common subjects of their study, and the practice in debating before their fellow-students, had some influence in training them for their future career. Had they done nothing but debate, we should in all probability have never heard of them; but both were great readers, and both assiduously practised the art of English composition. This threefold exercise has been commended by the illustrious Bacon, and, in connection with debating societies, his words ought not to be lost sight of—'Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.' Readiness is a most valuable quality, but if it has not a solid foundation to rest on, it becomes a sorry affair.

But the general increase of intelligence and promptness in reply, are not the only advantages gained by taking a part in such debates as are carried on in these societies. An important, though incidental advantage, which they are fitted to confer, and which, in point of fact, they have often conferred, deserves to be taken notice of. We allude to the opportunity which they afford of getting an insight into human nature—a knowledge of which is more necessary in the conduct of life than Greek or Latin lore. It is said that Dr Robertson made a better historian from his being a leader in the church courts—his own experience in party tactics enabling him to interpret many of the acts of party men, which he otherwise could neither have understood himself, nor have rendered intelligible to others. As the church courts proved, in Dr Robertson's case, a good preparatory school to the understanding 'of the plots and marshalling of affairs,' so generally do debating societies. Nor is it difficult to discern the reason. The boy is 'father to the man;' it is the same human nature that beats in all bosoms; and he who has watched attentively the tricks and artifices had recourse to in the debating club, will not have much to learn should he be advanced to the imperial parliament, or gain a seat in the privy council. The *tact* and presence of mind acquired in the one field, will stand him good in the other.

Not the least important result of debating societies is the emulation and ardour they produce in the acquisition of knowledge. The youth who has espoused the cause of Queen Mary, for instance, against Elizabeth, or that of Charles I. against Oliver Cromwell, and is bound by a certain day to speak in presence of his companions, whose good opinion is to him a high object of ambition, to the merits of the case, is far more likely to ransack history, and seek out for authorities, than he would be if merely prompted in his search by curiosity, or the love of abstract truth. The desire of knowledge is apt to become weak, unless we have it in our power to impart our information to others; inasmuch, that learned philosophers have been led to doubt whether any man's curiosity would be sufficient to engage him in a course of persevering study, if he were entirely cut off from the prospect of social intercourse. The sincere love of truth is, no doubt, a higher motive than the love of approbation; but so long as the latter works in subordination to the former, no injury can arise. At anyrate, without sympathy and companionship, it would appear all but impossible to keep alive the desire of knowledge. We have a famous instance of the truth of this opinion in the case of Pascal, who tells us of himself, that he was obliged to abandon mathematics, after having carried the study farther than any of his contemporaries, because he found there were so few with whom he could converse on such a subject, and that, therefore, all satisfaction in the study was lost in its isolation. If the sage depends so much on sympathy, how much more the young inquirer!

We have already spoken of the advantage that debating societies afford, in being a kind of preparatory school for the practice of public speaking. But it is not solely with a view to public good that the power of effective utterance should be assiduously cultivated. To the solitary student this same power is highly valuable. Goethe never spoke a truer word than when he said, that 'What we do not speak of, we seldom accurately think of.' Whether it is, that the active effort of speaking excites the dormant faculties of the mind, or that new thoughts are reflected to us from the countenances of those we address, certain it is that the very act of speaking both serves to clear our own thoughts, and helps to enlighten the minds of others. Dr Channing, in his well-known tract on 'Self-Culture,' takes notice of both facts. 'There is a power,' says he, 'which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people—and that is, the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. . . . The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.'

To secure the full benefit derivable from attendance on, and an active interest in, discussion classes, it is necessary that the members, while they are, as nearly as may be, at the same stage of mental development, be yet of different ways of thinking; for if they are all of one sect or party, be it what it may, they are sure to become self-conceited sciolists. Being agreed on important points, to make a debate at all, they are obliged to dispute about trifles, and so acquire the habit of trifling, and in the end can scarcely fail to make themselves, not good practical reasoners, but what Locke pronounces to be the direct opposite—'logical chicaners.' As they will generally consult the same authors, they can bring no new information to each other; and instead of leading each other to the knowledge of new truths, they will only confirm one another in old prejudices. Their reading is sure to become one-sided; they will fall into the grievous error 'of conversing with one sort of men, reading but one sort of books, and not coming in the hearing of but one sort of notions;' and in this way they will get and give views not only narrow and perverted, but absolutely false.

The members, too, of these societies should be sufficiently numerous to excite interest without causing excitement; the subjects to be discussed should be chosen with care; and the disputants should prepare themselves for the discussion. We do not mean that they should prepare their speeches. This is a practice that we would not recommend, for then, instead of a debate, there would be as many soliloquies as speeches—each man speaking at the other, and not to him. Such a debate resembles a Dutch concert; every one plays his own tune, regardless of the tune that his neighbour is playing, and there is neither mutual sympathy nor mutual instruction. But without *making set speeches*, the members may study the subject in dispute beforehand, and arrange in their own minds the arguments, objections, and answers likely to be made use of; and if anything new occur in the course of the debate, the person who has thoroughly studied the subject will readily dispose of it. Nor will the difference be perceptible between what is prepared and what is spoken *extempore*. Indeed it will often happen that ideas thrown off in the heat of the debate, will be the most brilliant and effective. The mind that has completely mastered the sub-

ject, will readily *assimilate* any new idea that may be presented to it, and in a moment see what modification, if any, it renders necessary in the opinions formerly maintained.

MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

It is usual to trace the origin of great families to some gallant exploit, or some lucky accident, which suddenly raised the ancestor of the house from obscurity, and provided him at the same time with a legend to his coat of arms. The representatives of such families are born personages of history; their name, title, and estate—their position in the country—descending to them by inheritance, and so continuing from generation to generation, till war or revolution damages or removes the old landmarks of society. But there are other origins which it would be vain to endeavour to arrive at by a similar process: the origins of houses that rise steadily, not suddenly, in their peculiar career, and the success of which is not secured by a single incident, but distributed evenly over the lifetime of one or more generations. In such cases, the germ of prosperity must be sought for in the family mind—in the idiosyncrasy of the race—in the theory by which their conduct in the world is governed; and the first *accident*, which attracts the attention of the vulgar as the origin of their fortune, is merely a *point d'appui* selected by forethought and resolution. The rise of the house of ROTHSCHILD presents a very remarkable illustration of this view of a question which will never cease to be interesting, and affords a striking instance of the natural and simple means by which those vast results are obtained which it is customary to ascribe to chance or miracle.

In the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connections in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-

changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His *own* property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for 'the honest Jew' in the way of raising public loans.

The 'honest Jew,' unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated. Rothschild must have already been eminent as a banker, or he would hardly have been selected by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel as the depositary of a sum amounting, it is said, to £50,000, exclusively of the jewels. At anyrate, it was in the year 1801 he was appointed agent to the landgrave, afterwards Elector of Hesse; and in the next year (indicated in the story as that of the prince's return), a loan of ten millions was contracted with the Danish court through the House of Rothschild. Before this—and necessarily so no doubt—his knowledge, and the tried rectitude of his conduct, had gained him general confidence; his wealth had increased, and an enormous extension of the field of his operations had taken place. The fact appears to be, that by this time the banker of Frankfort was more in the habit of rendering assistance than of requiring it; and the Grand Duke of the day, to whom the Israelites owed their civic and political rights, nominated him a member of the electoral college, expressly as a reward for his generous services to his fellow-citizens.

The personal character of Meyer Anselm Rothschild is not of small consequence in the history of the house—for their dead father may be said to direct to this hour the operations of his children! In every important crisis he is called into their counsels; in every difficult question his judgment is invoked; and when the brothers meet in consultation, the paternal spirit seems to act as president. The explanation of this well-known and most remarkable trait in the family, is not difficult to those who are in the habit of penetrating through the veil of the romantic, in order to arrive at the simple realities of life. The elder Rothschild was obviously a man of comprehensive intellect, who did not act on the spur of chance or necessity, but after mature reflection, and on rules distinctly laid down; and he must have brought up his children in a certain theory, which survived his mortal part, and became identified with his memory. This is the only *idolum* conjured by the piety of his descendants. His bearing, we are told, was tranquil and unassuming; and although a devout man, according to his views of religion, his devotion was so completely untinted with bigotry, that in his charities he made no distinction between the Jew and the Christian.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers

sharing equally in the results. The other great principle of their conduct is one which actuates all prudent men, and is only deserving of special remark in them, from the almost mechanical regularity with which it was acted upon—this was the determination never to run the slightest risk in pursuit of great profits. Their grand object was to see clearly each transaction to its termination, to secure themselves from all accidents that human forethought could avert, and to be satisfied with a reasonable and ordinary reward. The plan acted in a twofold manner. By husbanding their capital, they were enabled to take advantage of a thousand recurring commissions, so as to extend their connection day by day; while their habitual caution earned for them a reputation of solidity, which, united with their real wealth, carried their credit to a pitch which would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to less steady intellects. Credit, however, was no snare to them. They affected no master-strokes—no *coups d'état*. They would have used the lamp of Aladdin, not to summon genii, but to light their steps as they toiled on in the path of genii. The only secrets by which they obtained their choice of innumerable offers of business, were the moderation of their demands—the punctual fulfilment of their engagements—and the simplicity and clearness of their system. In short, the House of Rothschild became great, because its affairs were conducted upon the most perfect system of mercantile tactics, and because the character of its members, partaking largely of that of the original banker of Frankfort, combined many of those amiable qualities which secure popularity without forfeiting respect. They sought to make money by skill and industry, not parsimony; they gave a liberal share of their profits to all whose services were of use in attaining them; and their hand—

‘Open as day to melting charity’—

doubled the value of the gift by the grace with which it was presented—the grace impressed upon the external manner by a simple and kindly heart.

We may now mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the meantime enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the ‘Conversations Lexicon,’ that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred million florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive ‘of those sums for the

allied courts, of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing.’ This, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the House of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present Elector, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818, they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822), the same honour was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyor, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorising the Bank of England to extend its issues.

Most of the members of this family have married, and live in great splendour here or on the continent; and it must be observed, as something characteristic of the race, that their choice of wives has usually been a good one. In London, where we know them best, the widow of Baron Nathan is held in great esteem for her inexhaustible charity, in the course of which, we observe by the newspapers, she has contributed largely towards the formation of an educational institution for children of the Christian faith. Her sister, the lady of Sir Moses Montefiore, is popularly known as a suitable helpmate for her philanthropic partner. The sister of Baron Nathan, widow of the brother of Sir Moses Montefiore, is likewise well known for her liberality, and more especially for the large funds she has bestowed on the establishment of schools for all religious denominations.

But there is another female of this remarkable family whom we must mention in a special manner, and with her name we conclude. She is the widow of the banker of Frankfort, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of those flourishing men who are now rising proudly among the aristocracy of Europe. The following notice of this venerable and venerated lady we take from ‘Les Matinées du Samedi’ of G. Ben Lévi. ‘In the Jews’ street at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains on the win-

dow are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

'The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first storey?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—"In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."

'Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort; but their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where those sons come to visit her with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father, thus presenting bright examples for the present time.'

A FEW PLEASANTRIES.

[Borrowed from *'The Family Jo Miller, a Drawing-Room Jest-Book.'* This is a much improved form of a well-known kind of book, cleared of trash and indelicacy, enriched with new good things, and presented in elegant typography, and with capital characteristic embellishments. A life of Jo Miller at the beginning—the biography of a man of whom nothing is known—forms a tolerably successful, though good-natured burlesque of some of the recent lives of Shakspeare.]

The Modesty of Goldsmith.—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on the way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr Burke offered to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said 'that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed!' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'—*Notes in Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson.*

A Gentleman Groom.—'Why did you leave your last place?' said a gentleman to his groom, who presented himself for the service of his cab: 'did Captain R. discharge you?' 'No.' 'Was he a bad master?' 'On the contrary, a very good one—gave good wages, plenty of liveries, and as much help in the stable as one could want.' 'Then why leave his service?' 'To say the truth, sir, I found it very disagreeable in winter-time at Melton. Captain R. did not

belong to the right club, or live in the first set: and then he was so very dull in the tilbury, I really could not stand it.'—*Barham's Memoirs.*

An Ale Charm.—During the period when James I. studied the sciences at St Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this principle, George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizard. A poor woman, who kept an alehouse in St Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation, George told her that if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. 'Then, Maggie,' said the learned wizard, 'the next time you brew, throw out of the vat six ladles full of water in the devil's name, turning between each ladle full round on the left; this done, put six ladles full of malt in the vat in God's name, turning round by the right between each time. And in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage about your neck, and never open it till the day of your death.' Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years, accumulated great riches. At her death, the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words—

'Gin Maggie brew good ale,
She will get good sale.'

UNDERWRITING.

To render the process of underwriting as intelligible as possible, we may suppose a case, for the purpose of illustration:—Suppose a vessel of the class A 1, registered for seven or ten years, be valued at L20,000 or L30,000, a policy is effected upon her, and the owners or their brokers go among their friends at Lloyd's, and see at what rate she can be insured. If the voyage be a distant one, or the season of the year be considered dangerous, the rate will most materially vary. Thus, at one time, a premium of L1, 1s. or L2, 2s. per cent. might be taken, and at another time the underwriter would perhaps not be inclined to do business under L3, 3s. or L4, 4s. per cent., it not only depending on the class of the ship, but the cargo she is likely to carry, and the port for which she is bound. These are all considerations which the underwriter most carefully weighs in his mind before he takes a part or risk in an adventure of the sort. On a vessel of L20,000 or L30,000 value, the policy of insurance might be divided among as many as a dozen underwriters, including some at Liverpool and Glasgow. And it very often happens that the Liverpool and Glasgow people will insure their ships at London, and *vice versa*. This will account for the statement occasionally to be seen in the papers, that 'notwithstanding the vessel was a London trader, the greater part of the loss will fall upon the underwriters of Liverpool and Glasgow.' When a vessel continues absent after the expected date of arrival, and no news has been received of her, the premium of insurance will advance considerably, and then the business resolves itself into a mere speculative transaction. Some of the members of the room snap at this business, but it does not often prove profitable. The ill-fated President was 'done' at a very high premium in the room, and, up to the latest moment of hope, persons were found willing enough 'to take a few thousands of her at a long price.' When bad weather has occurred, either on the coast or abroad, the underwriters at Lloyd's make the most anxious investigation of the books and the lists received, to trace, by every possible means, the result of their risks. The remark of 'a good book' or 'a bad book' among the subscribers is a sure index to the prospects of the day, the one being indicative of premium to be received, the other of losses to be paid. The life of the underwriter, like the stock speculator, is one of vast anxiety, the events of the day often raising his expectations to the highest, or depressing them to the lowest pitch; and years are often spent in the hoped-for acquisition of that which he never obtains. Among the old stagers of the room, there is strong antipathy expressed against the insurance of certain ships; but we never recollect it being followed out to such an extent as in the case of one vessel. She was a steady

trader, named after one of the most venerable members of the room; and it was a most curious coincidence, that he invariably refused to 'write her' for a single line.' Often he was joked upon the subject, and pressed 'to do a little' on his namesake; but he has frequently declined, shaking his head in a doubtful manner. One morning the subscribers were reading the 'double lines,' or the losses, and among them was the identical ship, which had gone to pieces, and become a total wreck.—*The City.*

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Some years ago, a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind: she had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, 'Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger.' The stranger bowed, saying, 'I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room,' and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, 'As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you.' A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. 'We must not allow the night to pass thus,' said he to the countess; 'you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime.' He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and, when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A HINT TO AMUSEMENT DENOUNCERS.

There are people who would say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of, if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that; if not sensuality, then avarice or ferocity for 'the cause of God,' as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure, dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people require to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasures sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council.*

CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW B. PICKEN.

DUSSELDORF.

'Vergin mein n'cht.'

Out on the waves, far out, my sea-bird! thou and I
Will rock ourselves in dreams of faithful Germany.
I framed thee of the sandal-tree, my slight and silvery boat,
That thou might'st shine amid the green, like lily-leaves afloat.
I spread a sail of finest woof, scarce fit to hold the breeze,
That thou might'st be, my lone canoe, the darling of the seas!
There are no lookers on, my friend, but the free clouds of the sky—
So out upon the far blue waves, my sea-bird! thou and I!

Come, all ye fair and yellow-locked, ye children of the Goth,
Ye restless and disowned of sleep, yet more abhorred of sloth;
Come with your iron sinews, and your broad and dauntless brows,
Like argosies that quell the waves 'neath their imperial prow;
Down the good old German highway, whence our hosts went forth
to Rome,
Come with your harvest burden, and be welcome where ye come.

At Dusseldorf is many a *Hauf*, where the golden bush hangs out—
But ye, the wine-pressers, know well the wily bait to scout;
The 'good wine needs no bush,' as your old 'mortises' wont to say;
'Let the juicy monks smack first, I throw the nuns wont turn away.'
Oh merry market crowds, as in a picture, still I see
Your looks like mellow waving corn, smiles dimpling like the sea.

Old Father Teniers fondly loved your summer greenerie,
The low and dozing homestead, and the bourging threshold tree;
With the labyrinth of roses, and the dark and dreamy well,
And the *jodln* of the vineyard, and the merry curfew bell,
And the babes a-sporting round his knee—oh! Bauers of Oberland,
The old man was a child again amid your mountain band.

And Luther, the uncanonised, the blessed then as now,
That pored upon the Holy Writ with a sunbeam on his brow;
For you he wrenched the tares up, and made clear the truthful wells,

'Mid the crashing of the graven things, and the howling of the cells.
The echo of his fearless voice still haunts your crowned hills,
And the blessings of his gentle heart around ye play like rills.

There's a music in your homely speech, a music of the heart,
That keepeth green the memory of golden-lyred Mozart;
Whether, like falling water, 'mid the brown vine leaves it sings,
Or floats 'neath the cathedral arch on soft angelic wings!
The holiest of your household gods, while hoary Hartz shall stand,
The 'rare old minesinger' shall abide within the land.

The sword is now a ploughshare, but the storied Rhine can tell
When the serried Schwartz-ricers came down, the work went brave
and well.

When the lances of Bavaria flashed, like lightning from the cloud,
And Almaine from her outraged heart pronounced her curse aloud,
Where then stood ye, oh stalwart and broad-breasted men of
Rhine?

In the first dread line of battle with the boldest of the line.

THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.

It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.—*Sidney Smith.*

ZEAL OF PARTY.

Doctor, afterwards Dean Maxwell, sitting in company with Dr Johnson, they, talking of the violence of parties, and to what unwarrantable length party men will sometimes run, 'Why, yes, sir,' says Johnson, 'they'll do anything, no matter how odd or desperate, to gain their point; they'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker sooner than not get possession of it.'

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PRINCIPLE AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is the distinguishing characteristic of man to appreciate moral truth, and to follow its dictates from an inward principle, which is not a mere casual impulse, or current opinion of the day, but the calm deduction of the highest reason, harmonising with the declared will of God, and acting through the medium of an enlightened conscience.

A high authority teaches us to combat circumstances, and promises high rewards to those who 'overcome.' It urges us to be pure amongst the impure—not to go out of the world, but to overcome the evil which is in it. Thus we are taught that 'life is a warfare, in which we must side with the good or evil; and just in proportion as we show indecision, we shall invariably suffer as moral beings.' This opposing of 'circumstances' by force of an inward principle, is the great moral warfare in which all good and true men have to bear a part, and the weapons of their warfare are not carnal, but spiritual; that is, they consist of 'principles.' What numerous things there are in every-day life which might yield a momentary gratification, but from the commission of which a man of principle is continually deterred! He might take some step which would make him suddenly rich, but he is deterred from doing so if it should cause injury or suffering to his fellow-creatures; he might invade the liberties and enjoyments of his fellow-men with impunity; in fact there is no limit to the mischief which every man might commit, if not under the restraint we have indicated. Virtuous conduct, therefore, is but the amount of resistance to circumstances, and the amount of sacrifice we may have submitted to for the sake of principle. We know, from experience, that there is no eminence of any kind without effort, resistance, discipline; and the excellence of the attainment is generally in proportion to the severity of the discipline. Exercise and effort tend to improve all our faculties, mental and moral, as well as physical. Providence seems to have interposed the obstacles of 'circumstances,' in order to strengthen character, and to develop virtue. Virtuous conduct, therefore, is not a mere conventionality or convenience of action. That is not virtue which is never tested by trial and temptation. Virtuous conduct cometh out of the furnace, and shines with increasing lustre. Everything that is lovely in character, every act of moral bravery and virtue, derives its lustre from this battling with circumstances, and overcoming them. The virtuous conduct which is the mere result of circumstances, is not virtue at all. It may wear its garb; it may receive even the homage of the world; but, as we understand virtue, this is not it. The opposite view of the subject, which would give to circumstances a greater influence over the virtues of men than principle, would

deaden all our faculties. We should be always calling on Jupiter for help, instead of putting our shoulder to the wheel, and vigorously trying what strength we have in ourselves. If circumstance is to mould us, and to limit our virtues, we have nothing to hope for, no moral or spiritual good to aspire after. We may, in that case, lie down in despair.

'Circumstance' is anything or nothing, according to the weakness or strength of character and principle to resist. It exists, at the best, only in some *tangible* shape, some physical obstruction, some caprice of fortune, or some bugbear of the mind. Virtue, conscience, duty!—the power of moral appreciation exists independently of all these. Though the whole world in arms is against the man of principle, he remains unmoved, self-controlled, and self-rewarded. You may imprison his body, or take away his life, but you cannot deprive him of his principles. When the body dies, he believes that these principles of truth and duty will still survive. If not, why this feeling after immortality? why this discrepancy between what we are, and what we would aspire to be? If circumstances make virtue, what becomes of virtue when circumstances vanish away? All sublunary things are merely 'circumstances,' and will one day vanish to us all; but virtue, and the rewards of virtuous conduct, emanating from a spirit and principle within, will still survive. As 'men's outward fortunes do draw the inward quality after them,' so it is natural to believe that, in a future state, this 'inward quality' will still 'draw after it' the superior blessings of immortality.

Even in the outward circumstances of life, why do we choose certain individuals for places of trust and responsibility, but because we think their principles are proof against the temptations of circumstances. It is the same with public men—the self-denying spirit which makes the patriot and martyr to principle, and to duty, this is their only passport to confidence and true fame, as it is the only passport to our confidence on behalf of the poorest man we may employ. The same applies to all moral reformers, and to every individual man: you will find that the virtue is the amount of resistance which they have shown to circumstance. We teach this lesson to our children, as the only solid basis of all moral training: 'when wicked men entice thee, consent thou not;' when allured by the blandishments of transitory pleasure, look forward to futurity; when the days are dark, and the storms of trouble are threatening to overwhelm thee, still hold on to principle—be above 'circumstances!'

Even in temporal affairs, the advantages of being self-sustained by a fixed principle are most apparent. Men go into the wildernesses of the world surrounded with the most adverse circumstances; but the true man never despairs, so long as he has confidence in his prin-

ciples and in himself. He proceeds to do battle with them all: he fells the forests, he ploughs the fields, he sows his seeds, and in due time he reaps his reward.

This subject might be illustrated by the experience of every-day life. How notorious is the fact, that those children who have had the most done for them by circumstances, frequently turn out the least serviceable members of society! Pamper your offspring by circumstances, protect them and smother them with kindness, and you cannot take a more direct means of enfeebling their characters, and of robbing them of all genuine principle. On the other hand, who have always been the really influential and strong men of the day? Who are the men who have 'learned to endure hardness,' who can buffet most successfully against the frowns of fortune? Are they not generally those who are self-formed, who have done everything for themselves, who have had nothing to trust to but their own inward energies?

The same principle holds good in science, in literature, and in artistic eminence. It is not chartered universities, nor royal societies, nor the patronage of the great, which have produced the most splendid results. No: the fostering of circumstances *alone* never produced genius, nor virtue, nor eminence of any kind, and never will. It never produced a Watt or an Arkwright, a Stephenson or a Dalton. It never produced a poet like him

'Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side.'

The same may be said of religion, or rather of the fostering and patronising influence of religious professions.

If circumstances without effort produced virtue, then those countries should be the most virtuous which are the most favourably situated as to natural advantages. The orange-groves and vineyards of Spain and Italy, one would think, should be abodes of virtue and of patriotism, if easy circumstances, and the absence of obstacles, could produce it. But what is the fact? As Goldsmith says, 'Whilst—

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man is the only growth that dwindles here.'

The high rewards of virtue, it would appear, are not offered to the merely acquiescent and passive spectator of the scene. The most amiable dispositions even degenerate when not called into active exertion. 'The strength to suffer, and the will to serve,' are not acquired by sitting down contentedly with things as we find them. It is not by living a butterfly or caterpillar existence, and merely taking the colour of surrounding circumstances, that eminence or virtue of any kind can be attained.

But besides all this, the advocates of the supremacy of 'circumstances' destroy every vestige of human responsibility! You must then passively submit to a worse than Asiatic apathy or Turkish fatalism. Duty is no more! You have merely to consult your convenience, your pride, your covetousness, or your lust; and these will find ready instruments of gratification in the circumstances around you. Every fiend that could minister to the evil passions of man would then be let loose, and the world would become one great pandemonium of villany and corruption. 'Man, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in action so like an angel, and in apprehension so like a god,' is then, after all, the mere sport of circumstances! Why, this is the most degrading and injurious view of human nature you could possibly take. For what are these high faculties, these godlike instincts given to us, but that we may vindicate the supremacy of our moral being, and make the world and ourselves better by a continual warfare with circumstances. The man of principle has a talisman in his own breast which makes circumstance his slave. In mere worldly affairs, by the force of principle, we may, as Shakspeare says, 'pluck out of the

nettle danger, the flower safety.' 'We may extract a soul of good out of things' apparently 'evil.'

We would freely admit the enormous power of circumstances in moulding men's *manners*, and in reconciling them to the customs around them. No person who has observed the monotony, the sameness, and the commonplace character of the mass of mankind, but must be struck with the enormous influence of circumstances in producing these results. Even men's opinions may appear to be the result of circumstances; but these are merely the floating hearsay opinions of the day, and are of no use to their possessors, or to the world. It is 'because the world is too much with us, because we have given our hearts away,' that we are so miserably dependent on external opinions and circumstances. When we ascend to the regions of moral truth, to principles, we are altogether in a higher sphere—we no longer passively submit to be thought *for*, and moulded *by* others: we begin to think for ourselves; to appropriate principles as our own; and as individuals, and though alone, can confidently fall back upon them in the day of need. A man like this is self-guided, and he becomes strong; and prevails so long as the motto of his shield is to 'bide by the right.' There is *no right* and *no wrong* in human conduct, if you are the sport of 'circumstances;' no satisfactions of conscience for having stood by the right, no moral or spiritual progress for man, if he once embraces this degrading creed. No man can then be trusted in the common affairs of life: you give up the great principle of integrity between man and man: honour, faith, truth, and adherence to them, regardless of consequences, are then no more: you are then to wander forth into an unknown wilderness without a guide, and to sail on a trackless ocean without a compass, a rudder, or a chart, and with no haven of rest in prospect before you.

In these unbelieving times, it is difficult to make people perceive the mighty efforts which may spring from simple adherence to principle, even by a single individual. The world seems not to believe it, until some *one man* puts them all to the blush by adhering *to*, and suffering *for*, his principles. It is melancholy, in looking over the dreary waste of history, to find so few individuals, out of the vast mass, who have acted from principle such as we have attempted to describe. This may be truly described as 'the great tragedy of the world.' Still *there are a few*, and these few comprise the moral history and progress of mankind. By these the waverer is confirmed and called back to duty—the apathetic, and morally dead, are resuscitated to life and activity. It was one act of 'moral principle,' one act of resistance to circumstances, which made Joseph the saviour of his adopted country, and the deliverer of his people. There are a few kindred names in our modern history, and they are the turning-points of freedom, of reformation, and of religion. When the world stood aghast with fear, and was ready to give up the cause, these men of principle stepped into the breach, and turned the battle to the gate. Luther was made of materials like this; so were Ridley and Latimer, and a host of the early martyrs. By adhering to principle, Pym, and Hampden, and Cromwell wrested the sceptre from one of the proudest monarchies of the world, and saved their country from despotism; by adhering to principle, Greek and Roman sages, and patriots, and philosophers, have covered all future ages with traces of their classic glory. Even the deities in their pantheons are representatives of moral heroism, symbolising often in the rudest forms the triumphs of circumstance-defying principle. By principle, Washington saved his country from a foreign yoke, and founded that vast republic which is now the ark of refuge for the miseries and destitution of the world; by principle, Tell kindled in the mountains and valleys of Switzerland a love of freedom which will never die; by principle, more than by her armies and navies, our own beloved country remains to this

day the arbiter of Europe, and amidst all her troubles and perplexities, still possesses the undiminished confidence of the world. It is by the high principle of *individuals*, exhibited under trying circumstances, that any nation ever became truly great; and it is by the want of it that so many have decayed away. In the language of Scripture, 'the time would fail to tell' of those deathless names who, through faith in principle, and in opposition to circumstances, 'have wrought righteousness, and waxed valiant in fight' in the moral warfare of the world. The time would fail also to tell of those still more interesting triumphs of principle which are every day exhibited in the quiet recesses of private life—the integrity of dependents, the mutual assistance of the poor, the kindness shown to the aged and infirm, the tenderness which hovers over the couch of sickness, and which seeks out the prisoner in his cell, the beneficence of neighbours, and the faithfulness of friends—these, bad as the world is, are sufficient to cast a halo of moral greatness over the destinies of man, which *circumstances* can neither give nor take away.

THE WEST INDIA VOYAGER.

Atlantic Ocean, Nov. 7, 18—. After three days' grave deliberation, I have resolved to keep a brief journal of a part of our voyage. The formation of this resolution was on this wise. On Thursday morning, my fellow-voyager loudly declaimed against some of our passengers for speaking of that day as sacred to the memory of Guy Faux—a gross error (as he deemed it) in chronology. Now, Guy Faux's day it was, and it appeared to me plain that, unless we kept our reckoning better, we should lose a couple of days at least before reaching Jamaica. So I keep a journal to save time, and to spend it.

More than this, sea thoughts and sea sensations are to a landsman so various, that unless you describe them as they come, you lose them. No great loss perhaps; and yet there are some I have been conscious of during the last few days, the recollection of which I much wish, if only for the sake of contrast, to retain. Hence this my chronicle.

If I were an old Roman, and marked favourite days in my pocket-book with white chalk, Tuesday, Wednesday, and, I must add, Thursday of this week, would be marked with B. B. crayons, if such there are; if not, with coal black. Three mortal days, to say nothing of nights, we rolled, and creaked, and pitched, struggling with wind and waves without and within—but the tragedy is too recent to become the subject of dramatic description. The simple fact is, we had all the time a 'nasty cross sea,' with a head wind and a rolling vessel, and we adapted ourselves to our circumstances.

Two things in those three days are note-worthy. We discussed, with illustrations, the question, What is the disease of sea sickness—is it physical or mental? I thought it an affection of the brain, and argued pathetically enough—an idea confirmed by an ancient theory—that a man's thinking faculty is in his stomach. Beyond the weight of this coincidence, however, I am not inclined to attach much importance to this explanation.

The other note-worthy event remains. I had proof of the incorrectness of Bonaparte's celebrated dictum—'that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous'; a dictum which, I am aware, that some speeches of his illustrate. Here the sublime was on deck, in the raging sea and roaring wind; and the ridiculous below, in the countenances and groans of our passengers. Between them, we found not one step, but thirty! The great sayings of the greatest men are evidently not meant to be pushed too far.

Having started on Monday, on Thursday evening we rallied a little; on Friday, breakfasted on beefsteaks at one o'clock; and to-day we have had three regular meals—in the cabin—among a hundred and twenty fellow-travellers, and without a qualm. The weather is

already balmy and summer-like; the sea, an invisible green, nearly black; the wind fair; the company agreeable; and Madeira within *three days' sail*. Yes, three days' sail, for our progress is slow, and it will take eight days from Southampton to reach Madeira. 'But never mind,' says our steward; 'she took twelve days last voyage.' 'Rolling, sir?' 'Why, pretty well, but nothing to what I have known. The fact is, our steamer had last voyage a gale the whole way.'

Was ever seen such a ship's company? Our crew are in all about eighty persons. Our passengers 120—Germans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, omnipresent Scotchmen and English, besides Americans and West Indians. You will remember among our passengers the Dutch family. Their fore-elders certainly sat to Teniers: grandmother, mother, children, father, and all. There is also a laughing Spanish face (with body to match of course) whom Murillo might have painted. I speak of her with less confidence, however. Spanish archness is so imitable, and so likely to be imitated, that one can never be sure that it is genuine. The Dutch face and the Dutch figure are both safe from counterfeits. No one can copy them if they will, and nobody will copy them if they can. Might not this hint be sold to Messrs Freshfield? Only make bank-notes like Dutch young ladies, and who would forge them? The Dutch children come upon deck every day: they find few friends, however. Their faces are pleasing, and when lighted up with a smile, are even pretty; but their dress is sadly against them. One little fellow was before me to-day, with a large slit from his neck to his legs—in front and behind too. I did not dare to touch him, though strongly disposed. I should have expected to have seen him drop out of his covering, and so leave us both in an awkward plight: I with his clothes, *minus* the boy; and near me the boy, *minus* the clothes. On second thoughts, and after further examination, I fancy this dress is adopted for economy's sake. The little fellow has his trousers on, but no coat; or rather he wears as coat a wrapping of tropical air, a material confessedly light and inexpensive. Tell this hint to any six-boiled mothers you know. It may be worth something.

I wish I could give you an idea of one of our dinners: only one indeed have I attended; but before familiarity breeds contempt, I will chronicle it, though but briefly. Fancy, then, one hundred and twenty passengers, of all hues, shapes, beards, and head-dresses, airing themselves, and seeking appetites, and shunning nausea from ten o'clock till three. At four they rush below, take their seats to the sound of trumpet, and fill the cabin. First comes soup, then fish, then roast, boiled, grilled-fried flesh, fowl, and game of all sorts, some richly odorous, all obviously welcome. You look at your watch: it is five o'clock; for this is the business of the day. Then comes pastry; then cheese and celery; then dessert, and such wine as you please to order. By this time it is past six, and the dinner is done. Done? No—hardly: it is followed by cigars and walks on deck till eight o'clock, when eight bells ring, and summon us to tea. Our morning meal is at nine, and is equally hearty—chops, steaks, eggs, and fowl, with tea and coffee. The whole one hundred and twenty at once: for all defaulters show themselves now, and seem proud of their strength.

It is impossible to conceive a better half-way house to the tropics than Madeira. We arrived here early this morning, and have most of us been on shore for a few hours, admiring flowers, and fruits, and hanging-gardens on all sides—everything, in fact, of nature's workmanship, though but little of man's. Our vessel was surrounded, as soon as we dropped anchor, by Portuguese traders, who offered flowers, baskets, oranges, and tropical fruits in rich abundance. The noise and gestures of the salesmen would have bespoken in Ireland bloodshed at least; here they bespeak only the activity of the commercial spirit. After a ramble through the streets of the town—the thermometer at 75

degrees in the shade, and during the early morning—we mounted our horses, and ascended the steep on which the town stands. The gardens abound with orange-trees, savannas, figs, and vines, and are often bordered with hedges of bamboo. The geranium and heliotrope, and double-white jasmine and the rose-tree (literally a tree), are still in full bloom, and hung over the roads and streets in luxuriant festoons. In our peregrinations we visited the cathedral, a gaudily-ornamented building. We afterwards went to the nunnery, where we were tempted to buy artificial flowers curiously beautiful, being made entirely of feathers. The sisters also showed us a collection of preserved fruits—pumpkins, figs, lemons, &c. Some of us yielded to the temptation, and brought off a pound of each, intending to bring part to England. C—fears our report will be—'It would not keep.'

We sail this afternoon for Barbadoes.

Nov. 14.—A sea voyage is, after all, a monotonous business. Our one hundred and twelve passengers—for we left eight at Madeira—breakfast, lunch, dine, and take tea as usual. The only novelties are dancing in the evening on deck, and most determined card-playing below. Our weather is glorious, very much like an English summer, and as yet not warmer. We must not boast, however, for we are still some distance from the tropical line: we expect to pass it to-morrow. The chief peculiarities in external objects are the sky and stars, the flying fish, and the phosphorescent appearances on the water. The stars shine out in much stronger relief than in England: at home they are too like candle ends, set in wet blankets; here they seem literally 'eye-holes to let glory through.' The position of the constellations, too, is entirely changed: earth there is none: but we are often tempted to believe that we are under a 'new heavens.' The flying fish have shown themselves repeatedly during the last few days: they are of the size of a herring, and fly along the surface of the water for a very considerable distance. Dolphins and sharks we have no hope of seeing: the noise of our paddles frightens them away.

Nov. 16.—Contrary to the usual practice on board steamers, we are to have a visit to-morrow from Neptune. He came on deck to-night, and announced to the captain his intention to visit us to-morrow. I saw Neptune—I ought to have said his messenger. He brought recent newspapers and despatches from his sea majesty—the despatches signed 'Neptune,' and witnessed by 'Amphitrite x her mark.' I must send an account to one of the youngsters.

We have been sadly baffled by the trade winds. They wafted us along for a day or two, and then left us. Their place is now supplied by a head wind. The only serious effect, however, is, that we shall have at Barbadoes but six hours instead of twenty-four. 'Never mind,' says our Admiralty agent, 'it's a filthy, broiling place.' Decisive indeed!

Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, Nov. 24.—There are few things more amusing to one who visits the tropics for the first time than the heat—amusing, for heat is really a friend to good temper; more so, at all events, than cold. You wake in the morning before sunrise. You begin to wash, and by the time you have dried your face and hands, they need drying again! You put on your stockings, and though they be (as they ought to be) quite clean, you are obliged to have recourse to the towel again, or fall back on your pillow exhausted—and so on, till, at the end of an hour, your toil and toilet are ended. Then the heat of walking on deck begins. You sit under the awning, stretch out your neck to catch the breeze, and absolutely perspire with the effort. Your walking done, such as it is, you descend to breakfast—chops, rice, beefsteaks, eggs, tea. All eat and perspire, and perspire and eat again: the only interruption, 'Oblige me with that chop!' 'How warm it is!' and such-like interesting communications. The walking on deck is resumed; and all is done to remind you that it is not winter. The sailors

are at their work, clothed in at most three garments, including a hat, and all scanty. The Dutch children—who turn out to be little Spaniards—have but one garment to cover them, Fernandian fashion. Our captain and many of our passengers are all in white, from head to heel (their very boots are white); and ladies and gentlemen all huddle together on the shady side of the deck, creating artificial gales enough to waft the ship out of her course did they all blow in one direction, instead of blowing in the fair faces (so called by courtesy) of the sufferers. On shore, the sailors' garments are not quite so complete; the children's dress is somewhat shorter; and ladies and gentlemen—not indeed of the highest class—dress (as to their arms, necks, and legs) in white or black, according to the countries where their parents were born. The heat of the tropics is really amusing!

We have to-day spent our first day on shore in the tropics—a very agreeable one indeed. Last night we saw land the first time for nearly a fortnight, and at eight o'clock dropt our anchor in Carlisle Bay, off Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. How joyous is the sound of the chain-cable rattling out of the port-hole, as the anchor is seeking the bottom! It is really poetical, conveying to the mind, and to the heart too, the same ideas as 'home.' After breakfast this morning, some friends came on board for us, and invited us to their house. On reaching the shore, we all went to bathe, and after a quarter of an hour's drive, we found a bathing-house, built on piles in the sea, and protected from the sharks by a long coral reef, about a quarter of a mile from the land. Here we had a kind of tepid bath, which we greatly enjoyed. We afterwards dined on turkey, mutton, yams, sweet potato and rice, and sorrel puddings. . . . I ought to have said that before bathing we went to the market, and ate a couple of most delicious oranges and a piece of sugar-cane. After bathing, we had a short drive into the country among 'Barbadoes' pride,' tulip-trees, cocoa-nut-trees, plantains, papaws, negro huts, guinea-grass, sugar-cane, and naked black children, the whole very becoming and picturesque. The children here are real ornaments to the landscape, with their white teeth and occasional white shirts, their strong limbs and laughing faces. They are more precocious than with us; often walking at nine months, and looking quite observant and judicial at fifteen. The children painted by Spanish and Italian painters are quite natural, though so sedate and thoughtful. The laughing Saxon face contradicts this statement, but not so the southern and Indian.

The island of Barbadoes is for all the world like the Isle of Wight, and of the same size; most richly cultivated, but appearing somewhat bare and flat. It was a natural and pleasant fancy, as we neared the island, to imagine that we were sailing towards Cowes, having passed 'the Needles a couple of hours before. The cocoa-nut-trees and plantains, and the aforesaid amusing heat, soon dissipated this delusion, and said plainly enough—'Cowes! 'tis four thousand miles away!'

Bridgetown stretches along the sea-side, in a beautiful bay, for about two miles, and contains a population of some twenty thousand.

The blacks who own the boats that took us on shore are a sad set, but good-tempered and amusing. The first sound I heard from them in the morning was 'Poor Lucy Neal!' whistled in quite touching style. One fellow had called his boat 'John Weslen,' meaning John the Wesleyan; and cried out, 'John Weslen waits for you, ladies and gentlemen!' Another had called his 'The Friends;' and his cry was, 'The Friends, at your service: have the honour to take you on shore, sir?' The whole band showing their teeth and looking inordinately waggish. 'What's your charge?' 'A dollar a-piece, sir'—it being notorious that a shilling had been the price all the morning—'No, no; we'll give a shilling for each of us.' 'Yes, sar, that will do.' Then sotto-voce, 'Make way there; the gentlemen are coming.'

Port of Spain, Nov. 28.—After a few hours' stay at

Grenada—one of the most beautiful harbours one can imagine—and a pleasant night sail, we reached Port of Spain about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning. The passage through the Bocas (between the Spanish main and Trinidad) is very fine, and the appearance of the hills, covered with tropical trees and vegetation to the very top, striking and grand. It often reminded me of the quieter order of Swiss scenery, and especially of the Lake of Lucerne, *minus* the Alps. Of course it is more luxuriant, and much less sublime. Seen on shore, however, the country is incomparably superior in beauty and richness to Switzerland. No language can give any adequate idea of it. The profuseness, the beauty, is absolutely extravagant. The streets of Port of Spain are at all right angles, and all end in bush or luxuriant savannas. In nearly every street you find the palm, the cocoa-nut, the bread-fruit, the plantain, and the orange or lemon-tree. In all, too, are beautiful flowering shrubs and plants. The very weeds of the street attract your eye, and prompt you to ask their name and quality. Viewed from the hills, the town has a very fine appearance, and you hardly know whether to call it a wood with residences interspersed, or a town in trees.

Yesterday I visited various country districts; and this morning—the thermometer at 90 degrees—we took a ride up one of the hills near the town. I shall never forget the impression of profusion which I received. The road passed, after leaving the end of the street, through a most graceful avenue of bamboo, each plant of great height and elegant form, the whole gradually closing at the top, a Gothic arch of nature's own making. We then caught a view of the town, the Gulf of Paria, gemmed with numerous islands, and the vast hills of the Spanish main on one side, and the steep wooded hills and dells of Trinidad on the other. As we went on, our road became narrower, till, about half a mile from the town, we reached the bush or woods. And what are they like? The very question I have been asking myself ever since I saw them. They are all round me at this moment, now bathed in light, 'dark through excessive brightness,' and now thrown into shade by some passing cloud; and yet I cannot liken them to anything in heaven or earth, or describe them in any terms more likely to give an idea of them, than if I were to describe one of Claude's paintings as made up of sea, marble columns, masts, glimpses of light, and a rich setting sun. Look at that stybiscus, with large scarlet flowers and leaf of dark green; and at that creeper that covers it, with most gigantic leaves, and flower of most delicate yellow; and again at that wild-pea, the colour of our flax-plant, but brighter, and with small leaves shaped like those of the acacia. Beneath the whole is the wild aloe; and behind and above, forming a fitting background, a group of trees of nearly every colour and shape; the feathery palm, with its clean graceful stem; the silk-cotton, with its light-coloured naked branches; the light-green plantain, and the bay-leaf-coloured orange; the whole covered with the bell-rope creeper, so strong and close, as to form an impenetrable wall of vegetation. He must be a very wayward, courageous donkey that can wander far in these thickets! He need not indeed wander at all; for without leaving the road (a narrow bridle path), he can feast on plants and leaves so rich and delicate, as to cast into the shade that most welcome of dainties—the flower and tender sprouts of the Scotch thistle.

Such objects as these scattered over hill and valley, diversified every here and there with small savannas and cane pieces, negro huts and naked children, are the *matériel* of our landscape. But, as above, 'sea, columns, masts, light, and sunset,' is but a poor description of Claude; nor is mine a better description of the scenery of the tropics.

The governor, a very intelligent and liberal man, has ascertained that one in twenty-three of the population attend schools. Estimating the population at 60,000 (the last census), the number of scholars at all the

schools is about 2600. The great body of the people are unable to read, and are lamentably ignorant. The island might supply all Europe with sugar: it produces but 25,000 hogsheads, a quantity which may be raised under circumstances less favourable than those of Trinidad by 5000 labourers.

The great misfortune of this island, as well as of all other islands in the West Indies, is, that the proprietary is over head and ears in debt, and are therefore unable to work their estates with advantage. Nearly all the sugar estates are mortgaged. The mortgagee receives six, eight, ten, or twelve per cent. All the sugar is sent home—not sold on the spot for money—to the mortgagee in his ships, and sold by him on commission, the proceeds being invested, also on commission, in whatever is wanted for the estate. The mortgagee often receives for interest and commission one-fourth of the whole produce; labour and plants nearly all the rest. Estates which are free from mortgage, and are in the hands of owners, everywhere answer well.

The labourer generally receives four bits a day (1s. 8d.), and lives rent-free. Each, too, has a garden as large as he can cultivate. This mixture of wages and rent is a vicious system, and the evils of it are aggravated by the continuance of practices which in slavery were bad enough, but which ought not to be allowed among free men.

Trinidad, December.—One of the 'lions' of the West Indies is a negro quarrel. They never fight or strike, but scream and gabber, and shout like . . . None, however, but themselves, can be their parallel! I never heard such laughter, nor saw such gesticulations! Two ladies were quarrelling to-day near our vessel. Their eyes shot fire; their nostrils were distended; every muscle and ribbon took part in the fray; and at length the bolder of the two (both being as black and as glossy as jet), having reserved her heaviest shot for the last, paused a moment, retired a few steps, and said—'You he! you he!' Then with the emphasis of a cannon ball—'Who are *you*, you African nigger!' and walked away. Half an hour after, the defeated combatant was pacing the quay, 'discouraging most eloquent music'—to the air. The storm had not yet subsided; and though no one was within hearing, and she was perfectly sober, she was still spending her strength in abuse. I have frequently come in for the tail of such a storm, and supposed that the declaimant was drunk or lunatic, but now find that this is their favourite mode of obtaining relief.

Out of the towns, the roads in Trinidad are made of the natural soil, which is rich, very deep and loamy, and entirely free from stones. The rainy season, which usually begins in June, did not begin this year till July, and has not yet ended. The rain of five months is now, therefore, on the roads, which are entirely undrained, and often not wider than an ordinary footpath. When they are wider, they resemble nothing so much as an Irish bog. Deeming it important to visit various parts of the island, we started on Monday in the steamer for San Fernando, some twenty miles down the coast. There we were joined by another friend; and after hiring horses, started about two o'clock for a station about twelve miles in the interior. Our way lay through brush and sugar-pieces. In the former, the road was covered in on all sides with bell-rope creepers, plantains, and other trees, and was but wide enough for one horse at a time; in the latter, horse and rider were overtopped by the luxuriant sugar-cane, which was seen, when you reached a little rising ground, to cover the whole view. The rain fell heavily, and our horses sunk at nearly every step up to their knees, and often up to the girth. By the time we reached our destination we were completely muddled through. There we found one room, one hammock, one chair, one cup, one knife and fork—no two—the whole on the top of a hill, on a spot which had been recently cleared; while all round it, and within a few yards, was dense forest. Unhappily, our servant, one of the poor outcasts from

Madeira, was ill of fever, so that we had to wait upon ourselves. We first changed our clothes, had a thorough ablution, and a vigorous dry-rubbing; then lighted our wood fire, and had a cup of coffee, with a little sweet cassada-root, the only bread of that district; gave the poor Portuguese some medicine, and composed ourselves to sleep—I in the sole hammock: my companions on the cedar floor. By sunrise we rose—two of us thankful, like Wesley, when in Cornwall, that the skin of one side was left; and all thankful that we were none the worse for our ride. The morning was wet, and the rain came down in true tropical style. We started, however, for another station, distant about twelve miles. The roads were even worse than on the previous day. We had a long ride through brush and cane-pieces, and by seven o'clock, reached the hut of a friend, a black man, who is employed as a teacher. He has also built a neat wooden chapel and schoolhouse: the whole is of cedar, and would have cost us more than L.100. We again changed; and after giving our horses a good feed of Indian corn, and ourselves taking a supper of rice and salt fish, retired to our hammocks (of Indian manufacture), and slept as soundly as the pattering rain would allow. The next morning we had a long chat on business; and about one o'clock, two of us started for San Fernando, distant some fifteen miles. Mr C—— strongly dissuaded us from proceeding, and urged us to return with him to his residence, and thence to San Fernando. But our dry clothes were all used up, and we could not well get them dried again: my companion began to feel chilly and feverish; nor was there any prospect of the weather improving: we had seen all we came to see, and did not feel it right to continue exposing ourselves to the effects of quietness and inaction. We therefore started alone; and after three hours' hard riding up hill and down hill, through rivers and bogs, reached San Fernando by four o'clock: the only accident was, that my companion's horse fell with him, and threw him into the mud literally over head and ears. He was previously 'mudded through,' so that the accident was not serious. At San Fernando we obtained a third change, a dinner, and a passage by the steamer, reaching Port of Spain about half-past ten. Such roads for mud and vegetation I never conceived of; and such is their state for four or five months in every twelve! For conveying sugar and other produce they are wanted only in the dry season, when all is dried, and the soil is burnt nearly to the hardness of brick. The only travellers who use them now are Europeans and others who ride, and the labourers who travel, without encumbrance. All provisions, except yams, sweet potatoes, cassada, Indian corn, and the common fruits, are brought upon the heads of carriers from San Fernando.

During the ride I made the acquaintance of several large lizards, and a couple of scorpions, one of which Mr C—— had caught in the roof of his little hut a few weeks before. It was also my first introduction to large sugar estates, swampy bush, missionary tours in their worst form, Indian houses (of bamboo), Trinidad mud and roads. We are, however, and in spite of all, none the worse. This I ascribe to the free use, internally and externally, of cold water.

As the evening draws on in this island, there are some of the oddest sounds and sights imaginable. They are introduced by the buzzing of an insect, which reminds you of the hum of a room of spinning-jennies. By and by a shrill strong whistle startles you. It might be the railway train leaving Southampton: but no; it is only the rain beetle. Now you hear the frogs; one set howl and snap, like the baying of a pack of foxhounds a mile or two off; and that cry, so like that of a drowning man, the water gurgling in his throat, is from this gentleman here, whose mouth you see just above the water. He will continue his pleasant melody till the morning; and if the mosquito wake you—or worse still, the prickly heat, a burning, prickling, itching sensation, which attacks your feet and arms—you

can exercise your benevolence in throwing imaginary ropes to imaginary drowning men. In Port of Spain you can hear them all night. These lights flitting up and down—now here, now there—and which lead you to believe that the whole insect world has a ball to-night, and that these are the servants carrying lights for their mistresses, are the fire-flies. The cane-piece and the wood are quite lighted up by them. At Savanna, they startled me into the fear that the roof of our hut was in flames. The humming-birds of the island are known all the world over—very gay and beautiful they are.

Grenada, December.—Friday and Saturday we spent in visiting the governor, the chief-justice, and others. Early in the week we went on board our steamer, and had a glorious parting view of the hills and city of Port of Spain. All the hills throughout the island are in bush, as is most of the land. Out of 1,000,000 acres, only 25,000 are under cultivation; and these yield L.400,000 worth of produce!

We reached Grenada this morning (Monday), and here we stay till Thursday. Not a book-shop in the place! The steamer taking in coals, and the stewards scrubbing the decks. The weather is most unusually wet, so that I am confined on board, and almost entirely below. The sun burns intensely one moment, and the next the sky is overcast, and the rain comes down wholesale (till everything floats) in torrents. Now you see a rainbow on the sea and in the sky, and the shower is gone—to be followed with quite Irish profusion by another, and yet another still. They make the air quite oppressive. Happily, as this letter starts for England, I also go on to Jamaica.

THE BAD FIVE-SHILLING PIECE.

In the farthest house, in a dark, damp, and dreary court of St Giles's in London, two black-looking men and a poor emaciated woman were busy over a charcoal fire, in the back room of the third floor of that rotten and dingy tenement. Moulds and implements of coining lay on the floor and on an old table; and the strong smell of bad gin, from a broken-necked and uncorked bottle, diffused itself around the room. The presence of poverty, vice, crime, and misery characterised the tenement and its tenants. In this place, and under these agencies, our bad five-shilling piece was smelted, and moulded, and stamped into its sorry existence. How it was put into circulation among the sterling current coin of the realm we shall not stop to inquire. From pickpockets to their victims, from them to the shopkeepers, it somehow passed on, until at length it came into the hands of Mrs Hoardlings of the Commercial Road.

Mrs Hoardlings of the Commercial Road was the wife of a tradesman well to do in the general grocery line. Together they had papered up no little amount of cash, on which to retire one day to suburban quietness. They had indeed well picked their plums. Those two or three neat new little cottages in Limehouse-Fields were old Hoardlings's. Cayenne pepper is not stronger than that fact. Then there were several gas shares: tallow candles had opened the way for gas lights: tea, too, was the first letter in tenements: young Hyson, the dashing young Chinese man, had helped his old English friend: full-flavoured Mocha also had often filled his cup. Moreover, his butter had ever worn a rich golden hue, and he had fortunately never buttered his fingers. His starch and his money-till were therefore not far apart. Whether the Hoardlingses would ever retire, however, was a matter of considerable doubt to their acquaintances. They had already talked of it for at least the last twelve years. It was true they had no family, but still love of gold was a growing child. Retire, indeed!—not they.

How it ever should have happened that Mrs Hoardlings should have taken a bad five-shilling piece was far beyond her own comprehension. She could scarcely

conceive it possible. Who could have passed it to her? It was certain, however, that she herself had taken it, as her husband had been out during the day on the evening of which she had discovered it in the till. She was not suspicious, but she had some slight misgivings as to a thin lad with a ragged yellow article loosely tied round his neck. He had come in for a pound of candles—fourteens. She had never seen him before, and perhaps never should again. However, she would keep the matter snug—her husband should not know she had been such a stupid. Stand the loss she would not: somebody must be the loser, but that was no reason why she should. Such was the philosophy of the Commercial Road.

It was on a Saturday evening, at a late hour, that the shop was still full of customers. Mrs Hoardlings, with her sleeves tucked high up the arm, was up to her eyes in business, and also up to something else. 'Half-a-pound of twelves,' threepence; 'bacon,' fippence; 'pepper,' ha'penny; 'pound of moist,' fourpence; 'half-a-pound of butter, salt,' sixpence; 'ounce and half of tea,' fourpence—ha'penny; 'threepence—eightpence—ha'penny—one and a ha'penny—one and six and a ha'penny—one and elevenpence, ma'am.' Just as this was settling, in came Bill Simmons the omnibus conductor, puffing and blowing, and not a little intoxicated. 'Ounce of best shag, and change for this here,' said Bill, ringing a half-sovereign on the counter. 'As quick as you please, missis, for I am in a hurry,' he added. Mrs Hoardlings was very quick. The tobacco was soon weighed and placed in Bill's black bone box, and the change given from her pocket—a five-shilling piece, and some odd silver and coppers. With this Bill was off. Need we say what five-shilling piece went with him?

In the depths of her mind, Mrs Hoardlings had before determined that somebody must be the loser by that bad five-shilling piece, but that that was no reason why she should be so. Noble determination!—generous resolution!—honest philosophy of the Commercial Road! Was Bill Simmons, the poor 'busman, then to be the loser, and that, too, when omnibus fares were being reduced on all sides, and omnibus servants having their wages in consequence curtailed? Just so—this was the practical point in Mrs Hoardlings's Commercial Road ethics. Somebody must be the loser—not she. Why then not Bill Simmons as well any one else? Why then not Bill Simmons more than any one else? Bill Simmons was a stranger to Mrs Hoardlings: Mrs Hoardlings was a stranger to Bill Simmons. All the better this. Bill Simmons drove a Clapton omnibus. He only happened to be out in the Commercial Road that night on what he called a jolly spree. Mrs Hoardlings, it is true, never knew all this. She knew that he was a stranger to the shop, and speculated accordingly. As it was, her speculation succeeded. Bill Simmons took no note of the shop or the money. Mrs Hoardlings was safe. What mattered it that Bill Simmons was poor; somebody must lose—not she. It was true the Hoardlingses had gas shares, and those neat new little cottages in Limehouse-Fields. It was true that they thought of retiring, and that the loss of five shillings would not have been much. Was it honest?—that thought never occurred to Mrs Hoardlings—never entered into the ethics of the Commercial Road. Somebody must lose—not she. With his bad luck, poor Bill Simmons! With all her savings, still poorer Mrs Hoardlings! Fortunate was it for the former that he had closed up his day's account with the clerk of the company before taking her bad five-shilling piece.

It was Sunday evening. Bill was about starting with his omnibus from Clapton on its return to town. Eleven insides and three outs had already taken their places. Up came a gentleman and lady out of breath, for it was past ten o'clock, and they were afraid of losing the ride.

'Town, sir?' said Bill.

'Room inside?' said the gentleman.

'Just room for two,' was the answer; and the poet and his wife—for such they were—took their seats in the vehicle. The omnibus rattled off along the Clapton Road, through Hackney, past the Eastern Counties Railway terminus, to the Flower-Pot in Bishopsgate Street, where it stopped. Out went a white-headed old gentleman very carefully. Out rolled a fat lady, equal to any two other fares in size and weight. Out popped a dapper young clerk, paid his fare, and was off with a twirl of his cane. Out came the poet and his wife, the former fumbling in his trousers pocket.

'Ellen, my dear,' said the poet, 'I thought I had change. Did I give it you?'

'No,' answered the wife; 'you put it in your pocket.' 'It is not here now, then,' said he, 'It was six or seven shillings, and I recollect I put it in loosely.'

'Feel in the other pockets, my dear,' said the wife. The poet did so. Meanwhile the other passengers had paid their fares, and Bill Simmons stood waiting for his. In vain the pockets were each examined. There was the poet's purse, but no loose silver was there.

'Turn the one out, sir, where you thought it was!' exclaimed Bill. The poet did so. There was a hole in it; the purse had remained safe, but the loose silver had worked its way out.

'Thank God,' said the poet, 'there is no thief in the matter; that sin is in no one's heart.'

'Let's look in the 'bus,' said Bill. A lantern was procured, and a search made among the straw; but no money was found. The loss must have taken place at Clapton, when they were hastening after the omnibus.

'It cannot be helped,' said the poet, taking out his purse; 'you must give me change.'

The purse was a green silk one, on which was a three-stringed lyre, worked in gilded beads by the poet's wife. It contained one sovereign. The poet handed it to Bill Simmons, and received the change, among which was the bad five-shilling piece, which had rested undisturbed in Bill's pocket since it had passed from the honourable hands of Mrs Hoardlings. Bill was innocent, but he had not been tempted.

The poet and his wife wended their way to their lodgings. 'It is a sad loss seven shillings,' said the poet sorrowfully.

'Never mind,' said the wife, struggling to keep up her spirits, 'the "Sixpenny Magazine" owes five pounds.'

'When will it pay it?' said the poet despairingly.

Thus hoping and fearing, they walked on, until they reached the Commercial Road. They stopped at the house where they lodged. What name is that over the shop front?—surely it is HOARDLINGS! Yes, the poet lodged in the first floor of Mrs Hoardlings—the identical Mrs Hoardlings. How strange!—the bad five-shilling piece, which had gone out on Saturday night, had come back on Sunday night to the same house.

On rising the next morning after a restless night, the poet's wife reminded her husband that that day their week's rent was due. He had not forgotten it.

'What shall we do, love?' said she.

'Pay, by all means,' answered he. 'I have not forgotten the woman's insolence when we owed her a week before.'

Poor poet!—on his purse, indeed, was worked a lyre with golden strings, but the sovereign he had changed the preceding night was the only one that he possessed. Thus, then, arose the immediate consideration of ways and means. By contributions to the magazines, and articles for the newspapers, he seldom made more than thirty shillings per week, and sometimes not twenty. Then the editors were not always punctual in their payments; and some of his literary debtors sinned more than by want of punctuality. At the present crisis he had just nineteen shillings in hand. Of this, twelve shillings were owing Mrs Hoardlings as rent for her two furnished first-floor rooms, and five-and-sixpence for sundry items procured at her shop during the past week, which, when paid, would reduce their capital to exactly eighteenpence. However, the poor, proud poet

determined to pay it, and to trust to his week's exertions, and the recovery of his back debts, for the necessary supplies.

Accordingly, as usual, Mrs Hoardlings was called up. She came, looking most graciously. A bland smirk displayed her yellow teeth.

'We would pay our rent, Mrs Hoardlings,' said the poet's wife.

'Thank ye, ma'am,' replied that excellent dame.

The purse with the lyre of gilded strings was produced; the money was counted out—a five-shilling piece, two half-crowns, and seven-and-sixpence in small change. Mrs Hoardlings re-counted it hesitatingly.

'It is right, I believe?' said the poet's wife.

'Seventeen-and-sixpence certainly; but then this five-shilling,' said Mrs Hoardlings, inspecting that coin rather curiously, which, whether known or unknown, was an old acquaintance.

'What do you mean, Mrs Hoardlings?' said the poet, rising from his seat, and approaching the table.

'That this here five-shilling is a bad un—that's all,' said Mrs Hoardlings, bridling up. 'In coorse,' added she, 'I do not say as how you knowed it.'

'A bad one!' repeated the poet, turning red—a sign much more frequently of nervousness than of guilt. 'Let me see it, Mrs Hoardlings!' He felt the five-shilling piece—it felt soft and greasy; he tried it upon the table—it emitted a dead leaden sound; he examined its rim—it was irregular. 'You are right, Mrs Hoardlings,' said he, his face changing to white; 'it is a bad one. I took it from an omnibus man last night.'

'Oh the rascal!' exclaimed Mrs Hoardlings, almost bursting with righteous indignation.

'Who would have thought he would have cheated us under such circumstances?' murmured the poet's wife.

'Let us not judge, my dear,' said the poet, turning to his wife; 'perhaps the man was no more aware of its being a bad coin than ourselves. Mrs Hoardlings,' he continued, looking rather sheepishly at that lady, 'I am very sorry; but as this has occurred, I have not the means to settle your bill. We had the misfortune to lose some cash last night, in running after the omnibus whose conductor passed us this bad five-shilling piece. You can take enough for the rent, and we will settle the bill for the articles furnished when we pay next week.'

Mrs Hoardlings hesitated a moment, and then replied, 'What must be, must, I suppose. Haven't got, can't pay anyhow. But it's best as I speak to the master;' and with these words, and a most mysterious air, she departed with the good twelve-and-sixpence, leaving the bad five-shilling piece on the table.

An age of suspense was crowded in a minute for the poet and his wife. Presently in bounced Mrs Hoardlings again, without the usual ceremony of rapping at the door.

'Master says that he can't understand trusting!' she exclaimed. 'Our business has always been a ready-money one. Howsumever, as you are here, we'll try another week; but as we can't afford losing, master says as how you'll please to take a week's warning to leave. Litteray people is so unsartain, as you knows as well as we,' concluded Mrs Hoardlings in a justificatory tone.

'Very well, Mrs Hoardlings,' replied the poet. 'I understand what you mean, and take your notice; but I have no doubt of being able to pay you next week.'

'Hope so, sir,' said Mrs Hoardlings retiring.

Oh the poor poet! Oh the poorer Mrs Hoardlings! Gas shares! Neat new little cottages at Limehouse-Fields! Bad five-shilling piece!

A sad week was it to the poet. He wrote to the editors who owed him money; he called at their offices: it was in vain. Some were out of town; others, more honestly, declared that they would only settle at their own convenience, and those contributors who were dissatisfied, might suit themselves elsewhere. A sad week also was it for the poet's wife. She was a comfortable little

body, and liked to prepare tit-bits to surprise her husband. They fed badly that week, however; although, unknown to the poet, she had pawned her earrings to furnish a rump-steak for the Sunday dinner. Meanwhile the bad five-shilling piece had rested untouched on the mantelpiece. There it lay, the unconscious instrument which had accelerated, if not produced, the present misfortune of the poet. On the Sunday evening the poet noticed it; and saying, 'Poor thing! thou shalt do no one more injury,' threw it into the fire. It was soon a formless lump of lead.

The morning of pay-day arrived. A sad seriousness sat on the faces of both the poet and his wife. He had determined to pay, and to leave. He had given up all hopes of receiving any money to meet the emergency; and he therefore took the watch his father had left him to the pawnbroker's, and returned with the sum advanced upon it, which was more than was requisite to pay Mrs Hoardlings's claims. She accordingly was summoned up, and appeared in sullen state. The money was counted out to her, and the poet then stated that, in agreement with her notice, they were about departing.

'Going, sir!' said Mrs Hoardlings; 'I only meant you to go if you could not pay!'

'Probably so,' said the poet; 'but we received formal notice, Mrs Hoardlings, and we intend to abide by it.'

Just at this moment the postman rapped at the street-door, and the girl ran up with a letter for the poet. He opened it, and found enclosed a cheque for £5 from the 'Sixpenny Magazine.' The poet's wife smiled. Mrs Hoardlings also having caught a glimpse of the cheque, and probably magnified its amount, was the more urgent for them to stop. She was sure she did not wish them to part—not she. Only her master and she were hard-working people, and couldn't afford to lose. She begged their pardon if she had been too quick—that she did. However, the poet was determined to leave; and he did so. His wife and he soon found some neat little lodgings farther towards the country at a cheaper rent. There he struggled on with a good conscience. Three months afterwards he passed Mrs Hoardlings, and her first floor was yet unlet. Moreover, the poet made a song, and the poet's wife sung it:—

'Owls and bats come home to roost;
Larks soar upward to the sky;
Evil deeds are birds of night,
Illy thoughts to Heaven fly.
Pass a wrong, and it will back;
Do the right, and never fear;
For evil deeds there is an eye,
For evil words there is an ear.
Evil deeds, like money bad,
Will come back to the giver;
But innocence, like gold in fire,
Is purified for ever.'

LAND AND FRESH-WATER SHELLS.

ALMOST every one who has resided at any period of his life near the seashore, more especially if it has been at that joyous age when all natural objects possess a charm which too often becomes blunted in after years, knows something of marine shells. Their beautiful forms and colours, or shining pearly whiteness, as we picked them out of the yellow sand, or searched for them among the drifted pebbles and sea-weeds, are frequently among our earliest and most pleasing recollections. But how few people have any idea that there are such things as land and fresh-water shells! With the exception of the common garden snail (*Helix aspersa*), which is familiar to most people, this class of animals is but little known except to the scientific. Yet under almost every stone, and in every pond, ditch, and streamlet, are beautiful little molluscs, with forms as

perfect as any of their marine congeners, silently yet certainly fulfilling their appointed offices in the wondrous scheme of the Creator, by affording food to numerous birds, fishes, and small quadrupeds.

Land shells may be found almost everywhere. Moss, dead leaves, decayed wood, and beneath stones, are their favourite haunts, where they remain during the winter months, and in dry weather, in summer, coming out after rain to feed upon the adjacent herbage. Although very voracious, as their ravages among our fruit, flowers, and vegetables amply testify, yet they can remain for lengthened periods without food, and frequently retain their vitality long after they have been placed as specimens in the cabinet of the conchologist. This is easily explained by the faculty they possess of closing the mouth of the shell by a film of mucus; which in long-protracted drought, and on the approach of winter, is in some species thickened by deposits of shelly matter, until it becomes a calcareous plate, which effectually protects the inmate till the return of more genial weather. This lid, or *epiphragma*, as it is termed, is easily observed at any time during the winter months in the common snail, in which, however, it is only membranous. In a similar manner, the shell is formed by successive deposits of mucous and calcareous secretions, and is, in fact, moulded on its body, as it grows, by the animal, which likewise has the faculty of repairing in the same way all fractures which are not of sufficient extent to derange the natural functions. In the summer months, snails may often be found with the edge of the shell thin and soft. This is the first or mucous deposit, and forms the outer coat, or *epidermis*, of the shell, within which the calcareous matter is subsequently deposited; the beautiful spots and bands on the outer surface being placed between by glands adapted for the purpose.

In this, as in many other departments of nature, different species frequent different soils and geological formations. Thus some are peculiar to heaths and sandy maritime pastures, where they are sometimes so abundant, when roused from their retreats by summer showers, as to have given rise to the notion that they fall from the clouds with the rain; others frequent chalky districts; many are found in woods and damp shady places; and a few in elevated and rocky situations. The British species are upwards of seventy in number, and have been divided into various genera, characterised by the form of the shells and structure of the animals. The most important of these, as containing the greatest number of species, and the largest in size, is that of the snails (*Helix*). This genus contains some of our most beautiful land shells, and comprises every gradation in size, from the handsome *Helix pomatia*, nearly two inches in diameter, to the minute *H. lamellata*, not larger than a mignonette seed. Their colours are often disposed with great elegance in spots, and bands of dark brown or black, upon a light-brown, yellow, or pink ground; and nothing can surpass the delicacy of tinting and pencilling in such species as the banded snail (*Helix pisana*). Although rather repulsive from their slimy nature, several of them have been used as food. The edible snail (*Helix pomatia*), in particular, has been employed in this way by the continental nations since the time of the Romans, who fattened them on purpose. At one time it seems to have been even admitted at our own tables, as Martinus Lister, in his 'Historia Animalium Angliæ, Lond. 1678,' mentions the manner of cooking them in his time: 'Coquantur ex aqua fluviali, et, adjectis oleo, sale, et pipere, lautum ferculum præparant.' Ben Jonson also mentions this dish as a delicacy—

— 'Neither have I

Dressed snails or mushrooms curiously before him.'

In Provence, the *Helix aperta*, or tapada snail, a much smaller species, is eaten, and considered the most delicate kind. The common snail 'is sold,' according to Mr Gray, 'in Covent-Garden market, as a cure for diseases

of the chest, boiled in milk; and quantities are collected, and packed in old casks, and sent to the United States of America as delicacies.' The edible snail, if more abundant in this country than it is, might also be made use of in another way, as Dr Turton observes—'After the animal has been extracted, there remains at the bottom of the shell a glairy transparent matter, which affords one of the best and most durable cements in nature, resisting every degree of heat and moisture.'

The animals of this genus afford an acceptable food in severe weather to those delightful songsters of our woods and gardens, the blackbird and song thrush, whose efforts to fracture the protecting shell are sometimes most interesting. One species, the *Helix nemoralis*, or girdled snail, is frequently infested by a parasitic insect, the larva of a small yellowish beetle, the *Drilus flavescens* of entomologists; and it is perhaps not generally known that the chief food of the glow-worm (*Lampyrus noctiluca*) in the larva state consists of young snails, which it seizes, kills, and finally devours. The empty shells of several species are likewise appropriated by the mason-bees of the genus *Osmia*; and in these rather singular receptacles they build their cells, and store up a supply of food for their progeny. This curious fact seems to have been first recorded by Huber, and has since been frequently observed by our English entomologists.

The twist-shells (*Bulimus*) are another interesting genus, and are remarkable, along with the close-shells (*Clausilia*), for their elegant spiral forms. The latter have also the peculiarity of a reversed aperture, the mouth of the shell opening to the left hand instead of the right—a peculiarity of structure which is also observable in one or two other genera and species. But perhaps the most singular of all are the little chrysalis and whorl-shells (*Pupa* and *Vertigo*), found sticking to the under sides of stones in woods and dry pastures. They are of almost equal width throughout their whole extent, resembling mummies or the transition state in insects, and generally have the inside of the mouth set round with small shining points or teeth, the use of which does not seem satisfactorily ascertained, though it is probable that they serve in some degree to prevent the intrusion of enemies, like the singular elastic valve which closes the mouth of the *Clausilia*, or the winter *epiphragma* of many species.

Fresh-water shells are even more varied and beautiful in their forms than the terrestrial species, which they much resemble in many points of their economy. They are generally distributed over the fresh waters of our island, some species being found in rivers and running streams, others in ditches and stagnant pools, and many in lakes and ponds. They may be divided into univalves and bivalves: the former consisting, like the land shells, of one piece; the latter of two, connected by a hinge. Most of the univalves, although living in a different element, respire free air, like the land shells, and come to the surface occasionally for this purpose. At such times they crawl up the stems and leaves of water plants, or the sides of stones, sometimes coming entirely out of the water. They have also the faculty, in common with the bivalves, of floating with their backs downwards, and with their fleshy foot extended on the surface, which they thus traverse as on a solid plane. The bivalves, and one or two genera of the univalves, respire water by means of gills or branchiæ, and are therefore strictly aquatic.

These shelly denizens of our ponds and ditches are not so numerous in species as those of the land, but generally exceed them in individual numbers. Altogether, there are about fifty-two species indigenous to Britain, of which thirty-five are univalves, and the remaining seventeen bivalves. Among the univalves we may notice the pond snails (*Limnæidæ*), comprising several genera of great elegance, the principal of which are the mud-shells (*Limnæa*) and the coil-shells (*Planorbis*). The former may be frequently seen sticking, like small muddy excrescences, on the sides of submerged stones,

or the smooth surface of the mud, where they are easily overlooked by the unpractised eye; but when brought to the surface, and freed from the mossy incrustation with which they are covered, we have elegant, spirally-twisted shells, transparent, and nearly colourless, or tinted with various shades of brown, according to the species or the nature of the soil. The coil-shells are well described by their name. Instead of being twisted in a spiral form, they are evenly coiled in a gradually-increasing circle, like the fossil *Ammonites*. In habits they resemble the *Limnaea*, with this exception, that they are seldom found among mud. Then we have the little fresh-water limpets (*Ancylus*), which adhere to the stones in brooks, and sometimes in lakes, where the water is clear. One species adheres firmly to aquatic plants.

Turning to the bivalves, we have the gigantic swan mussel (*Anodon cygneus*), which lives deep in the mud of lakes and ponds, and grows upwards of half a foot in width. This shell occasionally contains pearls, though not so frequently as the fresh-water pearl mussel (*Unio margaritifera*), which, from the nature of its habitat in rocky mountain streams and rivers, is more liable to those incidental injuries and irritations to which the formation of these much-prized productions may generally be traced. The pretty little shells of the genera *Cyclas* and *Pisidium* present a marked contrast to their congeners just mentioned, in their small and frequently diminutive size. They are very compact and neat in form, somewhat resembling miniature cockles, and are found abundantly both in stagnant and running waters, generally lying at the bottom among the mud and sand.

In concluding this hasty sketch of our land and fluviatile shells, we would earnestly recommend all lovers of nature to investigate them for themselves. They are within the reach of every one who has time and inclination for a country walk, and will well repay the trouble of searching for them in their respective haunts, by the gratification and instruction they are so well fitted to afford.

MOIRA HOUSE AT TWO EPOCHS.

CHANGE and decay are such unfailing attendants on humanity, that their ravages do not surprise, however they may afflict us; so that, after a long separation from the friends of our early years, we are quite prepared, on meeting them again, to find that the freshness and buoyancy of youth have been succeeded by the infirmities of age. But when decay affixes its stamp prematurely on objects of a more enduring character, a feeling of disappointment arises within us, and we are almost surprised to find how deeply we may be moved by the crumbling of stone, or the dilapidation of some well-remembered edifice.

In no other place, perhaps, are such emotions more frequently awakened than in Dublin, where the fine buildings which, about fifty years ago, were the abode of rank and wealth, are now neglected and decayed. One of her former palaces has in recent times been the receptacle of misery, singular both in its character and its amount; and the contrast between its earlier and its later condition has fixed itself too vividly in my memory ever to be forgotten.

Upwards of sixty years ago, I was, during my early youth, a frequent guest at Moira House, a princely dwelling, situated on Usher's Island, which at that time was a more fashionable quarter of Dublin than it is in the present day. It was then inhabited by the Earl and Countess of Moira and their family. Lady Moira (daughter of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon) was a woman of superior intellect and acquirements, so that she delighted to gather around her all who had any pretension to literary or professional celebrity. The family party was a large and distinguished one, comprising the late Marquis of Hastings (then General Lord Rawdon), Lord and Lady Granard, and Lord and Lady Mount-

cashel; in addition to whom there were two younger sons and one unmarried daughter, all in the prime of life. My companions were among the grandsons of the earl; and while we were busy at one end of the saloon playing at a round game, or devising some boyish frolic, the elder ones of the party were pursuing, in the same apartment, occupations or amusements more suitable to their years. But the aged countess was never too much engaged with her brilliant circle to omit attending to the enjoyment of her younger guests, in whose recreations she always took a kind and lively interest.

A few years later I joined my regiment, and left Ireland, to which my visits were necessarily brief during the ensuing half century, which was a stirring and busy period of my life—part of it being devoted to the service of my country in the four quarters of the globe.

About ten or twelve years ago, I was passing a few months in Dublin, and being desirous to revisit the scenes of my early and happy days, I bent my course to Moira House, when, to my astonishment, I found it the receptacle of all the most miserable beggars in Dublin, who were congregated there to the amount of 2400 men, women, and children, who were daily fed and employed in that house. The reader may judge of my feelings on entering the drawing-room, which I remembered as having been once filled with all that was noble and distinguished in the land, now crammed with poor ragged women, who were employed in spinning and other occupations. If this apartment had been the scene of healthy, cheerful industry, the change would have been less painful to me; but the squalid poverty of its crowded inmates, and their dispirited looks, made the scene a lamentable one indeed. The atmosphere was stifling; and among the compressed ranks of spinners there was perfect stillness, interrupted only by the dull, ceaseless murmur of the spinning-wheels. This unbroken silence among a mass of Irishwomen was so remarkable, that we were almost startled at the sound of a voice, which began in low sweet tones to sing one of the most mournful of our national melodies. We gave a glance towards the quarter from whence the sound proceeded, and saw, in a corner of the apartment, a young, sad-looking woman, wrapped up in a gray cloak, whose hood partially concealed her features. On leaving the room, we passed close to her side, but she did not even raise her head to look at the strangers. Her song was the song of despair; and it was only too well suited to a position, than which none can be conceived more degrading to humanity—where our fellow-beings were driven in to share the offals of the rich man's table, and then sent abroad at the approach of night to seek a wretched shelter during the hours of darkness.*

I went to the great dining-parlour, which I found occupied by a school of 200 boys, under the National Board, but where I grieved to find their regulations not attended to. On inquiring whether the boys were in the habit of reading the Scripture Extracts provided by the Board, the volume was slowly and reluctantly taken down out of a bookcase, when it became evident, from its state of perfect cleanliness, that no enemy except dust had hitherto invaded its peaceful privacy. We next visited the room which, in former days, had been appropriated to the housekeeper's use—a well-remembered place, where my young companions and I had often disturbed the ancient dame by our mischievous pranks. It was now converted into an Infant School, whose pupils seemed as unruly as they were ragged; for they were scattered in groups around the room, while their teacher, an uncouth-looking young woman, flourished unceasingly a stout wand (her badge of office) over the infants' heads, with little effect apparently besides that of eliciting a few lusty roars from her pupils. For aught we could see, the whole mystery of education was comprised in this wholesome exercise of authority; for on inquiring whether they were not supplied with pictures and large-lettered sentences, such as are used in other Infant Schools, we were coldly answered in the negative. We pursued

* We were informed that they received a penny each to pay for their night's lodging.

our way to the kitchen, where we were shown huge boilers in which potatoes and meal were being prepared for the mid-day repast. These messes were made more savoury by the addition of bones, which had been received from the wealthier parts of the city; and it was a humiliating spectacle to see men and women dragging along small covered dog-carts, filled with bones and scraps which had been given them out of the areas of their richer brethren. Such was the food apportioned to the miserable thousands assembled daily within the walls of Moira House, or, as it was then called, the Mendicity House.

A few minutes after having quitted its precincts, we found ourselves in Grafton Street, pressed by a throng of the gayest equipages in Dublin, many of them crowding around shops whose windows displayed every variety of brilliant texture or of costly jewellery. At any other time we might have enjoyed the life and animation of the scene, but at that moment it presented so painful a contrast to the place we had just left, that we hastened our steps, and were not sorry to find ourselves in a more sober and tranquil part of the city.

Since that day I have not felt a wish to revisit Moira House.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE subjects in the former paper are those in which the living are concerned. We now come to those which regard the dead. Here incredulity is disposed to make its most determined stand. Very well; but our object is to display the kind of matter this book is composed of. Mrs Crowe remarks with justice, that our efforts to extinguish the almost instinctive belief in the young are seldom very effectual; and she adds, 'Suppose the subject were duly investigated, and it were ascertained that the views I and many others are disposed to entertain with regard to it are correct; and suppose, then, children were calmly told that it is not impossible but that on some occasion they may see a departed friend again; that the laws of nature, established by an All-wise Providence, admit of the dead sometimes revisiting the earth, doubtless for the benevolent purpose of keeping alive in us our faith in a future state; that death is merely a transition to another life, which it depends on ourselves to make happy or otherwise; and that whilst those spirits which appear bright and blessed, may well be objects of our envy, the others should excite only our intense compassion'—in that case terror might be more thoroughly banished.

The examples adduced by Mrs Crowe are so numerous, as to justify her in saying that the day of these things has never been, and is not now truly past. The number might become tedious, were they not classed in groups according to certain leading features, and mixed up with speculations, or attempts to rationalise the facts under natural laws—all of which are ingenious, while some, with any matter less opposed to common tendencies of belief, could not fail to be successful. The following story is described by Mrs Crowe as well authenticated:—

'In the year 1785, some cadets were ordered to proceed from Madras to join their regiments up the country. A considerable part of the journey was to be made in a barge, and they were under the conduct of a senior officer, Major R—. In order to relieve the monotony of the voyage, this gentleman proposed one day that they should make a shooting excursion inland, and walk round to meet the boat at a point agreed on, which, owing to the windings of the river, it would not reach till evening. They accordingly took their guns, and as they had to cross a swamp, Major R—, who was well acquainted with the country, put on a heavy pair of top-boots, which, together with an odd limp he had in his gait, rendered him distinguishable from the rest of

the party at a considerable distance. When they reached the jungle, they found there was a wide ditch to leap, which all succeeded in doing except the major, who, being less young and active, jumped short of the requisite distance; and although he scrambled up unhurt, he found his gun so crammed full of wet sand, that it would be useless till thoroughly cleansed. He therefore bade them walk on, saying he would follow; and taking off his hat, he sat down in the shade, where they left him. When they had been beating about for game some time, they began to wonder the major did not come on, and they shouted to let him know whereabouts they were; but there was no answer; and hour after hour passed without his appearance, till at length they began to feel somewhat uneasy. Thus the day wore away, and they found themselves approaching the rendezvous: the boat was in sight, and they were walking down to it, wondering how their friend could have missed them, when suddenly, to their great joy, they saw him before them making towards the barge. He was without his hat or gun, limping hastily along, in his top-boots, and did not appear to observe them. They shouted after him, but as he did not look round, they began to run, in order to overtake him; and indeed fast as he went, they did gain considerably upon him. Still he reached the boat first, crossing the plank which the boatmen had placed ready for the gentlemen they saw approaching. He ran down the companion stairs, and they after him; but inexpressible was their surprise when they could not find him below. They ascended again, and inquired of the boatmen what had become of him; but they declared he had not come on board, and that nobody had crossed the plank till the young men themselves had done so. The body of Major R— was found by them in a neighbouring well, into which he was supposed to have accidentally fallen.

In a case like this, the common theory of spectral illusion must be allowed to have little force, since five persons saw the object at once.

There is a large class of cases where a trouble about some secular matter seems to be the cause of the return to common haunts; often it is trouble about what appears comparatively a trifle—as the return of a borrowed article of furniture, or the imparting of information about something that has been lost. As formerly mentioned, when a natural law is supposed, the triviality of the object is nothing in point. A more perplexing circumstance is, the communication being sometimes made, not to the person chiefly interested in the matter, but to some other person. This, however, our author overcomes by the suggestion, that susceptibility in the seer is also concerned. The chief person may be too much wrapped up in the sensuous envelope to be sensible of such appearances, and it may therefore be necessary to try another. She joins the German philosophers in their ideas about the destinies of spirits after they leave the body; some being too much clogged with the impressions and tendencies of the material world, to be able to pass at once forward into another sphere, though such may be by and by attained. In this intermediate stage they cling to the earth, hovering about the scenes where they have passed their mortal days: in some instances, from particular causes—as from great guilt or great suffering—this haunting of earthly localities lasts a long time, even centuries. This brings us to the section on haunted houses.

We might suppose that this was a thing known only to our ancestors. It appears, however, that there are still many haunted houses in this civilised land. There is one at Willington, between Newcastle and North Shields, belonging to a very respectable member of the Society of Friends, which has attracted much local attention. So lately as 1840, a gentleman named Drury, a determined sceptic, undertook to pass a night in this house with a friend; and, very unexpectedly to himself, saw 'the figure of a female attired in grayish garments, with the head inclining downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest as in pain.' He rushed upon it, but fell

in a swoon, from which he did not recover for three hours.

Amongst the various stories related under this head, a clear superiority in all respects is to be awarded to one reported to our author by a member of a distinguished English family, who was herself concerned in the series of transactions. The narration is as follows:—

‘Sir James, my mother, with myself and my brother Charles, went abroad towards the end of the year 1786. After trying several different places, we determined to settle at Lille, where we found the masters particularly good, and where we had also letters of introduction to several of the best French families. There Sir James left us; and after passing a few days in an uncomfortable lodging, we engaged a nice large family-house, which we liked much, and which we obtained at a very low rent, even for that part of the world.

‘About three weeks after we were established in our new residence, I walked one day with my mother to the banker’s, for the purpose of delivering our letter of credit from Sir Robert Herries, and drawing some money, which being paid in heavy five-franc pieces, we found we could not carry, and therefore requested the banker to send, saying, “We live in the Place Du Lion D’or.” Whereupon he looked surprised, and observed that he knew of no house there fit for us, “Except, indeed,” he added, “the one that has been long uninhabited, on account of the *revenant* that walks about it.” He said this quite seriously, and in a natural tone of voice; in spite of which we laughed, and were quite entertained at the idea of a ghost; but at the same time we begged him not to mention the thing to our servants, lest they should take any fancies into their heads; and my mother and I resolved to say nothing about the matter to any one. “I suppose it is the ghost,” said my mother laughing, “that wakes us so often by walking over our heads.” We had, in fact, been awakened several nights by a heavy foot, which we supposed to be that of one of the men-servants, of whom we had three English and four French; of women servants, we had five English, and all the rest were French. The English ones, men and women, every one of them, returned ultimately to England with us.

‘A night or two afterwards, being again awakened by the step, my mother asked Creswell, “who slept in the room above us?” “No one, my lady,” she replied; “it is a large empty garret.”

‘About a week or ten days after this, Creswell came to my mother one morning, and told her that all the French servants talked of going away, because there was a *revenant* in the house; adding, that there seemed to be a strange story attached to the place, which was said, together with some other property, to have belonged to a young man, whose guardian, who was also his uncle, had treated him cruelly, and confined him in an iron cage; and as he had subsequently disappeared, it was conjectured he had been murdered. This uncle, after inheriting the property, had suddenly quitted the house, and sold it to the father of the man of whom we had hired it. Since that period, though it had been several times let, nobody had ever stayed in it above a week or two; and for a considerable time past it had had no tenant at all.

“And do you really believe all this nonsense, Creswell?” said my mother.

“Well, I don’t know, my lady,” answered she; “but there’s the iron cage in the garret over your bedroom, where you may see it if you please.”

‘Of course we rose to go; and as just at that moment an old officer, with his Croix de St Louis, called on us, we invited him to accompany us, and we ascended together. We found, as Creswell had said, a large empty garret, with bare brick walls, and in the farther corner of it stood an iron cage, such as wild beasts are kept in, only higher: it was about four feet square, and eight in height, and there was an iron ring

in the wall at the back, to which was attached an old rusty chain, with a collar fixed to the end of it. I confess it made my blood creep when I thought of the possibility of any human being having inhabited it! And our old friend expressed as much horror as ourselves, assuring us that it must certainly have been constructed for some such dreadful purpose. As, however, we were no believers in ghosts, we all agreed that the noises must proceed from somebody who had an interest in keeping the house empty; and since it was very disagreeable to imagine that there were secret means of entering it by night, we resolved, as soon as possible, to look out for another residence, and in the meantime to say nothing about the matter to anybody. About ten days after this determination, my mother, observing one morning that Creswell, when she came to dress her, looked exceedingly pale and ill, inquired if anything was the matter with her?

“Indeed, my lady,” answered she, “we have been frightened to death; and neither I nor Mrs Marsh can sleep again in the room we are now in.”

“Well,” returned my mother, “you shall both come and sleep in the little spare room next us. But what has alarmed you?”

“Some one, my lady, went through our room in the night: we both saw the figure, but we covered our heads with the bedclothes, and lay in a dreadful fright till morning.”

‘On hearing this, I could not help laughing, upon which Creswell burst into tears; and seeing how nervous she was, we comforted her by saying we had heard of a good house, and that we should very soon abandon our present habitation.

‘A few nights afterwards, my mother requested me and Charles to go to her bedroom and fetch her frame, that she might prepare her work for the next day. It was after supper; and we were ascending the stairs by the light of a lamp which was always kept burning, when we saw going up before us a tall, thin figure, with hair flowing down his back, and wearing a loose powdering-gown. We both at once concluded it was my sister Hannah, and called out, “It wond do, Hannah! You cannot frighten us!”—upon which the figure turned into a recess in the wall; but as there was nobody there when we passed, we concluded that Hannah had contrived somehow or other to slip away and make her escape by the back-stairs. On telling this to my mother, however, she said, “It is very odd! for Hannah went to bed with a headache before you came in from your walk;” and sure enough, on going to her room, there we found her fast asleep; and Alice, who was at work there, assured us that she had been so for more than an hour. On mentioning this circumstance to Creswell, she turned quite pale, and exclaimed that that was precisely the figure she and Marsh had seen in their bedroom.

‘About this time my brother Harry came to spend a few days with us, and we gave him a room up another pair of stairs, at the opposite end of the house. A morning or two after his arrival, when he came down to breakfast, he asked my mother angrily, whether she thought he went to bed drunk, and could not put out his own candle, that she sent those French rascals to watch him. My mother assured him that she had never thought of doing such a thing; but he persisted in the accusation, adding, “Last night I jumped up and opened the door, and by the light of the moon, through the skylight, I saw the fellow in his loose gown at the bottom of the stairs. If I had not been in my shirt, I would have gone after him, and made him remember coming to watch me.”

‘We were now preparing to quit the house, having secured another, belonging to a gentleman who was going to spend some time in Italy; but a few days before our removal, it happened that a Mr and Mrs Atkins, some English friends of ours, called, to whom we mentioned these strange circumstances, observing how extremely unpleasant it was to live in a house that

somebody found means of getting into, though how they contrived it we could not discover, nor what their motive could be, except it was to frighten us; observing, that nobody could sleep in the room Marsh and Creswell had been obliged to give up. Upon this Mrs Atkyns laughed heartily, and said that she should like, of all things, to sleep there, if my mother would allow her; adding, that, with her little terrier, she should not be afraid of any ghost that ever appeared. As my mother had of course no objection to this fancy of hers, she requested Mr Atkyns to ride home with the groom, in order that the latter might bring her night-things before the gates of the town were shut, as they were then residing a little way in the country. Mr Atkyns smiled, and said she was very bold; but he made no difficulties, and sent the things, and his wife retired with her dog to her room when we retired to ours, apparently without the least apprehension.

When she came down in the morning, we were immediately struck at seeing her look very ill; and on inquiring if she too had been frightened, she said she had been awakened in the night by something moving in her room, and that, by the light of the night-lamp, she saw most distinctly a figure; and that the dog, which was very spirited, and flew at everything, never stirred, although she had endeavoured to make him. We saw clearly that she had been very much alarmed; and when Mr Atkyns came, and endeavoured to dissipate the feeling, by persuading her that she might have dreamt it, she got quite angry. We could not help thinking that she had actually seen something; and my mother said, after she was gone, that though she could not bring herself to believe it was really a ghost, still she earnestly hoped that she might get out of the house without seeing this figure, which frightened people so much.

We were now within three days of the one fixed for our removal; I had been taking a long ride, and being tired, had fallen asleep the moment I lay down; but in the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened—I cannot tell by what; for the step over our heads we had become so used to, that it no longer disturbed us. Well, I awoke. I had been lying with my face towards my mother, who was asleep beside me; and, as one usually does on awaking, I turned to the other side, where, the weather being warm, the curtain of the bed was undrawn, as it was also at the foot, and I saw, standing by a chest of drawers, which were betwixt me and the window, a thin, tall figure, in a loose powdering-gown, one arm resting on the drawers, and the face turned towards me. I saw it quite distinctly by the night-light, which burnt clearly: it was a long, thin, pale, young face, with, oh, such a melancholy expression as can never be effaced from my memory! I was certainly very much frightened; but my great horror was, lest my mother should awake and see the figure. I turned my head gently towards her, and heard her breathing high in a sound sleep. Just then the clock on the stairs struck four. I daresay it was nearly an hour before I ventured to look again; and when I did take courage to turn my eyes towards the drawers, there was nothing, yet I had not heard the slightest sound, though I had been listening with the greatest intensity.

As you may suppose, I never closed my eyes again; and glad I was when Creswell knocked at the door, as she did every morning, for we always locked it, and it was my business to get out of bed and let her in. But on this occasion, instead of doing so, I called out, "Come in; the door is not fastened;" upon which she answered that it was, and I was obliged to get out of bed and admit her as usual.

When I told my mother what had happened, she was very grateful to me for not wakening her, and commended me much for my resolution; but as she was always my first object, that was not to be wondered at. She, however, resolved not to risk another night in the house; and we got out of it that very day, after insti-

tuting, with the aid of the servants, a thorough search, with a view to ascertain if there was any possible means of getting into the rooms except by the usual modes of ingress; but our search was vain: none could be discovered.

Mrs Crowe adds the remark—"Considering the number of people that were in the house, the fearlessness of the family, and their disinclination to believe in what is called *the supernatural*, together with the great interest the owner of this large and handsome residence must have had in discovering the trick, if there had been one, I think it is difficult to find any other explanation of this strange story, than that the sad and disappointed spirit of this poor, injured, and probably murdered boy, had never been disengaged from its earthly relations, to which regret for its frustrated hopes and violated rights still held it attached."

The Germans have, like us, the mischievous racketing spirit, which they call *Poltergeist*. Its peculiarity is, to make noises about the house, to cause crockery to fall from shelves and break, to throw stones through rooms, but only to fall at people's feet, and so forth. England furnished a noted case in the Stockwell ghost in the year 1772. Lately, the newspapers announced one in a house at Bayswater, near London. The best detailed, and, shall we say, best authenticated case on record, appears to be one which occurred at the castle of Prince Hohenloe, in Silesia, in 1806, when two gentlemen named Hahn and Kern were confined there. Here noises amounting to detonations were heard from neighbouring apartments; pieces of plaster were thrown at the two gentlemen; all the loose articles in the apartment flew wildly about; and lights darted during the night from every corner. M. Kern, looking in a mirror, saw a white female figure, with the face of an old person, bearing an aspect, not gloomy or morose, but rather of indifference. Hahn, who became a councillor, testified to these inexplicable events so lately as 1828. A curious appearance of verification is given to such things, when we learn that, in 1835, a case came before the sheriff of Edinburghshire, in which a gentleman who had leased a house at Trinity was prosecuted for damages he had done to it, by shooting pistols and knocking down pieces of wall, in order to detect the source of such a series of annoyances. The landlord considered the tenant's daughter, a sickly girl, who usually kept her bed, as the cause of the mischief; but all efforts at detection proved vain; and the girl did not long survive, 'hastened out of the world,' it is said, 'by the severe measures used while she was under suspicion.'

But we must now bring this subject to a close. We regret that want of space has forbidden us to enter so largely into the speculative part of the book as we could have wished. It contains many ingenious reasonings, which, if we could only admit the premises on which they proceed, seem as if they would lead us to some interesting knowledge respecting the ultimate destiny of man. The great question is as to these premises. 'Give us facts,' cry the Baconians; 'and when we have enough, we shall proceed to generalise.' 'Well, here are facts.' 'Oh, but these are false facts, for they do not accord with anything we have already ascertained.' It being undoubted that things may be thought to be facts which are none, most persons rest here satisfied. Others, who, like Mrs Crowe, bring forward new doctrines, resting on what they believe to be facts, complain, with some show of truth, that the modern philosophy lands them in a vicious circle, which puts a stop to all progress. It does not quite do this; but it certainly affords encouragement only to sciences strictly experimental, where probation is readily attainable. Where that is not the case, progress is undoubtedly much obstructed. Hence that ultra-physical character which our age has assumed, while all the speculative sciences are in a manner starved and dwarfed. It would be difficult to estimate in how great a degree this tells upon the moral tendencies of our time—how unspiritual

it makes us all. Studies like those in the 'Night Side of Nature' are in these circumstances welcome, if it were only as a means of making head against the materialism to which we are tending.

THE BASS ROCK.

THE Firth of Forth, as well as the Firth of Clyde, is signalled by an extraordinary rock, rising abruptly from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet. Both have the appearance of a natural fortress guarding the gorge of the river, and both being unfit for the abiding-place of human beings, are tenanted by myriads of water-fowl, belonging in a special manner neither to the land nor the sea. The two, however, are different in their history and their fate—Ailsa being a mere adjunct of the grandly-beautiful picture presented by the Clyde, while the Bass is linked with the annals of Scotland, as well as associated with the dreams of her poets, and has now the honour to be the theme of a work produced by the united labours of five of her literati.*

In the preface to the work, Mr Mc'Crie, who acts as the editor, rallies good-naturedly himself and his colleagues on the limited dimensions of the ground selected for their operations; but we all know how much may be said—and well said too—about a very small matter. A tolerable enough little work has been produced by a French author descriptive of a tour round his room; and why should we not have this goodly volume, the achievement of five united intellects, touching a rock in the sea, fully a mile in circumference, and four hundred and twenty feet high?

The arrangement of the volume, however, is clearly wrong. It begins with the end of the sixth century of the vulgar era, then goes back to the pre-Adamite ages to tell in what manner the Bass came to be, then flies madly down to the epoch of the Solemn League and Covenant, then dallies with the solan geese on the summit, and finally tries to put nature out of countenance by cataloguing her parsimonious gifts in the way of lichens and weeds. In this paper we shall take the liberty of correcting so ill-considered a sequence of subjects, and begin with Mr Hugh Miller's account of the part played by the Bass in that grand spectacle—the creation of the present world.

'The ponderous column of the Bass,' says he, 'to sum up my theory in a few words, is composed, as has been shown, of one of the harder and more solid of the igneous rocks. Rising near the centre of the disturbed district in which it occurs, it indicates, I am inclined to hold, the place of a great crater, at one time filled to the top with molten matter, which, when the fires beneath burnt low, gradually and slowly consolidated into crystallite as it cooled, until it became the unyielding rock which we now find it. The tuffaceous matrix in which it had been moulded, exposed to the denuding agencies, wore piecemeal away; much even of the upper portion of the column itself may have disappeared; and what remains, rising from the level of the sea-bottom below to the height of six hundred feet, may be regarded as the capital-divested top of some pillar of the desert, that, buried by the drifting sand, exhibits but a comparatively small portion of its entire length over the surface, but descends deep into the interior, communicating with the very basement of the edifice to which it belongs.'

Wildly sweeps the great gulf stream round this remarkable eminence, and the ceaseless roll of the waves of the Atlantic, till, in the course of ages, the appointed rise or submergence of the neighbouring land is complete, and the Bass stands erect in the sea, a monument of an earlier world. What is its aspect now? 'The sun,' says

our author, standing on the ruins of Tantallon Castle, 'glanced bright on the deep green of the sea immediately beneath; and the reflection went dancing in the calm, in wavelets of light, athwart the shaded faces of the precipices; while a short mile beyond, the noble Bass loomed tall in the offing, half in light, half in shadow; and, dimly discerned through the slowly dissipating haze, in the background rose the rampart-like crags of the Isle of May. Nor was the framing of the picture, as surveyed through one of the shattered openings of the edifice, without its share of picturesque beauty; it consisted of fantastically-piled stone, moulded of old by the chisel, and now partially o'ershadowed by tufts of withered grass and half-faded wallflower.'

The Bass, it will be felt, was just the place for a hermit; and accordingly the first notice we have of the rock in modern times is its becoming the retirement of St Baldred, a Culdee presbyter, as Mr Mc'Crie opines, and no bishop, as others will have it. Thence the holy man sallied forth occasionally to teach the rude natives on the mainland the doctrines of Christianity; for 'in those days,' says Bede, 'people never came into a church but only for hearing the word and prayer. All the care of these doctors was to serve God, not the world—to feed souls, not their own bodies. Wherefore a religious habit was then much revered; and if any priest entered a village, incontinently all the people would assemble, being desirous to hear the word of life; for the priests did not go into villages upon any other occasion, except to preach, or visit the sick, or, in a word—to feed souls.' The earliest proprietors were the ancient family of the Lauders, a charter in favour of one of them dating as far back as 1316. In 1405, the Bass is first heard of as a 'strength,' or fortified place, when it afforded a temporary retreat to James, the son of Robert III., before embarking on that expedition which cost him nineteen years' captivity in England. The first prisoner received by the Bass was Walter Stewart, eldest son of Murdo, Duke of Albany, who was confined in its castle in 1424, while his father was sent to Caerlaverock Castle, and his mother to Tantallon. 'A lively fancy might draw an affecting picture of the old duchess, as she gazed from the opposite towers of Tantallon on the ocean prison that held her wayward son, and describe her feelings as she saw him conveyed away to suffer an ignominious death. But our Scottish ladies of that period were made of sterner stuff than we are apt to imagine. "There is a report current," says Buchanan, "although I do not find it mentioned by any historian, that the king sent the heads of her father, husband, and children to Isabella, on purpose to try whether so violent a woman, in a paroxysm of grief, as sometimes happens, might not betray the secrets of her soul; but she, though affected at the unexpected sight, used no intemperate expressions." I have an old manuscript, which records this piece of savage brutality, and adds that the old lady "said nothing, but that they worthily died, *gif that whilk wes laid against them were trew!*"'

The Bass remained a strength during the sixteenth century, and was visited in 1581 by James VI.; but here we must give a strange, wild theory of Hugh Miller, by way of an introduction to the sequel of its history. 'In passing the ancient castle of Dirlerton, which, like the castles of Dunbar, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, owed its degree of impregnability as a stronghold mainly to its abrupt trap-rock, and which stood siege against the English in the days of Edward I., it occurred to me as not a little curious, that the early geological history of a district should so often seem typical of its subsequent civil history. If a country's geological history was very disturbed—if the trap-rocks broke out from below, and tilted up its strata in a thousand abrupt angles, steep precipices, and yawning chasms—the chance is as ten to one that there succeeded, when man came upon the scene, a history scarce less disturbed of fierce wars, protracted sieges, and desperate battles. The stormy morning,

* The Bass Rock: its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. James Mc'Crie; Geology, by Hugh Miller; Martyrology, by the Rev. James Anderson; Zoology, by Professor Fleming of the New College, Edinburgh; and Botany, by Professor Balfour of the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Kennedy. 1848.

during which merely the angry elements contend, is succeeded in almost every instance by a stormy day, maddened by the turmoil of human passion. A moment's farther cogitation, while it greatly dissipated the mystery, served to show through what immense periods mere physical causes may continue to operate with moral effect; and how, in the purposes of Him who saw the end from the beginning, a scene of fiery confusion—of roaring waves and heaving earthquakes—of ascending hills and deepening valleys—may have been closely associated with the right development and ultimate dignity and happiness of the yet unborn moral agent of creation—responsible man. It is amid these centres of geologic disturbance—the natural strongholds of the earth—that the true battles of the race—the battles of civilisation and civil liberty—have been successfully maintained by handfuls of hardy men against the despot-led myriads of the plains. The reader, in glancing over a map of Europe and the countries adjacent, on which the mountain-groups are marked, will at once perceive that Greece and the Holy Land, Scotland and the Swiss cantons, formed centres of great Plutonic disturbance of this character. They had each their geologic tremors and perturbations—their protracted periods of eruption and earthquake—long ere their analogous civil history, with its ages of convulsion and revolution, in which man was the agent, had yet commenced its course. And, indirectly at least, the disturbed civil history was, in each instance, a consequence of the disturbed geologic one.' What does our author make of the struggles of the Dutch and Flemings on land scarcely raised out of the sea? The whole matter comes to this, that trap-rocks, surviving denudation, and standing up as abrupt eminences, afford a place of defence to a handful of people against aggressive neighbours. Mr Miller's besetting fault is to make too much of simple ideas.

The Bass surrendered to Cromwell in 1651, and then changed hands more than once, till it was bought twenty years afterwards by government from Sir Andrew Ramsay, provost of Edinburgh, for £4000; 'and a dear bargain it was,' as Kirkton justly observes. This bargain was effected by Lauderdale, who so managed, that the command and profits of the rock, amounting to more than £100 sterling, were bestowed upon himself, together with the title of 'Captain of the Bass.' 'But,' adds Kirkton, 'the use the king made of it was, to make it a prison for the Presbyterian ministers; and some of them thought, when they died in the prison (as Mr John Blackadder did), they glorified God in the islands. But it became a rule of practice among that sort of people, whenever any of them was called before the council, that either they behaved to satisfy the bishop, which never one of them did, or else goe to the Bass; so all of them refused to appear; and our governors expected no more respect or obedience to their summonds.'

Forty of these godly men were confined in the Bass during periods varying from a few months to upwards of six years; and by far the greater part of the volume is occupied with their histories, generally obscure, and rarely interesting in the details. 'A slight survey,' says Mr Mc-Crie, 'of the ruins of the fortress, as they now stand in naked desolation, is sufficient to corroborate the testimonies of the prisoners, and to show that they had little reason to congratulate themselves on the selection of their marine prison-house. Placed near the base of the overhanging precipice, it must have formed a sort of tank or reservoir for the perpetual drippings from above, while it was washed by the spray from the ocean below, and entitled by exposure to the full benefit of the eastern blasts. What is still pointed out by some as "Blackadder's cell," is a dormitory about seven feet by eight, situated on the ramparts, with a small window facing the south. If so, he was better appointed than his brethren in the inner prison, the remains of which, though unroofed and unfloored, may be still traced. On a late visit to the ruins, I was struck by observing that

in the western gable of this room is one small window which had served for light, but which is placed at such a height above the floor, that the prisoners could see neither earth nor sky from it; while in the eastern gable there is another window placed at a lower elevation, but so contrived, that it had looked only into a narrow passage, formed by a wall built up against it, and enlightened by a higher aperture in that wall. By this piece of ingenious cruelty, the poor prisoners within would be furnished with a dim and borrowed light, and at the same time prevented from beguiling their captivity by gazing "on mountain, tower, or town," or even on that heaven to which all their hopes were turned, and the straggling beams of which were so scantily afforded them. At the same time the sentries or keepers might at any time, by creeping along this passage, manage, through the inner grating, to observe the movements, and hear the conversations, of their prisoners. There can be no question regarding "the lowest cell in the dungeon," to which Thomas Hog of Kiltarn was consigned, through the tender mercies of Archbishop Sharp. An arched staircase, part of which still remains, leads down under ground from the east end of the castle, to what was anciently called the Bastion, on arriving at which the visitor finds himself in a hideous cavern, arched overhead, dank and dripping, with an opening towards the sea, which dashes within a few feet below. It was in this "horrible pit," then—obviously the "dungeon-keep" of the old castle in the days of its glory—that the good man was deposited; and no wonder that, when his enfeebled frame was dragged down that subterranean passage, and stretched in this dismal den, he should have concluded that his enemies had done their worst—had reached the end of their chain—and that the deepening darkness of the night betokened the near approach of the dawn.' This passage is well coloured; but the impression laid by the plainer and more prosaic narrative of Mr Anderson is not quite so painful. Indeed in one instance, an air approaching to the ridiculous is thrown over the complaints of the prisoners, by their including the grievance of being obliged to drink the governor's twopenny ale, which was in reality worth no more than a halfpenny! Their brethren of the present day would have liked the ale the better in proportion to its scarcity of malt. In the case of a fine, high-hearted minister, Thomas Hog, the hardships of the rock appear to have acted with medicinal virtue. His rule was the self-denunciation of Scripture—"Wo unto me if I preach not the gospel!" And because he would come under no promise to refrain from what he conceived to be a sacred duty, he was sent to the Bass. 'When the act of council was communicated to the good man, he raised himself up with some difficulty in his bed to read it; and on learning its import, feeling that to subject him to the hardships of such a confinement, in his present state of health, was almost equivalent to signing his death-warrant, he said it was as severe as if Satan himself had penned it. In execution of the sentence, he was carried down to a low filthy dungeon; and to all appearance his speedy death was inevitable. But when he found no mercy at the hands of man, he looked by faith and prayer to Him "who hears the groaning of the prisoner;" and to the wonder of all, he in a short time completely recovered. Hog never afterwards showed any resentment at Sharp for this savage treatment, but when speaking of him, used to say merrily, "Commend him to me for a good physician!"'

The zoological department of the work is of course chiefly devoted to the solan goose, which has other breeding places as well as our own coasts—namely, the most westerly of the Faroe group, some rocky islands in the bay of St Lawrence, and the coast of Labrador. Boece ridicules the theory of the birth of these birds current in his time, that they grew upon trees like apples, and supplies its place with another of his own, that they were produced by the corruption of the fruit or branch. 'Furthermore, because the rude and igno-

rant people saw oftentimes the fruits that fell from trées, which stood neuer in the sea, conuerted within short time into géese, they beleeued that these géese grew vpon trées, hanging by their nebs, as apples and other fruit doo by their stalks, but their opinion is vtterlie to be reiected. For so soone as these apples or fruit fall from the trée into the sea, they grow first to be worm-eaten, and in processe of time to be conuerted into géese! All this the intelligent reader will perceiue refers to the absurd but once prevalent notion, that the common barnacle of our coasts possessed the wonderful faculty of changing into a goose. The fruit-like aspect of the shell, its flexible foot-stalk, and the long feathery filaments (*cirri*) of the animal, gave rise, no doubt, to this extravagant hypothesis. The barnacle's habit of attaching itself to pieces of timber, decayed and pierced by marine borers, is that to which Boece alludes in the conclusion of his explanation.

The botanical chapter, although necessarily meagre, has a few readable paragraphs, for which we have no room.

In conclusion, the result of this quintuple alliance, although a little too sectarian to suit our feelings, is, upon the whole, a pleasant and readable book, which we recommend to all who have hitherto looked upon the Bass as a mere rock in the sea—a point of scenic effect in the panorama of the Firth of Forth.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

On the occasion of lately laying the foundation-stone of a training college near Caernarthen, the bishop of the diocese made the following eloquent observations on the necessity for popular education:—'It is mortifying for every one who has a proper feeling for the honour of his country, to consider that the surrounding nations of Europe are in advance of England in the matter of popular education. The necessity and importance of popular education has been practically recognised and acted on by them before it has been acknowledged by us. This is an acknowledgment that no Englishman, who has a proper sense of the honour of his country, can make without a feeling of degradation and shame. It would be well, however, if nothing else was affected but the honour of his country. The very safety of the nation is dependent upon popular education. We may try to mask the fact from ourselves, but it has been found from experience and the common information of intelligent judges—in fact all persons are agreed that the present state of things is full of danger to the community at large. I will not rely on any argument as to the mere consideration of the expediency of educating the children of the poor, but I consider it a solemn duty which we owe to the people of this country, and if that duty remains unperformed, there cannot but be danger which ought not to be overlooked. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that every neglect of a plain duty must be attended with danger, and the signs and symptoms of this danger are every day more and more apparent. The statistics of population, education, and crime sufficiently attest it. We have sufficient evidence of an immense population growing up, with no sense of duty, no restraint upon their passions, with their intellectual qualities not cultivated, and with no rational and religious sense of their duty towards each other or their Maker. What, therefore, are we doing? We are collecting the materials for a dreadful explosion which will shake society to its foundations. Those who are living in opulence and ease are not aware of this. They may be forming plans for future enjoyment, and revelling in the prospects of national prosperity; but they ought to know that, while they are planting vineyards on their hills, they are, in fact, standing on the sides of a volcano, which is heaving and trembling, and may at any moment open and let out a flood which will overwhelm all our social and national institutions. The symptoms of the laborious throes of society cannot but be perceptible to every thoughtful observer. Let us look nearer home, and see if the scenes which surround us are of a more encouraging character. I fear that it will be entirely the reverse. In speaking of the condition of our own population, every inquiry leads to this conclusion—that the deficiency of education in Wales is even greater than in the rest of the country. I am afraid our moral condition is just such as we might expect from the deficiency in popular education.

I will not make a catalogue of the vices prevalent in the principality, but I cannot omit noticing one, which is a fruitful parent of all crime, and bears every description of evil in its train. I mean the vice of drunkenness; and it does appear from authentic information, that in this country that vice is rapidly on the increase. It thereby appears that whatever improvement is required elsewhere, it will be doubly necessary here. What is the remedy? What the safeguard from this danger? I will answer, Education—popular education.'

SONNET.

[BY CALDER CAMPBELL.]

Tr doth surpass belief how some—accounted
Wise in their generation—with strange skill
Prove there's more merit in concealing ill
Than in discovering good. The ape, tree-mounted,
Is an apt teacher of such lore; and still
Seeketh to hide his stolen trash, and fill
His secret stores with plunder. Oh could wo
Use our intelligence Truth to discover,
Rather than fashion mantles to fling over
Our errors! 'twere an exercise to be
Rewarded in the future plentifully;
And in the present, making nature's lover
Acquainted with such joys as ne'er can rest
In the dark mazes of an artful breast!

LONDON, 1848.

NATURAL USES OF HAIR.

That hair effects an important purpose in the animal economy, we have evidence in its almost universal distribution among the mammiferous class of animals; and if we admit the analogy between the feather and the hair among all warm-blooded animals, additional evidence is obtained in the perfection of its structure, and again in its early appearance in the progress of development of the young. As a bad conductor of heat, it tends to preserve the warmth of the body; and in man it would have that effect upon the head, and serve to equalise the temperature of the brain. It is also a medium of defence against external irritants, as the heat of the sun's rays and the bites of insects, and against injuries inflicted with violence. Of special purposes fulfilled by the hairs, we have instances in the eyebrows and eyelids, which are beautifully adapted for the defence of the organs of vision; in the small hairs which grow in the apertures of the nostrils, and serve as guardians to the delicate membrane of the nose; and in similar hairs in the ear-tubes, which defend those cavities from the intrusion of insects.—*Wilson on the Skin.*

TIMBER MINING IN AMERICA.

On the north side of Maurice Creek, New Jersey, the meadows and cedar swamps, as far up as the fast land, are filled with buried cedars to an unknown depth. In 1814 or 1815, an attempt was made to sink a well curb near Dennis Creek landing; but after encountering much difficulty in cutting through a number of logs, the workmen were at last compelled to give up the attempt, by finding, at the depth of twenty feet, a compact mass of cedar logs. It is a constant business near Dennis Creek to 'mine cedar shingles.' This is done by probing the soft mud of the swamps with poles, for the purpose of discovering buried cedar timber; and when a log is found, the mud is cleared off, the log cut up into proper lengths with a long one-handed saw, and these lengths split up into shingles, and carried out of the swamp ready for sale. This kind of work gives constant employment to a large number of hands. The trees found are from four to five feet in diameter—they lie in every possible position, and some of them seem to have been buried for centuries. Thus stumps of trees which have grown to a greater age, and have been decaying a century, are found standing in the place in which they grew, while the trunks of very aged cedars are lying horizontally under their roots.—*Scientific American.*

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THE HIGHWAY OF THOUGHT.

THIS establishment, situated in the very focus of metropolitan business, promises to become of national importance. In the immediate vicinity of the Bank of England, Royal Exchange, and other great centres of city affairs, it affords facilities for the acquisition and transmission of commercial and other intelligence, of which but a feeble estimate can as yet be formed. By means of it a merchant may learn the arrival of a cargo at one of the outports in time for an advantageous sale, or he may send down orders to sell goods or detain a vessel as circumstances require, while brokers and bankers may become acquainted with the fluctuations in the value of stocks all over the kingdom at the very instant of their occurrence, without waiting for the next day's post.

After what has already appeared on the subject in the Journal, we presume our readers sufficiently acquainted with its scientific details. In the present paper, we shall therefore confine ourselves to a few points connected with the economy and management of this new element of progress, which has been not inappropriately called 'the highway of thought.' The establishment in question is a new building expressly erected at the end of a narrow court running out of Lothbury, and in this situation affords but little external evidence of the important operations carried on within. Entering from the court, the visitor finds himself in an elegant and moderately-sized hall open to the roof, which consists of an ornamental skylight in compartments. Ranges of columns, supporting open galleries running round each side of the interior, rise one above another to the upper storey. The east and west galleries contain the 'instrument rooms' and printing department, the others are merely passages of communication. There is an air of business about the place—messengers arrive and depart—clerks are on the alert—from time to time the sudden *klung* of a bell announces that a message is on its way to one of the attendants above, for transmission to the locality under his charge. Behind the rows of columns on the ground-floor is a counter, with clerks in attendance: the eastern side is reserved for the telegraphs communicating with all parts south and east of London, and the western side for those to the north and west: this distinction, which presents many advantages, is kept up throughout. On the glazed partition behind each counter is a list of the names of places with which that side is in connection, so that a person on business can at once address himself to the proper quarter.

The wires from the various stations are brought into the building in the basement floor, where they may be seen terminating in a horizontal row of eighty-one small brass knobs. These wires are laid in tubes under

the surface of the streets, in the same way as gas and water pipes. There are nine of these tubes, with nine wires in each, making a total of eighty-one, corresponding to the number of knobs in which they terminate. The whole of these are not employed at once, but are provided as a reserve in case of accident to those actually in use, the number of which is twenty-six. Three of the tubes are connected with the North-Western or Birmingham station; one each with the South-Western, and South and North-Eastern, and the Company's office in the Strand; two others, which are spare tubes, communicate with the first two lines above enumerated. The wires, as they come in from each station, are numbered 1 to 9, 1 to 18, &c. according to the quantity; and about nine inches below the knobs in which they terminate is a similar row of knobs, to which are attached the wires from all the instruments in the building. These are numbered consecutively from 1 to 81, for facility of reference, and are termed the 'house wires,' the upper row being the 'line wires;' and wherever the wires terminate, in any part of the house, a corresponding number is affixed. Thus, supposing a clerk up stairs finds a difficulty in transmitting a message, he sends down to say that wires 30 and 31 are at fault somewhere. On looking at these numbers in the basement, they are found connected with numbers 7 and 8 of the Southampton line; and as it is of importance to avoid delay, and the continual digging up of the streets to find the defect, the connections may immediately be shifted to numbers 3 and 4, or 5 and 6, of the same line. The two battery-rooms are also on the basement floor, one for each side of the house, presenting the same arrangement of numbers, with the addition of a distinct number to each battery. If, on searching for defective wires, they are not found within the tubes carried through the streets, another portion of the apparatus is then brought into play, which at once points out the line of railway in which the fault will be found. A most perfect system of checks, in fact, is kept up throughout the establishment.

On mounting to the 'instrument galleries,' the 'house wires,' which are brought up from below through a shaft in the wall, are seen stretched in parallel lines immediately under the ceilings. They are all made to range east and west, to distinguish them from the 'line wires,' which are placed north and south. Each one shows a number at its termination, thus affording, as before explained, the readiest means of detecting defects. Two dials or instruments are generally placed at each desk; one of these may probably communicate only with the station in Shoreditch, while the other may be in connection with Peterborough, or some other remote locality. Each one is watched by a clerk, who, in the intervals of occupation, employs himself in reading: the book lies on the desk before him, and the click

of the needles, whenever they are set in motion, is at once sufficient to attract his attention: the telegraph bells, to avoid unnecessary noise and confusion, are not 'on' in the day-time. We were much gratified to learn that, as soon as the more pressing business details are completed, the Company intend to establish a library for the use of the clerks, whose time in the intervals of telegraphing would otherwise be wearisome and altogether lost. One portion of a gallery is set apart for the especial use of the Admiralty, who by this means may communicate with any of the outposts. They have, besides, an office in their building in Whitehall, connected only with Portsmouth. This is supplied with clerks, &c. by the Company, who perform this service, and keep the wires on the line in repair, for £1200 a year, paid by the government. The clerk at the South-Western instrument was on the alert at the time of our visit: a mail was expected at Southampton, and the signal was looked for every instant. 'Ask if it has arrived,' said the manager, who stood by; and almost as soon as the words could be spoken, came back the answer, 'Not yet.' Notwithstanding this was but an effect of a natural cause, there was something singularly impressive, bordering on the marvellous, in the contemplation of this instantaneous transmission of thought.

Rapid as this communication is, it will be obvious that the delivery of a long message, letter by letter, will in the end be tedious. This inconvenience is remedied by the telegraphic printing machine, the principle of which, due to Mr Davy of the Strand, has been adapted to the process by Mr Bain. This machinery is fixed in the upper western gallery; but without diagrams, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of its nature. It may be sufficient to state that certain wires are brought into combination with an arrangement of wheels, which give motion to a cylinder. A similar combination is supposed to exist at the other extremities of the wires at any distance: one wire only is required for the printing between any two places. The cylinder revolves on an endless screw of twenty-four threads to the inch; it is nearly a foot in diameter, and is covered with paper tinged pale green with sulphate of copper. A lever, to the extremity of which is attached a tongue of steel, or spring, delicate as a needle, is contrived so that the point may rest on the paper when required. Suppose, for example, the message sent from Derby: the arrangements being completed, contact is made, the machinery set to work, and the green paper round the cylinder, where it is pressed by the delicate spring above alluded to, immediately becomes marked by a series of dots and dashes (· — · — ·) of a dark-green colour, in lines whose distance is proportionate to the threads of the screw on which the cylinder revolves, twenty-four to the inch. The symbolic characters represent the letters of the alphabet, and are printed at the rate of a thousand a minute. In this way a column of the 'Times' may be rapidly worked off: as soon as an inch of the paper is covered, it can be detached by means of a cutting blade attached to the lever, and transcribed in ordinary writing.

The process by which the message or other document is communicated to the prepared paper is ingenious and interesting. It must first be stamped or punched through a narrow strip of paper, which, when rolled up, resembles a flat coil of tape. The punching tool, about a sixteenth of an inch diameter, is inserted in a holder moved by a spring, which rises immediately after being pressed. The coil of paper being placed so

as to revolve, the clerk takes the end, and pulling it gradually along under the punch, cuts out each individual letter of the message in its corresponding symbol or hieroglyph with great rapidity. The coil is re-wound, and when full, this portion is ready for transmission. It is affixed to the machinery before spoken of, and as it unwinds, a spring presses it down upon a metallic surface, with which contact is made every time that a hole-dot or dash passes, and broken when the spring presses only upon the intervening portion of the paper. This alternate making and breaking of contact is instantly transferred in smaller but corresponding characters to the paper on the cylinder at the place to which the message is being sent, although five hundred miles distant. Effectual as this process may appear, it can be regarded only as a step in progress. Time and experience will bring about great improvements in electric telegraphs, among which we shall doubtless see printing in the ordinary character, without the preliminary trouble of punching.

The charge for transmitting a message of twenty words is— to Cambridge, 4s. 6d.; Southampton, 5s. 6d.; Gosport, 6s. 6d.; Liverpool and Manchester, 8s. 6d.; Edinburgh, 427 miles, 13s. For forty words, the charge is nearly double; and so on in proportion. On the presentation of a message at one of the counters, after the usual business preliminaries, it is handed through to the 'Translating Office.' A merchant on 'Change sends to ask if his ship is in at Liverpool: the question may be, 'Has the Cleopatra arrived?' This is not spelt in the ordinary way, but is much shortened, by making use of a code of private signals drawn up by the Company. The answer comes back in the same form, and is then translated or written out at length, and passed through to the outer office. The clerks in the galleries are notified of the entry of a message by the stroke of a bell, and the document is conveyed to them and sent down again by a *lift*. At present, the sending of a message to Edinburgh occupies thirty minutes, in consequence of a break in the line at Newcastle, where it is carried by hand across the Tyne a mile and a half. When this interval is filled up, the communication will be, as in other cases, instantaneous.

As yet, the South-Eastern or Dover station, though it has a telegraphic office within itself, is unconnected with the central establishment; with all the other metropolitan stations the connection is complete. The cost per mile for fixing two wires along a railway is £70. This includes a patent-right charge of £20 per mile; but the expense diminishes in proportion to the number of wires, as one series of posts will do as well for six as two: for four wires, the cost would be £120. A ton of wire will extend four miles. Among improvements, that of a more perfect method of insulation is greatly desiderated, not only of the railway wires, but of those in the tubes underground. The latter are wound round with cotton, and covered with a mixture of glue and pitch. The envelope is, however, liable to fracture; and if the wires come into contact in any part of their length, the conducting power is immediately suspended. The Company pay £25 a year to the Waterloo Bridge proprietors for the privilege of carrying their tube across the edifice. The excavation and laying down of the tubes through the streets costs £450 per mile. With this is associated a singular charge by the Paving Commissioners of 1s. 6d. per yard for repairing, although the whole of the work is done by the party opening the street: it may probably be a fee for the trouble of inspection.

The Company's patent is for a period of fourteen years; at the expiration of which, should it not be renewed, they will naturally be exposed to competition. Other adventurers will be bidding for permission to establish competing lines along the rails. But the present parties will, of necessity, retain the control for a

long time, especially as the L20 patent-right will no longer be essential. Taking the whole of their establishments throughout the country, they have about one thousand persons in their service, inclusive of one hundred and twenty men continually employed in the manufacture of apparatus. The mere repairs, to say nothing of increased demand, will always require a large and competent staff of workmen.

Hitherto, the number of paid messages transmitted daily from the Central Office has been from fifteen to twenty: this department is one which in time will be most extensively developed. Lloyd's establishment will avail themselves of it; and for a payment of two guineas annually, any one may make use of the Company's Subscription Rooms in any part of the kingdom, with a set of private signals for the transmission of ship and share lists, prices current, reports of corn markets, &c. The telegraphs for commercial messages are quite independent of those in the service of the railway companies. Sixty places, including the chief ports and towns of the country, are at the present time in telegraphic connection with the Central Office.

The Company do not undertake to be responsible for accidental delay in the transmission of a message, nor for errors in delivery, beyond the sum of £5. They recommend customers on all occasions to have the message repeated, in which case they are responsible. The charge for repetition is one-half of the first cost. Correct delivery of 'money messages' may be insured at the rate of 2s. 6d. per cent. Many of these charges will doubtless undergo revision and modification when all the arrangements shall be completed.

Our acknowledgments are due to Mr Holmes, general manager of the works and apparatus, for his explanations during our visit, and the facilities he afforded for minute inspection of every part of the establishment.

FORTUNE-SEEKERS AND FORTUNE-MAKERS.

A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'Where's Fred this evening?' inquired Francis Bolton, putting his head in at the half-open door of the little parlour behind a grocer's shop in one of the leading thoroughfares of London. The query was addressed to a young but pale and careworn-looking matron, who was bending over an infant, hushing it to rest, whilst four older children, of various ages, were gambolling at her feet.

'He's just gone out with Mr Hawkins,' was the reply, and a suppressed sigh accompanied the words.

'What! left his business on a Saturday night?' interrogated the visitor, who was the brother of the shopkeeper. 'It is surely some matter of importance that has taken him out then?' These observations were intended to call forth an answer; but the wife only looked up, and shook her head mournfully.

The visitor now entered the apartment, and sat down by her side. He affectionately patted the head of a rosy boy of seven; playfully discomposed the flaxen ringlets of a smiling girl of five; took a younger one in his lap; and bade the other play at ball or hide-and-seek for his amusement. 'My dear Mrs Bolton,' he then said in an anxious and somewhat agitated tone, 'you must use your influence to prevent this close intimacy between Hawkins and your husband, or it will be Alfred's ruin.' Another sigh escaped the lips of the young matron. It was a sigh which said, 'My influence is not so great as it was eight years ago;' but still she spoke not. 'He's an idle, dissolute fellow, I assure you,' her companion pursued; 'one of those fellows who live upon their wits. His convivial spirit makes him attractive amongst a certain class of persons; but he's a dangerous acquaintance, especially to one of Fred's irresolute character.'

'I am too well aware of that,' the wife now made answer; 'yet nothing I can say will induce Alfred to

think so. Would it not be well for you to speak to him on the subject?' she asked.

'My interference, unhappily, would answer no good purpose, Susan. Fred thinks that, because he is older than I am, I have no right to counsel him, and he is only angry if I attempt it.'

The dialogue was here interrupted by the apprentice calling out from the shop, 'Will master be in soon, ma'am?' And Mrs Bolton, looking through the still half-open door, perceived that the counter was thronged with customers.

'I must go and assist John. I am sure you will excuse my leaving you so abruptly,' she quietly said, depositing her precious charge, which she had by this time lulled to repose, in the little cot which swung by her side. 'Have you any message for your brother?' she asked, as she moved towards the door; adding, 'I cannot press you to wait with the expectation of seeing him; I know you are anxious to get home to your family.'

'I very much wished to see him, and I thought I should be sure to find him at home to-night,' Francis returned.

'I'll tell him then that you called.'

'Tell him also that it is the 19th day of the month; he will understand you.' The wife faintly smiled an assent, and retreated.

'Don't go yet, Uncle Frank,' cried the eldest boy, running up and clasping the young man's knees; 'stop and have a game with us first. Father used to play with us sometimes, but now he is always out.'

'Always out?'

'Yes, uncle, he's always out after tea; and I'm at school all day, so he can never play with us.'

'When he went out to-night, mother cried,' chimed in the little girl, and her own bright eyes were overflowing with tears as she spoke. 'She said, "Don't go, don't go," to father so many times, that he was angry with her, and so cross to us.'

'Poor children!' the visitor soliloquised, 'your condition is, I fear, more unhappy than your young hearts conceive. I can't stay to-night, my dears,' he kindly said, caressing them by turns; then looking tenderly at the unconscious infant, as he slept peacefully in his little bed, he darted through the shop, nodding affectionately to his gentle sister-in-law as he passed.

We will now introduce the reader to a similar apartment, in which another family group were assembled. This difference, however, existed: the countenance of the fair young matron was the personification of peace and happiness, and the entrance of Francis Bolton was the signal for a burst of delight.

'I am late this evening, but I hope you have not been anxious, dearest Letty!' the husband exclaimed, as he tenderly saluted his wife. 'When I left home in the morning, I was not aware that business would call me to my brother's.'

'Oh I was not afraid that you were spending your week's earnings at a tavern,' she playfully made answer. The young man sighed. 'Why, my dear Frank, you look as grave as if you had really been guilty of the thing. Ha! have I surmised aright?' and she looked up with a smile which contradicted her words.

'No, my love; but I will tell you when we are alone what it is which causes my gravity. Now give the baby to me, and go to market;' and as he spoke, he took the infant from her arms, and threw a handful of silver into her lap. 'Be economical to-night, Letty,' he whispered, as she proceeded to equip herself in her bonnet and cloak.

'Am I not always economical?' the wife inquired.

'Yes, my love; I've no cause for complaint on that score; but I wish you to be more than usually so; I'll tell you why when you return.'

'Nay, tell me now, dear Frank; pray don't keep me in suspense. I fear there is something the matter.'

'No, no—nothing serious, my dear; don't be alarmed; it's only a trifling loss, which we must redeem by prac-

forcing a little self-denial. Perhaps,' he added, with a forced laugh—'perhaps it is a *happy* event, for it may teach me to be more cautious.'

'You have been called upon to pay the bill you accepted for your brother,' she gently said.

'Even so. It is the first time I ever did such a thing, and depend upon it, Letty, it is the *last* I will put my hand to.'

'But you thought to serve your brother, so you must not reflect upon yourself, dear Frank,' she soothingly observed.

'I did; but I now see that I shall impoverish my own family without materially benefiting him; and this I do not think it right to do, even for a brother.' The wife made no further comment; but when she returned with the provision for the week's consumption, it was obvious that she had borne her husband's injunction in mind.

Ere the evening was over, the quietude of the little family was broken in upon by the entrance of Alfred Bolton, who, elated with some information he had just received, and half inebriated with the copious potations of ale which he had drunk, saluted his brother with a blow on the shoulder, which made him shrink to a little distance.

'I've excellent news for you, my boy—excellent news!' he began: 'so let's have a glass over it.'

'You know, Fred, that I belong to the Total Abstinence Society,' Francis replied.

'Oh, I forgot that. Then I suppose,' he sneeringly added, 'you wouldn't treat a friend, or even a brother, with a glass, and so you save your pocket and quiet your conscience at the same time.'

'You are quite right, Fred; I do most certainly save my pocket and quiet my conscience; but my principal motive in joining that society was, that I might set an example to others.'

'And have you found the plan answer?' Alfred laughingly inquired.

'I have. I hope I have been the means of rescuing two or three families from the sin in which drunkenness is sure to involve them, and I yet hope to exert similar influence over many more.'

'You'll never bring me to sign my name to such a pledge!' Alfred interrupted him by exclaiming. 'But we'll drop this subject; we shall never agree upon it; and I've something more interesting to talk about.'

'I hope the good news you have to communicate is, that you will be able to refund the money I paid for you to-day?' Francis gravely remarked.

'Oh I shall be able to pay that and every other debt in a very short time.'

'From what source, pray?'

'Why, I have a fortune in view.'

'Not from the profits of your business, if you leave it, as you are now doing, on a Saturday night.'

'No, I shall never get a fortune by shopkeeping, that's sure. I wasn't cut out for it. I was born to spend a fortune, not to make one.'

'But you must make it before you can spend it.'

'Not if it's ready-made for me.'

'I don't understand what you mean by all this, Fred; and, to own the truth, I am rather anxious to know what good prospect you have of refunding this money, for I have been obliged to draw upon a little reserve I had made for a specific object in order to settle the bill.'

'Oh, you must wait a few weeks—only a few weeks, and then you'll see me driving my phaeton.'

'More likely that I shall see you in a prison.'

'You are very fond of prophesying a prison for me, Frank. I can't say that I think it altogether brotherly. However, time will prove which of us is in the right.'

'The tradesman who leaves his business to his wife and his apprentice, and spends his Saturday night at a tavern, is on the high road to a prison, or I'm very much mistaken,' Francis remarked.

'That visit to the White Lion to-night was the most

lucky thing that ever happened to me,' the young man returned. 'And now I'll tell you all about it. What should I see there but an advertisement for one Alfred Bolton, the nephew of the late Captain Thomas Bolton of the Royal Marines, with the information that a large sum of money, willed to him by the said captain, lay in the hands of the executors of the deceased!'

'And is that the only ground for your great expectations?'

'Only ground! Why, I think that is enough. You know, Frank, that father used to talk about a brother Tom, who ran away from home when a youth, and it was supposed took to a seafaring life. Well, there can't be a doubt that this is the very man.'

'I don't agree with you in concluding that there can't be a doubt. The names are common.'

'True; but the coincidence of names and profession is singular. I am quite satisfied that I am the person.'

'Well, if you can make the executors as well satisfied, it will be a good thing; but I'm not so sanguine.'

'And I suppose you'd have me say, "Oh, it's no use trying," and go plodding on behind my counter without attempting to better myself.'

'No, Fred, that is not my advice. I would have you apply by all means; but at the same time I would not have you suffer yourself to be so elated with the expectation that a disappointment would greatly depress you; nor would I see you neglecting one of your *positive* duties in the pursuit of an *uncertain* good.'

'That's just like you, Frank.'

'Is it not common sense and prudence?'

'Well, well; call it what you like. Now I'll go home, and tell the news to Suky.'

'Poor Susan!' his brother responded, 'she looks very pale and ill. I fear she is suffering from the double duty you impose upon her.'

'Oh, she shall ride in her carriage soon. Good-by, good-by;' and the visitor made an exit as abrupt as his entrance had been.

The notion that a fortune was only awaiting his putting forth his hand to take it having once got possession of the mind of Alfred Bolton, he took no further interest in his business. The shop he occupied had been established for more than thirty years. His father had brought up a large family in respectability from its profits, and industry and perseverance would have insured the same success to him. His natural indolence was, however, encouraged by the society he made choice of, which, together with his weakness of mind and unstable principles, led to the most unhappy results. The connections which commenced with an occasional visit to the tavern, proceeded in time to positive intemperance; and Bolton now seldom returned to his distressed family until in a state of intoxication. Poor Susan did all in her power to keep the connection together: she strove to supply her husband's place in the shop, though she was necessarily obliged to neglect her children, and sacrifice the domestic comfort of their home. The apprentice, taking advantage of his master's inattention to business, and thinking that a woman had no right to assume the authority, became remiss in his duties. He transgressed the rules of the house with impunity, and at last became so daring in his resistance of control, that Mrs Bolton, though with great reluctance, was obliged to lodge complaints against him to her husband. The remonstrances of an idle and intemperate master could not, however, be expected to have much effect upon the youth. He defied his power, and still persisted in the same practices.

Such a state of things could not long continue. The wholesale dealers with whom Bolton transacted his business sent in their bills at the usual time; but there was no money to meet their demands. The principal as well as the profits had been expended in endeavours to obtain documents, which, after all, proved to be useless, and in libations at the tavern to drown care and stifle the stings of conscience.

To add to the troubles from which the family were suffering, an epidemic which was raging in the neighbourhood seized the younger branches, and one after another was attacked. Fears were entertained that they would fall victims to the disease, and this new calamity called forth all the mother's feelings. She could now no longer fill her husband's place, and the business, in its turn, gave way to these pressing duties.

Mrs Bolton was, late one evening, sitting with the youngest of her children in her arms, expecting every hour would terminate his life, when her husband's brother entered the same little parlour to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our narrative. He did not now, however, inquire, as before, for Alfred, but seating himself in silence by the side of the weeping mother, cast on her a compassionating and sympathising glance. 'I am sent to you by your husband, my dear Mrs Bolton,' he at length said, bending as he spoke over the sick child, in order to conceal his emotion.

'By Alfred?' she inquired. 'What is the matter? Is he ill?'

'No, not ill; but he will not be able to see you to-night.'

A gleam of the truth crossed the mind of the unhappy wife, but no burst of agony escaped her. She had grown familiar with misfortune, and this fresh disaster was only what she had for some weeks anticipated.

'He is in a prison,' she said in that hollow tone bespeaking a depth of distress which cannot vent itself in tears or expressions of anguish. 'I guess it all too well—I have long foreseen this termination.'

'And so have I, dear Susan,' Francis affectionately returned; 'but that has not softened the blow. It has distressed me and Letty beyond measure to see you and your innocent children suffering from the misconduct of my foolish brother. Say, however, what we can do to serve you?'

'You are very kind,' the wife returned, whilst a smile for an instant illumined her pale, careworn features—'you are very kind; but I cannot ask you to provide my children with that support which their father might earn for them. Things *must* now shortly come to a climax, and then, if it is the will of Providence that they should be spared, I will work for them with my own hands.'

'But you are ill, and unequal to any further exertion.'

'You know not what a mother can do for her offspring,' she energetically made answer.

That night, in the gloom and solitude of a home which had once been the abode of happiness—a home from which she expected shortly to be driven—Susan Bolton closed the eyes of her youngest-born.

It may be here necessary to inform the reader that Alfred Bolton's claim to the advertised property had not been acknowledged by the executors of the deceased captain. Several other candidates had come forward with him. These had, however, been alike unsuccessful in proving their identity; and this circumstance had strengthened Bolton in his conviction that he was the person to whom it really belonged. He protested that the executors were a set of rogues, who had resolved to keep the money in their own hands; and neither the gloom of his prison-home, the prospect of insolvency, nor the destitution of his family, could daunt his hopes of one day being master of the disputed wealth. He was resolved, he said, when once again at large, to prosecute the knaves who were endeavouring to rob him of his right; and vain were poor Susan's tears and prayers that he would drop all thoughts of the unfortunate business, and turn his energies to the settlement of his own affairs.

Francis was equally urgent on the subject; and though it was by his generous aid alone that the family were saved from starvation, his brother would not listen to his counsel.

'Alfred,' he said to him one evening as he sat at

the window of his room overlooking his fellow-debtors, who were amusing themselves with the monotonous prison games in the court below, 'I hope you have now seen the fallacy of pursuing a shadow, and, by so doing, losing the substance. You must be aware that, but for the expectation you had of that property, and the consequent neglect of your shop, you might have been still in your snug little parlour instead of this miserable abode.'

'You are wrong in terming it a shadow, Frank,' his brother interposed. 'The money is as surely mine as that I sit upon this seat; and I shall yet be able to prove that it is so.'

'If that is your determination,' the younger Bolton returned, 'I have no hope for your future prospects.'

'But what am I to do?' Alfred impatiently asked. 'I shall have neither money nor credit to begin the world again with. Am I to see my family die of starvation, and then throw myself into the river?'

'You know that I advocate neither apathy nor despair,' his brother returned. 'I would see you exert your energies, but then they should be directed in the right course. Your best way will be, on your release from confinement, to take some situation in the line of business to which you have been accustomed.'

'What! I who have been a master for these ten years become a servant! No, Frank, I will be no man's slave!'

'You are the slave of your own false pride,' cried Francis; 'and that is thralldom far more ignoble than is his who literally wears a chain of bondage. I tell you, Fred, that the pursuit of an honest calling, however humble, would be honourable to your character, instead of entailing disgrace; and your creditors would be more likely, at some future period, to offer you further assistance in setting you up in your business again, if they saw that you were industrious and steady.'

'Ah, all this is very fine in theory, but it will be very difficult to practise it.'

'You know that I am not above being in the employment of another,' the younger brother remarked.

'True, you fill a subordinate situation; but then you have others under you.'

'All this is great folly, Fred,' Francis resumed; 'nay, it is worse than folly. The grand criterion of respectability is for a man to do his duty, let that duty lie in whatever path it may.'

After the usual law process, Alfred Bolton passed through the insolvent debtors' court, and was set at large. All the worldly wealth he had then to call his own was a few articles of furniture and wearing apparel, and these he removed from his commodious house in town to a mean lodging in the Surrey suburbs. Even here, however, Susan's clever management and good taste produced an air of comfort; and she generously forebore to make any allusions to their former situation, lest her husband should imagine that she intended it as a reproof. With the view of assisting in the maintenance of the family, she recommenced the business by which she had supported herself prior to her marriage; but she now found it to be a difficult task. When a woman in the humbler classes of society has the charge of a young family, it is quite sufficient for her to fulfil those duties; and in proportion as her attention is directed to other objects, the comforts of home, and the mental and physical health of her children, must suffer. To Mrs Bolton there was, unhappily, no choice. No sooner was her husband at liberty, than he fell into his former practices; he put off the execution of the plan his brother had recommended, with the vague expectation of being able to get possession of what he termed his right. His days were therefore spent in transacting business in conjunction with a disreputable attorney, who fed his hopes with the agreement that his client should handsomely recompense him in the event of success; and his evenings in convivial parties at a tavern; for those by whom his society was considered a pleasant addition, paid his reckoning, with the resolve

to indemnify themselves when Bolton should become a rich man.

Thus week after week passed. The attorney, in the name of his client, now commenced proceedings against the executors of the late Captain Bolton's will; and the young man was in ecstasies with the prospect, which his own imagination filled up with gold, and all the luxuries it will procure. Susan was one morning sitting engaged with her needle, with her four surviving little ones about her—for her means would not allow her to send them to school, and their father's pride could not submit to the humiliation of receiving their education as a charity—when Bolton and his man of business unexpectedly stopped at the door in a hackney-coach. The former alighted in great haste, saying that he wanted to present some valuable papers which he had in his possession before the court.

'I wish you had come a few minutes earlier,' his wife observed. 'There has been a person here inquiring for you, and I have just said I did not know when you would be in.'

'What sort of a person?'

'An aged sailor-looking man with a wooden leg. Indeed I thought he had some especial motive in calling, for he seemed very anxious to see you, and made inquiries respecting your father.'

'Oh, he has some intelligence to give me regarding the money: how unfortunate I missed him. Which way did he go?'

'Down the street towards the Westminster Road.'

'I'll follow him. A sailor with a wooden leg did you say, Susan?' His wife nodded assent, and leaping into the vehicle, Bolton drove down the street with even greater haste than before.

Scarcely had Mrs Bolton reseated herself in order to resume her occupation, when a loud summons at the knocker brought her again to the door. It was her husband, who, having almost immediately overtaken the person he was in quest of, had sent the lawyer on with the papers, and returned with the view of questioning the man ere he himself made his appearance in the court.

'Be seated, my friend,' he said, placing him as he spoke an arm-chair by the side of the fire. 'You look weary; you shall have a glass of ale, and then I will listen to what you have to relate.'

'Mine is a sad story, sir,' the old man made answer, and he looked very complacently at the refreshment which Mrs Bolton now brought forth.

'You have some particulars to give me regarding my family?' Bolton observed, a little disconcerted at the last remark.

'Well, sir, I don't know yet whether it may be about your family, but I hope it is.'

'I don't understand you: I thought, from what my wife told me, that you knew my father, Mr Francis Bolton; and I concluded, as you were a sailor, you had some knowledge also of Captain Thomas Bolton.'

'Are you the son of Francis Bolton of York, sir?'

'I am.'

'And you've a brother called Alfred?'

'No: I am Alfred Bolton—my brother's name is Francis. I am the eldest son, though I was not named after my father.'

'Then I believe you are the young man I am in search of.'

'Well, well, my good friend, now you are satisfied on that head, let me hear what you have to communicate. I have a fortune resting on a straw, and I'll pay you well if you can turn it in my favour.'

'A fortune?—pay me?—I don't know what you mean, sir.'

'Don't you know that I am the rightful owner of Captain Bolton's property? Haven't you come here for the express purpose of telling me what you know of him?'

'Not I, sir: I know nothing about such a person. I came here to find out my brother's children.'

'Pshaw, old man, what are your brother's children to me? Don't you know, then, anything of Captain Thomas Bolton of the royal marines?'

'Not I, sir.'

'Then what did you come here for, fellow?'

'Softly, softly, Alfred,' Susan gently interposed: 'respect the gray hairs of this poor man: either he or you are under some mistake in this matter.'

The sailor turned to her with an expression of deep gratitude. 'Why, ma'am,' he hesitatingly said, 'I didn't say who I was at first, because I wanted to know whether I'd found the right person; but I'm pretty sure now.'

'Who are you then?' Bolton almost fiercely asked.

'Well, sir, I ain't ashamed to own my name, though I am poor, and have only one leg and a stump to carry me. I assure you I've never disgraced my kin, whether they own me or not.'

'Who are you, old man?' Bolton again vociferated.

'Why, sir, I'm Thomas Bolton.'

'Thomas Bolton!'

'Yes, sir; I am the youngest boy, who ran away from home—the brother of your father, sir.'

'Tis a falsehood!' cried the young man, stamping his foot furiously on the ground. 'You've been sent, here by those knaves of executors.'

Again Susan interposed, intreating that her husband would listen calmly to what the old man had to say.

'I've nothing else to say, ma'am,' he rejoined. 'If your husband won't believe me, but turns his back upon his nearest kin, why, I'll take myself off, that's all. It shan't be said that Tom Bolton ever cringed for a meal.'

'You shall not go. I'll have you taken up as an impostor. I'll sift this foul concern to the bottom.'

'Taken up?—foul concern? I really don't know what you mean, sir. I ask you for nothing, if you don't think proper to own me as your uncle—only I'm a little disappointed.'

There was such an air of truthfulness, and so much simplicity in the aspect and manner of the old man, that Susan felt at once convinced that his statements were correct. She dared not, however, say this to her husband in his present irritated state of mind; but drawing him aside, ventured to suggest that he should detain the sailor by gentle means till the return of the attorney, who, she said, would, by a few cross questions, soon discover whether it was as he suspected.

Bolton having, from the decision of his own judgment, some fears lest his humble guest should be able to prove his identity, listened to her counsel. If his cause were indeed hopeless, he had no wish to involve himself in any further law expenses. Therefore bidding the old man reseal himself, and take the refreshment which was placed before him, he paced up and down the room with impatient yet less angry gestures.

It was not, however, till Susan had earnestly intreated and whispered an apology for her husband's harsh language, that the old man would comply with the request. But he could not resist her pleadings; and in a few minutes he had the children about his knees, begging him to tell them some story of the sea.

'I should very much like to be a sailor,' exclaimed the eldest boy.

A speaking glance from the mother followed this speech. It was a glance which said, if you regard my feelings, encourage not this wish. The old man read in a moment the expression of her moist eye, and sympathy, or it might be the recollection of his own gentle mother, caused a glistening drop to roll down his sunburnt and furrowed cheek.

'Ah, that is just what I thought, my fine fellow, when I was your age,' he returned, drawing the boy closer to his side; 'and when my father and mother said I should not go, I was wicked enough to say I would, and then to run away from home. But I've often wished I hadn't done it. I soon got tired of the hard work and the hard fare; and I was frightened when the wind tossed the ship about, and I had to climb up the rigging

and take down the sails: and then I often cried for my dear happy home and my good father and mother; and I wanted to play at my old games with my brothers and sisters; but 'twas too late!

The child looked thoughtful, the mother grateful, and the old man, with evident emotion, went on—'Learn a lesson from me, my little lad,' he said. 'If you wish to be a happy man, don't be a disobedient, bad boy. I've seemed as happy, and laughed as loud, as any of my shipmates, but I wasn't happy none the more for that. I used to think of my poor mother, for I knew she'd cry every time she heard the wind roar; and I'd have gone back to her, but they took care I should not leave the ship. So I never saw her again; for when I was a man, and got leave to visit my native town, she was dead, she and my father too; and my brothers and sisters were all gone to live no one knew where, so I was left alone. Oh, I was bitterly sorry that I ever left them; and here I am, in my old age, lame and homeless, and without a relation to own me.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the reappearance of the attorney. He entered with an aspect which told of disappointment, ere his lips communicated a word. 'It's all over with us!' Bolton muttered, being by this time quite convinced of the old man's identity. He drew the man of business into an adjoining apartment, and there received the corroboration of his worst fears.

The total blight of his lofty expectations had a worse effect on the mind of Alfred Bolton than even the hope of wealth had produced. His habits of idleness and intemperance grew more fixed; his temper became morose and even fierce, inasmuch that his gentle wife trembled in his presence; and his children fled from him with dread. Susan's relatives, justly indignant at the treatment she received, would have assisted her and the children, if they could have induced her to leave him; but bad as he was, her heart clung to him with affection, which had been too long and too ardently cherished to be extinguished even by his brutality. Thus year after year passed away; but the constitution of the young man, which was naturally delicate, could not bear up against the poisonous effects of a continuous course of intoxication. He fell a victim to that ruinous vice which has slain its thousands and tens of thousands; and his wife was left a widow, his children fatherless.

Widely different was the career of the younger Bolton, and consequently the fate of his family. His strict integrity and undeviating good conduct won the respect and confidence of his employers, and he was raised, step by step, into more important and more lucrative situations, until he became a junior partner in the firm. A few years subsequently, the elder merchants, growing fatigued with the cares of business, retired, and left the whole concern in his hands. The change in their circumstances did not, however, call forth any undue elation on the part of either Francis Bolton or his amiable wife. They had a commodious and well-furnished home, instead of the humble second floor with which they had commenced their married life; a well-spread board, and all the comfort and conveniences which money can so readily procure; but there was no vain display—no attempts to vie with persons of rank and fashion—no affectation of their manners and amusements. Mr Bolton was known as an open-hearted, generous, and affable individual, and his wife as a gentle, unostentatious matron, who had ever a smile for a friend, and a guinea for an object of charity. None spoke of their sumptuous dinners, their elegant soirées, or their splendid equipage; to be respected and beloved was the gerdon they desired, and this they freely received.

The sequel of poor Susan's fate is sad to relate. A life of extreme mental and bodily suffering could scarcely be a long life. She died prematurely—one of the many innocent victims of vice—but not hopelessly; for her last days were cheered by seeing her boys under the protecting care of her excellent brother-in-law, and by

the kind assurances of Letitia Bolton that her daughter should, at her death, be received into their family as one of her own children.

THE WEST INDIA VOYAGER.

Dec. 15, 184-. We sighted Jamaica early this morning: at five o'clock the whole of the south-east end of the island was visible—the Blue Mountains forming an admirable background. They are not less than thirty-five miles off, and yet seem under our bow. To one who has learnt to measure distance in the tropics, however, by the shades of objects, they seem as distant as they really are. The whole island is covered, from the beach to the summit of the hills, with verdure; but it appears at this distance arid and barren, with all the peculiar ashy-brown tints which strike one so much in Robert's paintings. These tints are the signs of distance, and form, with the intense blue of the sky and sea, and the green of the nearer parts of the shore, a combination of singular beauty.

Jamaica, Dec. 25.—A Christmas-day to be remembered! The thermometer at 80 degrees: the dinner, turtle and plumpudding! In England, a lunch of 'turtle and Madeira' would sound very extravagant; here it is among the most economical. The extravagance is in bread, cheese, and porter—the one a shilling a pound, the other a shilling a bottle. The negroes live much better than the English labourers at all events. They are, in town, generally married from carriages, which they borrow of their old masters, and are always dressed expensively on such occasions. They have often white bread in their houses; and this Christmas time we met hundreds of them returning from Kingston market, whither they had gone, some forty miles on foot, to buy their Christmas feast. In this district, where, in the time of slavery, white bread was seldom to be had, it is sold in large quantities, and chiefly to the negroes. Nor can this excite surprise. A man and his wife, working two days a week on their own ground, will supply themselves with ordinary provisions; the proceeds of the other four days—or eight shillings—they can afford to spend on luxuries. The general feeling on the south side of the island is, that while drought and heavy taxation have lessened the means of the people, the diminution of their contributions for schools and other purposes is to be attributed chiefly to an increase of artificial wants, and the loss, in some degree, of their interest in religious instruction. All the schools are suffering from this cause.

The negroes are very fond of fine names, or expressive ones. They often call their children 'Prince George,' 'King William,' 'Lord Sligo,' without any surname at all. Their houses are—'Content,' 'Come See,' 'Much Sweet,' 'At Last.' Their horses, if they work well, are sometimes 'Bolus;' if they draw well, 'Blister!' The cleverest name yet given to a horse in this island is thought to be 'Graphy,' as it affords ample opportunity for the exercise of their inventive genius. 'Top Ography' bids him stop; 'Ge Ography' bids him go; 'Sten Ography' bids him stand. All catch this spirit. 'Saddle Faith, and give Hope her corn,' said a friend last evening. He afterwards told me that 'Charity' had fallen and broken her neck some months before!

Stony Hill, near Kingston, Jan. 1, 184-. Here we are amid the finest scenery I have yet witnessed in Jamaica—nine miles from Kingston, at the country-house of a friend. Before us lies the city of Kingston, the fine harbour, Port Royal, and a beautiful savanna of several miles in extent; around us are the Liguanea Mountains, on one of which our house stands. It is now

winter, but the double jessamine, the thumbergia, and flowers of all hues and shapes, are in bloom. The house is called a cottage, and has a pleasant garden, and eleven acres of Guinea-grass attached to it.

From Stony Hill we have a view of the harbour of Kingston. From Port Royal (which is at the entrance) to Kingston is seven miles, and from east to west the harbour extends, in the widest part, not less than fifteen miles. The whole is completely land-locked, and is celebrated for the security of the anchorage, and its sharks! More than once we noticed the surface of the water cut by the dorsal fins of a couple of these monsters. They are greatly dreaded by the negroes; and not without reason. Among the curiosities of this residence are the India-rubber tree, the melon cactus, the rose, the sand-box tree, with a seedpod that makes an admirable sand-box; and the romantic mountain scenery, reminding me every here and there of Switzerland. The breeze, too, is very refreshing, and the water and fruits delicious. Among the interesting occurrences of the last day or two, I may reckon a visit to the coral reefs near Port Royal. The branching coral, and the brain stone, as seen in the depth of the water, have a very magical effect: they look like a submarine forest, and tempt you to plunge down and walk under the shade. Have I ever described a night in Kingston? It is noteworthy. The nights I spent there were generally moonlight; the sky a beautiful blue; the moon's rays of silvery whiteness, giving the appearance of snow to the roofs of all the buildings in the city. Your windows are of course left open, the jalousies being shut so as to exclude the moon's beams. As you go to bed, and when you have laid yourself under the sheet, you are tormented with a curious unearthly buzz. It proceeds from a delicately-shaped insect, with tiniest body, long legs, and most voracious head and feelers: it is the mosquito. Its buzz continues till it sends you into a fever, or a broken troubled sleep. But why not cover yourself up in the sheet, you ask? First, it is too warm; and secondly, the sheet will not protect you. The buzz continues, and if the animal is so minded, it can bite through sheet and all. It is the everlasting buzz, however, that will most tease you. . . . After you have been an hour in bed—supposing you to retire about ten—hark! the cocks are crowing! and as Kingston is full of these 'feathered bipeds,' they crow at each other till morning. 'Cock-crowing' in Jamaica means from eleven p. m. to eight a. m. At the same time the dogs begin their music, and go on barking at each other, or the moon, till daylight. They may be seen prowling about the city all day, very much as in the East. The mosquitoes, cocks, and dogs of Kingston, no visitor will ever forget.

Mount Charles, Jan. 2.—I have hardly done Jamaica justice. Our ride to-day has equalled our Swiss rides in beauty: the hills are most rich in vegetation, and very romantic: the valleys, too, abound in cane-pieces and cocoa nuts: Mount Charles is the sunniest, prettiest spot I have seen—a high hill, with hills and valleys of every shape and size around. The entire landscape extended not less than fifteen miles in each direction; and though I missed the background of the Alps, we had more than Alpine luxuriance and softness. We here witnessed a negro wedding; and though I cannot say that the lady blushed 'celestial rosy red,' I have no doubt, judging from her trepidation, that she felt in her heart all the maiden modesty and virgin pride of which blushing is the appropriate sign. She was dressed like any lady: satin, orange blossom, and French white, according to the approved style in such matters. They sent us a piece of their wedding cake; not the crowning summit of the loaf (which is always kept for some patron-lady), but an inferior piece, which they deemed good enough for bachelor friends.

Port Maria, Jan. 4.—The Jamaica people say that their seasons are quite altered since freedom, as is everything else. The very fish will not be caught 'since freedom': birds are scarcer and wilder 'since

freedom:' the rains, which ought to have come and gone before now, had they observed old rules, are still prevalent. Yesterday morning I rode from Annotta Hay to Port Maria, fifteen miles, through regular tropical water-spouts, and over one of the worst roads in the island.

Falmouth, Jan. 16.—I am now in this sea-side town, with morasses on each side; my only comfort the daily visit of the 'doctor,' as the strong sea-breeze is called. On Monday we go on to Montego Bay and Lucea; and on our return take another group of villages inland, till, by the middle of February, we hope to reach Kingston again. During the last few days, we have seen several sugar properties, and have been interested in the process of sugar-making. A sugar estate, with its waving cane-pieces—looking not unlike a Brobdignagian corn-field—its whitewashed house and mill, its upland Guinea-grass and forest, is a very beautiful scene; nor less beautiful for the presence of the negro workman—'God's image in ebony,' as Mason Goode calls him—and his white dress. Unhappily, the bad economy of the sugar estate is as obvious as its beauty. Every estate has, as we noticed, its sugar mill and boiler—the whole kept up at a very enormous expense, and used for about three months in the year. If every farm in England had its corn-mill worked by water-power, the water being brought to the mill by expensive aqueducts, we should have at home a sample of Jamaica management. The sugar is boiled, too, in open pans, at a higher temperature than is necessary, and with a large waste of materials. The air of the boiling-house is laden with sweets. . . . Nothing strikes a stranger more in Jamaica than the large amount of land not under cultivation. The hills, and many of the valleys, are all in bush. Twice or thrice the present number of inhabitants might find support and employment in the island. At the same time, it can hardly be doubted that there is now quite as much labour as there is capital to employ it. The labour is considerably in excess. This deficiency of capital shows itself sometimes in the non-payment of wages, but chiefly in the refusal to employ the labourers continuously throughout the year, and in consequent defective cultivation. For estates now under cultivation, there seems capital enough to plant the canes, and to cut them, but not to do justice to the soil. The consequence is, that for four or six months in the year the demand for labour is excessive, and at other times there is no demand at all. The only security against this serious evil is large capital and efficient cultivation: with these appliances, the evil will cure itself in a very little time. In one parish, the land and management are so improved, that crop time continues all the year round; the labour is regular, and never excessive; and as each cane-piece is finished, another is ready.

Some English proprietors whom we met here, and who have visited Guiana and Cuba, assured us that, with English enterprise and skill, even the older islands, like Jamaica, have nothing to fear from Spanish competition. The grand defect in the social economy of the West Indies, as I formerly hinted, is the want of a resident proprietary with capital and skill. Just fancy the consequence of land in England being managed not by the delegates of absentee proprietors, but the delegates of parties who possess mortgages over the properties. Of course nothing but ruin and discontent would be the result.

Havanna, Cuba, March 11.—The first city we have yet seen; a very noble one too, with Boulevards, European hotels, Moro-Spanish buildings, tomb of Columbus, volantes, gaslights, oratorios—'Israel in Egypt' being to be performed this very evening—and slaves!

Yesterday morning we went on shore, and after paying a brief visit to the British consul, with whom our letter from the Governor of Jamaica found marked favour, we hired a volante, and drove through the city. A volante! only mark it—a horse, a carriage, and a

pair of wheels—the horse with his tail platted, and fastened by a silver-embossed strap to the saddle; the saddle occupied by a slave, dressed in gigantic Spanish boots, with spurs of Don Quixote fashion, and smart livery; the carriage, suspended on leathern straps between the horse and the wheels, easy and elegant, not unlike an English cabriolet; the wheels, never less than six feet high, seem made to run behind, and really answer their purpose well. The length of the whole concern is about thirty feet, and the motion is very agreeable. Having mounted our carriage, we were *glided* away to the Boulevards—a very fine ride, of a mile or two in length, each side of the road bordered with flowering shrubs and the cabbage-palm; seats, and statues, and fountains, placed at due intervals, and very splendid buildings at each end. At three o'clock we dined at an American hotel, in American style; agreeable enough for once, though I could not help looking at the negroes who waited at table with more earnestness than became a visitor. In the evening we took another drive, and witnessed some novel scenes. We went again to the Boulevard, or Paseo. It was nearly six o'clock, the witching hour of the tropics: the intense blue of the heavens had given place to light snow-like clouds, which floated gently in a rich puce-coloured sky: the sun's rays had ceased to point towards the earth, and were all stretching away in solid masses of light to the heaven. The whole city is astir at this hour: the stores are closed, volantes fly in every direction—that is, up and down, for the Paseo is straight, and the volante cannot easily turn. Each has a rich freight of ladies in full dress, without hat or cap, arms and neck uncovered, their form rather more revealed than hidden by the dark Spanish mantilla that supplies the place of bonnet and cloak. The volantes pass on, to us endlessly—for we left them, after an hour's ride, passing still, each more splendid than its predecessor, and filled, as you suppose, with black eyes and roses. In the morning we visited the cathedral, a handsome building, where at length the ashes of Columbus find their resting-place. They were first buried in Valladolid; then moved to Seville; then to Hispaniola. When that island was ceded, in 1795, to the French, they were again moved, with much pomp and ceremony, archbishops and admirals taking part in the service, to their present resting-place—the wall of the cathedral of Havana, on the right side of the grand altar.

At Havanna, the tidings reached us of the loss of the Tweed, an event which filled every one with concern, and led me to change my proposed route homeward.

At Sea, March 19.—By means of a quick-sailing vessel, we have just reached the Tay steamer on its way to England by way of Bermuda. It was a novel scene, the transhipment of a large freight of passengers and goods in the middle of the ocean. Sixty passengers, including twenty children, were transhipped in small boats, and on a rough sea. Some very narrow escapes there were, but happily all was done without accident. The ladies, who had to climb up our sides, the sea running very high, looked the very image of weakness and resignation, their worst fate being to be seized by the sailors, and passed up—as so much bullion or quicksilver—with great care. The children were generally seized by the back as old wives seize chickens, and 'hauled aft' in very edifying style. One little thing, some twelve months old, had a very narrow escape. Our ship was pitching a good deal, and the captain, who held her, lost his hold; he caught her again, however, and beyond a little alarm, and an awful cry from the poor mother, the whole resulting in an equally awful squeeze of the poor child afterwards by the mother aforesaid, no harm was done. By four o'clock, all the cargo and passengers were on board; and the Tay, which had kept all day at a cold and respectful distance—as cold a distance as the tropics allow—left us for Havanna, and we came on towards Bermuda. Last night it blew half a gale, and the creaking, and sighing, and squalling, and 'cascading' (as the negroes

poetically call the outward and visible sign of sea-sickness), were such as he only can conceive who has been in the Atlantic, with a strong north-east wind, and three thousand miles of sea on which to work its will.

March 24.—Reached Bermuda, a most beautiful group of islands—the Atlantic Windermere. The islands are very picturesque, and dotted all over with neat houses, with white sides and white roofs: the fortifications are handsome and strong: the population remarkably well off—the very convicts (of whom there are fifteen hundred) happy-looking and civil. The scenery combines the beauties of the Isle of Wight and the Cumberland Lakes; the sea a very light blue; the buildings white sandstone; and the people half black, and half brown and white. We remained a couple of days. All the first we were kept on board in the middle of the bay by a severe gale; the second we spent at the capital of the islands, and dined on roast beef, new potatoes, and green peas!

All the pilots on these seas are black men. Those we saw were shrewd clever fellows. As we left the islands to-night, we saw more than one whale spouting his stream of water into the sky.

On Ireland island we visited the cemetery of the colony, one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The majority of the monuments seem to have been erected by soldiers or sailors to their comrades. One consists of two rough rocks, with the names of those whose loss at sea it records inscribed upon them. It looks as if the grief of their friends had seized the first object it found to give expression to its intensity, and obtain relief: a pretty idea!

April 3.—Eight hundred and ninety-five miles from the Lizard! Verily, a passenger has need of patience. We measure our distance from home every day, and ask every hour of our rate. We are probably not in the best humour for forming a fair opinion of our fellow-passengers: every one longs for England. The winds, too, are very keen; and, worse still, are contrary. Free from all these prejudicial influences, however, I cannot but think our companions not the most interesting. But few ladies are on board: the more the pity. 'Spirits masculine' don't produce happiness.

Did you ever go on deck at half-past nine at night, as I have done for the last month and more? It calls forth curious feelings. When we left Bermuda, we seemed to have closed one volume of life; the next we are to open in Europe, or England rather. There is much to read in the interval however: the very sky and sea look awful: clouds cover the one—you can hardly see our mainmast—and bawling, boisterous waves the other: the wind is gusty: the sails half bent, as if doubtful whether the wind comes as friend or foe: the spray dashes over the deck: the boatswain, albeit not of a talking mood, is ready to spin you a yarn: the ship rolls and pitches fearfully: your walking is a mere burlesque. For one whole hour (you can undress in the dark, and all lights are put out at half-past ten), however, you have to stagger from paddle-box to stern, folding your cloak around you, and bidding a cheerful good-night to your fellow-passengers.

Last night I had a long chat with the captain. 'It's all luck, sir, that we are not lost in these seas,' said he. 'You saw that wreck yesterday? Why, if we had struck her at night, as some ship may do, we should have sunk her; but she might have stove us in. You saw that vessel to-day? If we had got our wheels upon it twelve hours later, it would have disabled us in one of our wings, and kept us at sea five or six days.' 'Fire must give you some anxiety in these vessels, captain?' 'Why, yes, our cabins are of thin light wood, and if they once caught fire, they would burn like tinder. Only this very night I found three of the children opening the lanterns and admiring the lights: in another minute they would have put up their paper-matches to see if they would burn. It's all luck that we are not burnt long ago.'

April 4.—The wind changes, shifting from east to

north—cold, piercing, angry-looking, as if it meant to say, 'Who are you? What brings you here?' We meekly answer, 'We are going home—let us pass.' 'Home! what know I of home? However, you may pass on!'

GERMANS, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH.

We are not sure that a very brief visit to a country enables a man to theorise more correctly on the national character of its inhabitants, than if he had remained at home and weighed the conflicting testimonies of books. First impressions are rarely true; and the raw traveller must get over his sensations of novelty, before being able to philosophise to advantage. A book lying before us* is not merely the result of a hasty view of some of the most remarkable nations of Europe, but the mind of its author is saturated with a particular subject, which gives a peculiar tone and colouring to all his speculations. This subject is doubtless the loftiest imaginable; but religion, however admirable and indispensable in itself, does not enable us to judge of art or science, or of men in their social relations generally. Were such the case, a devout recluse, wholly untainted by the follies and vices of the world, would be the best traveller.

The author, whose work the 'Protector' was recently noticed in the Journal, is a minister of Geneva, who was deputed in 1845 by the Evangelical Society there to visit Germany and Great Britain, for the purpose of drawing closer the bonds of Christian union between these countries and his own city. In his present production, however, we must look neither for new information, nor for profound views based upon his own experience. The book might have been as well written—perhaps better—if he had never left his own study at Geneva. It rarely even professes to give the results of personal observation, and almost never adduces facts for the support of theory. In the most interesting part, it is a devout essay on national character; in the rest, it is an examination of various religious questions, and a historical summary of the fortunes of the church militant in Scotland, from John Knox to Thomas Chalmers. The style is not Scriptural, but as thickly inlaid with Scripture as a village sermon, being in some places a mere cento from the Sacred Writings.

If the book is but little satisfactory to the mere literary critic, we fear it will be still less so to the religious world. Party politics have gone by, and religion has taken their place. The church is up. The voices of the senate and the platform, which used to stir us like the clang of a trumpet, are drowned in the thunders of the pulpit. 'He who is not for us is against us!' is the cry on all sides; and it is safer to belong even to a weak party than to tolerate more than one. Our author is aware of this theoretically, but is not sufficiently careful to apply the rule to his own conduct. One of the few anecdotes he tells announces the fact as regards Scotland in a very amusing manner. A deputation in Edinburgh, he says, from some colonial churches, after wavering for a long time between the Establishment and the Free Church, at length decided, in utter puzzlement, to belong to *both Assemblies*—a resolution which was repulsed disdainfully by the Established, and received in the Free Assembly, where the doctor was present, with shouts of laughter! Dr D'Aubigné, notwithstanding this warning, sides to a certain extent with Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism at one moment; and in fact

he appears to be at some loss, except in his official capacity as an envoy to the Free Church, which to prefer. What he desires is, 'the very essence of Christianity—divine life, true evangelism,' without minding the denomination; and to this we should have nothing to object, were it not sufficiently obvious that he desires, at the same time, to be all things to all men—with the exception of course of Catholics, Jews, and infidels.

Our author, in addition to the present visit, spent several years in Germany in his youth; and the view he gives of the national character may therefore be considered to be of some value, though still the view of a student rather than of a traveller. 'The German,' says he, 'has several features which distinguish him in a striking manner from the Englishman and the Scotchman. He lives within himself; he seems born for the ideal world. His faith, when he has any, is rather in his head than in his heart, and he easily loses himself in mysticism. He feeds upon the ideal; he seeks out the first principles of things, their general laws, their essence. Systems of philosophy succeed one another in his country more rapidly than forms of government with the people most changeable in politics.'

'While elsewhere the life of man assumes more and more a public character, the German leads a solitary existence. He lives in his study, from the window of which, late and early, the light of his lamp is seen shining. A friend of mine, a Frenchman by birth, who resides in a university town, opposite one of the professors, said to me, "That is a singular man: I really do not know when he sleeps: his lamp is always burning!" The Germans are a people to be taken separately and singly; they have seldom or never hitherto formed into groups and parties; and it may be said of Germany, as regards the empire of thought, what the Bible said of Israel at one period, with regard to social order—"In those days there was no king, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." . . . Hitherto the German has been contented to live alone at his ease, among his own ideas, his own faith; perhaps even in some cases his own errors. Faithful to the character of the ancient Germans, he seeks, not indeed in the seclusion of forests, but in the mysterious depths of his own mind, some undefined divinity which he worships. *Deorumque nominibus appellant secretum illud, quod sola reverentia vident.* But a new epoch has now begun: throughout Germany, individualities are tending to unite and form into groups. The scattered members are here and there collecting into a body. The bones are gathering together, according to the prophecy of Ezekiel; sinews are coming upon them; flesh is growing; and soon they will stand upon their feet an exceeding great army.'

Let us now turn, for the sake of the contrast, to the English character, in which the aid of the lamp is still more obvious. 'If the German feeds upon the ideal, the practical is the characteristic of Great Britain; I say Britain, because most of what I say here of England is applicable to Scotland also. Reality, action, business, bear sway in the politics, the industry, the commerce, and, I will even say, in the religion of the English. Yet this practical tendency which characterises England is not selfish, as might have been expected. The large scale on which the people work, gives a certain scope and grandeur to the imagination. The habit which the English have of forming into parties, and of looking constantly at themselves as a nation, is opposed to a narrow selfishness; and a more elevated sentiment struggles with this vice in a large portion of the people. . . . The constitution of Great Britain, the balance of her powers, the slow but sure energy of the universal thought of the people—all this is so beautiful, that we cannot but recognise the Master-hand. But I did not leave the continent to study the wondrous mechanism of this state, I therefore content myself with saluting it respectfully as I pass on. . . . I observed in England one thing—that the people talk much less of liberty than we do on the continent, but practise it more. This is quite natural: when we possess a thing, we mention it less frequently than when we are in search of it. The young

* Germany, England, and Scotland; or Recollections of a Swiss Minister. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1848.

men, who play so important a part in Germany, and even in France and other countries, do not so in England. It is not for want of spirit in the English youth—they have even rather too much; but it is confined in the preparatory sphere of schools and colleges, and does not display itself in public business. Influential institutions satisfy this people. The young men know that their turn will come, and they wait quietly. Among a people deprived of public institutions, vigour is often misplaced; it is forced forward in youth, and exhausted in riper years. In England, on the contrary, it is disciplined in youth, and exerted in manhood. On the continent, paternal authority is much shaken; in Britain, the parents, generally speaking, know how to keep their children at a respectful distance; and this is a great element of strength for a nation. When the Bible would pronounce a threat against a people, it says, "I will give them children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them." This curse has been but too well fulfilled among many nations. When the unfortunate Legislative Assembly was convened in France after the Constituent Assembly, the multitude of extremely young men was notorious; and when the president by seniority, in order to form the provisional committee, called upon the deputies, who had not yet completed their twenty-sixth year, to come forward, sixty youths crowded round the tribune, competing for the office of Secretary to the Assembly. This predominance of youth is an evil which, thank God, is still far removed from England. The common people, merchants, aristocracy, all come in for their share of the laudations of this courtly minister. 'In Britain,' says he, 'of all the countries in the earth, the nobility have the most power. The king or queen is but the keystone of the aristocracy. This aristocracy also wears its greatness well. There is in the manners of the great ones of England a nobleness, a grace, a simplicity, an exquisite perfume of sociability, and a regard for their inferiors in the social scale, which wins every heart. There is among the English, especially among the aristocracy, a physical beauty celebrated all over the world, and with which the moral beauty of the mind is often in harmony. These nobles have not merely, like those of some other nations, an external polish, but there is within them an internal grace, a politeness of the soul.' Finally: 'Such, then, are these common people, so full of intelligence and activity; these rich men, so simple and so generous; these nobles, so amiable and so fond of liberty. It is a remarkable nation which is the result of such an assemblage. What enthusiasm among all classes of this people for great ideas! It is ideas, indeed, which thrill this people when a foreigner, whose name is linked with some principle, or some illustration, comes to visit them. It matters not whether he belongs to the highest or to the lowest degree of the social scale. We know how they welcomed Marshal Soult, who had fought against England, but who was in their eyes the personification of French glory; and humble and obscure individuals have also been received with unheard-of kindness, merely because their names were considered by our insular friends as attached to some great idea—to that, for instance, of the Reformation. In this respect, I will not say merely that England surpasses the continent; there is nothing like it among us. Our people are, as it were, insensible and dead, while the people of Great Britain are full of feeling and life. It is a nation complete in all its parts; our nations, in this respect, are mutilated. It is true that Germany begins to present some manifestations of this kind; but it is to be regretted that they are not in the best of causes.'

His dogmas touching the Scottish character—for everything here is the dogma of a student, not the inquiry of a philosophical traveller—are equally complimentary to the nation. 'I found the Scotchman kind, cordial, hospitable, active, and generous. If I had accepted all the invitations which were given me in Scotland, to spend only a few days with each, I should certainly have been there until now. What excellent people, what love, what Christian life, what zeal, what devotedness among all those

kind friends by whom I was surrounded! I only regretted that what might have filled up a year was crowded into a few days. I was more especially struck by the energy of this people—their energy of feeling, of words, and of action. There is still something of the old Scots and Picts in these Christians of the nineteenth century. . . . The Scotchman has even the defects of his good qualities. If there are any who are suspicious, violent, intolerant, or bitter, they are not so by halves. This is to be found in the most legitimate controversies; as in the Apocryphal controversy, for instance, which, although founded on justice, was sometimes carried beyond all reasonable bounds. The same may perhaps be said of more recent discussions.' He has some pertinent remarks, however, on the scholasticism of our preachers, and the endless ramifications of their subjects, and desires earnestly 'one single sigh—one burst of the soul,' instead of all these distinctions, orthodox as they may be. He considers both the discourses and the prayers, but more especially the latter, to be too long. In other matters of observation, however, the doctor is less at home. He is of course in raptures with the romance of Edinburgh; but shows, unfortunately, that this is only in compliance with conventional necessity—by his traversing the cool groves of the valley (the bed of a railway) which separates the Old Town from the New, in order to wander among certain imaginary Scotch firs that adorn Arthur's Seat!

The three nations he thus contrasts with regard to the great subject of his book—the church. 'In Germany, the Vandal spirit of rationalism destroyed everything; the church went to ruin, and that noble country presented a vast chaos, in which contrary forces were struggling together. But already the Spirit of God is moving on the face of the waters; the Divine word has been uttered, and the new creation is begun.'

'In England, they had not fallen quite so low. Ancient and venerable forms had been maintained; but, generally speaking, the true, the divine Spirit had forsaken those forms. In its place, a human spirit, produced by these very forms, had taken possession of them; and alas! still sits proudly in the antique porch of many a college and cathedral. But the true spirit, banished from these elevated stations, has found refuge in humble retreats, and is now about to come forth with power to attack the human and traditional one, and to drive it from its Gothic strongholds, and set up in its stead that which is always ancient, yet always new—the Eternal Spirit. If ever it gains the mastery, may it so accomplish the primitive reform, that these high places can no longer serve as a retreat for the enemy!'

'Scotland is in a better situation. A victory has been achieved, but there are still many triumphs to be won. Victory has to struggle against victory itself. There are all kinds of dangers for success: there are those of lassitude and slumber, those of pride and disdain; there are those of idolatry, which makes an idol of all belonging to the conqueror; and there are those of narrowness, which forsakes the mighty river of Christian life, to confine itself in paltry conduits.'

The whole of the above remarks upon Scotland prove that we are right in refusing to concede to Dr D'Aubigné the character of a philosophical inquirer. Were it otherwise, we should have more investigation and less declamation. If it be true that our countrymen are the most religious people in Europe, it necessarily follows that they are the most virtuous and happy. A traveller, who desires to be rated at anything more than a bookmaker, should not be satisfied with stating the premises; he should ascertain the moral and social status of the people, and work upwards to its religious cause. If it be true that there is as much intemperance, crime, and misery in Scotland as in other countries, it must be untrue that there is more religion. The former are matters of *fact*, which should occupy the attention of an intelligent visitor; and he who contents himself with merely asserting the latter, is unworthy of the confidence of the public. But we should add, that Dr D'Aubigné is not alone in this obvious neglect of the first duty of a traveller; for, in fact, we do not know the author who has even attempted to perform it. We

hear on all sides the praises of our piety; we hear of rival communions, as if religious strife were something praiseworthy in the eyes of God; we hear of our great ministers, our ruling elders, our charitable deacons, our Sunday schools, but mingling with all these we hear the voice of ribaldry and blasphemy, and witness scenes of vice, destitution, and unspeakable wretchedness, such as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to parallel in the most despised countries of the continent. This involves a discrepancy which well merits investigation; and so far as we are concerned, the laudations of those pious travellers, who do not trouble themselves about the matter, enter at one ear and pass out at the other.

We leave the second part of the volume, entitled *Historical Recollections*, and containing an account of the religious struggles of the Scotch, to be dealt with by journals whom the subject more immediately concerns, and now close the humbler task allotted to ourselves, in the belief that we have enabled the reader to judge for himself of the scope and value of the book.

RAY THE NATURALIST.

SALLUST, in some spirited remarks, which he puts into the mouth of Caius Marius, contends against the false pride of birth; and in maintaining that he who creates a distinguished name for himself, is greater than he who merely reflects one from some distant progenitor, asks the question, 'What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind?' While cordially subscribing to this doctrine as far as it goes, we hold that there is a still higher distinction, when, unlike Marius, the possessor of these endowments is studious to dedicate them to the benefit of his race, and to lay their choicest fruits, as a thank-offering, on the altar of Him who bestowed them.

Such a man was the gifted individual whose name stands at the head of our present article. He certainly entered life with as few adventitious claims to eminence as might be; for his father followed the humble calling of a blacksmith in the little village of Black Notley, in Suffolk, where John was born on the 29th November 1628. Village blacksmiths in those days were not Elihu Burritts; but Roger Ray seems to have been impressed with the truth of the old saying, 'Learning is better than house or land,' for we find him manifesting an anxiety that his child should possess that knowledge, the want of which, in himself, he had no doubt often found cause to lament, by procuring his admission into a grammar school at the neighbouring village of Braintree, with the conductors of which he had probably some influence. That the early years of the young student should afford no food for his biographer, may be matter of regret, but scarcely of surprise; for even his after-career was unmarked by stirring incident. The life of thought, indeed, has little in common with the life of action. The bustle, the change, the feverish excitement, the jarring of opposite interests, the bracing of energy for strife, the embittered galling of defeat, and the noise and tumult of triumph—these, which are to the one the very elements of existence, are to the other its sorest trials. The world in which it lives is not the world of those around it; its aims are not their aims; its joys and sorrows spring from widely different sources; it has no interest in the glittering bubbles which the busy world is running after; it dwells essentially within itself, and asks but to be left in quiet, and forgotten. But in the depths of that solitude the mighty but mysterious process goes on, by means of which those who saw an acorn sown, behold, after a few years, an oak

occupying its place; and there is no doubt that much was done at this early period to lay the foundation in Ray's mind of that patient spirit of investigation, that untiring perseverance, that self-dependence, and that deep but unobtrusive piety, which were so conspicuous in his after-life. He himself certainly speaks of applying his time to little purpose; but that may only show that his conceptions already exceeded his powers of embodiment.

In 1644, we find him transferred to the university of Cambridge—a tacit proof that his progress, however unsatisfactory to himself, was not unfavourably regarded by others; and this presumption is strengthened by the fact, that he was shortly afterwards highly spoken of for the extent of his acquirements in Greek, Latin, and natural history. He certainly enjoyed the advantage of studying under Dr Duport, at that time so deservedly eminent as a profound classical scholar; but that much of the merit lay also in his own mental powers and energies, is placed beyond a doubt by the testimony of the doctor himself, who declared that Ray was decidedly one of the most talented of the pupils who had ever been confided to his care.

These early indications of genius soon attracted the attention of some of his leading fellow-collegians; and his unassuming manners, and gentle and amiable disposition, soon deepened prepossession into friendship—a friendship which, in several instances, was only terminated by death. As these intimacies included some individuals as eminent for piety as for talent—such as the celebrated Isaac Barrow, and Dr Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—it is probable that their intercourse deepened, though it did not originate, that determination to devote himself to the church which was at this time the great object of his life, and for which he studied with the unremitting industry which formed so marked a feature of his character. That, if circumstances had not afterwards altered his views, he would have stood as high as a theologian, as he now does as a man of science, may be gathered from the specimens of clerical capability which have come down to us. It was then usual for the candidates for holy orders to give lectures in the college; and a series of *commonplaces* (as they were technically called) delivered by Ray, in accordance with this custom, were so far from having anything commonplace about them but their name, that when afterwards rearranged, and published under the title of 'The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation,' the work not only ran rapidly through several editions, but underwent more than one translation; and holds, to the present day, a high rank among books of a similar kind (many of which have been formed upon its model), not merely as an exhibition of the dedication of high mental power to its noblest use, but as offering, in the clearness of its expositions, the cogency of its reasonings, and the amount and diversity of knowledge brought to bear upon the subject, one of the best guides for enabling less gifted minds to

'Look through nature up to nature's God.'

It may be easily imagined with how much delight a mind so amiable and gentle in itself, so full of unaffected piety, and so overflowing with affection for his fellow-men, must have anticipated the time when the pastor's office would make it the business of his life to disseminate these feelings among mankind; and the consideration will help us to estimate the high sense of rectitude which, when even these cherished feelings seemed to involve the slightest sacrifice of principle, could resign them without hesitation, and calmly and steadily alter the whole tenor of his life. This severe but triumphant test of his virtue was the passing of the act for enforcing uniformity in the year 1662 (two years after he had taken priest's orders), and was the more honourable to him, as he had no objection to the attestation thereby required to be taken against the Solemn League and Covenant—indeed it was well known that he highly

disapproved of it; but there was a clause in the act, that those who had taken that oath were not bound by their obligation, and Ray at once refused to make a declaration subversive, as he considered, of the very elements of rectitude and honour. He knew the penalty of his conscientiousness, and was content to pay it, though it included the sacrifice of all those prospects which his rising reputation, and growing influence with the dispensers of preferment, justly entitled him to entertain; an earnest of which, as was said, was the offer of a valuable living by Chancellor Clarendon. Ray was not a man to be lured from his duty by appeals either to his interests or his feelings, and he permitted himself to be ejected from his fellowship for nonconformity; thirteen other victims to the intolerance of the age suffering expulsion at the same time.

Ray's university career was honourably marked by academical distinction. He was elected Fellow of Trinity (together with Isaac Barrow) in 1649, and held successively the offices of Prælector Primarius, Junior Dean, and College Steward. He appears to have acted in the latter capacity for two years.

It being now decided that he was not to be numbered among those who have 'allured to brighter worlds, and led the way,' he began to give himself up more exclusively to the pursuits which seem to have held a place in his affections second only to those from which he was now precluded. He had already made considerable progress in the knowledge of botany, for his intense application to study in early youth had much impaired his health; air and exercise had been judged necessary to recruit it; and in these country excursions his mind, ever active, and ever alive to the attractions of nature in any form, soon found its interest awakened by the objects around it. The nature and properties of plants was a study into which a man of his tastes and feelings soon entered *con amore*; and his fondness for such pursuits was much strengthened, if not created, by a friendship which he had formed at Trinity, and which had a direct and powerful influence over the whole of his after-life. This was with Mr Francis Willoughby, of Middleton Park, Harwich, a gentleman whose fortune enabled him to enjoy life according to his own notions, and whose taste led him to find that enjoyment in the pursuits of science. Ray had been his tutor at Trinity; and congeniality of disposition, and mutual fondness for natural history, soon ripened this connection into an intimacy of the closest character. The bent of Willoughby's mind seems to have been chiefly towards ornithology; while Ray, though his investigating spirit was eager to imbibe knowledge of any kind, always evinced a predilection for botany. The state of the science was at that time so deplorable, that his first work on the subject, though no more than a dry alphabetical list of the plants indigenous to Cambridge and its neighbourhood, which he had noted and classed in his country walks, attracted so much attention, and seemed so far to arouse the public mind from its lethargy on this interesting topic, that he resolved to follow it up by a complete catalogue of the plants of the whole kingdom. The immense labour of such a work would have appalled most men's minds, for there existed scarcely any book of authority on the subject, and nearly the whole must be the result of personal research, and toilsome and patient investigation. Ray, however, accustomed to depend on himself, and perhaps already taught, by the comparison of what he was with what he had been, to know something of the feeling which made Napoleon say that nothing was impossible, began to make his arrangements for the herculean task with diligence and alacrity, nothing daunted by the fact, that the previous one had taken him ten years to compile. In a letter to Mr Willoughby, he thus develops his plan:—"You remember that we lately, out of Gerard, Parkinson, and *"Phytologia Britannica,"* made a collection of rare plants, whose places are therein mentioned, and ranked them under the several counties. My intention now is to carry on and perfect that design; to which purpose I

am now writing to all my friends and acquaintance who are skilful in herbarry, to request them this next summer each to search diligently his country for plants, and to send me a catalogue of such as they find, and the places where they grow. For Warwickshire and Northamptonshire I must beg your assistance, which I hope, and am confident, you will be willing to contribute. After that, partly by my own search, partly by the mentioned assistance, I shall have got as much information and knowledge of the plants of each country as I can (which will require some years), I do design to put forth a compleat P. B."

In the execution of this work he travelled over great part of England and Wales; and with a mind to which inactivity was impossible, stored up, in addition to the main object of his journey, a great variety of miscellaneous information, much of which he recorded in a diary, which he kept regularly during his tour, and which his friend and biographer, Dr Derham, afterwards published, with the somewhat quaint title of *"Itineraries."* During the following year he visited Scotland, having on this occasion the advantage of Mr Willoughby's companionship and assistance, but was not fortunate enough to find anything in this part of the country to increase his list—a disappointment mainly attributable to his having only examined the southern district (travelling from Berwick, through Dunbar and Edinburgh, to Stirling and Glasgow, then to Hamilton and Douglas, and then through Dumfries to Carlisle), a tract of country very similar in character to the corresponding district in England, while the northern portion, which would have better repaid his labour, was left wholly unexplored.

The investigation, so vigorously commenced in this country, was afterwards extended to the continent; the two friends, together with Sir Philip Skippon and Mr Bacon, travelling through the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, and Sicily, carefully examining as they went along, and making considerable additions to their stores. An interesting account of this tour was published in 1673.

His friendship with Mr Willoughby had by this time deepened into such a community of feeling, that the one did not hesitate to offer, nor the other to accept, an asylum, which the slender state of Ray's finances must have made highly acceptable, as relieving him from the necessity which Bacon so strongly deprecated, that 'he who had only wished to live to study, should now be obliged to study to live.' From this period we find him almost wholly residing at his friend's seat at Middleton Park, though he still made excursions into different parts of the country, to perfect such portions of his list of plants as appeared defective; for it was his rule not to enter one in it that he had not examined himself. The following account of the nature of his occupations at Middleton is extracted from a letter to his friend Dr Lister, and is interesting as exhibiting the untiring activity of his mind, and the variety of objects to which he directed it. 'My spare hours I devoted to reading over such books of natural philosophy as came out since my being abroad—namely, *"Hook's Micrographia,"* *"Boyle's Usefulness of Natural Philosophy,"* *"Sydenham on Fevers,"* *"The Philosophical Transactions,"* &c. The most part of the winter I spent in reviewing, and helping to put in order, Mr Willoughby's collection of birds, fishes, shells, stones, and other fossils, seeds, dried plants, coins, &c.; in giving what assistance I could to Dr Wilkins in framing his tables of plants, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c. for the use of the universal character; in gathering up into a catalogue all such plants as I had found at any time growing wild in England, not in order to the present publishing of them, but for my own use, possibly that one day they may see the light. I wish you would take a little pains this summer about grasses, that so we might compare notes; for I would fain clear and complete their history.' We also find him engaged for several years in a series of experiments on the nature of the sap in trees, and the order and manner of its

motion, the results of which were communicated to the Royal Society, of which body he was elected a member in 1667.

In the year 1672 he sustained what, to a mind constituted like his, must have been an irreparable loss, in the death, at the early age of thirty-seven, of Mr Willoughby, at once his pupil, his fellow-student, his benefactor, and his friend. By this event his worldly circumstances were somewhat improved, as that gentleman left him an annuity of £60 a year, besides the appointment of tutor to his sons, which obliged him to continue a resident of Middleton Park. He soon after lost another sincere and valuable friend, in the person of Bishop Wilkins, who had long held him in high estimation, and been anxious to use his influence for his advancement in the church: but time had not abated Ray's objections to the Act of Uniformity; and though he never ceased to regret his exclusion from the ministry, nothing could lure him from his principles. He remained, therefore, in seclusion at Middleton, dividing his time between the education of his pupils and the revision and publication of the manuscripts left by their father. A work on ornithology, in great measure, his own, but, with his natural generosity, ascribed wholly to Willoughby, issued from the press in 1675. It was written in Latin; and three years afterwards, Ray published an English translation, with considerable additions—evinced throughout the whole transaction not only the most scrupulous care of his friend's scientific reputation, but lavishing all the treasures of his own intellect and knowledge on the cenotaph thus raised to his memory. This was still more strikingly manifested some years after; when having, with great pains and labour, digested and prepared for publication Willoughby's notes for a general history of fishes, he was not deterred from his object on finding that the necessary funds, which his friend's relatives had readily contributed to the former work, were refused to this; but got it published at the Oxford Theatre, through the interest of Bishop Tell, the cost of the plates (188 in number) being defrayed by several members of the Royal Society. It may be further remarked here, though somewhat out of the course of narration, that the closing act of his life bears noble testimony to the undying strength and fidelity of his friendship: for the last work on which his indefatigable pen was employed was the digesting (with copious additions by himself, as usual) of Willoughby's investigations in entomology; which work was published after his death by his friend Dr Derham, at the expense of the Royal Society.

But to return from this digression. Ray's application to study, severe as it was, was not so absorbing as to leave him no time for the indulgence of the social affections; and perhaps his recent bereavements, though borne, as his correspondence testifies, with the resignation of a Christian, took such support from a heart, 'like a tendrill accustomed to cling,' that he was the more induced to seek for some other object round which to twine it. In the year 1673 he married Miss Margaret Oakley, of Middleton Hall, by whom he had three daughters. This lady is said to have afforded him considerable assistance in the education of his pupils, by superintending their lighter studies, and thus leaving him more leisure for those sterner labours in which he took so much delight.

The death of Mr Willoughby's mother in 1676 lost him his pupils, and occasioned his removal from Middleton Park; a place no doubt endeared to him by many associations. After a short residence at Sutton Cofield, he removed to Falbourne Hall, Essex; and finally, on the death of his mother, to Black Notley, his birth-place, which he had left the unknown and unfriended blacksmith's son, and to which he returned the friend and companion of the most distinguished literati in Europe—himself decidedly the first man of his day in several branches of science, and the founder of the one which he most esteemed. He was one, however, who loved science for herself, and not for the laurel with which

she wreaths her favourite sons; and he came home, not to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, but to give himself up wholly and exclusively to the study of natural philosophy. The effect of his being now enabled, as Lord Brougham forcibly says, 'to be a whole man to the subject,' was soon apparent. Volume after volume issued from the press, with a rapidity which showed that advancing years had noway impaired his old habits of diligence; while the care manifest in their preparation, testified that he was still as laborious as in his earliest days. Correctness and precision indeed—invaluable qualities in pursuits like his—seem to have marked his whole progress. The Rev. Gilbert White (himself a man of science) calls him 'the only describer who conveys some precise idea in every term or word, evincing his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information;' and Sir J. E. Smith, in the 'Transactions of the Linnean Society,' says, in a corresponding spirit, 'If the clearness and precision of other writers had equalled his, he would scarcely have committed an error. It is difficult to find him in a mistake or misconception respecting nature.' Those only who have had some experience of the patience and labour inseparable from works of such a character, can have any conception of the value of this praise.

An examination, or even a detail of his scientific labours, during his seclusion at Notley, would be both too long and too abstruse for our pages; and even a list of his works would form such an array of 'words of learned length and thundering sound,' as would be likely to fright the general reader to the next article. We may observe, however, that to him eminently belongs the praise of having rescued the science of botany from obscurity, and laid the foundations on which the present noble superstructure has been reared. The mode of classifying plants, now universally received as the system of Jussieu, is entirely based on the researches and suggestions of Ray; and in adverting to his eminence in another walk of science, Cuvier (no mean authority) says that his works 'may be considered as the foundation of modern zoology, for naturalists are obliged to consult him every moment.' It is not to detract from the deservedly high reputation of Linnæus, to say that he has been greatly indebted to his illustrious predecessor, for he has himself readily acknowledged the obligation; and it is not saying too much to affirm that, but for the indefatigable exertions of 'the father of botany,' as he has been justly called—exertions which no difficulty could daunt, and no amount of labour tire—it may be more than doubted whether it would have attained to the perfection in which we find it at the present day. It is easy to colonise and cultivate a land which previous sagacity and enterprise have discovered.

We have mentioned that Ray always lamented the circumstance which had driven him from the ministry; and in reviewing his college exercises, it struck him that, though he was debarred from conveying religious instruction through the pulpit, the press was still open to him, and offered even a wider field for his exertions. The fruit of this thought was the noble work on the Creation, of which we have already had occasion to speak, and which has made his name loved and honoured by many who neither knew, nor could appreciate, his abstruser claims to eminence. He says himself, with reference to it, 'Not being permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but that it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' His discourses on the chaos, creation, deluge, and dissolution of the world, stand deservedly high, and exhibit his usual erudition and research. His prayers and devotional exercises are likewise highly valuable, not only for their intrinsic merit, but as exhibiting, to use the words of a late talented biographer, 'a mind deeply imbued with Christian principle, and accustomed to re-

cognise the beneficial appointments of a presiding Power in the most trivial as well as in the most important incidents to which our nature is liable.' To a mind so constituted, the advances of disease were but opportunities for the perfecting of that patience and resignation which had been always so conspicuous, and the symptoms of decay but friendly admonitions that the fine edge of the blade must at length wear away the scabbard. A complication of disorders, which had long sorely tried his naturally delicate constitution, at last terminated his useful and amiable life, on the 17th of November 1705, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The following touching letter, addressed from his death-bed to his friend Sir Hans Sloane, and published in his posthumous correspondence by Dr Derham, shows that he died as he had lived:—

'Dear Sir, the best of Friends—These are to take a final farewell of you as to this world. I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness, expressed anyways towards me, a hundredfold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter! grant us a happy meeting in heaven!—I am, sir, eternally yours.'

The eulogy of Ray has employed many eminent pens; for few have traversed any part of the field of botany without pausing on their way to pay a passing tribute to him to whom it owes so much. But his character as a philosopher and a man has perhaps never been drawn with at once more conciseness and elegance than in the Latin inscription on his tomb by the Rev. Mr Coyte, of which a translation is given below. The panegyric of epitaphs has generally a fulsomeness which rather revolts than pleases; but it was the rare happiness of this great naturalist and Christian, that envy cannot look upon his portrait, finished as it is, and point to the part where a feature is too prominently drawn, or a tint too highly coloured.

'The mortal remains of John Ray, M.A., are deposited in this tomb; but his works are confined neither to one spot nor to one nation; and his fame, everywhere illustrious, will render his name immortal. He was formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, to both of which learned bodies he was a distinguished ornament. In every science, whether human or divine, he rose to eminence; and, like Solomon, explored nature from the cedar to the hyssop, from the largest animal to the minutest insect, from the mines in the bowels of the earth to the plants growing on its surface. He discovered much which had escaped the notice of others, and brought to light many things to which mankind were strangers. He was learned without pedantry, pious without bigotry, not distinguished by illustrious extraction, but sublime in genius, modest and lowly in disposition, and eminently conspicuous in virtue. Indifferent to wealth and rank, he chose rather to deserve than to possess such distinctions. He grew old in the practice of religious duty, and the latest ages of posterity will venerate his name.'

As a testimony of the high sense which the scientific world of the present day entertains of his merits, and as a gratifying proof that in the republic of letters the highest point of distinction is open to the lowliest, and that a Burns may win and wear what a King James vainly strives to reach, we may mention, in concluding this notice, that on the 29th November 1828, a hundred and thirty of the leading *savans* of England, with Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society, at their head, sat down in Freemason's Hall to celebrate the birthday of the son of the obscure blacksmith of Notley, and felt themselves honoured in so doing; and that a society, bearing his name, and devoted to the objects which he had most at heart, is now paying a higher and more appropriate tribute to his memory than words or marble could convey. The applause of men is not of itself an object worthy of inciting the energies of genius; but it is pleasing to see those who have themselves travelled far in the kingdom of science, prompt

to acknowledge their obligations to the bold and skilful pioneer, who, if he did not make a Macadamised road through the forest, at least cleared a fair path where before was only a tangled and trackless wilderness; and pointed out, with consummate judgment, the proper direction in which the future highway should run.

SWAIN'S POEMS.*

MR CHARLES SWAIN is distinguished among the poets of the day for grace and elegance rather than force, and the announcement of 'Dramatic Chapters' from such a Muse excites but little expectation. In fact, the title, like most titles, serves only to mislead; and we fancy him timidly feeling his way, like Barry Cornwall, through detached scenes, which, if successful, are to lead, in some future work, to a regular drama. The chapters, however, turn out to be a continuous story, told in dialogue, differing only from tragedy in its inattention to conventional rule, while the grace and elegance hitherto characteristic of the author are not unfrequently drowned in a somewhat more questionable vehemence. The experiment is so far successful, that it shows the existence of power; but although possessing, therefore, the necessary versatility of talent, Mr Swain has not done himself justice in the plan of his work. His canvas is too large, his characters too many, his details too multitudinous. He is ruined by his own riches, and overwhelmed by the excess of those materials which he intended for a monument of art.

This is our judgment, however, of the work in its entirety as a dramatic narrative; but it is impossible to deny the praise both of beauty and energy to detached scenes. We might fill more than one of our pages with quotations which would gratify our readers; but we prefer sending them to look at the edifice, to presenting them with a few bricks.

There is another department, however, of this elegant volume—elegant in paper, print, and binding, as well as literary matter—from which we are not excluded by a similar consideration. Selection from the poems and songs, which fill one half of the volume, is difficult, for no other reason than that they are *all* graceful, *all* beautiful; and our choice of this one as a specimen, is determined in some measure by its want of the poetical charm which is so rife in all the rest, but is here supplied by a simplicity and kindness that are far better.

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine:
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine:
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below:
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change *her* sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kind heart* to me.

To this we add another of a totally different kind; and to those who are unacquainted with the writings of Charles Swain, both of these pieces in their union will

* Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs. By Charles Swain. London: Bogue. 1846.

abundantly account for the peculiar reputation he enjoys among 'the gentle and the good.'

MORTALITY.

The house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow;
And in and out, and round about
The bitter night-winds blow:
The bitter night-winds howl and blow,
And darkness thickens deep;
And oh, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
The night seemed like the day!
The night seemed bright and light as day
Ere yet that house was old;
Ere yet its aged roof was gray,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail;
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like burly bailiffs rail!
Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say, who pass that way,
'Twere well the house were down.

A WORD ON CARLISLE.

CARLISLE, the most northerly English town on the western marches, has always possessed some historical interest, at least to Scotsmen, whose ancestors so frequently battled against its walls; nor is the place unimportant as respects either population or manufactures. Occupying a slightly-rising ground at the head of a verdant meadow, which ascends from the south bank of the Eden, the situation of the town seems to be all that could be desired in point of beauty or salubrity. It is on this last particular we desire to say a few words.

Within the last twenty years, the rate of mortality per annum in Carlisle used to be estimated at 1 in 54 of the inhabitants. This showed that the place was among the healthiest in the kingdom. By a late calculation (1841), the mortality was 1 in 39, a rate actually higher than that of the fifteen unhealthiest counties. As the general average standard of mortality throughout England and Wales is two per cent. per annum, or 1 in 50, it is evident that Carlisle, with its rate of mortality (1 in 39), must in late times have lost its character for salubrity.

If this be a truth—and copying it from a locally circulated report, we have reason to believe it to be correct—the cause of so unpleasant a phenomenon is worthy of inquiry. That

'The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa',

—or would shine, if any wall remained—as it used to do in the days of Border chivalry, need not be doubted; the Eden rolls past as clearly as ever on its way; the grass of the environing meadows grows as luxuriantly, and the flowers of the sunny banks blossom as sweetly, as they did a century ago. Besides all this, the walls and gates of the city have been removed; and there is nothing like the appearance of unhealthiness in the principal street, along which, until the days of railways, travellers were driven through the town. What, then, in nature or art, has occurred to lower the value of life? That is the great question; and startled at the turn things are taking, the more active-minded of the inhabitants have formed themselves into a Sanitary Association, with the view of collecting facts and suggesting means for restoring Carlisle to its former healthy condition. From the report drawn up by the committee of the association, it appears that they had no great difficulty in discovering the cause of the disorder which affects their community.

Everything done by nature to purify and adorn the town has been outraged. Thinking only of business, or some other material interest, the people here, as everywhere else, have totally overlooked the fact, that certain physical conditions are indispensable to insure health and longevity—plenty of pure air, sunshine, and water. The social arrangements by which these bounties of nature are abused are of the usual appalling character. The report before us speaks of the shocking scenes of dirt, disease, and wretchedness revealed by a visit to the back courts and lanes throughout the different wards. We read of imperfect paving and

sweeping; overcrowded dwellings; pigsties, dunghills, and stagnant pools, the receptacles of every kind of filth; dilapidated premises; the impossibility of depicting in words the abominable nuisances existing in one of the wards; the general faultiness of drains; and so on. Disease is traced to one or more of these causes. At the east end of a street, where filthiness and an offensive effluvia are observable, there is a 'frequency of sickness.' At the west end of the same street, 'where fifty-seven families (306 people in all) reside in whitewashed and otherwise clean houses, which are carefully inspected by the proprietors twice a year, only one case of fever occurred during last autumn.' In another street, 'where, in some of the lodging-houses, twenty people are living in one room,' which is adjacent to various nuisances, 'fever has found numerous victims.'

The committee by whom the report is drawn up specify various improvements which it is exceedingly desirable should be made—better draining, paving, and sweeping, the whitewashing of lanes and dwellings, the erection of public baths and wash-houses, improved construction of houses for the humbler classes, &c. They likewise advert to the crowded state of the churchyards in the centre of the town as being very objectionable, and state that a public cemetery beyond the suburbs is imperatively called for. From what we have seen of Carlisle during occasional short visits, we should say that all these reforms are much wanted, and ought not to be delayed. Something more, however, is required; and from the interest always taken by us in Carlisle, we venture to specify them. Since there are to be improvements, let all be done at once, or at least provided for by the same act of parliament.

There is a very stupid-looking mass of building, worse than Middle Row, Holborn, at the centre of the main street. (What town is not afflicted with street embrasures of this sort?) We would have the whole of this removed; and, if need be, a proper and creditable-looking market building erected near the spot. The entrance from the north into this street requires widening, with a graduation of the ascent from the bridge across the Eden. At present, the banks around the castle are in a shameful condition—an ill-kept walk at top, and a miasmatic ditch at bottom—the approach to the walk on the south very bad, and that on the north little better. The purlieus of a thoroughfare in this quarter, called Finkel Street (the Swedish name for whisky, and therefore perhaps appropriate), are not well spoken of in the report. By opening up the entrances to the castle banks on both sides, and making a few other improvements, taking in perhaps a portion of the adjoining meadow, what a charming spot—what a scene of healthful out-door recreation might this be made! We are sure that the Board of Ordnance, which probably has something to say in the matter, would not object to the execution of a project of the kind. Many other changes for the better might be pointed out in this venerable city, were this the proper place for doing so. With so many beautiful and airy spots in the neighbourhood, we soon expect to hear that suburban exertions are superseding the crowded and unhealthy dwellings in the town. A hope may also be expressed that the street at the entrance to the Caledonian Railway station will be adorned in a way befitting that great concern. Railways are evidently about to work some important alterations on Carlisle. Four lines centre in the town, and connect it with all parts of the United Kingdom—a circumstance worthy of putting mettle into its citizens. It is a good sign, at least, that a Sanitary Association has begun to stir up the question of local improvement. There will of course be objectors to anything being done, some from laziness, others from self-interest, or from prejudice. All, however, can be made to understand that death is no dainty visitor, but snatches its victims in an unpolite and very indiscriminate sort of way. *Mortality risen to 1 in 39* is an unpleasant fact for fireside consideration; while the increasing burden of poor-rate, caused by orphanage and widowhood, is an argument requiring no eloquence to enforce.

Since writing the above, we learn that several of the smaller towns in Cumberland, such as Wigton, Penrith, Brampton, &c. are beginning to move in sanitary reform—an evidence of the growing interest on this important subject.

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THE TWO CITIES.

EDINBURGH and Glasgow, placed at opposite sides of Scotland, yet within an easy distance of each other, have always maintained a difference of character, as remarkable as the diversity of their history. Glasgow is the older town of the two, if we reckon from the date of the small Roman settlement on the spot; but it was not till the sixth century, when St Mungo planted a religious establishment, that the place was anything more than a rude hamlet. About the time when this pious ecclesiastic founded Glasgow, Edwin, a Northumbrian prince, built his fort or burgh on the rock on which Edinburgh castle now stands, and thus gave a beginning to what afterwards became the capital of Scotland. While Edinburgh, in every stage of its early career, was associated with the history of kings and parliaments, Glasgow, on the other hand, was indebted to the fostering care of bishops: it was for ages the seat of an important see—the archbishopric of Glasgow, whose jurisdiction was extended over the greater part of the south of Scotland. A bishop built its cathedral; a bishop (Joceline, about 1172) gave it burghal privileges; a bishop, under a royal charter, gave its burgesses permission to trade with distant parts of the country; a bishop (William Rae, about 1350) built for it a stone bridge across the Clyde; and a bishop (William Turnbull, in 1452-3) founded its college. During the convulsions in the sixteenth century, all this was of course forgotten, and no town more fervently embraced the principles of the Reformation—though, to do the trades of Glasgow justice, they had the good sense to save their cathedral from the savage attacks of the iconoclasts, who swept the country of all that was valuable in architectural ornament.

In the latter days of the Stuarts, Edinburgh clung to a falling cause, in recollection, possibly, of what the old monarchy had done for it; while Glasgow, always more democratic, hailed the Revolution, and its citizens were among the first to congratulate William of Orange on his auspicious assumption of the sovereign authority. An equestrian statue of William at the Cross of Glasgow, and a similar monument of Charles II. in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh, remain as substantial tokens of this diversity of political opinion. Differing as to the Revolution, both cities agreed in their dislike of the Union with England in 1707. We can understand the disconsolateness of Edinburgh on this occasion, for it lost its importance as a seat of legislation, and its chief aristocracy fled to London; but the rioting in Glasgow, for the purpose of nullifying the articles of confederation, is unaccountable. Little were the people aware of the immense advantages which their city was to derive from the Union. Hitherto confined in their trading operations, the merchants of

Glasgow had now thrown open to them the commerce of the English colonies, in which they were not slow to participate. Awakening to the advantages presented to them, they seized with proper avidity on a share of the lucrative trade with Maryland and Virginia, to which they soon made large exports of native manufactures, bringing home cargoes of tobacco and other articles in return.

From this period—the first quarter of the eighteenth century—Glasgow gradually rose in importance, wealth, and population. One thing after another gave it an impetus—every fresh adaptation of enterprise bringing up, as it were, a new crop of successful speculators, to be the founders of families of wealth. Thus to the early patrician class formed by the tobacco-ocracy—to use a jocular coinage—were afterwards added the cotton-ocracy, the sugar-ocracy, the machinocracy, and lastly, we believe, the steamboatocracy. While these aristocracies of wealth were coming into existence, the aristocracies of rank in Edinburgh were vanishing from the stage, leaving the town to struggle on with its local trade, its law courts, its university (a creation of James VI.), and such national institutions as had been indulgently left it. The Union was a ruinous blow, from which the capital did not recover for fifty years, and even yet the effects are palpably apparent. It recovered, however, so far, that the scheme of a new town, for increased accommodation, was projected in 1767, and has since been executed. Those who have seen the New Town of Edinburgh, built of fine sandstone, and united by bridges with the Old, need not be told of the vast improvement which this has effected in the ancient Scottish capital.

Strange to say, the growing elegance and commodiousness of modern Edinburgh have failed to retain the favour of the aristocracy. The change in this respect is worthy of remark. In the Canongate, a street in the Old Town near Holyroodhouse, there still lived during the early part of the reign of George III., though perhaps not all at one time, two dukes, sixteen earls, two countesses, seven barons, seven lords of session, and thirteen baronets, besides many other persons of distinction. In the present day, all the peerage having houses for residence in Edinburgh may be summed up in two or three names. The Scottish aristocracy now either live continually on their estates—to which there can be no objection—or flee off to London, where competition with a more wealthy body of nobles is too frequently attended with unpleasant consequences. At all events, Edinburgh sees nothing of them, except as birds of passage: it sees even little of their money, for the more valuable articles they require are usually ordered from the English metropolis. No wonder that London has overgrown itself, pampered with the wealth—we might almost say the plunder—of three kingdoms, for

the capitals of two have been sacrificed to its aggrandisement.

Deserted by the court and higher classes generally, Edinburgh has, nevertheless, been able to maintain some of the essential appearances of a capital, and to keep progress with the steadily-improving condition of the country. Defrauded as it is through the operation of the centralising principle, there can be no doubt that its resources at the present moment are incalculably greater than they were at the Union, and much greater than they were seventy years ago, when a considerable number of men of rank still lingered within its precincts. The banking establishments and insurance offices alone are a marvel to those who know what extraordinary exertions were made by the whole kingdom to get together £1,000,000, as the capital stock of the Bank of Scotland in 1696. As a centre of operations connected with money and lauded property, the town has long exerted an influence which extends to the remotest provinces; as a centre of law and education, it has been still more unrivalled in its attractiveness; and as a centre of ecclesiastical functions, on which much of the Scotch mind is expended, its doings furnish a subject of talk from the Borders to the Northern Ocean. All these things together, along with its traditionally fashionable character, have contributed to render it an agreeable place of residence for persons of unostentatious desires, with little to do, or who take delight in enlightened and refined society. Besides a considerable number of families of property, the bulk of the more elevated portion of the population are lawyers practising in the Supreme Court, the bar of which, as is well known, has furnished Westminster with a few of its most brilliant ornaments. The Scottish law bodies—advocates and practitioners of every class—are noted for their highly honourable character, as well as for a certain acumen, arising perhaps in some degree from national peculiarities, but also from a course of practice which involves both law and equity. What with these various bodies, professors connected with the university, and a few persons who confine themselves more expressly to literature, society in Edinburgh may be said to possess attractions not equalled out of the Metropolis. To be sure there is not a little effort in many cases to maintain appearances on comparatively slender means; but it may be doubted whether meagreness of fortune, with self-respect, is more fairly liable to derision, than the devotion of wealth to mere purposes of vulgar extravagance.

From the nature of its society, its libraries, its tranquillity, and the absence of manufactures, Edinburgh offers a favourable field for the cultivation of literature and the business of publishing; yet such are the absorbing attractions of London, that the dispositions of the Scottish capital in this respect have continually to battle with a rival, against which it is no easy matter to make head. Commencing only about seventy years ago with the works of Hume, Blair, Robertson, Mackenzie, and other luminaries, the literature of Edinburgh reached a culminating point in the productions of Jeffrey and Scott, and in the encouragement offered by two publishers—Constable and Blackwood—both men of tact and enterprise. From the possession of only a few hand-presses towards the end of last century, the business of printing has increased so greatly, that with the kindred arts of engraving and lithographing, it has become the leading occupation in the town. Compared with the feeble efforts of not many years back, the preparation of literature may be said to be now a staple business, for it engages nearly a dozen large establishments, each having from two or three to ten printing machines moved by steam power, and the whole pouring out a quantity of books, pamphlets, and periodicals second in amount only to that of the Metropolis. Latterly, while the mechanical means of production have been improving, the literary power, it is to be feared, has been diminishing in energy. It certainly argues little for northern enterprise that the 'Edinburgh Review' should have

become the property of a London house, and should be now edited and printed in England; and also that Edinburgh should be as unable to retain its best writers, as it is to keep its medical practitioners and artists from finding their way across the Border. It is a curious fact, with which we are intimately conversant, that a considerable portion of the literary material which Edinburgh fashions into shape, and renders acceptable in its periodicals, is drawn from distant parts of the United Kingdom; comparatively little is contributed by the rest of Scotland—scarcely anything by Scottish women—excessive absorption of mind in church matters being apparently fatal to the lighter graces of literature.

Perhaps better things are in reserve. Already there is an appearance of relaxation in Scotland from the pursuit of material interests and the hardening influence of sectarian polemics. Of late years, a taste for the fine arts has made a most gratifying progress. It is no longer considered sinful to manifest a love for pictures; nor is it of the nature of heresy to build a church in a style superior to a barn. Within the memory of middle-aged persons, there were only two or three portrait-painters in Edinburgh; and public exhibitions of works of art were unknown. There was, however, an excellent school for drawing, supported by funds belonging to the country at the Union. This academy was the beginning of the fine arts in Scotland: it educated Wilkie, Allan, and all the great artists. Latterly, the profession, greatly increased in numbers and importance, have become an incorporated body, under the title of the Royal Scottish Academy. Its leading members—Gordon, Harvey, Hill, Macculloch, Steele, Duncan, and others—have acquired a widely-extended reputation. Of their annual exhibitions, so well known, it is unnecessary to say anything, further than that they have helped to raise the tone of feeling in Edinburgh, and elevate its character as a capital. The scheme of a national gallery for the reception and permanent exhibition of pictures from the best masters, is at present in the way of being matured—of course from local resources. We should like to see added to this a national museum, the repository of all that is interesting in the mineralogy and natural history of Scotland, as well as of works of foreign and ancient art. It is not easy, however, from the numerous demands on benevolence and public spirit, to see how such an institution could be realised, and we fear it is hopeless to look for a share of those grants which are voted from the public purse to support the National Gallery and British Museum. At the same time, the English people are too generous not to allow that the present practice in this respect is neither just nor creditable; and that the Scotch, bearing their equitable share of taxation, are entitled to a proportional share of annual subsidies for the improvement of taste and encouragement of the arts.

We now return to Glasgow, which, within the last thirty years, has completely outstripped Edinburgh in point of wealth and population. The rapid and steady increase of this city is indeed one of the most remarkable things in modern British history. At the Union, its population was no more than 12,766; in 1790, it was little above 50,000; it is now upwards of 300,000; and this increase is imputable exclusively to the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants. The active-minded from all parts of Scotland are attracted towards its factories and counting-houses; and in comparison with the continued bustle of its streets, Edinburgh looks almost like a desert. From the total difference of character in the two cities, anything like rivalry, as may be supposed, is out of the question. Little more than forty miles apart, and now united by two railways, a continual stream of intercourse is kept up between them, greatly to their mutual satisfaction and benefit.

Destitute of the picturesque, from the nature of its situation, Glasgow is as well built as Edinburgh, its

houses of all kinds being also formed of a durable sand-stone, which imparts an air of substantiality and elegance. Unfortunately, the vast clouds of smoke which issue from numerous factory chimneys give a dinginess to the atmosphere, and detract considerably from the general appearance of the town. Glasgow has its full share of the social incongruities for which the present age is remarkable—vast fortunes and luxurious houses in one district, masses of poverty and misery in another. Perhaps in no city in the world are the observances of religion respected by a larger proportion of the population, or practised with more unequivocal earnestness, than in Glasgow; in this respect, it presents the national character of past ages much more faithfully than Edinburgh. At the same time, philanthropic inquirers have to deplore in Glasgow an astounding amount of what may well be called opposite influences. It was found a few years ago that there were as many as 1393 licenses to sell spirits given out in this city, being one for every fourteen families! This may be of course regarded as the exponent of a vast amount of sensual and vicious indulgence, as affecting certain classes of the population. It represents the misfortunes of the multitude, and, partly, the lack of legitimate and ostensible means of amusement for the great body of young men necessarily amassed in such seats of industry. Great efforts have been made of late years to correct the evil—we must hope that they have been in part effectual. Among recent movements is the establishment of an Athenæum, after the model of the Manchester institution of that name, offering a reading-room, and a lecture-room, or books for perusal at home, as alternatives from the club-room and the idle saunter of the streets. Prejudice usually obstructs such institutions at first, but, by perseverance, their good tendency becomes manifest. Their opponents would do well to think of them, not altogether as what they positively are, but with some regard to the gross evils for which they stand as a substitute.

What has been done to render the Clyde navigable, is perhaps the most curious thing about Glasgow. In this matter an unconquerable perseverance has been displayed. By means of dredging, digging, hemming in the tide and river way, building quays, &c. ships now reach Glasgow which formerly had to unload twenty miles nearer the sea. That which was not long ago a tranquil scene of green grass and rural imagery, is now a busy mart of shipping. There has latterly, it appears, been some carping as to what has been done, and also what has been left undone in this respect; but we agree with a Glasgow newspaper (the 'Citizen') in its reply to all such fault-finding: 'In dispassionately reviewing the management of the river Clyde and harbour of Glasgow for the past seventy or eighty years, we confess that any inclination to find fault is immediately dispelled by the pleasure and pride with which we contemplate the magnificence of the results. We have increased the tidal rise at Glasgow from eighteen inches to about eight feet. Eighteen miles of river have been rendered navigable for vessels drawing twenty feet, where formerly those drawing three feet three inches only could pass. Where formerly there were only a few fishing smacks, we have now vessels of the largest class, trading directly with all the nations of the earth. We have raised the tonnage and other revenue from L.147 (seventy years ago) to L.65,000. Instead of L.460 (in 1800), we now return to the government a customs revenue of L.659,834. All this has arisen from local management of our river and harbour; and we must add, that it is for the most part owing to the exertions and enterprise of the River Clyde Trustees, that in a small and mountainous country, with a scattered population of two and a half millions, with an unkind climate and ungenial soil, a city has been reared, the ratio of whose increase in wealth and population no city in the old world can parallel, and which is only equalled by the largest *entrepôt* of the United States—the city of New York—in the new.'

In one thing the histories of Edinburgh and Glasgow agree—each has been left to its own resources by government. What has been done has been self-creative. The Union has been doubtless beneficial to Scotland, if it were from nothing more than the internal tranquillity which it secured; but it is worthy of grave inquiry, whether superior advantages might not have been achieved by a federal instead of a legislative union? The belief is daily gaining ground that a federal compact would have been preferable; because, while it insured the same cordial intimacy and reciprocity of privilege as now subsists between England and Scotland, it would have allowed the Scotch to manage their own affairs, which, it is judged, would have been somewhat more pleasant and satisfactory than being obliged to transfer the work to a city four hundred miles off, there to be cared for by parties who, to all appearance, are burdened with six times more business than they can properly get through. Stupid as this arrangement is now felt to have been, as if to make matters worse, it has been the inexplicable policy of the last twenty years to abstract institutions from Scotland, and carry them to Westminster, where they are intermingled with the local affairs of England. Against this provincialising of Scotland we make a deliberate protest; not so much from its injury to Edinburgh, as the indignity and injustice of the whole proceeding with respect to the nation. We must put English functionaries right as respects the relative position of Scotland. It is not a province of England, but a kingdom which, by treaty, is insured a certain distinct and independent character. As nothing, as far as we are aware, has occurred to render the articles of Union waste paper, it ought not to be robbed piecemeal of every board for conducting its affairs, nor be unnecessarily exposed to the intrusion of freshly-created imperial institutions. There is the more need for speaking emphatically on this subject, that while we now write, a scheme, it seems, is on foot for transferring the whole management of the harbour and river of Glasgow to a board of some kind in Whitehall. The honest Glaswegians may well be surprised at the fancy of relieving them of a duty which they feel themselves competent to undertake, and by their performance of which fifteen thousand vessels are enabled to reach the Broomielaw annually. Against this centralising project we hope an earnest remonstrance will be made. The Clyde, surely, can be better looked after on its own banks than on the banks of the Thames.

W. C.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SAILOR.

AMONG the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombbrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the scoff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate sullenness the attack of the waves, which appear to be for ever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Sombbrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favour the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's sloop of war, the *Recruit*, on the 13th December 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed

in, the island lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. The Recruit was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain L—, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked, 'What island is this?'

'Sombbrero,' was the reply.

'Have we not some thieves on board?'

'Yes, sir, there are two,' answered the master, somewhat startled.

'Send up my pistols,' said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the capstan.

'Now send the ship painter here with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes.'

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvas in his hand.

'Take your brush and paint the word "THIEF" on that piece of canvas; paint it in large letters!' exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvas; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

'Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder,' shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand, but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—'Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it.'

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. 'Never mind his things,' thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavouring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half-stupified at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewn the strip of canvas which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the masses which, in the duskiness of a rapidly-approaching night looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks, poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One

of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin; and poor Jeffery 'embraced the rock for shelter.' As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the Recruit more than once fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waters against the ship's side, and the far off and incessant sounds of the conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombbrero. The night passed away: at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot; and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine the captain made his appearance; and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombbrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained that if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and having ordered all sail to be made, the Recruit, under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called 'noddies,' and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering. After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude tomahawk handle was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly

spread among the men, who, on hearing of the tomahawk handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her: every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Sombrero for Barbadoes. Captain L— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest: and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the 'Times' newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head 'Court-martial' a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's 'Weekly Register' about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Captain L— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the meanwhile? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper steps were taken, and the result was as follows:—At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the Recruit; and having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, he was made armourer's mate on board of

her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies: after a while, her stock of water ran low; the crew were allowed to a certain quantity daily; and he becoming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening to the beer cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering his theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support life, and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the state of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had a mother 'yet alive.' She had perused with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which rekindled all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication, at anyrate not made by her own son, but by some one who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact, that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name; whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further added, that it was of the utmost importance to her to know of the real existence of her son, in consequence of the lease of her premises being held on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's was one, otherwise it would fall into the power of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt that this letter was in reality written by her. The question was soon set at rest. A gentleman went down to her native village, found her out, and was assured from her own lips that she was the author of the letter. The village schoolmaster also bore his testimony to the fact of Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The intelligence also came out that, when put on shore at Sombrero, he begged some of the men who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to tell his mother what had happened to him; thus indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and well, have long since induced him to write, and assure her of his safety. Public interest was now at fever heat. Mr Cobbett fanned the flame; and with his homely, common-sense questions, kept poking the ribs of the government in a most uncomfortable manner, while he stirred up an immense blaze among the people by asking, 'Is this the treatment our "jolly tars" are to expect?'—a question which, considering the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the ferment.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect. The public appeared determined to bring by any means the whole subject to an issue, and to obtain information as to whether the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take some decisive step to decide the question; and in a short time a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents, to find out the young man, and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart? At length

the vessel returned, to put a final end to suspense as to the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in the 'Morning Post' newspaper:—

'Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London!'

Thus was this long-pending and much-agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were now of course put to him about his adventures; to most of which the following narrative was the answer:—

At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that destitute condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night to frighten him, yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning! how wearily that wretched night passed away without shelter, and without a second covering for his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding the Recruit only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from the gray dawn until it was bright daylight; every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her, return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hope! He saw her white sails unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing; and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more. For two whole days he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, from the cravings of hunger. To allay the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which, however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when most providentially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it; for it lay in such shallow pools, or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift. The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill; and as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food. How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs, but he could only find one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inanition, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the seashore. At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon. When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight; and plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and 'passed by on the other side,' at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship hove in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him,

each leaving him more cast down and nearer death than before. He had now despaired of rescue; and fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore. But relief was at hand. An American vessel, passing nearer the island than usual, was hove to at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work, and wages. There he had peaceably spent this interval of time; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Captain L— to come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was intrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married: he immediately recognised with joy his long-lost relative; and he ran forwards to apprise his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village—Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old and young, turned out to meet him, and were prepared to receive him; and, says the 'Times,' in its sober account of this romantic business, 'it is scarcely possible to express the cordial greetings and exulting transports that attended his arrival.' The whole village was for the time in a commotion which it had rarely or never experienced. People who, when Jeffery was a humble workman in his father's shop, never cared a jot about him, and little dreamt of the noise he would one day make without intending it, now pressed forward and warmly shook him by the hand, congratulating him on his safe arrival in hearty expressions of welcome. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look upon the clerk with suspicion, and to exhibit alarming symptoms of hostility against that gentleman; but Jeffery immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken so long a journey only for the purpose of protecting him. This produced a speedy revolution in the sentiments of the villagers, and their angry looks and expressions were at once exchanged for those of respect and kindness. The meeting between Jeffery and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. Her son that was dead was alive again, 'he that was lost was found.' In a few moments she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms. 'Oh, my son!'—'Oh, my mother!' interrupted by sobs on both sides, were all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calmer endearment ensued. Nothing but the safe arrival of the wonderful Jeffery engrossed the attention, minds, and tongues of the warm-hearted villagers.

In concluding this curious history, we wish we could authoritatively explain what may seem to require clearing up. We have heard that the tomahawk handle turned out to be part of a fisherman's hatchet; and it

was surmised that the tattered trousers never belonged to Jeffery at all. Perhaps the signing with a mark was the effect of momentary caprice. Beyond this, after a diligent search, we are unable to discover any explanation of the circumstances which, for the time being, produced so much perplexity. If this had been a fiction, it would have been easy to have invented a key to the lock: as it is, we leave it to our readers, with the simple assurance that the narrative, in all its particulars, is exactly as it is to be found in the newspapers of the period.

THE BLOWPIPE.

THE blowpipe, in its simplest form, is a small metal tube eight or nine inches in length, gradually tapering from one extremity to the other, so as to terminate in a very fine orifice, and bent round at right angles about an inch from the smaller end. If we place the point of this little instrument in the flame of a lamp or common candle, and blow gently through the other opening, we are enabled to produce a flame capable of raising the temperature of any small object exposed to it to a degree of heat more intense than that of a furnace.

The introduction of the blowpipe into the arts dates probably from a very distant period, having been employed, as it still is, by jewellers and workers in metal for the purposes of soldering; in which light it may be regarded as a convenient substitute for the furnace-bellows. The happy idea of extending its use into the investigations of chemistry, is believed to have originated about a century ago in Andrew or Antony Von Swab, a Swedish metallurgist and councillor of mines, who, according to the statement of Bergman, applied it to the examination of metallic ores and furnace products in the year 1738. The first person, however, from whom was derived any knowledge of the method of using the blowpipe, and of the effects produced by it, was Axel Frederick Von Cronstedt, also a Swede, connected with the mines of his country, and well known as the author of the first system of mineralogy based upon chemical principles—'A man,' in the words of Berzelius, 'whose genius so far outstripped the age in which he lived, as to be unintelligible to his contemporaries.' His system of mineralogy was published in 1758; and his quick and original mind perceived, at an early period of his researches, the combined power and utility of this little instrument in the hands of the chemist. He improved it, and applied it successfully to the investigations of minerals, making use of certain reagents or fluxes for that purpose, which are still retained, being pre-eminently superior to any that have been subsequently tried.

The illustrious Bergman contributed still further to the popularity of the blowpipe, by a treatise on the subject, which he sent to Baron Von der Born in 1777, who published it two years after, in the Latin language, at Vienna. In the compilation of this work, Bergman, on account of his ill health, was chiefly assisted by John Gottlieb Gahn, likewise a Swede by birth and immediate parentage, but of British extraction, who performed nearly all the experiments detailed in it; and who subsequently, by his laborious investigations and numerous inventions and improvements, attained in the use of this instrument to a surprising degree of efficiency, and far surpassed all who had preceded him. He is stated to have carried his blowpipe always with him, even on his shortest journeys, and to have submitted to its action every new or unknown substance that fell into his hands. During the last few years of Gahn's life, Berzelius—

now the most celebrated of living chemists*—undertook, at his request, an extended series of experiments, which the old man, still ardent in the pursuit of science, was to have controlled, blowpipe in hand; but this intention was put a stop to by his lamented death, which took place on the 8th of December 1818, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Berzelius afterwards carried on his investigations, adding greatly, by various discoveries and new methods of research, to the utility of the instrument; and in 1820, he published at Stockholm a complete treatise on the use of the blowpipe in chemistry and mineralogy, which became at once a standard work, and was immediately translated into most of the European languages. This work has since that time passed through several editions, and may be said to have formed the basis of all that has been subsequently written on the subject. Amongst the chemists of our own country whose researches have tended to advance our knowledge of blowpipe analysis, may be mentioned the names of Dr Wollaston and the late Smithson Tennant. A very useful work, which has already entered a second edition, and been translated into the French and English languages, has also been published within the last ten years by a German chemist, Carl F. Plattner, assay master at the Royal Freyberg Smelting Works.

Having thus traced the history of the blowpipe through the principal points of its progress, we shall briefly explain the method of employing it in the investigation of unknown bodies; and the means—simple and easy of execution, and certain in their results—by which the presence or absence of the common metals, and other elementary substances of ordinary occurrence, may be at once detected in any compound presented to us. The utility of this knowledge no one can attempt to gainsay; and as a good and efficient blowpipe may be purchased, in an improved form, for a single shilling, and packed with all its necessary apparatus and reagents in a little case, which can be carried in the pocket, or placed without inconvenience in a corner of the traveller's portmanteau, it may be employed by those to whom otherwise the domain of chemistry would be a forbidden land. We would especially call the attention of all about to emigrate to, or dwelling in, the more distant colonies, to the use of this admirable little instrument; for, to such, opportunities may not be wanting for the discovery of metallic ores, or other natural productions, which, resembling, to the unpractised eye, merely so much earthy or stony matter, may be found, when examined, to be of the greatest utility. Even in a central district of Europe but comparatively a few years ago, an ore of cobalt was broken upon the roads, which has since yielded an annual revenue of many thousand pounds.

Are all the refuse substances flung aside as useless in our workshops, our manufactories, and our dye-houses, to be regarded as worthless, or nearly so? May they not yet be applied to purposes at present little dreamt of, or lead to discoveries replete with use and profit to mankind? Let the blowpipe answer these questions: no one can honestly reply to them for it; and they are at least, should they occasion but a single good result, worth, and well worth, the asking.

The form of blowpipe described at the commencement of this article has the disadvantage of letting the water, arising from the condensed breath after using it for a short time, be blown out into the flame, thereby

* Since this article was written, news have arrived in this country of the serious, and, it was feared, fatal illness of this distinguished philosopher.

causing a certain interruption or inconvenience. This is best remedied by making the blowpipe of two pieces—namely, a long straight tube (from six to eight inches in length, according to the sight of the operator), closed at one end, and rather larger in diameter at that extremity; and a shorter tube or pipe of narrow diameter, and about an inch and a half in length, fitting at right angles into the side of the long tube, by an orifice made for that purpose, at a quarter of an inch from the closed end. If to this we add two little nozzles or jets of platinum, with orifices of different sizes, to fit on to the pointed extremity of the short pipe, as may be required, we shall possess a very perfect instrument. The reason these little jets are made of platinum is, to avoid the necessity of clearing their minute apertures by mechanical means, when they become stopped up by dirt or grease; as in this case we have only to heat them to redness before the point of the blowpipe flame, to render them bright and clean again in an instant—platinum being able to withstand, uninjured, the blast of our most powerful furnaces, and therefore capable of bearing the degree of heat necessary to burn off the carbonised matter; whereas other metals would fuse, or become brittle and oxidised.

Before we can properly understand the results obtained by the blowpipe, we must become acquainted with the nature and properties of the flame to which it is to be applied. Let us take the flame of a common candle as an example, and examine its different parts, and the properties, distinct and unchanging as the laws from which they are derived, which each possesses. If we observe this flame attentively, we shall find it to be composed of three totally different parts—namely, a dark nucleus in the centre, formed by the unconsumed gases which issue from the wick, and which cannot burn for want of air; secondly, a bright luminous cone surrounding the dark internal portion; and lastly, a thin and feebly-luminous mantle enveloping the whole flame, being scarcely visible at the summit or on the sides, but forming at the base a cup-shaped portion of a dark-blue colour. In this outer surface of the flame the gases undergo complete combustion, being abundantly supplied with oxygen from the surrounding air; and it is here that the greatest degree of heat is situated. This fact may be easily exemplified by holding in the flame a thin iron or platinum wire, which will then be found to be coated with carbon or soot in the interior part, whilst it is most strongly heated at the sides or apex; and on removing the wire, the soot will be seen to disappear in passing through the enveloping surface of the flame. On forcing a stream of air, by means of the blowpipe, gently through the flame of a candle in its natural position, the relative situations of its different parts will be entirely altered. The flame itself will be deflected into a horizontal position; and oxygen, before supplied only to its external surface, will be thrown into its very centre, causing the complete combustion of the gases, which burn in the form of a long blue cone, surrounded by a pointed flame of a yellow colour. At the point of this blue cone is concentrated all the heat that before was spread over the entire surface; and the surrounding yellow flame prevents the heat thus concentrated from escaping. All metallic bodies—that is to say, small fragments of such containing oxygen—are, with very few exceptions, soon deprived of it, and reduced to their true metallic state, if they be held just before the point of the blue flame, and entirely within the yellow one. Metallic bodies, on the contrary, if held a little way beyond the flame, and strongly heated, are, with two or three exceptions, as gold and platinum, converted into the state of oxides, losing completely their metallic aspect and properties.

In using the blowpipe, the air must not be forced directly from the lungs, as such would soon exhaust the operator, besides the injurious effect that it might have upon his health; but the mouth must be filled with air, and this suffered to pass very gradually through the instrument, aided by the compression of the muscles

of the cheeks and lips, the operator breathing at the same time through his nostrils. This, which is confessedly rather troublesome at first, is rendered perfectly easy of execution after a few trials; so that, with a little practice, a blast of several minutes' duration may be kept up without the least trouble or fatigue. Substances, when exposed to the flame, are supported on a piece of well-burnt charcoal, or at the end of a thin platinum wire bent into a loop. Otherwise, they are held by a pair of tongs or forceps with platinum points; and occasionally in a narrow glass tube, three or four inches long, and open at both ends; or in one of the same length, but of larger diameter, and closed at one end, so as to form a little flask or test tube.

As it would be impossible to condense within the limits of a single article all the operations and demonstrative experiments capable of being performed by the aid of the blowpipe, and of the simple apparatus with which it is usually accompanied, we shall merely point out, by way of example, the means by which we may render evident, in the most minute portion of any compound, the presence or absence of one or two of the more common substances met with in nature:—

Sulphur occurs most abundantly in nature. It is exported, in its pure state, in vast quantities from Sicily and other volcanic districts; and it is also obtained in some localities by a process of art from certain of its metallic combinations. A great number of the metals of commerce are chiefly extracted from their sulphur compounds—as lead from *galena*, or the native sulphuret; and copper from *copper pyrites*, a compound of sulphur, copper, and iron. Sulphur also, in union with a certain quantity of oxygen, is met with in *gypsum*, consisting of sulphuric acid, lime, and water, from which the plaster of Paris is made; likewise in *alum*, and in numerous other mineral and manufactured productions; amongst the latter, notably (in its pure state) in gunpowder. To detect the presence of sulphur in any body, we have only to mix a small fragment of it with about as much carbonate of soda as will lie on the point of a penknife, and to fuse the compound on a piece of charcoal in the yellow flame; when, if sulphur be present, a dark reddish mass will be obtained, which, moistened and placed on a bright piece of silver (a new coin, for instance), will communicate to it a brown or black stain. This stain is, in reality, a compound of the sulphur with the silver, and is the same as that produced when we eat an egg by means of a silver spoon—all eggs containing a portion of sulphur. The tarnishing which silver undergoes when exposed for any length of time, especially in rooms in which coal fires are burnt as fuel, is also due to a similar formation.

Arsenic is occasionally found in nature in a pure state, which is that of a gray and brittle metal, quickly acquiring a black tarnish on exposure to the atmosphere. That terrible poison, the arsenic or 'white arsenic' of commerce, is a combination of the metal with a certain quantity of oxygen, and is called by chemists 'arsenious acid.' Arsenic is readily detected, and with great certainty, by fusing a small quantity of the substance suspected to contain it with carbonate of soda on charcoal, exposing it alternately to the points of the inner and the outer flame; when, if arsenic be present, copious white fumes will be given off, possessing a most powerful odour of garlic. The metal will emit this odour when heated by itself; but its oxygen combinations require the addition of the soda and the charcoal to reduce them to the metallic state prior to their volatilisation.

Iron compounds are easily detected by the blowpipe, as they become attractable by the magnet after exposure to the yellow flame, and impart an impure green colour to glass of borax, which fades before the outer flame to a pale yellowish tint. The latter process for the detection of iron must be resorted to when but a very small quantity of it is contained in the substance under examination. Reduced on charcoal with carbonate of soda, infusible magnetic grains are obtained.

Cobalt, which is usually found in nature united to sulphur or arsenic, is chiefly used in the arts for the production of a fine blue colour in glass, porcelain, and other manufactured articles. The ores of cobalt come principally from Sweden, Prussia, and Saxony, and serve for the preparation of the 'smalt' of commerce; the metal itself being never extracted from them except in the laboratory of the chemist. When pure, the metal is highly magnetic; but this property is entirely destroyed in it by the admixture of a very small proportion of arsenic. The minutest fragment of any compound containing cobalt, imparts to borax, when fused with it in either part of the flame, a deep beautiful and peculiar blue colour.

As a relief to these technical details, which might be extended so as to embrace the complete range of the elementary substances, we shall conclude with an anecdote, which tends to show in a forcible manner the benefit that may be derived from a knowledge of the method of using the blowpipe in many of the ordinary occurrences of life, and in situations that may happen to us all:—Late in the autumn, three or four years ago, two young engineers (whom we will call Mr Y— and Mr C—), engaged in checking the levels of a projected line of railway extending through Devonshire into Cornwall, were quartered for the night at a miserable little inn—one of the few habitations thinly scattered here and there on the edge of the wild and inhospitable Dartmoor. The day had been cold, wet, and cheerless; and Y—, who had overworked himself, and who was suffering from a severe cold, began to feel really ill, upon which Mr C—, after a hasty meal, sallied forth against the wind and rain to procure some medicine for his friend. As the nearest town, however, was some ten miles distant, he was forced to content himself with bringing home a dose of Epsom salts, which he obtained at the shop of a 'grocer, dealer, and vender of horse and patent medicines'—so ran the emblazoned sign-board—at a little hamlet about two miles from the inn. The shop, moreover, being closed, and the head and chief absent, Mr C— was forced to take the medicine as genuine Epsom salts, upon the *ipse dixit* of a sharp lad, who kept guard with great importance over this heterogeneously-stored emporium. Thus supplied, Mr C— made his way back to the inn; and Y— having swallowed a portion of the bitter compound, they retired to their rooms. But in the middle of the night, imagine the horror of C— to be awakened, and to find Y— standing by his bedside, anxiously inquiring 'if he were sure that it was not poison that he had taken, as he could not sleep for startling dreams, and for the strange sensations that he felt all over him.' To spring from the bed, to procure a light, and to draw from the corner of his carpet-bag the little portable blowpipe case, which he always carried with him, was the work of a few moments; and in less than five minutes, C— had thoroughly convinced himself that the remains of the medicine contained only sulphuric acid, magnesia, and water—these being the true constituents of Epsom salts. In his first nervous agitation on jumping out of bed, visions of arsenious acid, acetate or sugar of lead, and oxalic acid, passed across his mind, the two latter especially, from their external resemblance to Epsom salts; but the rapid experiment, which showed him the presence of sulphuric acid, proved to him at the same time the absence of arsenic and lead; and the taste alone was sufficient to dispel all fears respecting oxalic acid, the absence of which he was also enabled to confirm by a simple and decisive test. Thus reassured, Y— again retired to his bed; and half an hour after, C—, on peeping into his room, had the satisfaction to find him fast asleep.

Now, had C— not possessed the simple knowledge requisite upon this occasion, what would have been the consequences? The inmates of the house must have been aroused, and despatched in various directions in

quest of a medical man, whilst the unfortunate Mr Y— would have been left in all the agonies of suspense, letting the result of his own excited imagination grow more and more into the semblance of a horrible reality, until the effects of fear might have really rendered the visit of the doctor a necessary one.

A TALE OF GOLF.*

On the morning of the 17th August 183—, two native golfers of the famous Dobbieside, in Fife, were seen resting on the brow of the links, and anxiously casting their eyes in the direction of Methill, as if expecting the smoking funnel of the ever-restless St George. Their coats of business were hoisted,† their caps were drawn resolutely over their brows, and they examined with more than common care the knitting of their clubs, the insertion of the lead, and the indentation of the bone.‡ From their capacious pockets they turned out ball after ball with mysterious care,§ and the names of the makers were interchanged with reverential whispers, as they peered into one or two of the most select. At their feet reclined their caddies, grasping each a complete establishment of clubs, and listening with deep respect to the chat of their masters.¶ At last a towering column of smoke announced that the steamer was at hand, while from the end of the bank the flory-boat was plying its way to receive the passengers for Leven. The sportsmen leaped to their feet as the passengers descended the side of the steamer, and an exclamation of 'He's come!' burst from them as they saw a large package of clubs lowered down into the boat. They hastened to the sands to welcome the arrival of the stranger sportsman, who had been sent to dim the glory of Dobbieside; and there, in the stern of the boat, with his arm encircling his instruments of play, did they behold the doughty champion who was backed against the rustic players by some discomfited metropolitans, and who was destined to open the eyes of Dobbieside to its ignorance and vanity in assuming an equality with the clubs south of the Forth.

He was a short, stout-made, sandy-whiskered man; his spectacles not altogether concealing his ferret eyes; his nose short, and ever ready to curl; and his lip compressing itself, as if it were ever bridding up under some slight or insult. He was the ideal of a small pomposity, set off with a finical attention to dress: rings clasped his little fat fingers, and a diamond pin shone in his puffy breast. He surveyed his new brothers on the shore with an air of loftiness, although he must have known them for his intended associates, and cast on the country round a vexed look, as if his friends had compromised his dignity by sending him to a place that appeared so questionable. His stateliness, how-

* A game almost peculiar to Scotland, played on *downs* or *links* near the sea. The links at Dobbieside, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, are a noted scene of the amusement. A general account of golf is given in the Journal, old series, No. 558.

† For lightness and ease of movement, golfers usually wear a short loose coat, and sometimes this is of a peculiar colour and button, as the uniform of a club.

‡ The chief clubs used in golfing are of wood, loaded with lead, and faced with horn or bone.

§ The object of the game of golf is to strike the ball along the green, and into a small hole, at the smallest possible number of strokes. The ball is composed of leather, stuffed so full of feathers, as to be at once hard and elastic.

¶ The caddie is a servant who carries the bundle of clubs required by the golfer, and who is also in general qualified, by his skill in the game, and his local knowledge, to give directions to his employer.

ever, gave way to rage and abuse when he found that, to get ashore, he must mount on the back of one of the boatmen. There being no alternative, he was horsed amid the smiles of passengers and onlookers—his legs drawn up most ungracefully to save his boots from the brine, and his face, over the shoulder of his carrier, presenting the appearance of the man of the moon in a state of excitement. Arrived at the shore, he was set down with little ceremony, when, unluckily, his first contact with the county of Fife was a seat on the cold wet sand. He was soon put on his legs by his brother sportsmen, whose condolence and jokes were ill calculated to soothe his ruffled feelings; but with a tremendous effort, the high-pressure gentleman readjusted his spectacles, and did assume enough of calmness to look contempt on all around, and discharge an execration at the county of Fife and the insufferable incommodiousness of its conveyances.

The party now moved to the hole from which they were to strike off, the stranger receiving the proposal of a short pause at the public-house of the village with a look of horror. They were here joined by a number of second-rate golf-men—old lovers of the game, who could yet, in despite of rheumatism, follow the rounds—besides a whole troop of ordinary villagers, inspired, if not with a love of golf, at least with an interest in the honour of Dubbieside. The stranger having undone his clubs, round which his red coat was tightly roped—having renounced his handsome green one with gilt anchor buttons, and relinquished it with a sigh, and a shrink of composure to his fate, to the Dubbieside caddie, whom he looked on as a second Caliban—addressed himself to the business of the day. He cast on the ground a 'Gourlay'* white as snow, hard as lead, and elastic as whalebone; and the trembling caddie having, amid the whizz of a shower of novel oaths, teed† it at last to his satisfaction, he seized a club resembling Tam o' Shanter's mare—'a supple jade and strang'—gave it a few preparatory vibrations; then, assuming the honour of precedence, he addressed his body to his ball, raised his club, and came round with a determined sweep. The missile sped right into a sandy braise, which the generality of players clear with the first stroke; but such a thing will occasionally happen with a good player. So little was thought of it—though the testy stranger glowed like a red herring; and his humour was by no means restored when he saw his partners, after 'licking their loaves,' make their balls fly like skyrocketts over the place where he was earthed. Away, however, the crowd moved—principals, caddies, amateurs, clubmakers, lang weavers, and hecklers—the last class of gentlemen having at this time struck for an advance of wages, and being glad of anything about which to occupy themselves. The whole formed a ring round the strange gentleman, who was now to dig his ball out of its firm lodgment of sand. The occasion, the company, the awkwardness of his position, and the consciousness of the want of sympathy in all around, contributed to heighten the angry feelings of the champion: so, darting a glance of fire at one of the hecklers, who remarked, with tipsy gravity, and most offensive familiarity, in allusion to the hapless situation of the ball, that it would require spectacles to find it out, he gave it such an ill-natured and ill-directed whack, that it sunk completely into the regions of night. The hurrahs of the hecklers, the yells of the boys, the placid laughter of the paralytic old players, who shook upon their sticks, and the quiet condolence of the rival players, which was given in all the offensiveness of broad Scotch diminutives, now nearly threw the mortified stranger into a fit of apoplexy. The ball, however, was declared not playable; and being

dug out by the fingers of the caddie, was thrown back on the green, at the loss of a stroke in counting to its owner. So, reconcentrating his energy, and assuming as much calmness as could be collected from a composition so formed, he aimed at it a well-directed stroke. Unfortunately, at the very instant, a prophetic groan or hem from one of the flax-teasing fraternity gave a wrong turn to the blow, and swept the ill-destined ball into a bunker.* Another cheer for Dubbieside was about to be raised, when the strange gentleman grappled with the obnoxious heckler, and lustily called for a constable. This produced a rush from his companions, who in an instant released him from the clutch of the indignant golfer, around whom he began dancing and sparring, with his jacket and paper-cap doffed, demanding a ring and fair play. But, the honour of the links being at stake, the Dubbieside players laid hands on the shoulders of the rebels, and awed them into civility: so, after a few grumbings, the Dubbieside men having taken their second strokes, which sent their balls far on into safe and beautiful ground, the troop once more moved on. The metropolitan champion was now to strike his fifth stroke, or 'three more,' and the perspiration was seen in beads on his brow, when he came up and beheld his infatuated 'Gourlay' sitting as if in an egg-cup of sand. The more civilised of the idlers felt something like sympathy, and a feeling of commiseration was beginning to steal over the multitude, when the caddie, having given the gentleman the *cleek* instead of the *iron*,† which he swore was the proper play, the said caddie was unceremoniously deposed with a cuff in the neck that sent him into the sand: the clubs were at the same time wrenched from him by his irate master, who said he would carry them himself. This event did not render the player more cool, or the spectators more indulgent; so, when the ball was jerked from its position, it went slant over the bank to the firm bed of sand on the beach, where it rolled, as on an iron floor, till it reached the water. The flaxmen, swinging arm in arm to the top of the bank, now burst out into a chorus of

'The sea—the sea—the open sea—
I am where I would ever be,' &c.

This was too much. For a moment a sort of stupor seemed to fall on the devoted stranger; but an unearthly calmness and paleness succeeded, as he moved leisurely to the sea, picked up his ball, and put it into his pocket. He had observed the steamer on its return from Largo, and walking leisurely to the flory-boat, which was just going out, he arrived in time to secure his passage. His exit might have been dignified—for even the hecklers remarked that there was something 'no very cannie in his look' when he left the ground, and they did not even venture to cheer—but just as the boat was shoving off, a frenzied-looking woman, running along the beach, made signs for them to stop, and in an instant the mother of the dismissed caddie was in the boat, demanding reparation for the damage done to her laddie. The approach of the obnoxious hecklers to witness this new scene, operated more on the discomfited golfer than the woman's clamour; and a bonus, most disproportionate to the damage, was slipped into the horny fist of the outraged mother, who, suddenly lowering her tone, stood upon the beach his only friend. Yet could she not, as the boat moved off, prevent the flaxmen sending after him their chorus of 'The sea, the sea,' until he was seen to ascend the steamboat and suddenly disappear below.

Who or what he was remains a mystery: his backers never gave his name, or a hint of his profes-

* A ball made by an eminent artist of this name.

† At striking off, the ball is perched by the caddie on a little pile of sand, to make it lie fair to the stroke. This is called *teeing*.

* A sand-pit. When the ball falls into a bunker, a stroke is required to replace it on the green. On golfing ground there is usually a succession of such pitfalls, which the dexterous native players avoid, but which are particularly dangerous to strangers.

† The *cleek* and *iron* are two clubs with metal heads, one lighter than the other, used in striking the ball from sand or hard ground.

sion. Some imagined him to be a principal Edinburgh clerk; others a half-pay resident in Musselburgh; but what or who he really was, has just reached us by the most curious inquirer.

SUMNER ON TRUE GLORY.

CHARLES SUMNER, whose essay on War was noticed by us some years ago, has added to his reputation by an address on 'Fame and Glory,' delivered before the literary societies of Amherst College, August 11, 1847, a copy of which, printed at Boston, has just reached us. Mr Sumner's address appears in England at an appropriate time. When a portion of the people, misled by a pretended fear on the score of military defences, would force the country into what would virtually be a war, such a discourse must have a peculiarly useful tendency. Too long has the world been deluded with the glitter and pomp of military array. It is time that the 'fame and glory' usually accorded to warlike exploits were set down at their true value.

We cannot, in these limited pages, follow Mr Sumner through his comprehensive oration; but confining ourselves chiefly to a few prominent points, we shall present, as far as possible, a condensed view of his line of reasoning.

Fame and glory may, for the present purpose, be considered synonymous. They are the expression of a favourable public opinion on certain actions, but any value to be attached to this opinion must depend on the degree of enlightenment and conscientiousness of those who express it. 'In early and barbarous periods, homage is exclusively rendered to achievements of physical strength, chiefly in slaying wild beasts, or human beings who are termed enemies. The feats of Hercules, which fill the fables and mythology of early Greece, were triumphs of brute force. Conqueror of the Nemean lion and the many-headed hydra, strangler of the giant Antæus, illustrious scavenger of the Augean stables, grand abater of the nuisances of the age in which he lived, he was hailed as a hero, and commemorated as a god. And at a later time honour was still continued to mere muscular strength of arm. One of the most polite and eminent chiefs at the siege of Troy, is distinguished by Homer for the ease with which he hurled a rock, such as could not be lifted even by two strong men in our day. And this was glory in an age which had not yet learned to regard the moral and intellectual nature of man, or that which distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, as the only source of conduct worthy of enlightened renown.'

In after-times, in Greece, glory was gained by expert wrestling and chariot-driving, and contests of this kind, as vulgar as modern horse-racing, were the frequent theme of the Greek poets. Rome did not improve on the Grecian notions of glory. The much-prized crowns of honour were all awarded to the successful soldier. The title to a triumph, that loftiest object of ambition, was determined by the number of enemies destroyed. Founded and perpetuated in military aggression, without a single redeeming instance of justice, the Roman Empire finally sunk under the vengeance which it had provoked. The successful robber was in turn a prey to the spoiler. The same tale may be told of all the nations of the middle ages. The glorification of animal strength and courage was universal. Chivalry was only polished brutality. 'The life of the valiant Céspedes, a Spanish knight of high renown, by Lope de Vega, reveals a succession of exploits which were the performances of a brawny porter and a bully. All the passions of a rude nature were gratified at will. Sanguinary revenge and inhuman harshness were his honourable pursuit. With a furious blow of his clenched

fist, in the very palace of the emperor at Augsburg, he knocked out the teeth of a heretic—an achievement which was hailed with honour and congratulation by his master, Charles V., and the Duke of Alva. Thus did a Spanish gentleman acquire fame in the sixteenth century.'

The 'glories' of chivalry are matched in states of society which a knight would have affected to despise. 'The North American savage commemorates the chief who is able to hang at the door of his wigwam a heavy string of scalps, the spoils of war. The New Zealander honours the sturdy champion who slays, and then eats, his enemies. The cannibal of the Feejee islands—only recently explored by an expedition from our shores—is praised for his adroitness in lying, for the dozen men he has killed with his own hand, for his triumphant capture in battle of a piece of tapa-cloth attached to a staff, not unlike one of our flags; and when he is dead, his club is placed in his hand, and extended across the breast, to indicate in the next world that the deceased was a chief and a warrior. This is barbarous glory! But how little does all this differ from the frantic eagerness of knights to capture the flag of an enemy, or the 'glory' of being commemorated in stone, with the legs crossed, and the body clothed in armour! What a mob of fools mankind have been in all ages and countries!

Carrying his eye over the present condition of society, Mr Sumner admits that a love of fame or glory—that is, a love of approbation carried to an extreme length—is neither immoral nor blameable when directed to those acts which promote human happiness. At the same time, this species of personal ambition 'detracts from the beauty even of good works.' In our opinion, the man who does not do what good is in his power, without regard to human applause, is not entitled to be called great. The popularity to be aimed at, according to the correct definition of Lord Mansfield, is 'that which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.'

Mr Sumner is next led to draw a comparison between fame derived from the pursuit of peaceful and useful arts, and that from successful war. 'It is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is yet truer and more permanent far than any bloody glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted perhaps a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardour by his own example—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress of the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of an incident of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, in order to effect his landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the "Elegy in a

Country Churchyard." Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he "would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket: the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright immortal beauty.' How might this comparison be extended!

Of military prowess, in reference to fame, Mr Sumner entertains but a poor opinion. Animal courage, on which military ardour is based, is exhibited in a greater degree among some of the inferior tribes of creatures. 'Courage,' he says, 'becomes a virtue when exercised in obedience to the higher sentiments—to promote justice and benevolence by Christian means. It is of a humbler character if these objects are promoted by force, or that part of our nature which we have in common with beasts. It is unquestionably a vice when, divorced from justice and benevolence, it lends itself to the passion for wealth, for power, or glory.'

The question, however, may be put—Is there no difference between the defenders of their country from unjust invasion, and those who fight aggressively? No doubt those who die in repelling violence are worthy of cordial sympathy; but the strife is to be regarded 'only as a token of the dishonourable barbarism of the age—like the cannibalism of an earlier period, or the slavery of our own day.' Every considerate person must join in regarding war as an unchristian institution, and at best 'a melancholy necessity, offensive in the sight of God, hostile to the best interests of men.'

Unfortunately, there can be little hope of seeing war and warlike preparation abated as long as jealousies and rivalries are maintained between neighbouring nations; and we might almost venture to say, that if half the pains were taken to cultivate a good understanding among the people of contiguous countries, that is employed to raise mutual distrust, even defensive wars would be unknown. No pains of this kind, however, are ever taken. The people of one country remain in ignorance of the people of another, and by the entanglements of diplomacy, as well as by the manœuvres of those who make war a trade, are too easily brought into collision. Glory gained in battles which are so brought about, can be spoken of only with loathing and detestation.

We close our paper with the following passages, which seem to us to possess the character of true oratory.

'God only is great! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age *Louis the Great*. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power: and as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal supremely endowed reflecting the image of his Maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so also is the great man. When Moses said unto the Lord, "Show me thy glory," the Lord said, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are merely memorable in the world's annals, and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery, or a false appreciation of character, has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude. Alexander, drunk with victory and with wine, whose remains, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great; Caesar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of

his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great; Louis XIV. of France, the magnificent spendthrift monarch, prodigal of treasure and of blood, and panting for renown, was not truly great; Peter of Russia, the organiser of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son, despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great; Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with "human lives for dice," was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers?

There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but "bating not a jot of heart or hope"—in an age of ignorance, the friend of education—in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom—tuning his harp to those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear—confessing his supreme duties to humanity in words of simplicity and power. "I am long since persuaded," was his declaration, "that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and mankind." There is Vincent de St Paul of France, once in captivity in Algiers: obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with divine success to labours of Christian benevolence, to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those who were in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world has placed its brand, whose charity—like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. And lastly, there is Clarkson, who, while yet a pupil of the university, commenced those lifelong labours against slavery and the slave-trade which have embalmed his memory. Writing an essay on the subject as a college exercise, his soul warmed with the task, and at a period when even the horrors of the middle passage had not excited condemnation, he entered the lists, the stripling champion of the right.'

Taking an example from these instances of true glory, 'let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble—but all false gods. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labours of his children on earth. Then farewell to the Syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion, sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two suns of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant, have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices, the majesty of peace other vindicators, the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed—ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life—ever prompting to deeds of beneficence—conquering the heathen prejudices of country, colour, and race—guiding the judgment of the historian—animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator—ennobling human thought and conduct, and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory. Good works!

such, even now, is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet.'

INDIAN EXPERTNESS.

THE natives of India have for ages been noted for their extraordinary personal activity and ingenuity—qualities which fit them for being the most expert thieves and jugglers in the world. The performances of London or Parisian freebooters sink to nothing in comparison with the daring feats of the Dacoits of Hindostan, from whom in all probability the wandering gypsies of Europe drew their origin. The stories told of Dacoits are almost too marvellous to be credited. When sleeping in your tent, the experienced Dacoit will not scruple to burrow in the earth, in order to obtain an entrance, unseen by the sentinel at the door; or swimming down the river in the night, his head covered with an earthen vessel, he will glide unnoticed under the windows of your budgerow, and noiselessly creeping in at the window, make off with everything you have, while you and your family are indulging in a pleasant nap; and finally, when caught and condemned to death, he will walk straight up to a piece of artillery, and pressing his chest against its muzzle, allow himself, without a struggle, or even a look of regret, to be blown into atoms—a death inflicted in the field on Dacoits and other marauders.

One would think that the Hindoo must have a constitutional aptitude for theft, his body is so slim, yet so muscular, his motions so snake-like, his agility so astonishing. In fact, after a little practice, he is like a man made of India-rubber, and seems to proceed without the slightest reference to the fragility of any part of his frame. Mr Fane tells us that, at Delhi, he saw several fellows jumping sheer down into a well *ninety* feet deep, in pursuit of a rupee thrown in to tempt them. There was a slanting passage on the opposite side, by which they got out again; but the perpendicular plunge was the feat expected, and this they performed again and again with the utmost readiness, men and boys rushing in emulation, each anxious to be the first to spring into the abyss after the prize.

Mr Tennant supposes that the superiority of the Hindoos in feats of agility and legerdemain arises from their pursuing these arts as a distinct and constant (and he might have added hereditary) profession. However this may be, he tells us that their doings surpass all credibility. In balancing, for instance, which is an effort of skill without the possibility of deception, a man frequently places five of the common earthenware water-pots, one over the other, upon his head, and a girl climbing to the uppermost, he dances with this extraordinary coiffure round the field. On another occasion, 'the same person balances a pole of sixteen feet long, the bottom of which is fixed into a thick cotton sash or girdle; another man gets upon his back, and from thence runs up the pole, his hands aiding his feet, with the nimbleness of a squirrel. He then proceeds first to extend himself on the pole upon his belly, and then upon his back, his legs and arms both times spread out. He next throws himself horizontally from the pole, which is all the while balanced on the girdle, holding only by his arms. This attitude among the tumblers is called the flag. Thirdly, he stands upon his head on the top of the pole, holding below the summit with his hands. Finally, he throws himself from this last position backwards down the pole, holding by his hands, then turns over again, holding by his feet; and this is repeated over and over till he reaches the ground. These, and a thousand other feats, constitute the amusement of the idle and the subsistence of a numerous class of strollers.'

The most beautiful of all the feats performed by Indian jugglers, is the well known tossing of six balls, which are sustained in the air, or made to revolve round the head, by a dexterous and gentle touch of the hand. This is anything but an unintellectual exhibition. There is in it no pretension to legerdemain, no

deception of the eyes. It is a feat of honest skill, and to the thoughtful is philosophically curious. It demonstrates an extraordinary calculation as to keeping time, and shows perhaps more than anything else the power of concentrating the mind on a single subject of thought. We feel assured that the mountebank who can perform the clever manœuvre of making half-a-dozen balls spin round his person, possesses a capacity which, well-directed, might lead to much higher things.

It is unfortunate, from the state of society in India, that personal expertness should so much take a furtive direction. Dacoitism may be said to be carried the length of a science, for in its higher professors it disdains theft on a mean or bungling scale of operation. Colonel Davidson mentions the case of a Dacoit who had stolen a man's garments from under his head, severing with a knife a part of the article which was either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow. 'This,' says he, 'was a mere bungler, and, I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known: when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dexterous pull secures the booty. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the morning without mattress, blanket, or sheet either above or below them; having at the same time a favourite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows.'

Broughton describes a less 'clumsy' theft committed in the Mahratta camp, of which he gives a lifelike picture. A tent was entered in which fourteen men were sleeping, two of them at the door with drawn swords by their sides. The thieves, nothing daunted by the crowd, made use of the swords to cut their way into the tent, and picking their steps among the sleepers, possessed themselves of the property they coveted. On another occasion, one of the maharajah's finest horses was carried off by a fellow, who, observing the rider dismount, and give the bridle into the hands of the attendant, darted forward, severed the reins with his sword, and galloped off in an instant.

The following instance of Dacoitism, illustrative of our subject, was related to us by a gentleman long resident in India:—

General S——, who considered himself able to outmanœuvre any Dacoit in Bengal, had given orders to pursue and bring before him a thief whose misdeemeanours had warranted the severest punishment. The poor Dacoit was caught and brought up for examination. He was a fine specimen of the East Indian race. Of a clear brown, every feature of the most perfect mould, and with a form of exquisite symmetry and proportion, he now stood, nothing daunted, before the chief whose breath was to decide his fate.

'You are a Dacoit?'

'I am.'

'You are aware that the crimes you have been guilty of are punishable by death?'

'If such be my *nusseed* (destiny), I am prepared to meet it.'

'Would you avoid it?'

'Decidedly.'

'Well, then, listen. Scarcely a night passes that several of our cavalry horses are not stolen. In spite of our constant vigilance, in spite of sentinels, and every other precaution, they are carried off. Do you know how this is effected?'

'I do.'

'Well, then, on one condition your life shall be spared: show us the mode in which these extraordinary robberies are committed, and I will not only set you free, but give you one hundred rupees.'

The Dacoit almost sneered at the offer of the bribe; but after a moment's pause, he replied, 'I am ready.'

'Bravo!' cried S——, well pleased. 'Now we'll get at the secret. Let the captains and officers commanding troops be ordered instantly to attend at my stable tent

to see the trick, and be able to guard against it. Desire two cavalry soldiers and two grooms also to be there; and let them make haste, for I am all impatience to see the feat performed.'

In a quarter of an hour all was prepared. A very spirited and valuable horse of the general's was selected for the trial, one that allowed none save his master or his feeder to approach him. But the robber rather exulted in this, as he declared it would the better display his dexterity.

In the first place, the horse was tethered, as all cavalry horses in the field in India are, beneath an open tent, his fore legs being each made fast by a rope to a staple in the ground. The hind legs were similarly secured. A groom lay on one side of him, a grass-cutter (forager) on the other. The soldier to whom he was supposed to belong was stretched immediately behind him, and another very near, with orders that if they could in any way detect, by noise or touch, the tread of the robber, they were instantly to start up and seize him. Till then, they were to close their eyes and affect to sleep.

The Dacoit, on the other hand, threw himself on the grass, and, like a snake, crawled up to the first guard, and lay quietly beside him for a moment, to ascertain if he were asleep; then gently rising over him, he crept between the groom and the horse, till he actually lay beneath the spirited animal, which, extraordinary to say, never attempted to stir. With the greatest nicety he undid one of the hind tethers, or spansills, then one of the fore; then he paused a while, and the horse stirred not. He then undid, with great care and nicety, the other two, and creeping out between his fore legs, managed to substitute a native bridle for the head-stall. The spectators were lost in admiration, particularly the old general, whose praise was unbounded. But still the most difficult part of the task remained to be done—namely, to get the horse away. This was effected by turning him round. The Dacoit now quickly raised himself up by his arms, and the next moment was on the animal's back. Then walking him up to his supposed guard, the horse stepped over his legs, which were close together, and in the next instant he stood clear of all impediment, when the ingenious rider struck both his heels into him, and set off down the lines in a hand gallop.

General S— was pleased beyond expression with the man's address; and though he hardly knew how to guard against such expert thieves, yet he now saw the modes employed by the robbers, and it might be possible to invent some means to thwart them.

In the meantime the adroit native had arrived at the extreme outskirts of the camp, when the general, who began to think he had shown them enough of his skill, called on him to come back. 'None are so deaf as those who will not hear.' From that moment to the hour of his death, the worthy commander never saw his favourite charger, and what was still worse, he was ever afterwards bound to blush at his own simplicity whenever the word 'Dacoit' was mentioned in his presence.

Numerous villages in Central India are entirely peopled by Dacoits, who carry their depredations westward to the banks of the Indus, and southward to Bombay and Madras. In our own territories, Colonel Sleeman says there are likewise whole colonies of them, a thousand such families being located in the Upper Doab alone. The landholders and police officers frequently make large fortunes by their share of the spoil; and thus robbery is a very safe business when carried on at some distance from home. But independently of the venality of the functionaries, it is extremely difficult—in some cases impossible—to get witnesses to appear; and this state of things must continue till the meshes of justice are drawn closer, and men are not ruined by the loss of time attending a prosecution. Till then, the wonderful ingenuity of a considerable portion of the Hindoos must continue to be turned towards the

arts of knavery, instead of enriching their country by such masterpieces of industry as the famous muslins of Dacca, which have not yet been surpassed even by the science of Europe.

EARLY NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SCRAP of the advertising sheet of a newspaper, some thirty or forty years old, happening to fall into our hands the other day, afforded considerable amusement, and gave birth to the idea, that if the investigation were pushed a little beyond this date, it might prove productive of several curious facts. Full of this conception, we repaired to the British Museum, and were very shortly seated at a table surrounded with a mountain of dusty folios. We were soon immersed in the mass, and aged 'Diurnals,' venerable 'Intelligencers,' 'Mercuries' yellow and grim, and hoary old 'Gazettes,' underwent a careful scrutiny. As some of these patriarchs were in their one hundred and eightieth year, it may be readily conjectured they supplied a very queer sort of literary repast. Engaged in this pursuit, we may be said to have witnessed the very birth of that prolific monster whose many-membered body now occupies so large a share of public attention. We have seen the hydra when it was a bantling with only one head. It was no very arduous undertaking to find the first advertisement; but to trace the gradual development of form, and feature, and numerical strength, was a labour for a literary Hercules, and by no means to be undertaken by any one who could not spend a year or two on the subject. We therefore confess that, after gleaning a few curiosities, we consigned the huge mass back to its dusty vaults again; and believing that some of the information we derived may interest many of our readers, we beg to present them with this article as the result of our short dive into a sea of newspapers of the past and part of the preceding century.

We believe that the first advertisement discoverable in any newspaper is one which refers to the theft of two horses. It is contained in an early number of a paper called the 'Impartial Intelligencer,' published in the year 1643, and consequently now (1848) exactly two centuries old. It was inserted by a gentleman of Candish, in Suffolk. After this, these notifications were very few and far between for several years, until we approach the era of the 'London Gazette.' Here, for some time, they assumed no very definite form, consisting merely of a short official notice in italics at the end of each Gazette, and not headed with the title 'Advertisement.' One of the first called by this name—in this paper, that is to say—is contained in the number for May 6, 1667. It is sufficiently remarkable to deserve resuscitation, and runs thus:—

'AN ADVERTISEMENT.

'We are, by his majesty's command, to give notice that, by reason of the great heats which are growing on, there will be no further touching for the evil till Michaelmas next, and accordingly all persons concerned are to forbear their addresses till that time!'

This remarkable advertisement, which, so far as we know, has escaped the notice of historical writers, is repeated in four or five subsequent Gazettes, after which it disappears, to the extent of our search, never to reappear again. The value of the newspaper as an advertising medium was now beginning to be felt. Persons who had lost their dogs or other property began to give notice thereof in the tailpiece of the last column of the Gazette. The Duke of Albemarle appears to have been particularly unfortunate, for his advertisements appear four or five times—once for 'A white greyhound dog with red cheeks, intelligence to be brought to the Duke of Albemarle's porter at the Cockpit.' The Prince Rupert was equally unfortunate. Felonies of this nature appear to have been of great frequency, and even the royal stables and falconry were not secure.

Advertisements were now to be directed to another object than the mere proclamation of missing property, or of official notices. A far-sighted gentleman, by name

'Egbertus Wills, of the city of Utrecht,' informs the public that he is 'skilful in the cure of crookedness, and other defects of the body.' Such is the modest commencement of the present foul disgrace of a portion of the public press—quack advertisements! This was like the 'letting forth of waters.' Commercial advertising now took origin, and gained strength. We believe an enterprising tobacconist makes one of the first *entrées* as an advertiser in this character. This was a Mr. James Norcock, snuffmaker and perfumer, whose sign was the harmonious union implied in the 'jessamine tree and snuffing gentleman,' and who professed to sell 'all sorts of snuffs, Spanish and Italian; also the best Spanish lozenges and cashen to be eaten, and all sorts of rare Spanish perfumes.' Auctioneers follow Mr Norcock's train, of whose unpretending announcements the following is a fair sample:—'On the fifteenth day of March next (1684) will be exposed to sale by the candle, two elephants, male and female.' Other advertisements state 'by inch of candle,' from which it will readily be understood that the bidding commenced with the lighting, and terminated with the consumption, of 'the inch of candle,' a method suited to the sober spirit of those times. If more prodigal of time, auctioneers were more frugal of their words in those days than in our own. Let the following pithy announcement shock any Mr Robins as it may, we shall not withhold it, but declare how that a 'splendid site,' an 'advantageous investment for capital,' a 'magnificent property,' was actually advertised in two lines, containing two sentences:—'The bowling-green in Southwark Park is to be let to build upon; inquire there, and you may know farther.' From there being but one, and that only an occasional advertisement, in the 'Gazette' at its commencement, thirty years later, ten or a dozen appear in each journal. Scattered through them occur a number and variety of advertisements about runaway servants, in the description of whose persons we are sometimes informed that they 'wore their own hair.'

With the commencement of the eighteenth century, the genius of advertising had attained a considerable development, and the general character of the advertisements resembled in many respects that of the present time. They related to the wants, and luxuries, and diseases of mankind; and these, with but little variation, remain the same from century to century. At this time quack advertising, with the strength of a poisonous weed, overtopped all the rest in effrontery, immodesty, and extent. Some of these announcements indulge in all the romantic hyperbole commonly accepted and disbelieved in our own age. A medicine known as 'Scott's' pills' reaches, we believe, the greatest age among them. It is the Methuselah of the lot. A brother patriarch is Dr Benjamin Godfrey's miraculous elixir or cordial. There was even in the seventeenth century, towards its close, a famous anti-doloric oil, which administered instant ease to the excruciations of gout and rheumatism, and was averred to be 'likewise excellent for all old aches, pains, bruises, strains, stiffness, palsy, &c.' Next to these were Major John Choke's 'Incomparable necklaces for the easement of children in cutting their teeth.' We should have thought Major Choke's name quite sufficient. The king of France, however, was of a different opinion; for all his four children accomplished their dentition, to the immortal glory of Major Choke, solely by the preternatural aid they received from these invaluable ornaments. But greater miracles were in reserve for the healing art than even these. The original edition of the 'Spectator' for July 2, 1712, contains a notice which we shall abbreviate:—'*Loss of memory or forgetfulness* certainly cured by a grateful electuary peculiarly adapted to that end. It makes the head clear and easy, the spirits free, active, and undisturbed, and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, enabling those whose memory had been totally lost (!) to remember the minutest circumstance of their affairs to a wonder!' Another, which appeared in the same sheet, was an 'Admirable confection which assuredly cures *stuttering and stammering* in children and grown persons.' Its stupendous powers were

retailed at the insignificant sum of half-a-crown a pot. No fewer than sixteen quack advertisements, of ten or twelve lines each, appear in the 'Craftsman' for 1730, occupying the whole of the last side of that paper. Omitting all notice of the offensive ones, it may amuse to quote the titles of a few others. There was the 'Julapium Ashmaticum' for broken-winded men, in proximity to 'The Infallible Remedy for Broken-winded Horses;' 'The Great Elixir;' 'Famous for the Vapours;' 'Angelick Snuff'—for human angels, we presume; and a sly advertisement, something after the modern style, headed—'In consequence of the daily disturbance in churches by coughing, the original inestimable angelick electuary' is strongly recommended for the public good. Advertising perfumers were not wanting to flatter the vanity of these old times. There were creators of artificial beauty in the seventeenth century, and they abound in the nineteenth. If there was not a 'Kalydor,' there was a 'Britannic Beautifier,' we have not the smallest doubt of equal efficacy. If there was no wonder-working 'Curling fluid,' there was the incomparable 'White water to curl gentlemen's hair.' Even old *wigs* that look scandalous, after a simple application of that liquid, would curl as freshly and as stiffly as if they had just left the hands of the *perruquier*. Instead of advertising from 'kings' palaces' and plate-glass groves, the barbers of those times, utterly innocent of such circumlocutions as are at present in vogue, spoke out in the following right-down language:—'This is to acquaint gentlemen and others that there is a fresh parcel of perukes of all sorts, Bobs, Tyes, and Naturals, that the maker will warrant to be made of the true human English hairs.'

We believe that the following advertisements relate to a species of insurance which will be new to many of our readers. In the 'British Apollo' for 1710 is the following notice:—'A first and second claim is made at the office of Assurance on Marriage in Roll Court, Fleet Street. The first will be paid on Saturday next; wherefore all persons concerned are desired to pay two shillings into the joint-stock, pursuant to the articles, or they will be excluded. The two claimants married each other, and have paid but two shillings each.' Yet they were to receive L.37. This advertisement may receive its explanation in another:—'Any person, by paying two shillings at their entrance for a policy and stamps, and two shillings towards each marriage until their own, when (the number is) full, will secure to themselves L.200, and in the meantime, in proportion to the number of subscribers.' So well did this speculation answer, that three offices shortly opened in the same line, one of which had its appropriate situation in *Petticoat Lane*. These examples excited the ingenuity of others; and we shortly light upon an advertisement from an office of insurance upon baptism. In this case persons were to pay two shillings and sixpence towards each infant baptised until their own. If the list was full, they could then receive L.200: 'the interest of which is sufficient,' says the advertisement, 'to give a child a good education, and the principal reserved until it comes to maturity.' There is no doubt that many of these projects were wholesale systems of robbery. For a time, however, they were greedily run after.

Many of the advertisements of the public amusements are diverting. There was the 'famous water-theatre of the late ingenious Mr Winstanley,' the architect of one of the Eddystone lighthouses, 'wherein is shown the greatest curiosities in waterworks—the like was never performed by any. Sea-gods and goddesses, nymphs, mermaids, and satyrs, all playing water as suitable, and some of them fire, mingled with water; and the barrel that plays so many liquors is broke to pieces before the spectators.' Next were the performances of a wonderful posture-master, who offered the attractions of 'extending his body into all deformed shapes—making his hip and shoulder meet together,' and half twisting his neck off. Mr Fawkes's theatre near the Haymarket was another favourite resort, where he presented the following entertainments:—He caused a tree to grow up in a flower-pot on the table, which would blow and bear ripe fruit in a

minute's time; besides which were his famous little posture-master, musical clocks, Venetian automata, and sea-pieces with *naumachia*. The advertisement of one of the theatres—we are half afraid it is a hoax, yet it occurs, we believe, in the 'Daily Advertiser'—states that the performances are in honour of the presence of 'Adomo Oronooko Tono, sent to see the kingdom of Great Britain by the Great Trudo, Audato, Povesaw, Danjer, Eujo Sucreto, king of Dawhomay.' His highness was to be amused with the humours of Sir John Falstaff, altered from Shakespeare. Near Charing-cross was an exhibition advertised of a little man 32 years old, and 36 inches high, with his wife of the same age, and under 36 inches, and a little horse 24 inches high, and a satyr that had a head like a child.

Charging for advertising commenced at a very early period. A few might at first have been inserted gratuitously, but the revenue flowing from this source was so obvious a consideration, that the practice soon began of charging a fixed sum for each. In the 'Mercurius Librarius,' a bookseller's paper, it is stated that, 'To show that the publishers design the public advantage of trade, they will expect but sixpence for inserting any book, nor but twelve pence for any other advertisement, relating to the trade, unless it be excessive long.' The next intimation of price is in the 'Jockey's Intelligencer,' which charged a shilling for each, and sixpence for renewing. The 'Observer,' in 1704, charged a shilling for eight lines; and the 'Country Gentleman's Courant,' in 1706, inserted advertisements at twopence a line. The 'Public Advertiser' charged for a length of time two shillings for each insertion.

It has not often been our lot to engage in a diversion which has suggested so many solemn and mournful thoughts as this. We have heard the very voices of the past speaking to us. A century and a half has been living before our eyes—where are they now?—their passions, pleasures, wants, amusements, eccentricities, wisdom, and folly, hushed in the cold silence of the unsparring tomb. Surely said the preacher, 'Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.' We began our paper in mirth, we are constrained to end it with a touch of gravity.

THE COMMON NETTLE.

One of the plants which follow the footsteps of man, and which often indicates by its presence the situations on which cottages stood in some of the now thinly-peopled or deserted Highland glens. Thus, while proprietors of the soil, in their desire to have the exclusive use of large tracts of country, whether for sheep or for deer, make clearances of Highland glens, and endeavour to get rid of all vestiges of the peasantry who inhabited them, and 'lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth,' there springs up in the wild waste a plant, which marks the cottage sites as hallowed ground, and tells of the deed to future generations. The occurrence of nettles in neglected gardens and fortresses was a subject of observation in times long gone by. Thus Solomon, when speaking of the field of the slothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, remarks that 'nettles had covered the face thereof;' and the Prophet Isaiah, when alluding to the desolation which shall come on the enemies of God's people, says, 'Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof.'—*Bass Rock*.

LAUGHTER.

'Laugh and grow fat,' is an old adage; and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr Sydenham said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine. Mr Pott, a celebrated surgeon, used to say that he never saw the 'Tailor riding to Brentford' without feeling better for a week afterwards.

MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

[This exquisite piece is from a little volume recently published, entitled 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems, by Frances Brown.' We select it for extract, not only on account of the merit of the verses themselves, but because they convey a good idea of the beauty, gentleness, and grace which characterise the volume generally. Miss Brown is almost wholly blind—a circumstance which lends an interest to her poems, independent of that commanded by her genius.]

And hast thou found my soul again,
Though many a shadowy year hath past
Across its chequered path since when
I heard thy low notes last?

They come with the old pleasant sound,
Long silent, but remembered soon—
With all the fresh green memories wound
About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—
The lost light of those morning hours
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud
That darkens as it nears the noon—
But all their broken rainbows crowd
Back with my childhood's tune!

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves
That told my heart of spring begun,
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves
Poured to the setting sun—

And voices heard, how long ago,
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—
They have grown old and altered now—
All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much
To teach, and I to learn; for then
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such
As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fade
Before me in the days of June;
But thou—how hath the spring-time stayed
With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learned that love, which seemed
So priceless, might be poor and cold;
Nor found whom once I angels deemed
Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;
And yet thou speakest as of old—
My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that crossed
My path among Time's breaking waves,
With olive leaves of memory lost,
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,
With blighted boughs that time may prune—
But blessed were the dew-drops drank
From thee—my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,
By many a princely mart and dome,
Thou comest—even as voices come
To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,
And lost amid the tumult soon;
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears,
Came with my childhood's tune!

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left to myself—that is, for my studies; for on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants; all of which things I number among the duties of life. Since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself more agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen.—*Sir Thomas More*.

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INNS.

It is pleasant to take one's ease in one's inn; but it is essential to the realisation of the idea that it should be a good inn. For an inn to be good, there is no necessity that it should be fine. It may be fine, and not good. The quality of goodness in an inn depends on its fulfilling the ideal of its own pretensions, whatever these are. All we require is, that it should be good of its class—that is, if it be a grand inn, that it should be grand without any derogatory slatternliness, any misapplication of servant power, or any other drawback from splendour; if a humble inn, pretending only to a moderate presentment of comforts, that it should really be a tolerable home for its own class of customers; and so forth. These postulates being attained, then we may each take our ease in our inn indeed; and a very great privilege it is to be able to do so at usually so small an expenditure of money. Duty, pleasure, whim, or whatever else, calls us out from home—we travel or ramble all day—it is perhaps a wilderness, with only a few cottages scattered over it; but, lo! it is a post-road we are upon; and there, for certain, at the end of a few miles, rises a goodly house, furnished with all the ordinary comforts of refined life—there a smiling welcome awaits us: if wet, we are sympathised with and dried; if hungry, the table is instantly spread: we lounge over a good fire all the remainder of the evening, and for the night repose among sheets redolent of the daisies where they were bleached. Mere payment of a bill next morning, though a legal, is not a moral discharge for all these benefits. Never do I enjoy them without a personal thankfulness to the honest people who have chosen a mode of livelihood so useful and so kindly towards their fellow-creatures, as well as a more sentimental gratitude for the privilege of living in a country so settled, and so advanced in the things of civilisation, as to admit of such a regular, albeit mercantile system of hospitality.

Between the highest and humblest of all things the intervals are usually enormous—for example, as has been somewhere remarked, between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the hedge parson, or between Sir Astley Cooper and the village apothecary—however they may be describable by common names, as in these cases clergyman, or doctor. So between Mivart's, with its rows of fifteen windows to Brook Street, or Douglas's and Barry's in Edinburgh, or Gresham's in Dublin, and the modest auberge of the village, with its 'red lion predominating over a punch-bowl,' or its black bull, with gilt hoofs and horns, the interspace is vast; and yet they all belong to the genus *inn*, as well as the hundred shades of variety which stand between. All, too, may have their virtues, if conducted in a fitting manner—on that everything depends. There is some-

thing interesting, almost awing, in an outrageously large inn. To be shown with your carpet-bag into No. 189, or 217, is of the nature of an impressive event—somewhat chilling, too, perhaps, seeing how individuality sinks when you consider that you are only one of a multitude making your home for the night in this vast house. One feels in such a case of wonderfully small account in the eyes of both servants and masters. Your illness, or even death, would hardly fix their regard for a moment. The beauty, however, is in the regularity—the system. The bed-chambering power perfect as clockwork, in despite of Virgil and his *varium et mutabile*. Breakfasts appear at order, as if some law presided over the association of the various things on the tray and their coming up stairs. There is even a generalisation of hot shaving water which seems marvellous. One could almost suppose that boots walk down stairs, clean themselves, and come up again. Mechanical, sentimentless, cold, and unloving is the whole affair, yet how admirably adapted for a general effect in giving comfort and expediting wishes! How excellent entirely in its own way!

Where small inns are tolerably well managed, I feel them to be, upon the whole, more agreeable. If newly started from a home where you are in the receipt of some daily respect as husband, father, and master, it is rather an unpleasant plunge to take your place at once as No. 217, with only a few pieces of human mechanism, in the shapes of waiter, cham'aid, and boots, floating gelidly about you. The greater conspicuousness and consequence which you attain at a small inn, makes the transition less. The gentleman in No. 5 parlour, with his two candles, is somebody. If the portmanteau and the man had alike a respectable appearance, he may depend upon the speculations of both waiter and landlord having taken a turn in his favour; the first practical result of which will probably have been a mission of the landlady to the kitchen to see that cook is sufficiently particular in doing that fowl for dinner. John, in laying the cloth, if he sees anything like an opening, will be sure to prove conversational, remarking probably on the anticipated effects of the railway commencing in autumn, which, he thinks, must for certain cause an omnibus to leave the house and come to it at least twice a-day. Or perhaps we had a great farmers' ball in the big room two nights ago, at which there were such doings. The landlord himself, if you cross him in the lobby, or saunter out upon him in front of the house, is found to observe no chilling distance—very different from the invisible deities of the grand caravansaries. You may soon wind off from him the whole chat of the country side. The landlord of such an inn is generally but a half-occupied man. The lady being always of superior importance in house management, he has no chance of keeping up in any dignity of

duty, unless he has a little farm for raising the provender consumed in the house, in which case he may be enabled to consider himself as a man of some small consequence. From the general operation of this semi-vacuity or enforced idleness, your landlord is usually social and gossippy. Great matter it is for the superior moiety, if she only can contrive to keep him from doing any positive harm.

There is a particular class of inns above all others agreeable—those which, being situated in some favourite haunt of amusement-seekers, have only to endeavour to be agreeable places for the spending of a few days, or even of one day, and their whole function is served. No great posting system, no tavern business, no pell-mell of stage-coaches, no 'commercial gentlemen' to take a lead as customers. Generally situated in some pleasant nook, with an esplanade looking out upon the lake, the vale, or whatever else the place is celebrated for; nice parlours, clean airy bedrooms, very likely a pianoforte in your room; appearances of elegant life in the people of the house, and nothing sordid or shabby in their system of entertaining and charging. Here it is truly delightful to experience that warmth of welcome which belongs to inns—light-hearted ramblings all day—the comforts of the inn in the evening. All the better if the telegraphic wires of the post-office have been cut behind you. Your ordinary world forgot: the whole sense of duty, that usually sits so heavy, thrown away for the time. Alas! what is life to the best of us but a long series of cares, with three or four such little affairs of relaxation interspersed! Inns of this pleasant kind are to be seen at Matlock, at places in the Isle of Wight—Ventnor, for instance—about the Cumberland lakes, and also in our own dear Highlands. Reader, there is a nook of the world called by a name which, ten to one, you cannot pronounce—Drumnadrochit. Nestling in a fine glen near the banks of Loch Ness, it is an inn for a romance. A Shelley might have chosen it as a retreat in which to compose one of his poems. Oxford students do, I believe, haunt it as a fitting place for their summer studies. Of all the generation of pleasant inns, this is by many degrees the pleasantest I have ever chanced to be in, be the rest what they may. It is more like that parsonage which a waggish friend recommended its non-resident tenant to advertise as a proper place for an eternal succession of honeymoon parties than anything else. From the perfect resemblance which everything bears to what you see in an ordinary house—here, too, you find a piano in the parlour—from the kindly simplicity of the attendants, and the neatness and taste presiding over all your entertainments, you feel that you lose nothing in life by being in Inverness-shire instead of at home. Such inns might be expected in some Utopia, where mercenary feelings had given way to universal kindness and mutual serviceableness.

I am not quite sure if it be a wise arrangement which gives landladies in general such a precedence over their lords in the management of inns. It is all very true that, an inn being chiefly a domestic matter, and woman being more especially the domestic sex, we may naturally expect to see the lady taking a leading share of the common duty. I think it, however, a mistake to suppose that there is not full and fitting employment for a man also about an inn. It appears to me that the energy of the male intellect would often be useful in enforcing and maintaining the necessary arrangements, and in taking advantage of circumstances that might redound to the better success of the house. It is unfortunate

that men should think themselves in any case above such duties. Nothing tending to useful results can be beneath a man's regard. Were men of tolerable judgment and intelligence more generally to take a steering hand in the inns of secondary and third-rate importance, they might immensely improve them. By travelling, they might catch up many good ideas, both from the modes of management they would see in other inns, and from the remarks which they heard made by guests about particular arrangements, and the conduct of the several attendants. By exercising a real care in superintendence, instead of only promising to do so in their house-cards, they could effect wonders. The plain truth should be understood by them, that to fulfil their place in life, they must make themselves virtually the servants of those they would hope to profit by. By this we mean that nothing should be omitted which care and trouble can do, to make their guests comfortable—to make the house as home-like as possible for them. There must be no tiring in this kind of well-doing—custom should never stale the infinite variety of little attentions that gratify guests. Grant it is a slavery—are we not all slaves to each other? Who that would eat, escapes the bondage of those from whom he asks bread?

The greatest difficulty is to get good servants. This is the feeblest point about most inns. Of all waiters, how few are cleanly—how few approach the tact and unobtrusive discreetness of a tolerably well-bred man-servant! Landlords little reflect, perhaps, on the shock it gives to a gentleman who is tolerably well served at home, to see his breakfast brought in by a coarse fellow with uncombed hair, unwashed hands, and unbrushed clothes, as often happens. One fault is nearly universal in the class, and it is a sufficiently annoying one—the want of a quiet manner. Some seem to think it necessary that they should walk across the floor with the impressiveness of the statue in Don Juan, and set down every plate and salt-vat with a noise that may be heard over half the house. The unsatisfactory points about waiters are the less endurable when we reflect on their comparative gains. In a well-frequented house, where gratuities from the guests are in practice, the remuneration far exceeds that usually accorded to other men of the same grade in life. Here, indeed, there is a great absurdity. A gentleman calls for a glass of soda-water, is charged eightpence, and gives the remaining groat to the waiter, not reflecting that the man's profit by the transaction exceeds that of his master, who has rent and taxes to pay, a house to keep up, and bad debts to be made up for. The disproportion is owing to the shabbiness which would appertain, in appearance, to more just remuneration. It is a barbarism altogether this plan of securing civility from attendants at inns—the very confession that it is the only way expected to have the result is distressing, as if men were so reluctant towards their professed duty, that nothing but a particular reward for every little act could induce them to execute it. It is not perhaps one of the best effects of the system, that waiters are so often induced by their accumulations to undertake the charge of houses for themselves, while not possessed of the education and knowledge of the habits of the upper classes which are required for such establishments.

There is a national genius for inn-keeping; and it is to be feared that we all fall short in this respect of our continental neighbours. Amongst our own nations, the Irish are ill qualified, the Scotch moderately so, the English the best. The comparison ranks with that of the nations for business gifts generally, so that we may

fairly infer that the English couple make the best landlord and landlady, because they can adapt themselves better than either the Scotch or Irish to that subjection of the external selfhood to the desires and needs of others which constitutes business. The Irishman is too idle for his trade, and follows the foxhounds. The Scotchman is too proud, and skulks into a sort of half farmer or grain dealer. The Englishman, alone able to surrender himself entirely to that by which he makes a penny, goes into the affair with apron and sleeves, and is a landlord in deed as in profession.

THE SCHOLASTIC LOGIC.*

THE words '*scholastic*' and '*logic*' are, to the majority of readers of books, either void of meaning, or exceedingly repulsive. But if, by a vivid historical picture, the agitation of men's minds, the excitement and the interest that have been involved in the things denoted by these terms, were once clearly brought into view, they could not occur in common speech without exciting lively emotion. The principal doctrines that made logic a body of human knowledge, were originated by the greatest scientific mind of antiquity, among a people who took extreme interest in such things, at the same time that they were excessively devoted to amusements and splendour, excitement and novelty. But the reception of Aristotelian forms of reasoning among the Greeks was cold and discouraging, compared with the reverence and enthusiasm they inspired during the latter half of the middle ages, and the earlier part of the modern age—that is, from about the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries. Being applied to the most momentous discussions of religion, and the highest questions of man's social welfare, they assisted in bringing either peace or wretchedness to millions of minds, in staying or forwarding revolutions, and in subjecting the arbitrary will of despots to the universal reason of mankind. It has been truly remarked, that the infallibility of Aristotle supplanted the infallibility of the pope, and paved the way for that liberty of thought, and free use of individual reason, which is now our privilege and our boast. In modern history, logic means the artificial aids that can be given to the human understanding, to enable every man of ordinary sense and education to decide for himself in matters of religion and political right, instead of submitting implicitly to the decision of others.

Like many other things that have done good in their time, and have good in them, scholastic logic has fallen into disrepute, in consequence of its abuses. In the time of its ascendancy, it was completely overdone, and mankind have not yet recovered from the disgust which it produced. And the neglect and disregard of the subject are now so great, that few of us care to know either why it was once so popular, or what was the offence that brought its popularity to an end.

The name is derived from a Greek word signifying originally *speech* or *discourse*, or the communication of thought by language; and logic itself refers to the operations of reasoning that are carried on by means of language or speech. The flashes of thought that are never expressed in words, the instinctive decisions of the lower animals, what we call intuitions and inexplicable impulses, cannot come under the control of logic. A bird chooses the straws and sticks that are to build its nest by the inspiration of nature alone; or if it acquires any experience on the subject, that experience is never expressed in words or artificial signs; it is not a *logos*, nor a subject of logic. And in many of the decisions of the human kind, there is the same speedy, instinctive kind of operation, unconnected with words or speech. A man may see a tree laden with

ripe fruit, and pluck and taste it, noting at the same time its appearance; he may find it to be very delicious, and, in consequence, he may partake of it whenever he meets with it afterwards; and all this time he may never give it a name, nor describe it in any way, nor compare it to anything, with the view of making others know it, nor give a name to the feeling it produced in him. Yet if he recognise it a second time, and pluck and eat in consequence of the previous experience, he goes through a process of *reasoning*. The first instance was a case of knowledge by *experience*, the second a case of knowledge by *inference*; and the native instincts of men always lead them to make such inferences.

But when names are applied to everything, and when we not only derive experience and make inferences for ourselves, but impart this experience to others, that they may have the benefit of the knowledge of the past and of the future which it contains, a new machinery is introduced, an artificial apparatus of immense extent, whose working leads us into a great many considerations that never occur to the humbler animals. We have our affirmations, our denials, our discussions, partial truth and whole truth, sophistry and delusion, misunderstanding and inconsistency, voluntary and involuntary falsehood, confusion and nonsense. Even our inferences, performed by the force of the natural instinct, are sometimes found to be contradicted by experience: our knowledge of the past fails to be a key to the future. And when language is interposed to the extent of constructing arguments, trains of reasoning, and vast complex chains of persuasion, the machinery may become too cumbrous for us, unless it is very carefully managed. In truth, if the working of this immense structure of artificial thinking is not guarded by precautions and rules, it is easy to see that it may produce endless difficulties.

(Logic, then, is one of the sets of rules for regulating the use of the machinery of speech. *Grammar* supplies rules for ordering names in groups with a view to perspicuity and facility in speaking and understanding the language, and teaches the uses of the inflexions and arrangements adopted in each particular dialect. *Rhetoric* lays down maxims for giving language its highest possible effect in communicating ideas and sentiments from one person to another: it teaches how to use words for the purposes of exposition, persuasion, pleasing, and for composing the works of art that are founded on speech, such as the various forms of poetry. *Logic* views language solely as an instrument of inference or reasoning, for extending knowledge wider than experience, for discovering the past, the future, and the distant, from the present. In so far as we reason without language, logic does not apply to our operations, any more than grammar applies to the roar of the lion, or rhetoric to the song of the nightingale. But as soon as we put our reasonings into words, or into the form that conveys them to other men's minds, there is a certain fixed character which they must have, otherwise they are bad and inadmissible, and will prove false to nature and fact when the trial is made. The scholastic logic teaches what are the shapes that reasonings stated in words must have in order to be sound and worthy of confidence, so that a man may stake his life and character on the conclusion.)

There is a class of people very much disposed to undervalue artificial rules of all kinds, and to uphold unassisted nature as the grand source of healthy action. The greatest works of human genius, it is said, have been produced without the help of rules: Homer and Shakspeare paid no attention to arts of poetry and laws of composition; and people ought to write, speak, think, and act as nature dictates, and then they will do their best. But without entering into the general question as to the comparative merits of the natural and the artificial, it is sufficient to say that man, by constructing a system of articulate speech, has made himself a very artificial creature. He has brought

* Formal Logic: or the Calculus of Inference, Necessary and Probable. By Augustus De Morgan, of Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. London: Taylor and Walton.

himself to communicate feeling, to think, imagine, and create by verbal machinery, and he must receive guidance in the right use of this machinery. The animal that judges by its direct senses alone, cannot go far astray; but man, who stakes his wellbeing upon hearsays and symbols, who believes in the magnitude of the earth from a few rows of ciphers, and in the existence of unseen stars by the force of a series of black scratches on a white surface, must be very attentive to the authenticity of a machinery that seems so liable to abuse.

To suppose that most men can judge of a sound or unsound argument when they hear it stated, without requiring rules of logic, or any artificial help, is a mistake. The ability to judge of a chain of arguments, even in regard to the soundness of the reasoning, apart from the truth of the facts, is not the common prerogative of mankind, or one of the free gifts of nature: it is acquired only in consequence of laborious cultivation. Now, in educating people in this most desirable accomplishment, the scholastic logic used to be the branch of knowledge and discipline chiefly depended on. The scholars at all the universities were regularly drilled and exercised in bringing every kind of argument and proof under the forms laid down by the Aristotelian scholastics, and this enabled them to declare with certainty whether arguments were good or bad. The constitution of the old universities has not been altered; logic is still a part of their curriculum, but it is reduced for the most part to a branch of information instead of drill. The artificial forms of reasoning, which were once the sole matter of the instruction, are now pushed into a corner, and a great part of the session is spent in expounding human nature in general; so that the students are never so completely familiarised to the processes of logic, as to apply them afterwards in the business of life.

The general principle, or great fundamental discovery that logic is founded on, may be understood without much difficulty; although the complete exposition of it would require perhaps about as much time and study as the six books of Euclid. The principle is this: every step of sound reasoning may be reduced to one general form, which exhibits clearly what is the precise thing that is done when an inference is made. To comprehend exactly this universal form of the process of reasoning, it is only necessary to conceive, first, what a *proposition*, or assertion, or affirmation is. A proposition brings together two things, two ideas, or two qualities or attributes, and asserts that these two things are always associated; so that where one is, there the other is also. Thus, 'Clouds obscure the sun,' is a proposition: two distinct things are stated, and they are affirmed to have a certain invariable connection. The thing we call a cloud, is one; the thing we call obscuring, or hiding, or darkening the sun, is another; and it is alleged that the two always go together. In consequence of this connection, we can be sure of the presence of the second by merely knowing of the occurrence of the first. If we are told in history that in the day of a great battle the whole heaven was overcast with cloud, we are sure, without being told, that the sun's body was concealed, and his light very much diminished. Wherever nature has ordained that two things shall always accompany each other, and when man has been able to find out this connection, and state it in words for general information, a proposition or affirmation is arrived at which very much shortens human labour; because by it we can know of the presence or absence of a thing not only by direct experience, but also by means of its accompanying thing. When we have established the affirmation, that prussic acid causes death, if we can prove that one man administered a dose of it to another who has been found dead, we condemn him as a murderer without farther inquiry. We have found that the taking of a certain amount of prussic acid, and the loss of life, are invariably associated by the ordination of nature; and if we are sure that

the first has occurred, we believe in the second, as its effect, with the greatest certainty: and by the help of other propositions, we can establish a murder by prussic acid, although we do not know directly that the acid was procured from a chemist, and drunk by the victim. For it is one of nature's established coincidences, that prussic acid, when acted on by certain other known substances, produces a blue colour, called prussian blue. Now, if the stomach of the dead person is put through a process of contact with these other substances, called tests, and if it bring out the prussian blue at the proper stage, this, in consequence of the invariable connection of the two things, is a proof that prussic acid has been taken. In this way we can know and believe that a thing has been done that we have not seen, or that no living man may have seen.

To pass from the nature of propositions to the nature of reasoning or inference, we have to supply only one other link, and the process is complete. If it be a general proposition that prussic acid destroys human life, the only thing necessary to predict the loss of life in a particular case, is to make sure that prussic acid is really the substance administered. For if it is a general rule that some one thing is always followed by a certain other thing, we have only to establish the occurrence of the first in order to believe in the occurrence of the second. Thus we have a primary proposition that links two things, and a second proposition which makes out or asserts the existence of one of them in some individual instance; and hence the consequence or *conclusion* is, that the other is present. This is the process whereby we draw an inference in all cases, or acquire a piece of information that is not within the range of our experience. There are, as it were, three different steps in the operation:—The general proposition; the assertion of identity of the subject of the proposition and the subject of a case in hand; and lastly, the conclusion, or the full application of the proposition to the case.

The scholastic logicians, in recognising the three steps now mentioned as belonging to every case of reasoning, gave them technical names, as follows:—The two first assertions they called the *premises*; and the third, as in ordinary speech, the *conclusion*. The first assertion, which is a general proposition or affirmation of the connection of two different things, they called the *major premise*, or the greater proposition; and the second assertion they termed the *minor premise*, or the lesser proposition. Since the first proposition, or the major premise, is the general law of nature, while the second is merely a statement that a particular case comes under it, the first is conceived to be the more important of the two; hence its title of superiority. The entire operation of inference, when formally arranged in its three successive parts, is called a *syllogism*. The reasonings and arguments used in ordinary speech are generally stated much shorter than in the full syllogism, and very often in such a way, that it is difficult to distinguish the different parts that we have here set down; but if ever there be any doubt about the soundness of an argument, the best way of placing it before the mind is to separate it into its three steps of major premise, or general principle, minor premise, or assertion of identity, and conclusion. This is the most advantageous form of looking at the case: the mind is put into the best possible position for judging of the soundness of the inference. It is like judging of a man's affairs after they have been put into the orderly forms of correct book-keeping. For if an argument is unsound, the fault must lie in one or other of three things: the major premise must be untrue, or the minor premise must be untrue, or the conclusion must be something different from what the premises can support. Possibly we may not be able to say, after all, if the conclusion is sound; we may be unable to judge if the primary proposition, or general law, be really true, as is asserted; or we may not be sure if the case mentioned in the second proposition is really a case to come under

the general law; but still we gain a great deal by looking at these statements apart from each other; and we can always be sure if the conclusion is good, for logic teaches all the forms of major and minor premises that can give a sound conclusion, or what the conclusion is that can be rightly drawn from any two premises.

Logicians find it necessary, in speaking of propositions, to give names to the two things that are asserted to go together. The thing that is spoken of, when an affirmation is made, is called the *subject* of the proposition; the thing affirmed of it is called the *predicate* of the proposition; and the words of affirmation make the *copula*. Thus, in the proposition, 'The earth is round,' the *earth*, the thing spoken of, is the subject; and the quality, *roundness*, is the predicate; the word 'is' being the copula. The use of these phrases in the syllogism may be illustrated as follows:—Suppose any one were to assert that the new planet Neptune is round, because the planets are all round; the argument in its logical order would stand thus—

Major premise—All the planets are round.

Minor premise—Neptune is a planet.

Conclusion—Neptune is round.

Now if this conclusion is wrong, the error must arise from one or other of three mistakes: either it is false that all the planets are round; or it is false that Neptune is a planet; or lastly, supposing all the planets to be round, and Neptune to be a planet, we are not correct in concluding that Neptune is round. The first two points refer to matter of fact, the third is matter of logic. These three statements being propositions, each must have a subject and a predicate; and there must, moreover, be a fixed relation among the various subjects and predicates. Although there are three propositions, giving in all three subjects and three predicates, yet there must be so much identity in the matter of the propositions, that no more than three separate ideas must be present. These three separate ideas, or things, are called the three *terms* of the syllogism. The predicate of the conclusion, in this case *roundness*, is the *major term* of the syllogism, and it is contained in the major premise; the subject of the conclusion, *Neptune*, is the *minor term* of the syllogism, and it is contained in the minor premise; the thing common to both premises, *planet* in this instance, is called the *middle term*, being, as it were, the intermediate thing that enables the first half of the conclusion to be joined to the second. Now logicians classify syllogisms or arguments according to the position taken by the middle term. It may be the predicate in both premises, or the subject in both; or it may be the predicate in the first, and the subject in the second; or the subject in the first, and the predicate in the second; making in all four distinct cases, called *figures*. Each figure is subdivided into *modes*, according to the nature of the propositions, which may be affirmative or negative, universal or particular; that is, the proposition is *affirmative* when we say all the planets are round; *negative*, when we say no planet is round; *particular*, when it is *some* planets are round; and *universal*, when all planets are round. There is thus a classification of syllogisms or arguments; and each particular kind of syllogism justifies a certain conclusion, which we are taught by logic, if we do not happen to know it before, as in most cases we must.

The logic of the schoolmen confined itself to showing what were the conclusions that could be drawn from given premises; but in recent times, it has been considered a part of logic, and the greatest part, to judge of the soundness of the premises themselves. The investigation and the proof of general propositions, or the links of coincidences and succession established by nature, which are the foundation of all reasoning, constitute a far more serious and laborious occupation than scholastic inference; that is to say, it is much more difficult to establish general laws than to apply them correctly. This constitutes the investigation of nature, or

the building up of science, which is nothing more than the assemblage of laws and principles that have been already amassed, arranged in heads according to the departments of nature that they belong to. Lord Bacon is for ever associated with the transition from scholastic logic to the logic of investigation. As the one pretends to give the human understanding artificial helps to aid it in judging if a doctrine is accurately applied, or a conclusion properly drawn, so the other gives assistance in the far higher process of finding out and establishing the doctrines themselves, or the laws that all knowledge, and prediction, and inference are founded on. The right modes of observation, experiment, induction, deduction, classification, &c. are expounded in this wider logic; as may be seen in the 'Logic' of Mr John Stuart Mill, which is by far the completest work that has yet been produced on the subject.

Meantime, however, the scholastic logic continues to be cultivated in all its old exclusiveness. The treatise now before us, by an eminent mathematician, is intended to extend and improve the syllogistic process by additional devices, and new names and symbols, or to render scholasticism still more scholastic. There can be no doubt of the ability of the work; and it is a general rule that a man of ability and high cultivation is always worth listening to. But the structure of Professor De Morgan's book is so closely analogous to a treatise of algebra, that nobody can be expected to understand it, or persevere in reading through it, that is not familiar with algebraic processes, or has not a decided aptitude for thinking by symbols. The old logic makes use of letters to express the subjects and predicates of propositions, in expounding the forms of the syllogism: as all A is B, all B is C, therefore all A is C; which is a short and convenient device, serving to confine the attention to the *form* of the syllogism—this being the thing that logic exclusively attends to. The four letters, A, E, I, O, were used to represent the four kinds of propositions, according to the varieties of affirmation and negation, universal and particular. Every syllogism could then be expressed by three of these vowels. The syllogism last stated, containing three universal affirmative propositions, would be expressed AAA; and also by the name *barbara*, whose vowels are three a's. Or if the syllogism were, no B is C, all A is B, therefore no A is C; the first and last propositions being universal negatives, would have for their symbol E; and the second, being a universal affirmative, is A: thus the whole syllogism is expressed by EAE, which, mixed with certain consonants into a word, is *celarent*—the name given accordingly to this species of syllogism. There are nineteen such words, expressing so many kinds of legitimate syllogisms; and these are made into five lines of Latin metre, which have to be committed to memory by the learner. The lines are worth copying here, as many of our readers may never have seen the scholastic compendium of all sound reasoning—

Barbara, celarent, darii, ferioque priors
Cesare, canestres, festino, baroko, secundæ.
Tertia, darapti, disamis, datisi, felapton,
Bokardo, ferio, habet: quarta insuper addit.
Dramantip, cancnes, dimaris, fesapo, fression.

The nineteen words in italics reveal, by the order of their vowels, the nineteen sound syllogisms: any argument, whose three propositions, when expressed by their letters, do not observe the order of the vowels in one of these words, is not a good argument. Thus EAA, which is not found in any word, is the expression of an illogical syllogism. The words *prioris*, *secundæ*, *tertia*, *quarta*, are the numbers of the figures that the syllogisms fall under.

Mr De Morgan has introduced a new set of symbols to express the *contraries* of things contained in propositions; as if we had, in addition to the name of every object, a name for its contrary—'Man, not man; black, not black;' and so forth. Using large letters—X, Y, Z—to express things and qualities, he takes smaller letters

—x, y, z—to represent their opposites; and he can thus vary very much the symbolical expression of syllogisms, and in many cases render more obvious to the reader the soundness or unsoundness of every possible form of argument. And he adds a great number of other symbols, with good effect in their way, but all with the great objection—that none but an algebraical mind can appreciate, or be at home in, such manipulations. By rendering syllogistic logic theoretically and symbolically more perfect, he has removed it farther and farther from easy application to the practical purposes of life; unless in so far as his work is studied by the few for their own cultivation, so as to enable them to set good examples of right reasoning to the many.

THE DONKEY DRIVERS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I LIVE in an old tumble-down house, not a great many miles from London, and on the borders of a furzy common. Before the age of steam locomotion, this was considered the country; and even now, there is one solitary spot where, from mossy knolls rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook a perfectly retired and sylvan scene. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rich pasture land and thick beech plantations; an ivied spire, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps forth from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of an old church may be traced from this point; wild roses and eglantine are around us, with violets and bluebells; a sweet honeysuckle porch is seen leading to a lowly-thatched hut; and there are lowing kine and bleating flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there is nothing wonderful; but only turn back not many hundred yards, and seek another point from whence to view a very different and more widely-extended panorama—the vast wilderness of London, St Paul's, Westminster Abbey, hosts of steeples, myriads of chimneys, armies of masts and shipping clustering on the almost choked-up and hidden river, good old Thames: in fine, smoke, fog, and misery without end! Seen from this common, *there* the sun sets; but the holy moon rises from behind the tall trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and peaceful home on this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if the ears of royalty were ever assailed by the same unearthly yells and hootings which so often disturb *our* retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, or grand emporium, is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honoured by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dear invalid, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls loitered around our gate from idle curiosity to watch the occupant of the pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two; for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a very dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing blue eyes, shaded by long, black, silken lashes; but notwithstanding this, the gipsy physiognomy was decided; and as there were many of that tribe in the neighbourhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents. After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she answered with distinctness and propriety, 'Mazelli Lee, please ma'am.'

'And what is your father, my dear?' I said.

'Father's a gipsy, please ma'am.'

'And your mother is a gipsy too, I suppose, my dear?'

'No, mother's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am.'

I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning; but all the answer I could get was, 'Mother's a lady, and keeps donkeys.' She made me comprehend that the smallest and most *exclusive* donkey-stand on the border of the common, nearest our house, belonged to her mother; and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said their home was not very far off—in the pits near the caverns,' where a miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial. Moreover, on questioning Mazelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr L——'s Sunday school, knew her catechism, 'and said her prayers every night, when mother washed her face.' I hoped that a portion of the latter statement was true; but the face-washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused; and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazelli Lee had described as being kept by her mother, 'the lady;' and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but without noticing her particularly, or giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh colour of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful as the little Mazelli's—and with an anxious expression fitting sometimes across the vacant but good-humoured composure which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was somewhat of different breeding, shown by her general bearing and unstudied attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her; and a handsome specimen of a real genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gipsy man wasolling at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of a pipe. I did not like to speak to the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because, not patronising donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very agreeable or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman curtsied silently, and without the usual vociferations of, 'Donkey to-day, ma'am? Steady donkey—quick donkey!'

One or two evenings afterwards, I was in company with a voluble lady who had come to our neighbourhood for change of air, and was ordered by her medical attendant to take donkey exercise. She was full of a 'most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life;' and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. 'Yesterday morning,' said she, 'my young friend Miss R—— and myself had donkeys brought to our door early for a long excursion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, rosy-looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation. After a while, however, the donkey-woman said very quietly, "Ladies, it is as well to tell you that I *understand French*." We were at first speechless from surprise, and then from not knowing what to say—afraid of something, we could not tell what; although she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By and by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R—— how well the singing had been conducted at St Mark's church on the preceding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful choral hymn had been sung, and the chanting exquisitely continued. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name, as we desired to procure the music.

"I have it at home, ladies," said the donkey driver: "it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my

school music. I was at St Mark's on Sunday evening, and felt pleased to hear it again."

"She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we *must* know her history, and therefore ought not or need not feel astonished at such discrepancies. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this:—She was the only child of a wealthy farmer by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she left school, and returned home, she found a stepmother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe taskmistress to her thinking. A troop of gipsies coming into the neighbourhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance; and in the end eloped with their chief, Mr Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, she had induced her husband to settle here, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a "Christian education," as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was a flourishing fly-proprietor in the vicinity, and might forward their views. But her husband was a rover by nature; idle and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it herself. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammelled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her no farther, poor creature!"

Such was the tale I heard; too singular and improbable for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for invention. It induced me to pay a visit, after the hours of donkey usage were over, to Mr Johnnie Lee's hut 'by the caverns.' I knew by previous observation that 'the pits' contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now entered was worse than I had ventured to anticipate. It consisted of only two rooms; the under one with a mud floor, and with the ceiling broken, and the upper flooring projecting through. I did not ascend the ladder leading to that, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the rigorous proprieties of conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade originally as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance or the wildest visions of fancy! Her three children were around her, supping on potatoes; but there was no snowy cloth on the tottering board, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in wicker-baskets; nothing as it would have been were I relating *fiction*. Outside there were no honey-bees or garden-plots, where sweet thyme, and mint, and sunflowers grow; nothing but foul donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid damp fodder and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The gipsy husband was not there. I did not ask for him, for I guessed his haunt but too well. It was an 'owre true tale' I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures—her father's miniature; some school-books, with her maiden name inscribed in them, which I forbear recording; and some torn and yellow-looking music—the music which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance. She gave me no farther explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God to afflict her with sickness, she knew not what would become of them. To her own father and family she had been the same as dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammelled freedom at a fearful price! Poor thing! with a smile on her lip, but with a tear in her eye, she added, 'I do wish my children to receive a

Christian education; and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazelli, and remember their *inheritance*, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill use me; he has given up many bad practices for my sake; and if he is rather fond of the shelter of the public-house, ought I to complain of that? Do not shed tears for me: I have no feeling for *myself*.' And she said truly. A woman destitute of feeling seems an anomaly in human nature; but this she *must* be, and fine sympathies are wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children my heart still bleeds. Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race: the most decorous and prosperous of the middling-classes of the community in juxtaposition with the refuse of humanity—thieves, vagrants, tinkers, and donkey drivers!

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A PRESBYTERIAN VICAR.*

A FEW years ago, a society was formed in Manchester for the publication of antiquarian remains, historical, biographical, and political, relating to the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire—counties which afford an unusually favourable field for the exercise of that growing spirit of research into the past, of which societies of this nature are an indication and expression. The present is the fourth volume that bears the *imprimatur* of the Chetham Society, together with the impress of the armorial bearings of the individual after whom it is named; to whom the town is indebted for a most valuable public library, placed in the long galleries of the college, also founded by him. Within these ancient walls, in quiet seclusion from the commercial noise and turmoil without, we have passed some pleasant hours, surrounded by 'the mighty minds of old'—huge tomes in their old wooden bindings, and manuscripts rich with the gay limning of the middle ages, on which, through 'storeyed casements,' fell the varied lights of such sun as is permitted the inhabitants of that well-smoked metropolis of the English manufacturing districts.

Adam Martindale was the Presbyterian vicar of Roseterne, a village in Cheshire, whose church and beautiful sheet of water—the *Mere*—are well known to all lovers of the quiet rich scenery in that district. Humbly born, to a great extent self-educated, and retaining through life his original homely simplicity, combined with strong sense and shrewdness, he has left the stamp of his mind and heart in this account of his own life, which is printed from a manuscript in the British Museum. A diversified and somewhat stormy life it was, as must inevitably have been that of one who lived during the Great Rebellion and till after the Restoration, and who was called on to take part in the turbulent events of the time. Embracing the Parliamentary side almost by accident, he seems to have adhered to it without bigotry, and to have borne with wonderful patience the reverses that came upon him on the decline of its brief ascendancy; while his lifelike sketches of domestic details afford a most vivid and entertaining view of the character of this honest Lancashire man, with his good heart, and keen eye to the main chance, and likewise of the manners of the higher classes, and of the common people, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

As we prefer the *life* to the *times* of our vicar, we shall not touch on the latter, save just to remind those who, luxuriating in liberty which has descended to them as an inheritance, are becoming thankless for it—of the rich price paid for that rich gift; in blood, noble and ignoble, poured out like water; in broken

* The Life of Adam Martindale; written by Himself. Printed by the Chetham Society. Edited by the Rev. H. Parkinson, canon of Manchester.

hearts and desolated homes; in public sorrows and private griefs; in reckless license and military despotism—a strange formulary for the composition of freedom!

And now to our book, from which, as it is not accessible to the public, we shall extract the more largely, occasionally condensing our author's somewhat diffuse details. Chiefly we intend presenting the leading incidents of Martindale's daily life, his home cares and joys, passing over, or nearly so, both polemics and politics, as foreign to our present purpose. It must be said, however, that he had his full share of the disputations of the day; and in that day toleration was ill understood. To the Presbyterians it was only known as a 'snare of the devil' and 'work of Satan,' which they, in their zeal, eschewed as uncompromisingly as ever did Romish inquisitor, who, having the power, made short work of it by burning *his* heretics, instead of deluging them with fierce pamphlets and hissing-hot divinity. Martindale himself, who must be reckoned somewhat of a liberal, at the very time that he was suffering from the laws against Separatists, tells us that he 'did so little like a universal toleration, that he had oft said that if the king had offered him his liberty upon condition that Papists, Quakers, and all other wicked sects should have theirs also, he thought he should never have agreed to it;' though, when it was offered (as probably most others would have done), he found a loophole by which he saved his consistency, while he took the benefit of the act.

The first seven years of his life, of which he gives a minute account, passed much like those of every other child—sundry accidents, broken heads, narrow escapes from drowning, learning his A B C by the help of his 'brethren, and a young man that came to court his sister;' and his great love for his book after that first and formidable difficulty was overcome, make up the recital. But towards the close of it, he tells us, 'there fell out a grievous and troublesome business to our family. There had lately been a great plague in London, causing many that had friends in the country to come down, who, having employments to return unto, were full as hasty to return as consistent with safety; and my sister Jane having conversed with some of them, was as forward as they. Our parent, and other prudent friends, were against her going for many reasons: 1st, She wanted nothing at home, nor was likely to lack anything; and had she had a mind to be married, my father was then in a good ordinary way to prefer her: 2d, She had no friends in London to go to [with others as to health, &c.]; but all these would not back her: she measured not a competency by the same mete-wand that they did. Freeholders' daughters were then confined to their felts, petticoats and waistcoats, cross-handkerchiefs about their necks, and white cross-cloths upon their heads, with coifs under them, wrought with black silk or worsted. 'Tis true the finer sort of them wore gold or silver lace upon their waistcoats, good silk laces (and store of them) about their petticoats, and bone laces or works about their linens. But the proudest of them (below the gentry) durst not have offered to wear an hood or a scarf (which now every beggar's brat that can get them thinks not above her), nor so much as a gown till her wedding day; and if any of them had transgressed these bounds, she would have been accounted an ambitious fool. These limitations, I suppose, she did not very well approve; but having her father's spirit and her mother's beauty [what a concise and expressive delineation of character!], no persuasion would serve, but up she would to serve a lady, as she hoped to do, being ingenious at her needle. But when it came to a going indeed, my mother's heart had like to have broke for extremity of sorrow; and indeed there was great cause for it, seeing how irregularly her daughter broke away from her.

'After her arrival in the city, she was quickly infected with the pestilence, yet it dealt favourably with her; but though the pest was over, the plague was not,

for she was still kept shut up, and her money grew very low. Then, with the Prodigal, she thought upon her father's house; yet knowing upon what terms she had left it, she concealed her straits from us; only in a genteil [genteel] way she writ for a goose-pie to make merry with her friends, and a lusty one was immediately sent her, cased in twig-work; but before it could reach her, or the money that was sent with it to make her friends drink as well as eat, that the goose might swim without her cost, her money grew so near to an end, that she had thought to sell her hair, which was very lovely both for length and colour; at which instant a gentleman that went up in her company being fallen in love with her, supplied her for the present, and shortly after married her. He had been well born and bred, but was master of no great matters in the world. They were thought very fit to keep an inn, as accordingly they did at the George and Half-Moon without Temple Bar. This cost my father's purse to purpose in helping to set them in house; and my mother rarely failed any the return of the carrier, to send them up country provisions, such as bacon, cheeses, pots of butter, &c.; nor did this at all trouble her, but ever when she thought of the necessitous condition of her daughter at her coming up, and her follie in concealing it from her, it even cut my poor mother to the heart.'

After this our hero was sent to school, and seems to have fallen into bad hands, from the account he gives of his masters. He is severely critical on their qualifications; but his five reasons for not getting on with his learning, were certainly enough to make him rather acid, and he was evidently not accustomed to mince matters. 'The hindrances to my learning in this seven years of my life were many: as, 1st, Many teachers (five in seven years); 2dly, These none of the best; 3dly, A tedious long method then and there used; 4thly, Dullards in the same class with me, having power to confine me to their pace; 5thly, Many sad providences making great gaps in this seven years, as will appear hereafter.'

But we must hasten to relate another 'grievous business' that befell this most unlucky Martindale family:— 'About this time my father met with a great disappointment in the matching of mine eldest brother. My father was not so severe as to expect he should bring him a fortune suitable to what himself had got, yet an hundred or six score pounds would easily be answered with advantage enough, and therefore not difficult to be obtained; nor was it, for besides others that it was thought would bid him welcome, there was one that actually did so, that had seven score pounds to her fortune, of very suitable years, and otherwise likely to make an excellent wife. But when things were near accomplishing, he on a sudden slights her, and sets his affection on a young, wild, airy girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, an huge lover and frequenter of wakes, greens, and merry nights, where music and dancing abounded; and as for her portion, it was only forty pounds. This was a great surprise upon us, and we were all full bent against it. But say and do what we could, he was uncounsellable—have her he would; and at last, with much ado, he procured my father's unwilling consent, and married her. 'Tis true, indeed, she proved above all just expectation, not only civil, but religious, and an exceeding good wife; whereas the other he should have had, proved (as I have heard) as much below it. But that was the effect of God's great and undeserved goodness—not any prudent choice of his; and the smallness of her fortune was a great prejudice to our family.'

But now the first trumpet-note of civil commotion peals on our friend's ear with a significance not to be misunderstood. He gives it graphically in few words, after announcing his being ready for the university. 'But the university was not so ready for me; wars being coming on that soon after turned Oxford into a garrison, and many scholars into soldiers. It is true things were not then come to such an height, but

working fast that way. Great animosities were set on foot concerning monopolies and ship-money. Shortly it was generally thought, that if a parliament did not heal us, we should break all to pieces; as accordingly it proved.' Disappointed in his expectation of going to Oxford at that time, he turned tutor; and the first family in which he lived affords a fine specimen of character and manners.

'In this interval Mr Skevington of the Booths sent for me to teach his children, and to read prayers in his family, and this was all I undertook; but afterwards he put such variety of business on me, and involved me in such trusts about his housekeeping, that sometimes I have not gone to my naked bed [had not undressed] for a week together. Besides, he was very high and tyrannical in his carriage towards me. Many a time hath he chidden me severely for not doing such work as he required of me, when he himself, by employing me about other business, had rendered it impossible; and were I never so innocent, I must not answer for myself; for if I did, he would presently hit me on the teeth with this—that servants must not answer again; urging that text, Titus, ii. 9, in the most rigid sense, so as to make it inconsistent with common justice. His sons also gave me great occasion for exercise of patience, for they were just like him; and so encouraged by their parents and flattering servants, that I would almost as soon have led bears, as take charge of such ungovernable creatures; and yet it was expected at my hands they should profit highly.'

All this, however, he endured, on account of the unsettled state of the times, which rendered any employment—even tutoring at Mr Skevington's—better than nothing, till increasing tumults caused the household to be broken up, and he returned home to find things in a sorry condition. Between Parliamentarians and Royalists, this unfortunate family seem to have found themselves greatly perplexed. His sister was married to a Royalist, and, going to live at Lathom, which the Parliament's forces accounted their enemies' head-quarters, were sadly plundered by those forces passing the road where they lived. In the following account of what befell his own household and neighbours, he gives a melancholy picture of the miseries of civil war; of the miseries which it inflicts even on those who have no concern in it, and would fain be quiet; and of the mere accidents that may, and usually do, determine the common people in their choice of sides. There is something very touching in the simple recital:—'The great trade that my father and two of my brethren had long driven was quite dead; for who would build or repair a house when he could not sleep a night in it with quiet and safety? My brother knew not where to hide his head, for my Lord of Derby's men had taken up a custom of summoning such as he, upon pain of death, to appear at general musters, and thence to force them away with such weapons as they had, if they were but pitchforks, to Bolton, the rear being brought up with troopers that had commission to shoot such as lagged behind, so as the poor countrymen seemed to be in a dilemma of death either by the troopers if they went not on, or by the great and small shot out of the town if they did. This hard usage of the country, to no purpose (for what could poor cudgellers do against a fortified place?), much weakened the interest of the Royalists; and many yeomen's sons went to shelter themselves in Bolton, and took up arms there.'

After this, events came on so thick, that they made a man of the lad—a process which he stood better than many on whom the raw manhood, thus suddenly thrust, was but the induction to living brutality, or an unblest grave hastily closed on the young limbs and scarcely pulseless heart. He first sought out a school, and remained for a while master, first at Holland, and then at Rainforth; but finding sundry inconveniences at this latter place, he left it, and went to live as clerk with Colonel Mone, in the Parliament's service: and here he gives us a precious sample of a Roundhead's family.

'It was,' he says, 'such an hell upon earth, as was utterly intolerable. There was such a pack of arrant thieves, and they so skilful at their trade, that it was scarce possible to save anything out of their hands. . . . Those that were not thieves (if there were any such), were generally desperately profane, and bitter scoffers at piety.' These gentry succeeded in making him so thoroughly uncomfortable, that he was glad to take a worse place as chief clerk in a foot regiment, where he was speedily induced to take the Covenant, the chaplain being commissioned to satisfy any who should scruple so doing.

He was with his regiment in Liverpool when that place surrendered to Prince Rupert, and was imprisoned for nine weeks, in addition to losing everything. After various chances and changes, we find him again keeping school; and here, at Over-Whitley, Cheshire, an incident, which he styles a 'diminutive cross,' befell him, which we must give entire, both as illustrative of the manners of the time, and of his exquisite way of telling a story:—'A gigantic fellow that, by the favour of a colonel, had been captain of horse (though never fit to be a corporal), married a widow, whose children were free, as daughter-in-law of the founder. But this would not satisfy him. I must either receive and teach freely three children of his by a former wife, or he would force me by club law, threatening hideously how terribly he would bang me, making no question of the feasibility by reason of the vast disproportion of our statures, and his resolution to get as great advantage of the weapon. Nothing would down with him, but do it I should, or he would pay me off soundly. I was unhappily infected, either by the breed I came of, or by being among soldiers so long, with a martial spirit, that I could not understand and answer such language to his satisfaction, but took mine own way. Hereupon one Saturday, as I came from the school, without any weapon save a short hand-stick about a yard long, he met me, and, after some rhodomontado language, which I despised, he let fly at me with a long staff. I, being very nimble and strong for my pitch, ran in upon him, receiving his blow upon my shoulder, where his staff, lighting near his hand, did me no hurt at all; and I forthwith claspings mine arms about his middle, threw him down into a sandy ditch, where we wrestled, and fought, and tugged it out for near an hour together, sometimes one, and sometimes the other being under, during which time a child about four years old carried away both our staves, and laid them across a pretty distance from us. When I had him at advantage, I never offered to do him any considerable harm; but when he got any advantage of me, he most maliciously attempted to rend my cheeks with his fingers and thumbs; but it pleased God to enable me to loose his hold so quickly, that I quite escaped that which, if it had succeeded, would certainly have put me to a great deal of smart and cost in the cure, and probably have disfigured my face sadly, if it had not also spoiled my speech, as the like did to a bayliffe that I knew, that could scarce speak intelligibly afterwards. But two of his workmen in the next field were aware of us, and finding me upon such terms with their master as they little expected, pulled me off him, and held me while he fetched his staff, and valiantly knocked me down and broke my head most terribly, and also gave me so many bangs upon the arms, that when afterwards he commanded them to give me mine own stick, I could do nothing with it, nor scarce hold it in mine hand. Yet, blessed be God, nothing was broke but the peace and my pate, which, without any cost, was speedily well again. I was very sensible the law gave me advantage enough; but I being perfectly well again, and not in the least damaged in mine estate or reputation, took all such courses for pure revenge, and would make no use of them; and indeed the intolerable shame that fell upon him was so great a punishment, that it would have been follie to have exacted any more.'

Martindale seems to have been heartily tired of sol-

diering, such as it was; and leaving the Parliamentary army, tenders, somewhat apologetically, reasons for his joining that party, which must be admitted to have been such as were not unlikely to determine his choice. Circumstances will, after all, influence the generality of men, more than abstract right or wrong; and for this reason, if no other, that all can form some judgment satisfactory to themselves from the former, while few are competent to pronounce on the latter. We can sympathise with him when he urges, in favour of the cause which he had embraced, that all the ministers in the neighbourhood (except two tipplers), and 'serious' people generally, declared for its justice.

But more serious discomposures were in store for him. He takes steps for entering the ministry, and sorely is he teased with the polemical squabbles of the day; between the Presbyterians—fresh beginning to reel in the saddle into which they had vaulted, and stalwart Independency, then in its first youth and strength. Gorton, whither he went to make trial of his qualifications, he describes as a 'waspe's nest,' being there particularly teased by one old gentleman, who, in his hasty zeal to get him ordained, was willing to heap a variety of benefits upon him, including his daughter for a wife—a kindness of which it appears the young aspirant did not avail himself. It was not till three years after this, and with much ado, for he seems constantly, both in secular and spiritual affairs, to have had an adverse fate contending with his purposes, that he received Presbyterian ordination, and was settled at Roseterne. Previous to this, he had 'married Eliz. Hall; and within the compass of eleven years, it pleased God' to give them four children, and 'to take three of them to himself again.' And of these he speaks in terms of tender affection. His father also dies. 'Considering how good a father he had been, and how fashionably, in the time of his prosperity, he had lived among his neighbours, we thought it convenient to bring him home handsomely out of his own, and so we did. For all that came to the house to fetch his corpse thence (beggars not excepted), were entertained with good meat, piping hot, and strong ale in great plenty. Then at Prescott, where he was interred, and the souls of the auditors feasted with an excellent sermon, there was a rich dinner, ready prepared at a tavern, for the kindred, and so many more as a great room would receive, with plenty of wine and strong drink, and for all the rest, tag and rag, sufficient store of such provisions as are usual at ordinary burials. Yet all this came to no very great matter, being discreetly ordered. So that I am persuaded some funerals have cost twice so much that have not been so creditable to the cost-makers.'

Martindale got into some trouble, as his hap generally was, by Sir George Booth's rising in 1659, the Presbyterian party being then dissatisfied with what he calls 'that Protean, vagrant government by a succession of usurpers.' Nay, our Parliamentarian waxes so loyal as to say that if 'usurpers' would continue his liberty, and 'a king and free parliament' oppress him, he would still vote for the latter; but he had wit enough to see the small chance there was of any good being effected by that ill-digested movement—for the failure of which he assigns very sufficient reasons—and so kept himself clear of it. The Restoration he passes over slightly; but it was a beginning of more sorrow to him; and it is worthy of remark how the restraint of his own liberty, and that of other Separatists, was brought about by the excesses of the wilder sectaries. Liberty has no worse enemies than its mad friends. But he was now on the lowest side of the wheel; and some neighbour squires were determined to make him feel the worst of his position—worrying him with legal interference, hurrying him hither and thither, and finally imprisoning him at Chester, 'where,' he adds, with characteristic regard for his pocket, 'the charge was at first considerable.' But he finally got out of the scrape with less hurt than might have been expected, through the

kindness of Lord Chancellor Hyde, who, being interested on his behalf by Richard Bacter, 'did so rattle' one of the deputy lieutenants, that his discharge speedily ensued. It is painful to read of such injustice; but 'they who play at bowls'—And Martindale was no exception to the truth of the proverb.

The 'act of uniformity' turned our friend out of his living somewhat unceremoniously, seeing the Book of Common Prayer, by some blunder, did not come into his parish till after the last Sunday allowed for its reading by those who would conform! But he bears him gallantly through the storm, and with praiseworthy meekness continues to attend the ministrations of his successor; repeating his sermons in the evening to his own household, who, he tells us, rather preferred them thus at second hand. However, there is a bright side to everything, for he adds, that he believes the act saved his life, by taking him off employment too heavy for him. Another blow succeeded this first; and in his distress he betook himself to teaching mathematics, in which he excelled, though applying to the study so late in life. This fresh calamity was the passing of the Oxford act in 1665, whereby Nonconformists were banished five miles from corporations. He then removed his family to Roseterne in Cheshire, going himself to teach mathematics in Manchester, where he seems to have been kindly treated, being left unmolested even by 'high Episcopal men,' justices of the peace, who, though aware of his preaching in the neighbourhood, were unwilling, it appears, to deprive themselves of their mathematical tutor, whom they 'paid nobly' for their instruction.

Martindale seems to have had much trouble and anxiety with his son, who ruins himself in London much after the fashion of a modern wiseacre. It is painful to note how little invention we have, but that even our follies must be copies of those of our forefathers. Our very *slang* is not our own; for it appears that the phrase by which we designate such dexterous gentlemen as the one who relieved our student of his cash, is at least as old as this poor 'pigeon.' Certes, your 'mere scholar' is not good for much, if he is to be taken as a specimen. He had been appointed chief usher in Merchant Tailors' School, London, and was taken much notice of by those above him. 'But this, alas! undid the young man, by lifting him up above himself and the advice of his best friends. He was never given to intemperance, but he made up a club with a number of men of such great estates, and that treated one another in their turns at such a rate, as his comings-in would not bear. Besides, he being a mere scholar, that was always used to have his cloaths bought and kept in repair for him, and knew not how to buy a pair of gloves, when he came to wear rich cloaths, being subject to be cheated by every one he dealt with, the charge of maintaining himself in habit fit for such company was considerable. Finding these things too weighty for him, he makes a full account he could easily help himself by a parsonage or a wife; and so he might have done, had he taken wise courses and God's blessing along with him. One young woman that had L.500 to her portion he lost merely through a slighting humour. Another at Brentford, that had more than I think fit to speak of, was (as I was told) very fond of him; but because she was a little crooked (forsooth), he would not have her. At last a rook tells him of a great fortune at the other end of the town—a gentlewoman that waited on two young ladies—and makes him believe she had L.600 to her portion; and if he would send him a bond of L.10, he would help him to obtain her. He did so, and after paid the money; but never had so much with her that I heard of. And now he had done his business thoroughly, having himself to provide for, and a wife without a portion to be maintained like a gentlewoman.' He had so disobliterated his best friends by this marriage, that there was no hope of the governor's keeping him in his place at Merchant Tailors'; 'yet, however, they pitied him, and bestowed a gratuity on him at parting

of L.5.' Presently after this, he was again settled in a school at Lynn, and his father gives him some advice, that loses none of its value through age.

'As for his preaching, I prevailed upon him to do it plainly to the edification of his people, and not to preach himself as he did at his first setting out. And if some of his matter were sublime and uncouth [a strange junction of terms!] to such ears, and his enlargement in the university style, I question not he would in time have come to be more plain and affectionate for the good of the vulgar. In 1679, he entered upon his place at Northwich (called Witton School), which put me into a necessity of affording him fresh assistance. I therefore gave him some household goods, lent him others (which proved gifts in the event), and furnished him with money to buy such as I could not spare. But, alas! all was suddenly dashed, for he enjoyed this place only ten months. There was in the town a very mortal fever, whereof his wife fell exceeding ill; and he desiring her life, and fearing her death, begged of God that he might die in her stead, and was taken at his word. His corpse was accompanied from Witton School to his grave with many gentlemen, and other fashionable persons. But none suffered so much by his death as I and mine; for I did not only part with an only son in the best of his time (about thirty years of age), whose education had cost me so dear, . . . but also I sustained considerable additional losses:—For, 1st, He was the only life in my lease of this tenement, save only his mother, who was then fifty-nine years of age—a very considerable loss; 2d, The money that he owed me, and the goods I lent him, . . . came to near L.40; 3d, I have kept his child ever since, and I would not take any man's L.30 to do for his child what we have already done for it, and are farther to do whether I live or die; so that, upon a moderate account, this last loss (after all the rest) may well be computed at L.80 or L.90; besides the charges of the funeral, which those that observed it will say was handsomely done.'

What a mixture of the pathetic and the thrifty! The trouble of losing an eldest son just settled in life, and also losing some L.80 or L.90 by his death, besides his funeral expenses! But then the consolation of having him followed to his grave by 'fashionable persons!'

The next is *rich*. If the shrewd chaplain (he was then living in Lord Delamere's family) had been allowed to manage matters, a better bargain than this would have been struck with my Lord Conway, who got his L.5000, but seems to us to have *earned* a cudgelling, than whom none would have administered it more heartily than Martindale.

'About this time the Earl of Conway married that virtuous and religious lady, Elizabeth, daughter of my Lord Delamere. There was great rejoicing at this marriage, he being a person of so great dignity and estate; but for my part I was much troubled and unsatisfied. The truth is, I liked not the man, for several weighty reasons; and I was utterly against the giving of L.10,000 portion, absolutely, without any exception, whether she lived or died, leaving any issue or none. This I thought unreasonable, and more than could well be spared. The next summer, the religious lady (an hundred times too good for such a man) dies while he was proling at court in a gainful office for money, and would not come down to her funeral, pretending excess of grief; but, however, it was soon past; for within a few weeks (as I remember, five), this excessively mournful lord took another comfortable importance, marrying a young, airy lady. After much ado, and long waiting on his lordship's pleasure, at last he declared he would be so kind as to take only L.5000 for nothing, and assigned the other L.5000 to my lord's youngest daughter, the Lady Diana.'

But the close of his eventful career is now at hand, and things grow worse instead of mending. Misfortunes rapidly follow each other, more than we care to transcribe: among the rest, the burning of his son-in-

law's workshop and barn; the loss resulting from this accident, as usual, falling upon the poor old man. The memoirs close with a lamentation over the deaths of 'many worthy men of the nonconformist persuasion, that within a year, or little more, had left their earthly habitations in Lancashire for a better in Heaven. When God is housing his sheep (or rather his shepherds) so fast, it is a dangerous prognostic of a storm ere long to ensue.' The manuscript here ends abruptly. All that is further known of him is from the parish register at Roseterne, where the burial of Adam Martindale is entered, 'September 21, 1686.'

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

SOME time since, a beautiful young girl made her first appearance on the stage of one of the minor theatres in Paris. Her grace and loveliness attracted admiration, which her rising talent promised to secure. She concluded a long engagement with the manager, giving her services for a very moderate remuneration, but which sufficed for her wants and those of an invalid mother, who was totally dependent on her exertions. According to the usual custom, a clause in the contract stipulated that a forfeit should be paid in case of its non-fulfilment by either party.

Theatrical managers never fail to insert this article in the treaties signed by their actors; and it often happens that a very small salary is accompanied by an immense forfeit. In this case it was fixed at ten thousand francs; but the young actress attached no importance to the amount, being fully resolved to fulfil her engagement, and steadily apply to the cultivation of her powers. She felt how much depended on her success, and on she walked in the right path, refusing to be turned from it by the flattering vows and insidious homage which she daily received. But in our uncertain world the good and the prudent may sometimes change their plans as suddenly as the foolish and the fickle.

One day the young actress entered the manager's room, and announced to him that she wished to leave the theatre.

'How!' cried he; 'you are the last person from whom I should have expected such caprice.'

'Indeed, sir, it is not caprice.'

'Is it, then, the offer of another engagement?'

'It is, sir, and one which I cannot refuse: it is from an excellent young man, who wishes to marry me.'

'Here's a pretty business; a marriage in question!'

'My happiness for life, sir, I feel is in question.'

'Then don't hesitate an instant; marry at once.'

'But the person who has proposed for me, would not wish his wife to continue on the stage.'

'A fine prejudice forsooth! What is his situation in life?'

'He is at present a merchant's clerk, but he intends to set up in business, and he will want me to attend our shop.'

'My dear child, I shall want you also to study your part in a new afterpiece which I have just received.'

'Then, sir, you refuse to set me free?'

'I must think about it. At all events, you have it in your power to break the agreement by paying the forfeit.'

'Ten thousand francs! 'tis very dear.'

'It was very dear when you signed your name, but now your services are worth more than that.'

'Alas, it will prevent our marriage!' said the poor girl in a voice choked with tears; and with a despairing heart she left the room.

Two days afterwards, the manager was seated close to the grate in his apartment, trying with all his skill to kindle a fire. All the theatrical attendants were engaged at rehearsal, so he was obliged to dispense with their assistance.

The cashier entered with a visage wofully elongated. The affairs of the theatre were in a critical state; the receipts had diminished; and pay-day at the end of the month approached with a menacing aspect.

'Yes,' said the manager, 'our situation certainly is

embarrassing. And this plaguy fire that wont light! I must call the *souffleur** to help me.'

Astonished that he could jest under the circumstances, the cashier retired. As he was leaving the room, the young actress entered.

'Ah, is it you?' said the manager. 'You are coming from rehearsal?'

'No, sir, I have come to return the part you gave me to study.'

'So it seems you still think of quitting the stage?'

'I have brought you the forfeit.'

'The ten thousand francs?'

'Here they are.'

'And how have you procured this sum?'

'My intended husband gave it me.'

'Is he then so rich?'

'These ten thousand francs are nearly all he possessed. But he said, "What does it signify? we shall only have to defer setting up in business; or perhaps I may succeed in borrowing some money."'

'Going in debt! That's a fine prospect for young housekeepers! So, the dowry you mean to bring your husband is want and ruin; you take from him the hard-earned fruit of his industry, and you oblige him to renounce the prospect of honourable independence.'

'Pray, sir—pray don't speak so cruelly!' sobbed the young girl.

'Have you considered that such a union cannot fail to be unhappy? Listen to reason—take back this money, and return it to him who gave it you. And if you're absolutely resolved to leave the theatre, I'll show you a simple way of doing it, that wont cost you anything. Take this paper, and have the kindness to put it in the grate.'

So saying, he handed her a sheet of paper carefully folded, which she threw among the smouldering sticks.

The manager watched it as the languid flame gradually curled round it, and then shot up in a bright blaze.

'Do you know,' said he, 'what that paper was? It was your signed engagement! And now I have no longer any claim on your services, and consequently can demand no forfeit. Go, my child, marry, employ your little capital well, and be happy.'

Deeply affected by this generous deed, the young actress expressed her gratitude as fervently as her tears permitted.

'Don't talk to me of gratitude,' replied the manager, 'we are only quits. See, for the last hour I have been blowing in vain at that obstinate fire: you threw your engagement into it, and directly it blazed up. Thanks to me, you are free; and thanks to you, I am giving my hands a good warming!'

DWELLINGS FOR THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

MR W. A. GUY, in a late lecture on the health of towns (Journal of Public Health, No. 4), makes some strong observations on the negligence of owners of houses occupied by the humbler classes in London and elsewhere.

'One of our boasted metropolitan improvements—an apt illustration in itself of the evils of narrow and partial legislation—has left a single street with a few attached courts as a standing reproach to its owners and to the public. These owners, who are persons of wealth and good position in society, are absentees, having probably as little knowledge of, or care for, their property, as if it were at the antipodes; and they sub-let it for a fixed sum to middle-men, who, in their turn, let the houses out in rooms, at exorbitant rents. The tenants of these rooms, true to this wretched system, earn their living, or add to their means, by converting them into low lodging-houses, at a charge of threepence a night, or accommodate whole families of weekly lodgers in the corners or at the sides of the apartments. No one who has not visited this wretched place, and exa-

mined it, as I have done, house by house, and room by room, can form any conception of the depths of degradation to which human beings may be sunk by a vicious system, the offspring of cupidity and negligence. The overcrowding which results from this system, reinforced by the want of water, and the entire absence of the means of decency and comfort, convert every house and room into a focus of disease from which the workhouse infirmary is largely supplied, to the punishment of the ratepayer, whose indifference to his true interest has been one cause of his being thus made to bear the just burdens of other men. Such are the effects of individual and national negligence. The owner of property becomes an absentee, and neglects his duty. Disease and destitution are the inevitable results; and the light burden of prevention which should have been borne by the guilty proprietor, is shifted, as a dead weight of local taxation, to the shoulders of the innocent and unconscious ratepayer.'

All who are acquainted with our large towns, must admit that the appalling picture here presented is universally applicable—the community is everywhere burdened with rates, and exposed to dangers from the overcrowding of mean dwellings, and the general want of sanitary regulations. A social wrong of this kind ought not to be perpetrated with impunity. The owners of properties should be compelled either to put them in a proper condition, and under proper regulations, as respects health and decency, or abandon them to the public, so as to make way for dwellings of an improved character. We are aware that landlords in too many instances are offered little inducement to improve houses of a humble class, in consequence of the difficulty of getting any rent from tenants in return; and hence the practice of letting such houses to middle-men. But this excuse will not palliate the grievous wrong to which society is exposed: in this, as in other matters, private interest, injuriously exercised, must yield to that of the public. Notwithstanding the alleged valuelessness of much humble property in towns, it is remarkable that there is scarcely a possibility of purchasing it except at an enormous price. Tenements inhabited by paupers, and the constant focus of disease—houses which are almost abandoned by proprietors as worthless—no sooner become an object of request for the sake of public improvement, than prices many times their value are demanded. On a late occasion, we required a site near our printing premises on which to erect dwellings of a respectable order for our workmen. An old half-ruinous house was on the spot required; but though yielding a very trifling rent to its proprietor, and discreditable as respects its internal condition—one of those structures, in short, which ought to be removed as a public nuisance—L700 was demanded for it; and as this price would have been equal to a ground rent of L35 annually, the plan of building was given up. Other instances of greed on the part of proprietors in Edinburgh—a greed which invariably defeats itself—could be mentioned: One of the most instructive examples is that of a person asking L700 for a single floor in an old tenement which produced only L7 of clear rent annually, the exorbitant demand being made under the impression that a projected improvement could not be executed unless the purchase were made. The improvement, however, has been effected without requiring the old building, which is therefore left standing as a public eyesore, greatly to the sorrow of its too avaricious owner, who would now gladly accept of L300 for the wretched mass of decayed stone and timber, for which she formerly declined taking less than L700. It is in no small degree the consequence of this species of cupidity that, private capitalists being prevented from doing anything in the way of renovation, large sections of the town subside into that miserable condition so well depicted by Mr Guy.

The remedy for this state of affairs appears to be, a law of universal application, which shall give magis-

* In French, *souffleur* signifies both a stage-prompter and a bellows-blower.

trates the power of removing waste, ruinous, and other tenements, injurious to public health, and interruptive of public improvements—in which improvements are to be reckoned the opening up of new thoroughfares, and the erection of dwellings of a proper kind for the labouring classes. By these means the regeneration of towns would be placed on a simple and self-working principle. Private individuals and joint-stock societies would, for their own interest, be found undertaking schemes of improvement publicly beneficial. Instead of being taxed for the making of new streets, communities would be free of all trouble and cost on that account. We do not of course expect that proprietors of old buildings should, by such a scheme, be robbed of their property, vile as it is. Let them be paid a fair equivalent by all means, but no more.

Whether a law of this nature be put in operation or not, it might be possible for the working-classes, by union among themselves, to rent better dwellings at lower rents than those they now generally occupy. All that seems desirable for them to do, is to offer a sufficient guarantee to landlords, and this might be done by a fund previously provided, and currently maintained. By an arrangement with employers—as, for example, leaving a certain sum weekly in their hands, and all becoming conjointly and severally bound to make good deficiencies, a guarantee might also be organised. We have heard of an instance of this nature, by which a large body of men are provided with good houses on what may be called a wholesale principle, the rents not being two-thirds of what they would be if let individually, and without the guarantee we mention.

While on this subject, it may be mentioned that an exceedingly creditable effort has lately been made by a society in London to erect dwellings of an improved kind for the working-classes. We do not allude to the Model Lodging-Houses which have been here and there set on foot, but to a large edifice recently erected by the 'Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes,' in the neighbourhood of the old St Pancras Road. From the Daily News we gather the following particulars of this structure:—It is a building of four storeys, with a long frontage and two wings at right angles, the open space in front being designed as a playground, and the back space as a drying-ground for clothes. The building is on the Scotch plan of including a great number of separate houses under one roof, all reached by common stairs of stone. There are eight entries and staircases, and these give access to houses for one hundred and ten families; some of the dwellings consisting of two, and others of three apartments, but each possessing every accommodation within itself. The aspect of each house is neat and pleasing, and the arrangements for insuring cleanliness and ventilation satisfactory. Houses with two rooms are let for a rent of from 3s. to 5s. per week, according to size; and the sets of three rooms from 4s. 6d. to 7s. per week. These charges include taxes, parish and water rates, and gas in the staircases. 'Even they might have been less, but for the oppressive operation of the window-tax, which exacts, according to the mode of assessment insisted on, the same taxation for ten of these dwellings as that for one forty-windowed house; while each of these sets of rooms would have been exempt from the tax had they been separate cottages.' This exaction we cannot understand; for in Scotland all dwellings on common stairs are legally considered to be distinct houses, and each accordingly pays no window duty if it has fewer than the chargeable number of windows belonging to itself. An appeal to the lords of her Majesty's treasury would surely rectify the mistake here complained of.

Considering the cheapness, the commodiousness, the airiness, and respectability of the dwellings which have been so meritoriously got up by the Association, it might have been expected that they would have been caught at with avidity by the working-men of the neighbour-

hood; but from the account before us, we learn that such has by no means been the case. Much of the dislike to the edifice is perhaps attributable to a prejudice against living on common stairs, as lawyers do at chambers, or as the Scotch, French, and Germans of all classes are in the habit of doing, without any loss of individual independence. Something also is due to an unwillingness to be governed by any sort of regulations. 'A great number of objectors are amateurs of ornithology and zoology; and the moment some of them found they would not be allowed to keep pigs, or pigeons, or fowls, or rabbits, or dogs, they declined inquiring further particulars, and walked away. All this is very lamentable, because it renders the benevolent labours of such associations as the builders of these lodgings, when specifically directed, almost hopeless. The new dwellings, however, are not without tenants; who are indeed of a higher grade than those aimed at by the Association—persons already living in cleanly comfort, though obtained at extravagant prices. The tenants are chiefly artisans of a superior order, such as journeymen pianoforte-makers, compositors, and persons who follow chamber trades, such as tailors, flower-makers, chasers, jewellers, &c.; besides clerks, and one or two who possess small independencies. As if to provide an exception on purpose to prove a rule, there is one tenant who belongs to the class for which the building was meant—a gasmaker from the neighbouring works.'

We are told, in conclusion, that 'the labours of the Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes do not end in the Old St Pancras Road. It is their intention to found similar establishments in large manufacturing towns in the provinces; and we trust they will be able to secure another site in the Metropolis, for a building easily accessible to London journeymen. Example placed before the eyes of the inhabitants of squalid neighbourhoods, may in time wean them from the sloughs in which they now choose to exist. If, however, they do not profit by the spectacle of comfort and cleanliness, their children and successors may.'

A PEEP AT MINORCA.

THE following sketch of a chance visit to Mahon—a spot so much out of the beaten track of our English tourists—will not prove uninteresting to our readers, if we may judge from the surprise and pleasure we ourselves experienced, during our twenty-four hours' halt at Minorca, on our voyage to Algeria.

In the beginning of December 18—, I embarked at Toulon in the Montezuma steam frigate, employed to transport from France to Algiers mules, soldiers, and colonists. Three hundred men, four hundred women, and three hundred children, were stowed on the decks of this ship, under the superintendence of the French government. A brilliant sun shone on our departure, a light breeze filled the sails, and before long, the coast of Provence disappeared from our sight.

The sea was calm, the sky serene, the future '*couleur de rose*,' and the deck was crowded with its thousand passengers. Nothing, however, is so treacherous as the Mediterranean; you may feel, as we did, the most perfect security on its tranquil waters, and in a few hours the vessel may pitch and toss in a terrific storm. Such was our case in the present instance. The light breeze which had so gently borne us onward changed to a violent gale, the waters rose, the waves broke against our ship; in short, everything foreboded '*a wild night!*' As if by magic, our decks became deserted, and soon the sighs and moans of the unfortunate sufferers were to be heard on all sides. Englishmen are so well acquainted with the evils of sea-sickness, that I shall only remark, its usual horrors were in this passage tenfold increased by the sight of the four hundred unfortunate women, with their three hundred children, heaped on one another in a space of forty feet by

twenty, through the culpable negligence of the French authorities. Their sufferings during the night were dreadful, especially towards midnight, when the storm became a perfect hurricane. French nature is not rough, even in a seaman; and the delicate attentions of the officers and men to these miserable passengers were unremitting. At length day dawned, but stormy, dark, and gloomy; while the wind and waves seemed to drive us forward towards the coast of Sardinia.

Suddenly the watch cried, 'Land!' 'It must be Minorca,' exclaimed the captain. 'We can now stop at Mahon, our passengers can recruit themselves, and regain their strength, and we can clean out the vessel.' This decision was received with acclamation, and ere long the rocks of Minorca began to rise up before us.

Had it been a hundred times more bare and arid, we should have hailed it as a terrestrial paradise. A cannon from our deck demanded a pilot; and in an instant we saw issuing from the fog, which covered the steep shore of the island, a boat, so small, as to be familiarly termed a 'cockle shell': it now appeared on the summit of a wave, and then disappeared, as if for ever, in a valley between. Two men steered the tiny craft, which soon approached: a sailor threw a rope; one of them climbed on board; it was the pilot; and in a few moments we perceived a streak of white at the base of the cliff. It was Mahon! or rather the sentinel of Mahon—Fort St Philip.

We steered round an enormous rock, against which the waves dashed with violence—the surge soon subsided; a bay opened: it was the port, and Mahon lay before us.

It is but justice to the Spanish authorities to say, they did not keep us long waiting for permission to land. In a quarter of an hour after casting anchor, we were clambering up the steep rock leading from the harbour to the town.

Mahon is built on a rock, and the port, one of the largest and safest in the Mediterranean, is enclosed within two lines of almost perpendicular cliffs. In the centre, and near the entrance of the harbour, lies a small island, covered with buildings now half in ruins. To this spot the invalided French soldiers of Algeria resorted for many years, to recruit their strength in the pure air of Minorca, or to make use of it as a resting-place on their passage from Africa to France. But the little island Del Rey is no longer ceded to them for this purpose by the Spanish government; and the French, glad to attribute every annoyance they meet with to the jealousy of the English, allege (with what reason I could not learn) that this refusal is owing to the interference of our foreign office with the cabinet of Spain. 'But,' enthusiastically exclaimed one of my French fellow-travellers, 'what has been the consequence? England ("perfidie Albion") did not foresee the result—Mahon has come to seek France!"

Without doubt the town is now deserted. Its population, formerly amounting to 30,000 souls, at present scarcely numbers 6000. All Mahon is at Algiers, Oran, or Marseilles. The men, clever gardeners, steady and industrious merchants, leave it to make their fortunes at the above-named places; and the young girls, graceful, pretty, and witty, go in quest of husbands: both are eminently successful.

There are two representatives of France at Mahon—one *official*, the consul; the other *officious*! the landlord of the Hotel de France. The former, a clever man, is of Dutch extraction, but his family have inhabited Mahon for upwards of a century. His house is a perfect museum of Balearic history, literary and artistic; doubly interesting when examined in the company of its agreeable and well-informed owner. The officious representative, M. Huot, is an old French prisoner of 1809. Brought then to Mahon, he there married, and made his fortune. The houses at Mahon are extremely clean, but our host's hotel surpassed them all. He is most attentive to his guests; and in addition to his other qualifications, is a clever and

most obliging cicerone. Through his means we were enabled, in twenty-four hours, to visit every curiosity of the town. Besides, the Mahonese (or I should say the Mahonese ladies) are so very courteous, that every door is open to a stranger, provided his manners and appearance be that of a gentleman. . . . 'Senor, let us speak of France—let us speak of Paris!' were the first words that greeted us on entering. On my remarking this to my French friend, he replied, with the usual vanity of his nation, 'Ah! mon ami, Paris is the Mecca of all the civilised women in the world!' Not being prepared to prove the contrary, I prudently refrained from pursuing the subject, especially as the Mahonese ladies to whom we spoke seemed to regard it as the 'tomb of their prophet.' Several had made their pilgrimage thither; and their graceful appearance, dress, and engaging manners, bore ample evidence to my companion of the advantages they had derived.

Mahon boasts the manufacture of those flowers in enamel so much prized for ornaments in Paris. Nothing is more attractive or coquettish than the workshops of these flower-makers. There, alone, are to be seen no *jalousies*, or blinds, those stupid jailors of Spanish houses. The *atelier* is on the ground-floor; and while passing in the street, you see twelve or fifteen young girls, all pretty (there is not an ugly woman in Mahon), cease their work, and fix their large eyes on the prying stranger who stops to observe them. As a matter of course, the owner of the establishment invites you to enter and examine her collection of flowers. Who could refuse such an invitation? A selection is soon made, and the purchase concluded; and he who only entered through curiosity, still lingers to answer the numerous questions which are addressed to him in the most fascinating manner, and he departs in admiration of the grace and wit of his fair interlocutors.

The gravity of the Spanish authorities forms a striking contrast to the charming vivacity of this gay people. Inasmuch as the Mahonese love conversation and intellectual society, so are the Spaniards of Mahon morose and melancholy. Their character does not sympathise with that of the inhabitants, who take every occasion to draw the distinction of, 'I am not a Spaniard, I am a Mahonese!'

Mahon contains no public buildings, with the exception of three or four churches, of very doubtful architecture, and still more equivocal ornaments, in which the enamel flowers, as may be supposed, figure conspicuously. In the cathedral are a few monuments of carved wood, gilt, which at first sight make a brilliant effect, though the taste is not of the purest. The organs are the objects most worthy of admiration in the churches. That in the cathedral was made by a German, and the tones are as sweet and full as any I ever heard. A young 'Maestro di Cappella' performed for us on this magnificent instrument for nearly an hour. He was a clever musician, and played twenty different pieces, from a sonata of Bach to the modern airs of Rossini, Auber, and Verdi. During this concert, given for our benefit, the nave of the church became crowded with listeners, and their joyous countenances proved how well they valued the talents of their young organist.

After the church, the cemetery is most worthy of remark. The Campo Santo, or burial-ground of Mahon, is a large yard encircled by high walls, and in which are as many entrances to mortuary chapels as the space permits. The names and rank of the deceased are recorded on a tablet over an altar, and the body lies in a vault underneath. The graveyard itself is nothing but an avenue divided into as many compartments as there are tombs; a horizontal slab contains the style and title of their inmates. The walls, in general, are painted black and blue, which gives them a fantastic appearance.

Nothing looks more melancholy than the gardens in the environs of Mahon. The gardeners, valued for their talents in other countries, have surrounded with heaps of pebbles the squares of cultivated earth which they have created for themselves on the barren rock, whereon

stands the town. They have carried this earth up from the valley in the same way they carried up the pebbles, which prevent its being swept off by the annual torrents of rain. Imagine a country cut into squares like a chess-board by heaps of pebbles, and without the shade of a single tree! On this arid soil grow the vines of Mahon.

Mahon possesses a theatre supplied alternately by Spanish and Italian artistes. The latter enjoyed undivided sway at the time of our visit, and we availed ourselves of the leisure granted us by the storm to hear the 'Elisir d'Amore.' Certainly the singers were far from being first-rate. Their voices were worn, and their instruction incomplete; yet the opera, as a whole, was better performed than in many of the provincial towns of the continent. It must be said, to the honour of the Mahonese, that they possess great musical taste. Far from being indifferent, they applaud every good effect, or well-executed passage. This love of music seems born with them; and the orchestra, which is excellent, is composed of amateurs of the town, who perform like true artists. The interior of the theatre is of a good size, and makes a pretty effect. The first, second, and third rows are divided into boxes, and a considerable portion of the pit is occupied by the orchestra. The Mahonese ladies appear there in full dress. Nearly all wear the mantilla or national veil, fastened coquetishly on their hair, and the fan plays in their hands the same graceful and malicious part which I believed alone to be the secret of the Spanish ladies.

Such is Mahon; and by what it now is, in its abandonment and poverty, we may judge of what it was in the days of its greatness. Of this grandeur of the past, nothing now remains but a vague reminiscence. And, alas! we are told that all this varnish of politeness, this elegance of manners, covers many a moral wound, and a vast deal of misery. Fortunately, we had no time to dispel our illusions by convincing ourselves of this fact. The morning after our arrival at Mahon, a cannon-shot recalled us to our ship. At one o'clock that afternoon we cast a farewell glance at this town, once so flourishing, at this hospitable port, which nature has formed in the centre of the Mediterranean; and, our last look resting on the little island Del Rey, the rugged shores of Minorca vanished from our view.

The following morning, about nine o'clock, I beheld rising before my enchanted sight the rich verdure of the Sahel of Algiers, and the white houses of this capital of French Africa.

TOWN LYRICS.*

We do not know that the term 'minor poetry' is justly applicable to such pieces as these, many of which rank with the highest of their class. They are at least major in their own circle; and that circle, though comparatively humble in point of genius, is far wider in extent, more general in influence, and therefore more important in its bearings upon the public mind, than the one which comprises only the higher and more complicated works of art.

There is one point in respect to which we are inclined to place Charles Mackay at the head of the fugitive or occasional poets of the day; and that is—the *suggestive* character of his verses. Mrs Hemans, and most of the writers who followed, or walked side by side with her, exhaust the subject they illustrate. There is a neatness and completeness in their pieces which leave the mind of the reader in a state of tranquil satisfaction. Charles Mackay, on the other hand, not only stirs up our thoughts like these, but leaves them in the midst of the turbulence. He makes poets of us all for the time; and when we have come to the end of his verses, our glazed eye rests without speculation upon the page, and we continue in our own

mind the series of images he has suggested. Let any one read the 'Light in the Window,' for instance, and he will comprehend what we mean; or let him read here 'Above and Below,' which is only one of the numerous examples we could give, from this cheap and neat little volume, of the *suggestive lyrics*:

ABOVE AND BELOW.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever
Through the city so vast and old;
Through massive bridges—by domes and spires,
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires:
City of majesty, power, and gold;
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull
The white-winged fleets so beautiful,
And the lordly steamers speeding along,
Wind-defying, and swift and strong;
Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast,
Laden with riches, at trade's behest—
Bounteous trade, whose wine and corn
Stock the garner and fill the horn,
Who gives us luxury, joy, and pleasure,
Stintless, sumless, out of measure—
Thou art a rich and a mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,
Through the city so drear and cold—
City of sorrows hard to bear,
Of guilt, injustice, and despair—
City of miseries untold;
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,
The death-cold forms of Beauty's daughters;
The corpses pale of the young and sad—
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad—
Mothers of babes that cannot know
The sires that left them to their wo—
Women forlorn, and men that run
The race of passion, and die undone;
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,
Thou givest them all a ready grave;
Thou art a black and a doleful river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

In ebb and flow for ever and ever—
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below:
Above, the rower impels his boat;
Below, with the current the dead men float:
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air;
But below, in the silent under-tide,
The waters vomit the wretch that died:
Above, the sound of the music swells,
From the passing ship, from the city bells;
From below there cometh a gurgling breath,
As the desperate diver yields to death:
Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of joy or wo;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow for ever and ever.

A LATE CONTRIBUTION TO THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

THE Duke of Sutherland has made an interesting contribution to the works of the Bannatyne Club. It is a thin quarto volume, containing two ancient records of the bishopric of Caithness, procured from the charter-room at Dunrobin. To the records are attached a few preliminary pages descriptive of the early history of Caithness, of which the county of Sutherland once formed a part. The period referred to is the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when this extreme northern part of the island of Great Britain owned a divided allegiance to the kings of Scotland and Norway—the power of the former latterly predominating, partly from the influence of the church. Some parts of this curious work present a graphic picture of the rudeness of ancient manners.

Earl Harald, for the redemption of his sins, had granted to the church a penny yearly from each inhabited house in the earldom of Caithness, and this revenue was levied by Andrew, the first bishop of the diocese, till his decease in 1185. The next bishop was John, who, it appears, declined to exact the contribution; 'but the Pope (Innocent III.) summoned him to obedience, and even granted a commission to the bishops of Orkney and Rosmarky to compel him to levy the tax, by the heavy censures of the church.

* Town Lyrics, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Author of 'Voices from the Crowd,' &c. London: Bogus.

Whether the poor bishop complied, or attempted to enforce the exaction of the tax, we are not informed; but his subsequent fate, as narrated in the wild sagas of the Norsemen, might appear incredible, were it not singularly corroborated by a Roman record. Earl Harald Madadson, who had been deprived of his Caithness possessions by William the Lion [king of Scotland], resolved to recover them by force, and crossed from his Orkney kingdom to Thurso with a great fleet. There was no force capable of resistance. The bishop, who was residing in his palace of Skrabister, went out to meet him, as the intercessor for the poor Caithness men; but the savage earl took him and cut out his tongue, and dug out his eyes with a knife. The saga goes on to tell us that Bishop John recovered the use of his tongue and his eyes, by the miraculous intervention of a native saint, written Tröllhæna.

'The latter part of the story is not confirmed by any good authority; but some part of the barbarity of the earl, and the bishop's sufferings, is confirmed by the following letter of Pope Innocent, ascribed to the year 1202, addressed to the bishop of the Orkneys:—"We have learnt by your letters that Lomberd, a layman, the bearer of these presents, accompanied his earl on an expedition into Caithness; that there the earl's army stormed a castle, killed almost all who were in it, and took prisoner the bishop of Caithness; and that this Lomberd (as he says) was compelled, by some of the earl's soldiery, to cut out the bishop's tongue. Now, because the sin is great and grievous, in absolving him according to the form of the church, we have prescribed this penance for satisfaction of his offence, and to the terror of others—That he shall hasten home, and barefooted, and naked except trews and a short woollen vest without sleeves, having his tongue tied by a string, and drawn out so as to project beyond his lips, and the ends of the string bound round his neck, with rods in his hand, in sight of all men, walk for fifteen days successively through his own native district [the district of the mutilated bishop] and the neighbouring country; he shall go to the door of the church without entering, and there, prostrate on the earth, undergo discipline with the rods he is to carry; he is thus to spend each day in silence and fasting, until evening, when he shall support nature with bread and water only. After these fifteen days are passed, he shall prepare within a month to set out for Jerusalem, and there labour in the service of the Cross for three years; he shall never more bear arms against Christians; for two years he shall fast every Friday on bread and water, unless, by the indulgence of some discreet bishop, or on account of bodily infirmity, this abstinence be mitigated. Do you then receive him returning in this manner, and see that he observe the penance enjoined him."

'William the Lyon did not fail to exact the penalty of such an outrage. In 1197, he collected a mighty army, crossed the Oikel, and, perhaps for the first time, entirely subdued and intimidated the provinces of Caithness and Sutherland. As usual, the blow fell upon the people. The guilty chief made terms, and left his Caithness subjects to pay the enormous fine of a fourth of their whole possessions.'

Such is a picture of the state of ancient Scotland, before the blended light of Christianity and civilisation had softened the natural asperities of society. The important service rendered by the Bannatyne Club, in making such documents as the Caithness Charters accessible to the historian, need not be expatiated on.

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is *want of charity*; and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and, as a matter of philosophy, that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human

nature, but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul blot on the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

THE LAW'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF QUACKERY.

A case before the Master of the Rolls curiously illustrates the deficient state of medical law in this country. A chemist—who, like all other chemists or persons in this kingdom, is allowed to concoct whatever poisons they please for the cure of diseases, and to sell them, provided they pay for a government stamp—puts together certain ingredients in the form of pills. He calls these consumptive pills; and in order to insure more extensive notice and sale, he uses the name of Sir James Clark, who is well known for the attention he has paid to the study of consumption, and issues advertisements calling his pills 'Sir James Clark's Consumptive Pills,' thus leading the public to suppose that the pills were made from a prescription of this gentleman. He goes even further than this, and gulls the public into the belief that special favour had been shown to him in this instance; and says in his advertisement, 'By her Majesty's permission.' Now if this man were dispensing some harmless sweetmeat, or some form of farinaceous food, Sir James Clark needed not perhaps to have complained; but from an examination of the pills, it appears that antimony and mercury were contained in them, which are known to be specially injurious in some forms of the diseases in which they are recommended by the advertiser. Of this use of his name, then, we think that Sir James Clark has a perfect right to complain; and against such a use of it, in the name of justice, every honest man must protest. The public purchase these pills on the faith of the advertisement, as the result of Sir James Clark's experience in the diseases for which they are sold; and on finding themselves made worse by them, they would have their confidence diminished in the skill of the supposed subscriber. He is therefore directly injured by the sale of these pills. Yet the law of the country has no resource for him, and he is told by the Master of the Rolls that 'it was one of the taxes imposed on eminent men to have their names thus made use of.'—*Daily News*, Feb. 4. [If this be the law of England, no man of any note is safe from aggression; we trust, however, that the subject will not be suffered to rest where the Master of the Rolls seems disposed to leave it.]

MUSCULAR EXERCISE.

Muscular exercise is a direct source of pleasure to every one not suffering from diseased action. Every one must have felt this. The effect of using the muscles of voluntary motion, when all the processes of the economy are being justly and healthily performed, is to impart a marked and grateful stimulus to the sentient nerves of the part, and a corresponding and grateful stimulus to the nervous system generally, sufficiently noticeable by the mind when studious of its analysis, and always ministering indirectly to the happiness of the individual, colouring and brightening the thoughts and feelings. So much is this believed to be the case by some, that it has been asserted—a man may use his limbs too much to leave him in the enjoyment of his fullest capability of pure and abstract thought, and to the extent of making him unduly imaginative. Although this may well be matter of doubt, the fact, and its wise and benevolent intention, remain unaffected: that man derives an immediate pleasurable sensation from using his voluntary muscles, which not only gives to labour a zest, and even to monotonous movements some degree of enjoyment, but produces a reaction on the mind itself, embellishing a life of virtuous toil with a degree of physical enjoyment, and mental energy, buoyancy, and hopeful lightheartedness, that can never be afforded in a like degree to the drones—the mere 'fruges consumere nati'—of the human hive.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen*.

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TRAVELLERS' TALES.

A PROVERB setting forth the small amount of credence due to the reports of travellers, has been found in nearly every country among the dictates of its popular wisdom. The Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay applied it to their countryman when, on his return from a voyage to Aberdeen in one of the Greenland whalers, he informed them that in the far south he had seen 'sledges with feet like the full moon, drawn by creatures larger than four of their dogs together; herds of animals of the size of the white bear, with horns like that of the narwhal; and tall pillars growing out of the earth, with green heads spreading wide as the summer tents of his tribe.'

'Allah, show mercy to the tongues of travellers!' exclaimed a Bedouin, when a Greek interpreter at Grand Cairo told him that in Christian lands he had seen men make fires of black stones, and burn smoke in their lamps instead of oil. Soon after the arrival of the Portuguese in India, a native of Goa, who had journeyed as far as the Himalaya, told a priest of Buddha that he had seen 'hard water' at the source of the Brahmapootra, and wished to bring some specimens with him, but they melted away in his basket. 'Attempt not to deceive a servant of the gods!' said the priest: 'I have read the books of Buddha, and know all things. The rain descends from the clouds, and the streams run to the sea for ever: water cannot change into stone.' And when the man attested the truth of his statement, the priest's palanquin bearers fell upon him with their bamboos.

Examples of a similar kind might be met with nearer home. We remember one of an old dame residing in a small village on the east coast of Scotland. Her only son had become a sailor on board a vessel engaged in the Greenland whale fishery, and just returned from the northern seas. The event occasioned a kind of assembly at his mother's cottage; old neighbours sat round; and he, as the hero of the evening, related his adventures. All went on well, and the company wondered in silence, till the young man told how the sun had shone on the whaler's track for six weeks without setting, and they had killed a great seal off the coast of Spitzbergen larger than a dray-horse, with tusks twelve inches long, when the mother groaned out, 'Jock, Jock, whar did ye learn to lee? Can ye no tell us something that's Christian like, if it was only about a mermaid?'

The origin of a prejudice so widely diffused, must appear inexplicable to those unacquainted with the accounts which early European travellers, in times when commerce was less extensive, and navigation less understood, brought back from the unknown regions into which they chanced to penetrate. Strange and inco-

herent were those fables—sometimes arising out of distorted veins of existing facts, sometimes originating in ignorance of the language of the natives, and occasionally in the mind of the traveller, deeply imbued with the superstition of his age, and therefore unequal to the task of investigating the reports of popular credulity, or the motives of men interested in their propagation. The works of Greek and Roman authors that have come down to us, and remain, after the lapse of so many centuries, the most certain memorials, and the only intelligible records, of that long abolished state of things which scholars call the classic world, are filled with such marvellous fictions. Most of them are indeed found in the pages of the poets, and generally charged to their account; but it is apparent that these gentlemen only enlarged on beliefs already current among their countrymen, and statements which, however ridiculous they may seem to our better-instructed times, were then implicitly believed by both philosopher and student as part and parcel of the knowledge of their age.

The centre of India was said to be occupied by a people who came to their maturity at five years old, and died of age at twenty. The peninsula of Malacca was spoken of as the golden Chersonesus, whose stones were gems, and whose very dust was heavy with grains of gold. The country of the Sinoides in Northern Siberia, then part of the greater Scythia, was assigned as the residence of a race with dogs' heads, who barked out their words in true canine fashion; and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, the place of perpetual darkness and all manner of monsters, was fixed between the Black and Caspian Seas, now one of the finest portions of the vast empire of Russia. But it was on Africa that the travellers of the classic times delighted to expatiate. Its western mountains, under the denomination of Atlas, which they still retain, were popularly believed to support the sky. At their foot were situated the gardens of the Hesperides, the trees of which bore golden fruit, and were guarded by dragons breathing flame. The region now forms part of the new French province of Algeria; and unless we include the Gallic colonists, and the marauding Arabs, neither dragon nor Hesperide is to be seen.

The eastern division of the continent—comprehending Upper and Lower Abyssinia, with which the travels of Bruce, and subsequently those of Major Harris, have now made the reading public tolerably acquainted—was then the country of the Blemmyes—a race of men without heads, having their faces in their breasts; and of the long-lived Ethiopians, a pastoral people who roved over great plains near the equator, possessing nothing but their tents and herds of cattle, subsisting exclusively on flesh and milk, and never dying earlier than the age of one hundred and twenty years. Farther still to the south was the land of the Pigmyes, a dwarfish

race, whose tallest men never rose above an English foot, and whose greatest enemies were the cranes.

Nor will the abundance of such errors appear surprising, when it is considered how large a portion of the habitable earth was *terra incognita*, or unknown land, to the famous Greeks and conquering Romans. When Alexander wept for another world in which to try his prowess, his whole geographical knowledge was confined to the south of Europe, the south-west of Asia, and the northern coast of Africa, from Egypt to Tunis, which every schoolboy knows scarcely comprehends one-fifth of the peopled world. The countries that have become greatest and most distinguished in European history were unknown to Alexander. Of the greater part of France, the whole of Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, he knew nothing, and never dreamt of Britain, whose ships now bear her commerce to regions that never heard his name, whose authority extends over the vast region of Hindostan, the western frontier of which his legions thought it such an exploit even to approach; and it is remarkable that there is at this moment in the British Museum an empty urn, traditionally said to have contained the ashes of the great Macedonian, which came into the possession of the English troops on the capitulation of Alexandria in 1802, and was presented by George III. to that institution.

At the commencement of the Christian era, in the reign of Augustus, under whose sway Rome was believed to have attained to the zenith of her splendour in power, in arts, and in literature, the Orkneys were called Ultima Thule, the most northern land known; Cape Roca Sintra, on the west of Portugal, was styled the boundary of earth, and sea, and sky, beyond which mortal ken had never penetrated; the whole north-east of Asia in Europe was denominated the trackless Scythia; and there was a dim traditional idea that India extended southward a great but indefinite distance, and was bounded to the eastward by the far Cathay, as the ancients called China, whose frontier no traveller had ever reached, and whose gods and people were unknown to the rest of the world.

It would seem strange that nations so far advanced in civilisation as the Greeks and Romans undoubtedly were, should have been so ignorant of practical geography, if we were not aware that, notwithstanding their boasted superiority in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, not to speak of many branches of literature, they were miserably deficient in both the theory and practice of navigation. Jason's expedition to Colchis, which furnished a theme for wonder and fable to half the poets of antiquity, was a voyage from the north of Greece to western Georgia, scarcely as far as from London to St Petersburg, and less than a week's sail even to a Russian vessel of the present day. In the Roman times, little speed had been attained. It was no unusual circumstance for vessels bound from Syria to Italy to winter in the port of Crete, now Candia; and from a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles, describing St Paul's voyage in this direction in the reign of the Emperor Nero, we find that it occupied several months to travel a distance which a modern steamer could accomplish in a few days.

About a century before, when Julius Cæsar first attempted to conduct the army with which he conquered Gaul, now France and Belgium, into Britain, they absolutely refused to follow him, saying it was beyond the bounds of the habitable earth. A philosopher of that very country, which seemed so isolated and barbarous to the Romans, the celebrated Dr Thomas Browne, in his work on 'Vulgar Errors,' published in the middle of the seventeenth century, has recorded the following curious specimen of their geographical accuracy:—

'The other relation of loadstone mines and rocks in the shore of India is delivered of old by Pliny; wherein, saith he, they are placed both in abundance and vigour, that it proves an adventure of hazard to pass those coasts in a ship with iron nails. Serapion

the Moor, an author of good esteem and reasonable antiquity, confirmeth the same, whose expression in the word *magnet* is this: The mine of this stone is in the sea coast of India; whereto, when ships approach, there is no iron in them which flies not like a bird into the mountains; and therefore their ships are fastened not with iron, but wood, for otherwise they would be torn to pieces.' And the learned author judiciously adds, 'But this assertion, how positive soever, is contradicted by all navigators that pass that way; which are now many, and of our own nation, and might surely have been controuled by Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, who, not knowing the compass, was fain to coast that shore.'

During that period which elapsed between the destruction of the Roman Empire and the revival of European learning, known in history as the Gothic ages, geographical knowledge, as well as arts and commerce, were crushed into still narrower limits by the general barbarism and confusion of the times; hence fabulous wonders of all kinds were multiplied, and occupy a conspicuous place in the scanty literature which wandering minstrel or recording monk has chronicled. The whole of Asia, then possessed by the Saracens or Mohammedan Tartars, as far as palmer or pilgrim had penetrated, was celebrated for dragons, griffins, and giants; besides which, in Tartary, there was believed to exist a passage of direct communication with the infernal regions, popular superstition having confounded the name of the country with the old Latin term Tartarus. The north of Denmark and Sweden was the reputed country of ogres—savage giants who dwelt in rock-built castles, and subsisted by cannibalism; Lapland was regarded as the grand warehouse of witchcraft; and the loadstone, probably owing to its wonderful magnetic qualities, made a still greater figure in the geography of the middle ages than it had done in the days of Pliny: huge mountains of this substance were believed to form the northern boundary of the world, by which, when the mariner's compass was discovered in the fourteenth century, the scholars of the age accounted for the magnetic needle continually pointing in that direction.

Yet while such reports were generally believed by the populace, and gravely recorded by the learned, the spirit of the old woman's rebuke to her son, which we have quoted, seems to have influenced the countrymen of Marco Polo, a Venetian traveller, who, towards the close of the thirteenth century, traversed Eastern Tartary and the northern part of China, and returned to tell of the great cities, immense wealth, and overwhelming population he had seen in those hitherto untravelled lands. His accounts, however, were considered so incredible, that the Venetians gave him the sobriquet of 'Millioni,' from the frequent recurrence of millions in his statements, which, allowing for the difference of time, and the effects of conquest, modern discovery has proved to be remarkably correct. But even in times much nearer our own than the middle ages, it is curious to look back on the fables of a similar kind, which were in some degree entertained even by the learned. Long after its conquest by the Spaniards, the centre of South America was supposed to be the El Dorado, or land of gold, where the precious metal might be literally gathered like dust.

When James I. issued his celebrated publication against witchcraft, among the earliest prosecutions for the peculiar crime on which the monarch so profoundly enlarged, is one case known in the parlance of those days as 'The great mystery of Thammes Streette,' which strikingly illustrates at once the terrors and mistakes of the time. It is that of a woman who is indicted for having in her possession 'ane magical vessel to work sorcerie withall, the like whereoff was never seen in Christendom, but had been brought to her by her wicked son in one of the Companie's shippes from the Isles of Spice, whar he gat it from certain Chineses.'

It is satisfactory to know that the unlucky dame

escaped the doom of those who dealt in magic, not being even made to swim for her life, the article in question having turned out, on minute investigation, to be nothing more than a china teapot, and the first of the kind ever seen in England. The account sounds strangely now when read beside one of the countless tea-tables of Britain. But regarding china-ware, some singular tales were afloat in still later times. A learned physician, towards the end of the Commonwealth, remarks, 'We are not thoroughly resolved concerning porcelain or china dishes, that, according to common belief, they are made of earth which lyeth in preparation about an hundred years under ground, for the relations thereof are not only divers, but contrary, and authors agree not herein. Guido Pancirollus will have them made of egg-shells, lobster-shells, and gypsum, laid up in the earth the space of eighty years. Of the same, affirmation is made by Scaliger, and the common opinion of most. Ramuzius, in his Navigations, is of a contrary assertion—that they are made out of earth, not laid up in the earth, but hardened in the sun and wind the space of forty years.' In addition to this, the doctor observes, 'and of those surely the properties must be verified, which, by Scaliger and others, are ascribed to china dishes, that they admit no poison, that they strike fire, that they will grow hot no higher than the liquorer in them ariseth. For such as pass amongst us, and under the name of the finest, will only strike fire, but not discover aconite, mercury, or arsenic, but may be useful in dysenteries and fluxes beyond others.'

Such were the powers accorded to porcelain by the medical profession under Cromwell's sway; but so late as the close of the seventeenth century, we find a letter addressed by the Royal Society of London to Sir Philberto Vernatti, resident in Batavia in Java, filled with questions regarding that part of the globe and its productions, propounded in evident earnestness and gravity. A specimen of these, together with the resident's answers, we present to our readers:—

Question.—Whether diamonds, and other precious stones, grow again, after three or four years, in the same places where they have been digged out?

Answer.—Never, or at least as long as the memory of man can attain to.

Q.—Whether there be a hill in Sumatra which burneth continually, and a fountain which runneth pure balsam?

A.—There is a hill that burneth in Sumatra, near Endrapoer; but I cannot hear of any such fountain; and I believe that the like hill is upon Java Major, opposite to Batavia: for in a clear morning or evening, from the road, a man may perfectly perceive a continual smoke rise from the top, and vanish by little and little. I have often felt earthquakes here, but they do not continue long. In the year 1656 or 1657, I do not remember well the time, Batavia was covered in one afternoon, about two of the clock, with a black dust, which, being gathered together, was so ponderous, that it exceeded the weight in gold. I at that time being very ill, did not take much notice of it; but some have gathered it, and if I light upon it, shall send you some. It is here thought it came out of the hill: I never heard of any that had been upon this hill's top. Endrapoer is counted a mighty unwholesome place, as likewise all others where pepper grows, as Jamby Banjar, though some impute it to the hills burning. As for the fountain, it is unknown to us, except Oleum Terrae is meant by it, which is to be had in Sumatra; but the best comes from Pegu.

Q.—Whether, in the island of Sombrero, which lieth northwards of Sumatra, about eight degrees northern latitude, there be found such a vegetable as Master James Lancaster relates to have seen, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down when one offers to pluck it up into the ground, and would quite shrink unless held very tight? And whether the same, being forcibly plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more according as the tree groweth in greatness; and as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree,

rooting in the ground, and so growing great? And whether the same, plucked up young, turns by the time it is dry into a hard stone, much like to white coral?

A.—I cannot tell: I met not with any that ever have heard of such a vegetable.

Q.—Whether the Indians can so prepare that stupefying herb datura, that they make it to lie several days, months, years, according as they will have it, in a man's body, without doing him any hurt, and at the end kill him, without missing half an hour's time?

A.—The China men in this place have formerly used datura as a fermentation to a sort of drink, much beloved by the soldiers and mariners, called luzherbier, which makes them raging mad, so that it is forbidden, under the penalty of great pain, to make use of the same.

Q.—Whether the animal called abados, or rhinoceros, hath teeth, claws, flesh, blood, and skin, as well as his horns antidotal?

A.—Their horns, teeth, claws, and blood are esteemed antidotes, and have the same use in the Indian pharmacopœia as thereica hath in ours.

Q.—If the best ambergrease be found in the islands of Socotora and Aniana, near Java, to endeavour the getting of more certain knowledge, what of its being reported to be bred at the bottom of the sea, like to a thick mud?

A.—The best that is in the world comes from the island Mauritius, and it is commonly found after a storm. The hogs can smell it at a great distance, who run like mad to it, and devour it commonly before the people come to it. It is held to be a riscosity, which, being dried by the sun, turns to such a consistence as is daily seen. Myarine's father, Isaac Zigny, a Frenchman in Oleron, hath been a great traveller in his time, and he told me he sailed once in his youth through so many of these zequalen as would have loaded ten ships. The like having been never seen, his curiosity did drive him to take up some of those, which, being dried in the sun, were perceived to be the best ambergrease in the world. I have seen one piece which he kept as a memento, and another piece he sold for L.1300 sterling. This being discovered, they set sail to the same place where these appeared, and cruising there to and fro for the space of six weeks, but could not perceive any more. Where this place is situated I do not know; but Monsieur Gentillot, a French captain in Holland, can tell you.

Here is an evidence of the amount of information possessed by some of the greatest scholars in Britain, about the period of the Revolution, concerning countries now filled with British commerce, and for the greater part governed by British authority. A man of ordinary education in the present day would smile at the idea of a fountain running pure balsam, and a tree with a worm for its root, which changed into white coral, not to speak of the medicinal claws of the rhinoceros. But when the slowness and difficulty of communication in former ages are considered, together with the barriers of prejudice and hostility which rose between the nations, restricting commerce, and paralysing research, we will no longer wonder that ignorance, and consequent error, on these, as well as on more important subjects, should have been so prevalent.

In our own age, these barriers are considerably broken down by the freedom and extension of commerce, the inquiries of experimental science, and, above all, the general diffusion of instruction, by which more enlightened ideas are communicated to the people, and a more liberal policy prevails among the rulers of every civilised nation. A remarkable example of the contrary state of things existing at the period in which he lived, is given us in the answer of the above-mentioned resident of Batavia to the Royal Society's inquiry whether or not the celebrated birds'-nests, regarded as such delicacies by the Chinese, might be imported into Britain. Be it observed, the Company to which he refers was composed of Dutch merchants, supported by the authority of their government.

'If the question be made—Whether these things may be brought over by permission of the Company? I answer as first, that their laws forbid the transportation of all whatsoever, whether necessary to the conservation of health, or acquisition of wealth, or rarities; and if the querie be concerning the nature and substance of the wood and nests, they are transportable, and can subsist, without decaying, many years.'

Thus did the narrow-minded selfishness of every people in turn impede the investigations of philosophy, and retard the improvement of mankind. It is remarkable, after all, that many an early fable, once believed in the full breadth of its wonder, has been discovered, in later times, to have had its foundation in greatly exaggerated or misrepresented truth. The Blemmyes of the ancients are explained as a savage people of Eastern Nubia, whose short necks and large heads suggested to some early and ill-informed traveller the extraordinary conformation ascribed to them; while the flat faces, coarse features, and guttural tones of the northern Siberians, endowed them with dogs' heads, in the imagination of Southern Europe, for many an age. The ogres of the north were but a distorted and traditional remembrance of the ferocious Sea-kings, or leaders of those piratical bands who issued from the Baltic, carrying ruin and devastation to every coast of Europe, from England to Greece, in the ninth and tenth centuries. In like manner the long tenacious fibres of some Javanese plant or shrub may have given rise to the idea of a living root; and when we take into account the proneness to exaggeration, and love of the marvellous, common to mankind in every climate, similar misrepresentations will be easily explained. They serve, however, to illustrate the power and progress of knowledge, and stand forth as points of comparison between our age and the past, over which we have a manifest advantage. But as the march of discovery is still proceeding with increased velocity, it is difficult to say how much of our own generation's practical wisdom and speculative opinions may be regarded by our successors only as *Travellers' Tales*.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

WE have lately been much interested by an examination of specimens of artificial marble, sandstone, conglomerate, and other mineral productions made by a lady.*

Curious and useful discoveries may be arranged in three classes: first, those which are the result of mere accident, and therefore reflect no honour on those by whom they are made; and second, those made by a new application of known principles or facts, reflecting on the discoverer all the honour due to superior acuteness of mind, and a fine perception of the connection between cause and effect; the third and highest class are those resulting from a preconceived idea, wrought out to demonstration by pure force of reasoning and experiment, which is, in fact, just tangible reasoning.

To this last class belongs the discovery we are about to notice. So far back as 1840, Mrs Marshall was struck with the odd idea, that the animal and vegetable remains so universally found in the secondary and tertiary strata might, by a chemical or electric influence exerted upon the disintegrated particles of these rocks, have been the cause of their aggregation.

Between the first rude outline of this idea and the realisation of Mrs Marshall's wishes, five years, and upwards of ten thousand experiments, intervened. Many of these were forbidden in their detail, and others requiring truly scientific patience to complete; but the whole result has been a satisfactory demonstration that if the constituents of any mineral body of which lime forms a part be mixed in their true proportions (the lime used being free from carbon in any form), and these mixed

with animal and vegetable remains, under circumstances of due moisture and heat, aggregation of their particles will take place at periods varying with the substances under experiment, from a few minutes, to hours, weeks, and months; and these artificial aggregations (allowing for absence of time, and the incalculable amount of superincumbent pressure present in the natural phenomena) come so undeniably near, in appearance and qualities, to the products of nature, as to throw a totally new and interesting light on some of her hitherto most mysterious operations.*

There are two problems which have justly been considered by geologists as among the most difficult in their science: The one is, that the nodules in strata containing fossils, particularly crustacean relics, contain more lime—taking size for size—than the intervening spaces in the beds. The natural conclusion at first sight is, that the surplus lime accrues from the osseous fabric of the organism. But investigation proves that there is more lime contained in the whole nodule than this will account for. Mrs Marshall's experiments and specimens show that bone or recent shell has, more than any other portion of the animal frame, a power of attracting or of *condensing* lime, while a counter power is exerted by the lime of hardening or solidifying the bone. This of course acts more powerfully and obviously when the bone and the lime come in immediate contact, as in the nodules of the crustacean fossils, than in the case of the vertebrata, where the integuments interpose like a screen. Thus if portions of bone, or recent shells, be placed in a heap of sulphate of lime, or of magnesia thoroughly free from carbonic acid, with a very small proportion of vegetable matter added, and the heap so prepared be kept in circumstances of moisture, the parts in contact with the bone will first begin to harden or condense, and this action will gradually radiate to an extent corresponding to the size and form of the osseous matter, while at the same time the bone, even the soft cellular portion, becomes hard and stone-like. The very same effect is produced by and on coral; for not only does the lime harden in an extraordinary degree round the coral, but in the same ratio the latter loses its dull opaque, and becomes semi-translucent. Whether 'countless ages' would bring these to a perfect resemblance of natural fossils, it is hard to say; but a year and a half has sufficed to render them extremely curious, and worthy of attention. The experiments conducted with the constituents of sandstone and lias lead to the very same results, but much more slowly than in the pure lime.

The other problem to which we allude is this: From what cause has it arisen that many mineral substances, and even whole strata, are found identical in the nature and proportions of their constituents, yet totally different in their lithological structure? Such is the stratum frequently above coal and lime, and both above and mingled with sandstone. Mrs Marshall's experiments show that if a mass in imitation of such mineral bodies be prepared, and one part of it left at perfect rest, while the other is agitated or disturbed, the one will harden in a few hours or days into a substance not distinguishable by the eye from the natural stone, and capable of resisting water and weather; while the latter will take as many weeks to harden, and then present a mass which readily degrades by exposure to either. The experiment may be varied thus: Such masses always *set* or harden from the centre outwards; allow the mass to set till within half an inch of the surface; disturb what remains, and the result will be, that on making a section, the centre will be found hard enough to take a fine polish, while the outer crust will be a mere crumbling mass of chalk or sand.

Mr Hugh Miller, in his '*Old Red Sandstone*,' conjectures that the curious outstriking of colours which

* Mrs Marshall, formerly of Manchester, now of Edinburgh. This lady is authoress of several popular works for children, on which, at the time they appeared, we frequently drew for the amusement and instruction of our young readers.

* We would be understood as not prepared to sanction the geological speculation here involved, though we decide on allowing the writer to state his own convictions.—Ed.

here and there occurs in that and some other formations, may have arisen from the action of decaying animal matter. Not only is this completely proved by this lady's experiment, but what Mr Miller seems not to have once suspected, that decaying *vegetable* matter has the same effect; and doubtless to this, rather than animal, are owing the more curious and grotesque forms in which these white and gray stains appear.

We were particularly interested by one specimen, in which, with the view of solving two problems by one experiment, there had been laid down upon the surface, while yet fluid, a few of the delicately-rounded leaf-stalks of the *Fucus vesiculosus*: of these some had sunk only half, and others wholly, under the surface. In course of time the vegetable matter shrinks to a film that can be blown out with the breath, and there then remains in the mimic stratum perforations which are lined with white, presenting the most perfect resemblance to those mysterious worm-like borings which occur in the face of compact limestone, and have given rise to so much discussion.

The specimens are divided into two classes—the one terrestrial, and the other marine. We are inclined to consider the latter decidedly the more interesting and curious. Patents for Britain and foreign countries have been taken for the use of this discovery. But we confess that, as devoted utilitarians, we feel a far deeper interest in the *economic* than in the merely scientific results of this discovery, curious and important though they be. Upon the principle developed, two most valuable and entirely new architectural cements have been compounded—the one pure white, the other of a greenish-gray or sage colour.

The first, after the trial of years, has proved itself a certain cure for all damp arising from porosity, or presence of sea salt in building stone, or *from want of honesty in building even with good materials*—a cause for damp, we regret to say, fully more common than the two former.

It is not easy, on any known or alleged theory, to account for this quality in the cement; but the *fact* is incontrovertible. We have seen walls in sunk flats (done with it more than two years ago) which had been streaming with damp, noxious and offensive in its effluvia, so as to be quite uninhabitable, rendered perfectly dry, and the apartments offering a peculiarly comfortable sensation to the feelings on entering, as if a fire had recently been in them. This arises from the intonuca* being such a remarkably slow conductor of heat, that the atmosphere in all apartments plastered with it is kept at an even temperature—warm in winter, and cool in summer; whereas common lime, being a very rapid conductor of heat, speedily robs the air of all warmth in winter, and throws in great heat in summer—effects which we but partially obviate by covering it with paint or paper.

This cement also resists fire to a very high degree. Half an inch depth of it has been known to protect lath from intense fire for two hours; and even when it reaches the wood, neither flame nor spark is ever emitted—it merely smoulders slowly into a light-white ash. The cement does not, even under a red heat, crack or fly off from the wall; but if water be thrown upon it at this time, its substance and cohesion are destroyed, and it requires removal.

Dissatisfied with this result, the indefatigable experimentalist applied herself to making new combinations, and a few months since succeeded in perfecting a cement combining all the good qualities of the white, with the additional advantage (a grand desideratum indeed!) of remaining perfectly uninjured by water thrown upon it, even when at a full red heat. If a common brick, covered with one-eighth inch of it, be thrown into the heart of a large fire, and brought to a red heat, and from the fire be thrown into a bucket of water, it will

neither crack nor fly from the surface, and when dried, will bear no mark of injury, smoke and dirt excepted. Care must be taken, in laying on the cement, that no opening to the brick be left, otherwise the brick itself will rend on meeting the water.

The advantages of a cement like this, both in domestic and trade architecture, are too obvious to require argument or demonstration. If floors and ceilings be formed of it, fire may be confined to the apartment in which it originates, instead of penetrating, as in so many deplorable cases it has recently done, both in this city and Glasgow, with the rapidity of lightning, from one storey to another, upwards and downwards, through whole ranges of building. And when extinguished, no repair will be required but that occasioned by the removal of smoke and wet ashes.

Both these cements harden and dry in so short a time, that houses or apartments done with them may be inhabited in a fortnight after the plasterers are finished. No noxious exhalation—as from common plaster—or lurking damp remains in them, to injure health or property; and this alone is an immense benefit in cases of alterations, particularly in shops. They both take paint or paper the moment they are dry. But for all unpretending apartments, or for lobbies and staircases, no colour more beautiful or appropriate than that of the gray cement itself could be desired. It is considerably cheaper than the white: but this matter we refer to the manufacturer. It is, however, one of deep importance to the public, that anything preventing the scourge of fire and of damp should be brought within the reach of those building or *repairing* for the masses, at such a price as to remove all excuse for not using it; and here we would remark, that the rapid and thorough drying of these cements throws a large amount of saved rent to the credit side, which should be considered as reducing the expense of it. We have included damp, along with fire, as a *scourge*; indeed we consider it very decidedly the severer of the two; nay, we are prepared to hold that in towns it is more the promoter of death than all other causes united—not to name the misery and discomfort it entails on life. We speak of the *dirt* of the habitations of the poor; but damp and dirt are indissoluble in their companionship: and how often, by the cruel Pandemonium-like window-tax, is the evil deepened and (without a pun) *dandened* to the industrious poor, whose very *means of existence* is often connected with a free access of the blessed light of heaven to the scene of daily toil!

We have already exceeded our space, or we would refer at length to the boundless variety and importance of the uses to which these cements may be applied. On our table, at this moment, are most delicately-beautiful medallions, executed in white on coloured grounds; specimens of marble, splendid in colouring and polish; and pieces of granite and other stones, rugged from the quarry, united by it with most extraordinary firmness.

THE CRETAN DAUGHTER.

THIRTY years have passed away since the events took place of which we are now about to speak; but though this period has sufficed to change the whole face of Europe, and sweep millions from their habitations in this world, it has brought little or no change to the beautiful island of Crete. Then, as now, this bright flower of the sea was under the dominion of the Turks; and the one noble but disastrous effort by which some few years since the enslaved Cretans attempted to obtain their liberty, has left not even a trace, except in the sad hearts of the widows and orphans of those who were martyrs in the cause. At the present day, therefore, the same scene may often be witnessed which presented itself to the inhabitants of Canea, the capital of Crete, some thirty years since one fine summer morning.

It was shortly after sunrise, the hour most suitable in that climate for any active business; and the bazaars, where merchandise of all sorts was displayed, were

* Mrs Marshall has given this name to her cement—it is simply the Italian word for wall-plaster.

crowded with buyers and sellers, carrying on their traffic in the true Oriental manner by silent pantomime. These consisted chiefly of Greeks and Turks; but there were also a great number of Jews and Armenians, as well as many Egyptian soldiers. A large proportion of this motley assemblage was collected in an immense quadrangle, where a peculiar species of commerce was going forward that seemed especially to interest them. This was the public sale of human beings, which took place weekly on an appointed day. The slave traders were almost all Africans; and the unhappy captives themselves seemed to have been chosen out from among the various Eastern nations, solely with a view to the price they were likely to bring in the market. Very many, however, were Cretans, brought down from the mountains by the foraging troops of the Turkish aga, who, according to a custom not more prevalent then than it is now, was in the habit of sending small parties of soldiers over the island to sack and burn, if necessary, the distant villages, in order to bring him the young and healthy of the wretched inhabitants to be sold as slaves. These were usually taken on speculation by the traders, who then drew what profit they could from them.

The sale had been going on for about an hour with great animation, though in the most systematic manner. At last it came to the turn of an old villanous-looking Egyptian to produce his merchandise; and after having sold off one or two black slaves, he brought forward what he evidently considered the most valuable part of his stock. This was a young man and woman, whose dress and appearance indicated not only that they were Cretans, but that in their own village home they had enjoyed a certain superiority of rank. They were evidently husband and wife, and the helpless silent despair into which they were plunged, showed that captivity was new to them; for although all the inhabitants of the sunny isle of Crete were virtually slaves, yet of course a small proportion only are condemned to the unnatural ignominy of being bought and sold. Their bitter misfortune seemed, however, to have had a different effect on the young couple, according to their different dispositions. The thoughts of both, as they were put up for sale, doubtless reverted sadly to that dear home where the morning of their happy wedded life had dawned so brightly, but to fade into untimely night; that sunlit cottage, nestling in the bosom of the great Mount Ida, with the green vineyards all around it, from whence they drew their little wealth, and the myrtle bushes sheltering it from the mountain blasts. Yet the sharpness of their regrets told not equally on both. The countenance of the young man denoted only an utter and hopeless despondency, for he was not one of those to whom is given the fatal gift of intense feeling; and he evidently partook somewhat of that effeminacy often to be found in men amongst the luxurious nations of the East. Very different was the expression in the large dark eyes of his wife. Here was indeed the full capacity of suffering; and she was rapidly entering on the utmost extent of misery which even she could feel. There was something which lay nearer her heart than the liberty and the joy she had lost; and from this treasure, the gift of Heaven, she believed the unhallowed ruthless hands of man was about to sever her for ever. Clapsed close to her breast, with all the strength of her feeble arms, she held her only child, her little fair-haired daughter, the merry glance of whose sweet blue eyes had been for the last three or four years the very sunshine of her existence; and she knew—this young mother well knew—that it is not one of the least atrocities of the vile traffic of the slave dealers, that a purchaser never will consent to take the children along with the mother, unless they have reached an age when they can be made serviceable, and are no longer only an encumbrance. This her little darling would still most assuredly be considered; and she felt—for she was too utterly miserable to admit the delusion of a hope—that were she

sold, they would not scruple to tear from her that round which, by the decree of nature herself, her heart-strings were twined with a love unutterable.

The sale proceeded. A Turkish merchant of Gallipoli, after much bargaining, agreed to buy the young couple, calculating on their youth and strength, and consequent capacity for incessant labour, as the guarantee that his purchase would long be profitable to him. As usual, however, he would not consent to include the child in the agreement. The Egyptian trader, when he had stolen the young Cretan mother from her happy home, had endeavoured to separate her from the child, in order that he might rid himself and her alike of a useless burden, as he designed that she should perform the journey to the capital on foot; but she clung to her treasure with a tenacity which he could only have overcome by means of such violence as might have perilled her life; he therefore told her with a grim smile that she might burden herself as she pleased, but that he warned her he should find means to make her travel at his pace, whatever weight she might choose to carry with her. To this she offered no remonstrance; but weary, exhausted, and fainting, over hill and plain she carried her child uncomplaining—uttering not a murmur when the blows fell heavy on her, if she seemed about to sink beneath her precious burden. Now, however, the slave dealer did not require to practise even thus much of forbearance; her new master might manage her as he would; but in order to perform his part of the bargain, he went up to her at once, and by main force tore from her arms the shrieking infant, whom he flung aside to perish in the street, unless some one compassionate heart existed amongst all that sordid and unfeeling crowd. No words can describe the agony that was expressed in the mother's piercing scream, as she struggled vainly in the stern grasp of her tormentors, who held her down when she would have sprung towards the spot where her little daughter lay. No words burst from her lips but those, 'My child, my child!' yet volumes would not suffice to convey to the mind the deep despair which they embodied.

Amongst the spectators was one who had witnessed the whole of these proceedings with all the horror which must fill a well-regulated and generous mind at so base a violation of laws divine and human. This was a good American missionary, who, with his wife, as good and devoted as himself, had left home, friends, and family, to aid with his best efforts the great work of the propagation of Christianity in the East. He had come to witness this revolting sale, solely in the hope that he might be of use; and he now had an opportunity of learning that such good intentions are, in this life, rarely left to lie fallow, but are ever sure to find some ailment whereon to work. His warm kindly heart had been pierced to the very core by the bitter cry of that wretched mother; and now, acting on one of those noble impulses which, if oftener felt and oftener indulged in, would brighten into day the twilight gloom in which contending good and ill have clad our world, he rushed forward and lifted up the forlorn child tenderly in his arms, then advancing as near to the young mother as the Turkish servants of her new master would allow, he said to her in her own language—'Take this with you for your comfort, poor captive victim, that your child shall have a happy home, and an unwearied protector. I pledge myself before that Heaven whose mercy has sent me to you, that I will be to her not only now, but while I live, all that the parents she has lost could themselves have been.' He had no time to add more, for the Turk had made a sign, and the other slaves were dragging away their new companions; but she had understood him: there was that in the uplifted eye and earnest truthful accents of the American which inspired her involuntarily with a perfect confidence in him, stranger as he was. It is in the very nature of a mother's love to be disinterested; and though she felt that for herself existence must be altogether dark without her darling, it was yet with a look of rapturous joy

and gratitude that she rewarded the missionary, feeling that though despair was claiming her for his own, at least all was well with her beloved child. In another moment she had disappeared among the crowded streets, following her master along with the other slaves, amongst whom walked the husband, apparently stupefied with misery.

The good missionary was left standing alone in the market-place with his new possession in his arms; but he did not regret the solemn pledge he had taken on her behalf, as the poor little child nestled in his bosom, and lifted up to him the confiding glance of her innocent eye. He took her home to his wife; and this lady being accustomed prudently to temper the warmth of her husband's zeal, was somewhat startled at the extent of the duty he had so positively promised to perform. That woman, however, must belie her very nature who could resist the claims of a helpless and deserted child; and no sooner did she feel those little soft arms round her neck, than she had taken her to her heart and home as easily and willingly as her husband himself.

As soon as the heat of the day was over, the missionary went out with the intention of ascertaining the destination of the newly-purchased slaves, that he might not lose sight altogether of the parents of his little charge. But it was already too late: he was told that the Turk had embarked early in the day with all his possessions, animate and inanimate, and had set sail no one had inquired whither. All the information he could obtain was, that he was a wealthy merchant of Gallipoli, a town situated near the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, and opposite to the ancient Lampascus. He returned home, therefore, with the conviction that this poor child, so truly an orphan, though her parents lived, was indeed a gift from Heaven, with which he was to part no more.

The months and years passed swiftly on, and the little Stamata (by which name the missionary had heard her mother call her) grew and prospered under his fostering care. Shortly after she had become one of his family, he had removed from Crete to one of the Ionian islands, where he was called on to take the superintendence of the schools which had been established there by the American mission. He had not been resident in his new abode many years before he lost his wife, and it was then that he began to reap the fruits of his good action. Stamata became all to him that the most devoted and affectionate daughter could have been: she was as sweet and engaging a child as ever lived. Thoughtful, earnest, and with a mind of very unusual powers, she secured the entire regard of the good missionary; and it was his delight to instruct her, and to cultivate her fine intellect as much as he could. She was a most apt scholar, and in the theological branch of her studies especially made singular progress; he had indeed every reason to believe that she might most ably replace him in his care of the schools when old age crept upon him; and this became his cherished hope and dream. He had thought it his duty, when she came to a suitable age, to inform her of all the circumstances of his first acquaintance with her: he found, to his astonishment, that, young as she was at the time, she remembered the whole scene of her parents' ignominious sale most perfectly, even to the minutest detail; and it was very evident that it had made an impression on her so profound, that it was likely to influence her whole life. So deep and painful, indeed, was the emotion she displayed when he mentioned her father and mother, that he at once determined never to revert to the subject, trusting that the recollection of their fate might thus in time pass from her thoughts. Whether this were the case or not, as the years wore on, he never could tell, for he dared not renew the experiment, and one of the most prominent features in Stamata's character, as it ripened into maturity, was a peculiar and invincible reserve. Slight indications sometimes revealed to him that she brooded night and day over thoughts which

she never disclosed; yet as, during the lapse of several years, the name of her parents never passed her lips, he could not but hope that, like himself, she believed that in all human probability they had long since sunk under the weight of their many sorrows, and of their unceasing labour, so that they could no longer either suffer or require to hope even for better things.

Stamata was still very young, when the schools having greatly increased, it became necessary that her adopted father should have an assistant in his arduous duties. To his infinite delight, the directors of the establishment decided that he could have none better fitted for the task than the child he himself had rendered a most able and efficient coadjutor, especially as her singular talent and great instruction were well known. Elevated to this honourable position, Stamata now entered into the receipt of no inconsiderable salary; and this circumstance was the means of bringing out a new trait in her character, which caused the missionary very great uneasiness. Every cepta (the smallest Greek coin) which she could by any possibility accumulate, she hoarded up in the most systematic manner, with all the avidity of the most covetous miser. Although just at that age when young girls are naturally disposed to spend what little they have on the adornment of their person, she employed every imaginable device to spare even what was absolutely necessary for her dress, which was coarse and plain even to meanness; but what was infinitely worse, she never bestowed the smallest relief on the many objects of charity which presented themselves.

Stamata, however, whilst rapidly accumulating a large sum of money, was far more lavish of another treasure which she possessed—and this was the first warm affections of her young heart: these she had bestowed, almost before she was aware of it, on one happily well deserving of the gift. He was a young Ionian, whose father, having wasted all his substance in a ruinous speculation, had left him to find a precarious existence by acting as interpreter to any casual stranger visiting the island. But though poor and unfortunate, Petrachi was a generous, high-spirited, noble young man, and he proved himself capable of a most devoted and disinterested affection from the first moment that he saw the gentle, thoughtful Stamata. She herself, reserved as she was on some points, was too innocent and sincere to hide her silent love from the anxious eyes of her adopted father; and when the young man honestly came to confess to him his deep and passionate attachment, the worthy missionary at once gave him not only his consent, but his promise of assistance in bringing the matter to a conclusion. This could only be, however, when Stamata should herself have realised a sufficient sum for their subsistence, as Petrachi was altogether without fortune. She was destined to arrive at what was evidently the summit of her wishes much sooner than she had hoped. The directors of the schools were so much pleased with her abilities and attention to her duties, that they decided on doubling her salary; and at the expiry of little more than a year from the period of Petrachi's avowal of his sentiments, she found herself in possession of what in that country was considered quite a small fortune. The young man had been repeatedly urging her adopted father to release him from his promise of silence on the subject nearest his heart; and when this occurred, he at last obtained his leave to go and formally ask her in marriage, as the good missionary thought that now the sooner the matter was concluded the better. Petrachi left him joyously to go and seek Stamata, full of hope, which the old man thought most justly founded; but his amazement was very great when, a short time after, the young man burst into his room in a state of utter despair, and besought him to go and remonstrate with Stamata, who, he declared, had positively refused to marry him, even while she honestly confessed that she loved him very dearly. The missionary was exceedingly astonished and perplexed at this intelligence, for

nothing could have been more evident than the warm attachment with which the young man had certainly inspired her; and he could hardly credit the idea that his child had grown capricious or inconstant.

An explanation of this incomprehensible circumstance soon ensued. Stamata informed her foster-father that so far from having ever forgotten her parents, or allowed time to deaden her feelings towards them, she had, on the contrary, lived month after month, and year after year, in one only and fondly-cherished hope; which was, that she might herself be the means of restoring them to liberty; and this project had been her dream by night, and her sole thought by day. She had ascertained from a Turk, resident in the island, what was the price usually asked for a male and female slave; and to earn this sum she had toiled, and laboured, and deprived herself not only of every personal gratification, but of that sweetest of earth's joys—the relief of the suffering—in order to accumulate the necessary funds for this purpose, more than any other just and holy. Silently, and taking counsel from no one, she had matured her plans with a strange mixture of reckless courage and shrewdness, and it was evident that she would follow them up in spite of all obstacles. She appeared never to have entertained the idea that it was possible her parents might no longer require her care: it was her conviction that they yet lived, and on this she acted. She had carefully concealed her hopes and wishes from the missionary, because she knew his kind heart too well not to be aware that had he known how much her whole happiness depended on her success, he would at once have drawn on his own little store to furnish the sum she required; and from such an additional sacrifice on his part her generosity revolted. He had indeed done enough for her already—far more than she ever could repay; and it was from her only that her parents ought to claim the self-devotedness and unwearied exertion which it would require to procure their liberty. That she loved Petrachi, she made no attempt to conceal; but from the first she had been so determined to devote herself and her fortune to her one pious effort, that she had taught herself to hope that his silence had proceeded from indifference; and now, though it pierced her to the heart to find that he also was doomed to suffer by her honourable resolution, yet when the missionary called him in to take a part in the consultation, she would hold out to him no hope that his wish might ever be fulfilled, for it would take all her little portion to purchase her parents' liberty, and she could not bid him wait, wasting his youth and life, till she should have time to amass another. Petrachi's eyes told her he would wait whether she wished it or not; and his look of warm affection seemed to render her desirous of hurrying on to a more complete detail of her plans.

What she had already told them, she said, was merely a retrospect of the thoughts that had engrossed her whilst patiently labouring to earn the money requisite; but now the time was come for her to act, and one cause for her bitter tears had been the consciousness that she ought, without delay, to abandon all that was most dear to her on earth, in order to prosecute her scheme, now ripe for execution. Fortunately, she said, a family with whom they were intimate were about to set sail from the island for Constantinople, and they had agreed to take her so far as Gallipoli, where, if her parents lived, it was likely they still were. If they should, however, be elsewhere, she would follow them; and she had made every preparation for her expedition, having already sewed the greater part of her precious money into the crown of her red fey (or cap), in order to secure it more completely. Petrachi and the missionary saw well that it would be vain to attempt to dissuade her from the cherished project of a lifetime; but they both remonstrated loudly against her going alone on this perilous expedition. Stamata, however, displayed a degree of firmness, and even of obstinacy on this point, which they could only attribute to some secret motive;

nor did she deny, when they questioned her, that she had indeed a private reason for refusing to be accompanied by her friends; besides, she showed them, with her usual prudence, that it would have been impossible, at all events, as Petrachi could not have been a suitable escort; and the welfare of the whole party perhaps depended on the old missionary continuing to conduct the schools in her absence, lest they fell into other hands. Finally, after a long and painful conversation, the old man decided that she was to follow her own arrangements; for he was one of those who would always prefer to see the beings he loved perish in the performance of a good action, than live even prosperously in the neglect of duty.

The family under whose escort she was to quit her dear home and dearer friends were to set sail in a very few days, and the old missionary did not regret that it was so; for although he saw that Stamata was perfectly firm in her resolve, it was evident at the same time that she suffered most deeply, and also that she appeared to consider this separation as one likely to be final, which seemed to him little likely. Had he known the secret resolution which caused her so to think, and had indeed seen the reason of her refusing to allow any one to accompany her, he would assuredly have died before he allowed her to leave him. She had determined that if the power of gold should fail, as sometimes happened, or if the sum she possessed were too small to restore her father and mother to the freedom which was their birthright, she would adopt a means she was sure would not fail to liberate one at least, by offering herself as working slave in their stead. Such a resolution as this was no less dreadful to Stamata than it would have been to a free-born British girl; for it must be remembered that not only was her mind highly cultivated, but she had been educated by an American, who had not failed to teach her all his own liberal ideas; although along with them he had also given her those high and noble principles which made her prepare so calmly to undertake the horrors and the ignominy of slavery for the sake of those who had been to her, indeed, parents but in name.

The day of separation arrived. Followed by the prayers and tears of those to whom she was so dear, the devoted daughter left her happy home; but even those who loved her best could scarcely comprehend the violence of her grief, for they knew not to what an extent she meant to carry her sacrifice. Her most bitter trial was over at last, however: she saw the figures of the good old missionary and Petrachi, who had promised to be to him a son, receding in the distance; and soon she could see them no more, remaining all alone with the dread that she never might see them again. Amongst the passengers who were sailing with her, Stamata found, to her great joy, that there was a Greek resident habitually at Gallipoli, whither he was now going, along with his mother, a very shrewd and pleasant-looking old woman. With these people Stamata eagerly made acquaintance, thinking it very probable that they might know something of the Turk who had bought her parents, and whose name she well remembered. She was not mistaken; they knew him perfectly, as he was the most influential merchant in the town; and what was still better, the old Greek lady had often been in his harem, where she had much traffic with the principal wife in the sale of henna, black dyes for the eyebrows, and so on. She was happily quite a person to become acquainted with the most minute details of every one's establishment, and she knew the names of every individual slave. That Stamata's father was amongst them she positively affirmed; for she said she even recollected well the circumstances of his purchase, from the ill-humour manifested by the Turk when he found his bargain likely to prove unprofitable, as the poor mother, bereaved of her child, had drooped and died within a few months. At this intelligence Stamata's grief was excessive; for it was the recollection of her mother's

parting scream that had so steeled her heart against all the joys of life, which for her sake she had sacrificed. But when the old woman proceeded to tell her that the Turk had vowed to make the survivor work for both, and that the consequent toil and torture which her wretched father had endured for years was not to be told, she at once subdued her sorrow for her she had lost, in order to secure the freedom of him who yet remained. Stamata, with all her talent, was guileless and unsuspecting as a child, and she at once opened her heart to her new acquaintances, telling them all her hopes and plans, and even the precise sum which she carried with her for the attainment of her object. At this last piece of intelligence the eyes of mother and son sparkled in a manner that would have put her on her guard, had she known a little more of the world, or even of those countries in which she had resided all her life; for she would then have known that in the East the most worthless characters are sure to be found amongst those persons who, like her new Greek friends, abandon their own land and national peculiarities for those of any country where it may be their interest to reside. Indeed one a little more acquainted with evil in its many shapes than poor Stamata, would have found reason to doubt the sincerity of her newly-made acquaintances, from the very warmth and vehemence of the protestations of friendship and interest with which they now assailed her. But she judged others by herself; and feeling she would have done precisely the same had the case been reversed, she felt no surprise when they invited her, with every appearance of disinterested kindness, to come to their house with them on arriving at Gallipoli, till such time as she could obtain an entrance into the palace of the wealthy merchant. She thankfully accepted this offer, as they promised, without any difficulty, to procure for her an opportunity of entering into the desired negotiation, probably with the wife of the Turk, whom the old lady knew so well, as he himself they believed to be absent on an expedition of some importance.

After a most prosperous voyage, Stamata landed at Gallipoli with her friends, and proceeded at once to their house. Her impatience was now so great, that the old Greek lady could not refuse to gratify her by going at once to visit the harem of the Turk, and prepare the way for Stamata's own negotiation. She was absent some hours, but she returned with the most satisfactory intelligence. She had seen Stamata's father, who had heard that there was a chance of his being restored to freedom with a frantic joy which seemed to have excluded all other sentiment, even the natural pleasure of a parent in recovering a child lost to him for so many years. She had also seen the principal lady of the harem, who had full authority, in the absence of the lord and master, to act in such matters as these, and from whom she had obtained the positive promise that she would accept the sum Stamata had to offer in exchange for her father's liberty. The old woman had also arranged that the interview was to take place next day at an early hour. After having been thus assured that her long-nourished hope was so soon to be fulfilled, Stamata enjoyed the first good night's rest she had known for a considerable period; and although she shared the room of her hostess, she slept too soundly to be aware of any movement which might have taken place there during the night.

The next morning the Cretan daughter proceeded alone to the dwelling of the Turk; and now, when she seemed at the summit of her wishes, it was decreed that her trials should begin. The first bitter disappointment she experienced was caused by her father. On the mind of this man, never remarkable for any very fine qualities, slavery had worked like a corroding poison; self was his idol, and the only boon he craved for that self was his restoration to liberty. Years of torture and captivity had effaced from his soul all other thoughts and feelings, and this one frantic desire alone engrossed him. When he came forward to meet his

generous daughter, a wretched, decrepit, abject old man, he uttered not one word of joy that he beheld her again, or of thanks for her noble sacrifice; but he called out to her in a feeble, querulous tone, to intreat that she would make no delay in procuring his liberty, by paying down the necessary sum for his ransom, as surely he had waited long enough. It must not be denied that Stamata felt a pang of regret at this destruction of many bright day-dreams, in which she had pictured to herself her first interview with her father; but happily she had commenced this undertaking from a high sense of duty alone, and the duty remained as urgent as ever, however little worthy her surviving parent might be of her tender care. She followed him into the presence of the merchant's wife, and was told by her that immediately on the receipt of the ransom, both father and daughter should be at liberty to depart. The old man's eyes glistened at the word; and Stamata, hastily taking off her fey, almost tore out the lining in her eagerness to produce the money. What was her consternation on finding that it was gone, and a few stones substituted in its place, that she might not miss the weight when wearing the cap! For one moment, at this irreparable misfortune, Stamata almost felt her strong trust in Heaven abandon her; she did not, in her guilelessness, dream of suspecting her hostess of the night before, but she believed that, when asleep on board the vessel, it must have been stolen from her, so as to deprive her of all hope of recovering the sum she had so toiled to earn. To add to her misery, the father, as he saw the cup of joy dashed from his lips, became half maddened with the revulsion of feeling, and uttered something very like a curse on his unhappy daughter. The blood rushed back to her heart as she heard it; but mastering her anguish, she turned to the merchant's wife, and made one more attempt to perform her noble duty. She offered herself as working* slave in exchange for her father. The offer was accepted: the strong healthy girl was a good substitute for the decrepit old man; and he was told that he was free, and might leave the establishment at once, since his daughter remained in his stead. At this announcement he uttered a wild cry of rapture, and flew towards the door, as though he could not endure one moment more the captivity he had borne for years; and not by one word or look did he sweeten to Stamata the bitter portion now assigned to her; but she stopped him in his flight—it was only, however, to give him a few ornaments she had received from her beloved friends, now more than ever lost, and by the sale of which she intended he should pay his passage from Gallipoli. One only request she made to him in return for all she had sacrificed: she implored of him to go to her adopted (and far dearer) father, in order to inform him of her fate; and having obtained his promise that he would do so, she saw him depart, and heard the prison doors (for they were such to her) close after him, to hold her captive there for ever.

Stamata entered at once, silent and uncomplaining, on her new and laborious mode of living. In all her ideas and feelings she was as much of a Christian and a European as one who had never left Great Britain could have been; it may therefore be imagined what it was to her to become the slave of Turkish slaves, which was, in fact, the position she now held, and that without a hope of any change; for she felt by no means sure that her unworthy father would even fulfil his promise of communicating her position to her friends. In this she was mistaken: he was not altogether dead to natural feeling, and he faithfully performed her commission, for which he was rewarded, by being received into the missionary's house. The American, as well as Petrachi, would have been in positive despair at the intelligence he brought, had not Providence meanwhile been raising up friends for the Cretan daughter in her hour of need.

* There is a distinction between the slaves so called and those of the harem.

Amongst the strangers who had lately visited the beautiful island where the missionary dwelt, was one of his own countrymen, a man of enormous wealth, and, what is rather more rare, a man who rejoiced in his wealth as a means of doing good. He had been deeply interested in the story of Stamata, and had communicated to her adopted father and to Petrachi his intention of restoring to her the portion she had so dutifully sacrificed, in order to enable the young couple at once to marry and settle for life. When the Cretan slave, therefore, brought the news of his noble daughter's miserable fate, this good rich man thanked Heaven that he had visited the island just at this period. Not an hour elapsed before he was on his way to Gallipoli; there he offered the merchant's wife any sum she pleased to name for her new slave Stamata; and having joyfully paid the very exorbitant price she demanded, he brought the noble girl back to her beloved home, there to reap the reward of her dutiful conduct. His good works did not stop here: he settled on her a sum quite sufficient to enable her to marry Petrachi, and led henceforward a most happy life—ever tending and caring for her real father with all due consideration, whilst she was at liberty to cherish with a far deeper affection the good old missionary, who had been at least the very life of her mind and heart.

NATIONAL EDUCATION—ITS OBSTRUCTORS.

It is strange how long a point of polity may be established with entire success in one country, while in another the very first principles on which it is based may be the subject of fierce controversy, as if there were no voice to be had from experience in the matter. A system of education in which the secular part is provided for in schools where all sects may meet, while the clergy are permitted to impart religious instruction at certain convenient times apart, has been long established in various countries—as Prussia, Holland, and the United States—and its results are most satisfactory. Yet when this plan is proposed in Britain, it meets with such a storm of objections, as only might be expected to arise against some altogether unheard-of novelty. The chief of these objections it is easy to trace to the anxiety of other institutions about their own interests. At least it appears to us that any real fears on the score of religion may well be quieted, when a body so respectable as the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland sanctions the plan without reservation, professing that, while 'it is not inconsistent with the legitimate functions of civil government to provide for the secular instruction of the subject,' the religious department 'belongs exclusively to the parent and the church.' Perhaps much of the struggling towards a different point is only attributable to the excited state into which the community has been thrown by the political fervours of the last few years. It would certainly, however, be a great pity if, from whatever cause, or with whatever motive, our movements for improved means of education were to land it only more entirely than it has hitherto been in the hands of persons who regard it primarily as a means of maintaining or improving their own place as churches or denominations. This were to make the heart and soul of the country, and all their future tendencies, the subject of a mere scramble for the human selfishness involved in propagandism. It might not much cramp the development of the national intellect, for here we think the press gives good assurance that progress is irresistible; but it could not fail to postpone the day when the best secular effects of Christianity, in the binding of men together as brothers and equals, were to be realised—thus inconceivably damaging the very cause it was professedly meant to advance. At present, we have fully enough of division of one kind and another—from that which wealth produces, to that resting in diversity of opinion on religion and its externals. Who could

undertake to estimate the probable increase of mutually-repelling antipathies, if children were all to be trained under a system which should rank them up in visible separation from each other, and teach each little group to regard with aversion all that belonged to the rest? It seems to us as if, in such a state of things, added to the jealousies of employed towards employers, of industry against rank, and rank against industry, we should be involved in something not greatly different from, though not bearing the name of, civil war.

Such a danger is ridiculous as well as deplorable, when we consider that the whole question under dispute is merely one of arrangement of time and place. It is a mere matter of detail as to school hours. What difference there can be between the imparting of certain ideas, or the inculcation of certain feelings to children all at once, in one room, and doing this in a room set apart for the purpose, we are totally unable to imagine. And how this should appear so objectionable, when it is only done for the sake of impartiality towards various sects all standing on an equality in their right each to entertain its own opinions, is equally inconceivable to us.

Another, but much less obstructive difficulty, lies in the opinion of a small but active sect, which maintains that the state has no title to interfere with education. It is true that a government with opposite interests to the people would be seriously mischievous in exercising arbitrary authority over education. This, however, is to misstate the present case. The system of national education generally contemplated, requires only legislative shape and sanction to be given to a system which shall be conducted and paid for by the people themselves. A right national system would be as much a matter of popular administration as our municipal or police bodies. Such is the plan embraced by the Lancashire Public School Association, who are about to come before parliament for an act to realise their views in that section of England. The part which our government is at present taking in education is unfortunately of a different character—a paltering with the contending selfishness of sects, to not one of which it can afford to say what it really thinks. But that is not an example of national education—it is only one of the miserable make-shifts appropriate to a time of transition.

The time seems come, or coming, when serious efforts would need to be made in order to prevent bad systems from becoming inveterate, if not to cause a right one to be established. We have done what little we can to attract attention to the subject, and to put it in what we think a right point of view. Let us hope soon to see some energetic movements on the part of those who are favourable simply to public and human, as distinguished from sectarian interests. It will be a shame to burn for ever, if they let judgment go against them by default.

CHICKEN FACTORIES.

SOME years ago we described a process for hatching chickens which we saw in operation in London, and since that period, other plans for the same purpose have been attempted with less or more success. It seems to be one of those things on which many ingenious minds have employed themselves from very early times; the transforming quantities of eggs—a comparatively cheap article—into fine marketable poultry on a great wholesale principle, being invested with that degree of possibility which recommends it to the thoughtful and enterprising.

Most of the plans for artificial chicken-production have somehow or other failed, at least to the extent of being generally appreciated. The public have been for a short time entertained with accounts of their practicability, but they have never become part and parcel of our economy. Hens continue, as they have done since the beginning of the world, to be the hatchers of their own eggs, and nurses of their own chicks. Steam, which now-a-days does such wonders, has not yet been

able to assume the function of the decent motherly barn-door fowl. The latest enthusiast in artificial hatching is W. J. Cantelo; and in a pamphlet from the pen of this gentleman now lying before us, we are assured that he has at length discovered the cause of the want of success in previous artists, and is able to furnish the grand desiderata—artificial hatchers to any extent, and of unvarying accuracy.

According to Mr Cantelo's theory, all previous processes have erred in not following nature. Eggs have been put into ovens at a certain heat; but although this will not invariably fail, it is not what experience points out as proper. Nature does not employ ovens, so as to heat the eggs all round; it hatches by *top contact* alone—the warm feathery breast of the mother pressing gently on the eggs placed beneath her in the nest. 'All have overlooked the meaning of the word *incubate*—"to sit upon"—and the necessity for carrying out in their experiments the principle involved in that expression.' Avoiding the error here mentioned, Mr Cantelo has invented an apparatus called the 'Patent Hydro-Incubator.' This machine, which resembles a cupboard, is furnished with trays or drawers, into which the eggs are put. Gently pressing on the top of each tray of eggs, lies a bag of impermeable cloth filled with water, which, by means of connecting tubes with a cistern and boiler, is kept at the desired temperature (106 degrees Fahrenheit). Air is allowed to circulate around and through the trays, by spaces left for the purpose. 'The fowl naturally leaves her nest every day, in search of food, for twenty or thirty minutes; this we must imitate also, as the cold has the effect of causing the air in the vacancy of the egg to contract, whereby a fresh supply is drawn in for the nourishment of the germ. The eggs must be turned or moved about twice every day—that is, at intervals of twelve hours—which prevents the adhesion of any part of the egg to the shell, and also gives the small blood-vessels a better opportunity to spread around the surface of the egg in search of nourishment for the germ. This is effected by nature; for as the fowl leaves her nest, or returns to it, and also when changing her position upon her nest, she unavoidably disturbs the eggs.' Such is Mr Cantelo's explanation, which we believe to be more ingenious than correct. It is certain that some hens never leave their nest during the period of incubation, but require to be fed where they sit; and if so, cooling the eggs for a length of time daily seems as unnecessary as the theory respecting it. Be this as it may, the eggs in the incubator are enjoined to be drawn out and turned every twelve hours; 'and once every day, after the first two days, they are left out until nearly cold, say twenty or thirty minutes.'

After describing how the eggs should be occasionally examined, in order to remove the 'suspected,' we are told that 'the hatch should begin pecking at the expiration of nineteen days and a half; thus, supposing a number of eggs to be put to incubate on Thursday, at five P.M., on the Wednesday morning previous to the expiration of three weeks, I should expect many to have pecked, and some even to begin to come out. Those which have not hatched of their own accord, on the Thursday morning, may be reckoned (provided the heat has been kept up to the right point) as good for nothing, even if taken out of the shell; that is to say, those which are last are worth least. If the eggs hatch sooner than this, lower the heat; if later, raise it: as you can tell only *nearly* the heat of the incubator by placing a thermometer under it, lower or raise your heat only one degree at a time. You must be very near the correct point when the thermometer placed in the tank indicates 110 degrees, as then your incubator will not be far from 106 degrees.' What follows is physiologically curious:—'Stale eggs often produce ill-formed feet or legs, and the same effect is produced by oven-hatching, and even by the new process occasionally, when the water is kept at much too low a temperature; but with a proper heat and fair eggs, a deformity

of the chicken will scarcely ever be found under the Cantelonian system. In all cases of deformity, it is most economical and humane to destroy the chicken. If a *cross-bill*, it always grows worse, and will finish by not being able to eat at all; and a *stiff-leg* is pulled about, and made miserable by the other chickens; and inasmuch as a deformed chicken would not have left the nest of the mother, it is not worth while to attempt to do better artificially. I have hatched a duck with three legs—that is, an imperfect and extraordinary one proceeding from below the root of the tail. This lived and did well, as it had two good legs to stand upon; but the third one was often pulled at by the others.' Being at length hatched, and fairly on their legs, the chicks 'may be gathered in a warm place over the incubator, or tank, in order, when dry, to be placed under the *mother*. This consists of a number of warm pipes, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and about the same distance apart, resting on supports about five inches from the floor. Beneath these pipes is a sliding board, which is always at such a height as to allow the backs of the chickens to touch the pipes, and which is gradually lowered as they increase in size. This board is removed and cleaned every day, or replaced by another, which had served the day before, and had been cleaned and aired during the twenty-four hours. Above the pipes (about an inch and a half) is another board, similar to that below, from which depends a curtain, in front of the *mother*. This board serves the double purpose of economising the warmth, and preventing the chickens from dirtying each other, as they are very fond of jumping up on the *mother*. The pipes above described proceed from a small tank of warm water, the heat being kept at about 104 or 105 degrees. The young chickens having been once placed beneath this mother, will only leave it to eat, drink, and for exercise, and will return to it of their own accord. At four weeks old, the chickens must be removed from the mother, and placed to roost on small perches, three feet and a half from the ground, in a warm place; and every evening, when they go in, they must be put up to roost, as you have no fowl to entice them. In a few evenings they will go up of their own accord, and at six weeks old, they may be put up in a place to roost permanently. Too great 'crowding' of the chickens must be avoided at all times, as this of itself will create disease. Should any appear, such as sneezing, or watery or sore eyes, those affected must be picked out with the greatest care, and killed.' The chickens should have a piece of dry ground for exercise, and be fed on seeds, grain, grass, worms, or a little chopped meat. 'When very young, or during bad weather, they must be fed in-doors.'

The 'Patent Hydro-Incubator' is of different sizes, from one at twenty guineas, which will hatch 100 eggs, to one for 1000 eggs. 'It is not pretended that the patent incubator will hatch and bring up every egg to a fowl. From twelve to thirty per cent., after great experience, has been found to be the discount. A one-tray machine will enable the party who properly attends to it to produce, on the average, 75 birds to a hatch, and 18 of these in the year, being 1350 fowls. A very different result, indeed, to a hen, which sits but twice in the twelve months, and does not rear up above eight chickens at a hatch. A two-tray incubator and one mother will produce 2700 a year; and so on in proportion—a thousand-egg machine being capable of producing 13,500 full-grown fowls per annum. There is nothing in the principle to prevent millions of eggs being hatched eighteen times in a year by one machine. Hens generally lay eggs after being six months old, but the Cantelonian system does not anticipate keeping a tenth of the poultry for laying stock, so that the quantity and profits arising from eggs are not here taken into account. To feed up an ox to twelve hundred pounds weight usually takes five years; to feed the same weight of poultry can be accomplished in ninety-six days, at less than half the cost for food. This makes the return

quicker, and a small capital employed in the Canteloman poultry business to do wonders.*

We have followed Mr Cantelo to the end of his description, as it was proper to do, considering the interest which is attached to the subject. That his plan is one of the most feasible yet presented, there can be little doubt. We have no fault to find with his mechanical ingenuity. His incubator will hatch chickens by the million, and the cost of doing so will be comparatively a trifle. If nothing else were wanted but hatchers, hens would never more be heard to cluck, and all the world would grow fat on poultry. The misfortune is, that Mr Cantelo, like his predecessors, has not invented a patent process of feeding as well as hatching. It is easy to bring the chick into the world; but the question is, how we are to find it in food when it gets there? Our author speaks of hens generally laying at six months old; whereas they rarely lay till they have reached nine or ten months, and then their eggs are very small. At ninety-six days old, as we understand, chickens are to be ready for market; had Mr Cantelo said six months, he would have been more correct, for fowls do not fatten till they have done growing. The whole difficulty, therefore, resolves itself into a question of economy. Would it be possible to feed fowls on a great wholesale principle with bought food, for six months, so as 'to pay'? We are pretty sure it would not. Fowls cannot be fed by the hundred or the thousand any more than by the dozen, with any prospect of remuneration, unless the food is got for little or nothing. Some housewives, in fits of thrift, fall into a frenzy about keeping fowls: they are to have such delicious new-laid eggs every morning to breakfast, and such tender well-fed fowls for dinner, and all at such a mere nothing of expense! What is the result? Each egg costs at least sixpence, and every fowl five shillings or more! On this account we fear that, after all, mankind must just leave chicken production to those farmers' wives who are provided with barn-yards, or those cottagers who are not above allowing their fowls to pick up food from the doorways of their neighbours; and to such, incubators on a small scale can alone be of any value. Fowls, in short, can be reared advantageously only on *waste*, and where there is a run, free in every sense of the word. If we are wrong in this assumption, which seems to us borne out by all ordinary experience, we hope Mr Cantelo, in the next edition of his work, will prove it by facts that cannot admit of controversy. Until he does so, we are constrained to believe that the notion of 'chicken factories,' however specious, must take its appropriate place among ingenious but impracticable projects.

MOROCCO.

Few persons in Europe are aware of the extraordinary policy of the emperors of Morocco, and few therefore were prepared for the solid support received by the Sultan Abd-er-Rahman from his subjects when attacked by so formidable an enemy as Abd-el-Kader had proved himself, by his religious and military prestige, as much as by his unbounded activity and energy.

The policy, however, which has made the fortune of the Edrisite dynasty, has at all times been a very simple one—namely, with foreign powers, no relations, complete isolation; and at home, *alliance with all the great families of the kingdom*. This double line of conduct explains the existence and the strength (if 'union is strength') of the empire of Morocco. Let us enter more fully into the particulars of this twofold system,

* We shall be saved much trouble in answering inquiries, by stating that orders for Incubators may be directed to Samuel Gant, 19 Tottenham Court Road, London, or Mr Cantelo, at his temporary establishment, Chiswick. All necessary information, including the pamphlet referred to, we presume, may be had from either of these parties.

the originality of which will not fail to surprise those of our readers who may not be familiar with the ideas and principles of Oriental monarchies.

Morocco, in its geographical position, stands almost isolated. It is bounded on the west by the Atlantic, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Algeria, which, up to the period of the French conquest, seventeen years ago, counted as nothing; and on the south by the Desert, and different tribes who obey no form of government. It was not difficult, therefore, for the founders and successors of the dynasty of Morocco to enclose themselves in a moral manner within a species of insurmountable barrier—that is to say, to have no relation with foreign powers. This they have done. No commerce, no diplomacy. They have imprisoned themselves in their own country; they have lived, and made their subjects live, in a perpetual enclosure, the country sufficing, by its own resources, for the few wants of its inhabitants. What has been the result of this singular policy? That this monarchy has had to engage in no foreign wars, and thus has been enabled to consolidate itself without fear of any dangerous foe.

Being unapproachable by enemies from without, they have turned their thoughts to avoiding hostility in their own territories, and the following is the plan they have adopted for centuries:—

Since the foundation of the dynasty, every reigning monarch has taken a wife from every important family of the country. Any of those who have reigned twenty or thirty years, like the two last sovereigns, Molei-Sleinau and Moulei-Abd-er-Rahman, have numbered two or three thousand wives from the great families alone. At the present moment, Abd-er-Rahman has no less than seven hundred lawful consorts—namely, two hundred at Morocco, two hundred at Mecknez, and three hundred at Fez. It is to this multitude of ladies, whose support is ruinous, that the low state of the imperial treasury must in a great measure be attributed. Let it not be imagined that these are unhappy concubines, kidnapped by the eunuchs for the seraglio; they are seven hundred daughters of the great families of the empire, who wait for and desire a fruitful marriage, to return then to their paternal home, with a young cherif, son of the sultan! The result of this matrimonomania is, that the emperors, when they reach the age of sixty, like Abd-er-Rahman, can number hundreds of male children fit to carry arms, thousands of grandsons, and thousands of nephews and grandnephews. If you unite this little army, which derives its blood, its life, from one single source—the fathers-in-law, brothers-in-law, the cousins to the sixth degree inclusively—you will arrive at the strange but positive conclusion, that of eight millions of subjects, one million of individuals belong by the strongest ties to the reigning dynasty.

This may seem monstrous, but it is nevertheless the exact truth. There are whole towns and districts whose inhabitants are offshoots of the imperial family. Thus all the Chourfas of Taflet are cousins, in various degrees, of the emperor. We can mention a fact which confirms, in an undeniable manner, all we have now stated. When General Delarue was about to define the boundaries of the eastern part of Morocco, he ceded a portion of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh people to the emperor. Sidi-Homza, chief (sheikh) of this tribe, solicited Abd-er-Rahman to admit one of his daughters into his harem, as a pledge of his faithful alliance with his new master.

But the imperial policy does not stop here. All those with whom the emperor, from peculiar considerations, cannot form connections by ties of blood, such as Moors, Jews, and Christians, if they be of any weight, he chains to his chariot by the link of commerce, of which he reserves to himself the exclusive monopoly. He not only gives to some the privilege of buying and selling such and such an article in such and such a port, but he constitutes himself their banker, and lends them the money necessary for their trade. Some of these loans have amounted to L.80,000. When the Prince de Joinville

bombarded Mogador, he was told that the merchants of that place owed £800,000 to the emperor.

Here, then, is a man who holds in his hands, either by relationship or by interest, almost all the chief resources of his kingdom. His patronage and his strength are increased by the prestige of holiness which he derives from his titles of 'Lineal descendant of the Prophet,' and the 'Head of Islamism in the West.' At the hour of need, he could also count on the valuable assistance of the order of *Moulet-Tateb*, a religious association, as powerful as it is numerous, and whose chief, being invested with the privilege of sanctioning the nomination of the emperors, is necessarily, from his position, devoted to the existing dynasty.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL ON INFLUENZA.

THE last quarter of 1847 was so painfully remarkable for the mortality from epidemic diseases, that a brief summary of the facts may be worthy of general circulation. According to the Report of the Registrar-General, just published, the number of deaths for the three months ending in December was 57,925, being 11,376 over the average, as computed from previous years. It must be borne in mind that the returns are not for all England, but from 117 districts only, comprising a population of about seven millions. Taking the December quarters of the last three years—in 1845, the deaths were 39,291; in 1846, 53,093; and 1847, as above stated.

A slight increase in the mortality was noted in the returns of the *June* quarter, 1846; the mortality in the following hot summer, when the potato crop failed, was excessive; *cholera* and *diarrhæa* were epidemic. In the autumn of 1846, as well as the winter and spring quarters of 1847, the mortality was still higher; scurvy prevailed in the beginning of the year, but in the summer the public health appeared to be slightly improved. Epidemics of typhus and influenza, however, set in, and made the mortality in the last quarter of 1847 higher than in any quarter of any year since the new system of registration commenced. . . . The deaths in the year 1845 were 166,000; in 1847, *two hundred and fifteen thousand*. The excess in 1847 is *forty-nine thousand*! or not less than 35,000 over the corrected average of 1839-45.

The deaths in London for the December quarters of the three years 1845-46-47, were 11,838, 13,221, and 18,553; the increase in the last instance being as marked as in the general results. It has been shown that if the chance of dying in the country be set down as 2, it will be 3 in London; and in case of epidemics, it will be greatly increased. Dearthness of provisions, and extraordinary meteoric influences, are put forward as immediately exciting causes. Thus we read that 'on Tuesday, November 16, there was a remarkable darkness; the wind changed to north-west, and amidst various changes, still blew from the north over Greenwich at the rate of 160 and 250 miles a day. The mean temperature of the air suddenly fell from 11 degrees above, to 10 degrees below the average: on Monday it was 54 degrees, on Friday 32 degrees: the air on Friday night was 27 degrees—the earth was frozen: the wind was calm three days, and on Saturday evening a dense fog lay over the Thames and London for the space of five hours. No electricity stirred in the air during the week: all was still, as if nature held her breath at the sight of the destroyer come forth to sacrifice her children. . . . Influenza was epidemic. On the first week of December *two thousand four hundred and fifty-four* persons died—1141 were males, 1313 females; 1012 children, 712 in the prime of life, 730 of the age of sixty and upwards. On the week following, *two thousand four hundred and sixteen* persons died—1175 males, 1241 females; 702 of the age of sixty and upwards. . . . Altogether, the epidemic carried off more than 5000 souls over and above the mortality of the season. The epidemic attained the greatest intensity in the second week of its course; raged with nearly

equal violence through the *third* week; declined in the *fourth*, and then partly subsided; but the temperature falling, the mortality remained high not only through December, but through the month of January.'

The facts here exhibited have a prospective as well as present interest: it is a step towards determining the mode by which contagion is diffused by means of the atmosphere—a subject on which the learned are as yet altogether in the dark, the analysis hitherto made having failed to detect any difference between the purest air from the top of a mountain, and that from the pestilential courts of a crowded city. Still the fact appears to be certain, that the spread and progress of disease is mainly dependent on the state of the atmosphere. The preponderance of female deaths is accounted for by the fact, that there are always more females than males living in London, particularly after the age of fifty-five. 'Influenza attacked those labouring under all sorts of diseases, as well as the healthy. The vital force was extinguished in old age and chronic diseases. The poison, permeating the whole system, fastens chiefly on the mucous membrane lining the sinuses of the face and head, and the air-tubes of the lungs.'

In the Metropolis, as well as in the country generally, certain districts were more severely affected than others. In Edinburgh, 'influenza suddenly attacked great masses of the population twice during the course of November: first on the 18th, and again on the 28th day of the month. It appeared, in both cases, during keen frost, and an excessively damp, thick fog, which came on rather suddenly after a few days of very mild weather.' London, it appears, was visited before Paris; in the latter city, nearly one-half of the population was laid up with the disease during the first week of December. In Madrid, 50,000 persons were attacked. In Constantinople, the disease prevailed in August and September, and has been succeeded by a species of cholera. When the epidemic broke out in Europe in 1782, it was four months travelling from England to Spain; on the present occasion, its appearance has been almost simultaneous in different countries. No information has yet been received of its progress in Italy, Germany, or Russia.

Appended to the Report are brief statements respecting the influenza epidemics that have appeared in this country since 1728. The temperature and weather in 1733 seemed to have been very similar to that of the last three months of 1847; and according to the meteorological records, the next analogous season was in 1806; the epithet 'extraordinary' is not therefore misapplied to that just gone by. 'Extreme cold only,' we are told, 'never raises the weekly mortality in London above 1500; extreme heat still less; intermediate changes affect the mortality but slightly in ordinary circumstances. . . . When once generated, the disease spreads through the air. The great epidemics generally travel from Russia over Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, France, Italy, Spain, in from three to six months; and then reach America. Influenza is often associated with other epidemics. It appears to have preceded or accompanied the plague, in the Black Death of the fourteenth century; it preceded the great Plague of London, 1665; it followed epidemic typhus in London, 1803; preceded it in 1837; occurred in the midst of typhus epidemic of 1847; preceded and followed the epidemic cholera in 1831-2-3.

'The English physicians of the eighteenth century agreed in pronouncing influenza *contagious*. By this they did not mean that it was propagated by contact; but that it was introduced into cities, institutions, and houses in England by persons actually affected by the disease. This notion is, however, too exclusive: the word "contagion," applied to influenza or cholera is apt to mislead, and to have practically a bad effect. When people ask if a disease is contagious, they generally mean, "Are we likely to have influenza or cholera, if we touch or go near persons labouring under those

diseases?" Now, if the matter of contagion is very diffusible, and is distributed equally through the room, the house, the street, the city in which a patient is lodged, no one living in the house, street, or city, is much more likely to be infected if he approach the sufferer, than if he remain in absolute solitude, shut up like the grocer of Wood Street in the Plague. The matters which excite influenza and cholera are evidently highly diffusible: in a few days influenza spread all over London; it met you everywhere: nobody, therefore, has attempted to show that medical men, nurses, or others in attendance on the sick, suffered more than other people. If such should ever be the case, either in the influenza or cholera epidemics, it will be in rare circumstances, and should never deter the most timid from discharging their duties to the sick.

'The piety of the ancients,' concludes the Report, 'and of our ancestors, made them consider all plagues the immediate visitations of God's wrath. And there can be no doubt that though, as affecting individuals, there is nothing now judicial in plagues, they are the results of great national violations of the laws by which the Almighty is pleased to govern the universe.'

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have, at divers times, given the public some idea of the general nature of our correspondence; but as the communications of our friends, notwithstanding the deprecating tone of our remarks, increase every week both in number and variety of character, we think ourselves called on to return to the subject. We are sensible that the brief replies we are able to make through the post to so many letters, can give but little satisfaction to the writers, and likewise that many of the epistolary commentaries we receive are deserving of a better fate than the waste basket. At the same time, the task of answering, even on the most limited scale, is no easy one; nor are we sure that we can, in reason, be expected to devote several hours every day to the consideration of subjects with which personally we have no proper concern. A few specimens of the various communications which reach us will, however, give a more clear insight into the nature of an editor's experiences in this respect than any general observations.

We commence with the class of inquiring correspondents, suppressing only the names of the writers.

'GENTLEMEN—If you can assist me in my inquiries respecting emigration to Texas, I shall feel greatly obliged, either publicly, or by a private answer. The subjects on which I wish to be enlightened, and which I should think are of the greatest importance to emigrants in general, are first, the nature, *geologically, naturally, and socially*, of Texas; its *form of government*, the *security of titles and tenure*, as well as *peace*, the state of *civilisation* it is in, the *relative responsibility* of the government to *protect British emigrants against fraud*; the *climate*, and its concomitant results, with respect to *disease or salubrity, fertility or sterility*, whether subject to *very violent storms or rains*, and for what length of time, or during what *months*; the *ability of procuring labour*, and *price of wages*, with the *customs of the labourers*, their *independence or servility*; the inland roads, means of conveyance, *lodging* in the country, public inns, and other public conveniences; the necessary articles for a family to take out; the length and expense of voyage, and the frequency of communication with England or Europe, &c.; and anything else you may deem necessary for an emigrant to know.

'My reason for troubling you is, that I do not feel disposed to rely on what is either published or put forth in form of prospectus by the parties advertising, knowing that whatever information I gain from your kindness may be fully depended on for the benefit of the industrious and deserving. Awaiting your reply, either personally or through the medium of your valuable Journal, believe me to remain,' &c.

Pretty well this; but it is outdone by the following:—

'DEAR SIRS—Although personally unknown to you, my long acquaintance with your writings almost makes me feel as if I stood in the relation of a friend. I admire above all things the genial character of your publications; and feel that so far from there being any intrusion in this letter, you will thank me for gratifying your well known love of imparting information. I have a few little questions to put to you, which I should be glad if you would answer by return of post. Rather than trouble you with them singly, I have kept a memorandum of them as they suggested themselves, or were suggested by my friends; and I now send them in the lump, that you may have but one trouble in reply, and but one postage to pay.

'First, as to the subject of emigration, I have to inform you that there are several parties in our town who are desirous of trying their fortunes in another quarter of the world, but are deterred by the difficulty they find in obtaining the requisite information. In order to settle the question at once, you will be good enough to state which is the best British colony for the following persons to betake themselves to—namely, a farm-servant; a stable-boy, newly married; five sisters, sempstresses, who decline going separately; a shopman, with his mother, wife, and two daughters; a lad of good, though poor parentage, but who has not been brought up to anything; two hair-dressers; and a sign-painter. Mention also what you think of the United States: and in particularising the various places proper for emigration, do not omit to give some account of the climate, productions, and wages, together with the prices of bread, meat, and beer, and any other little matters that may occur to you. It would likewise be satisfactory if you could mention what stores are requisite for steerage passengers of small means, and what is the best preventive of sea sickness.

'Please to let me know at the same time whether you mean to include Phonography in the new series of "Information for the People;" what progress this system has made in the United Kingdom; and how many adherents you think it has obtained.

'In a volume of the "Annual Register" a few years ago, there was an account of a child born at Bloxley with three heads. Have the kindness to let me know the volume, and also the page; and add what have been the other remarkable instances throughout the world of this kind of *usus nature*.

'The Greek kingdom of Bactria, founded by the successors of Alexander the Great, has doubtless attracted your attention. It is understood to have been swept away by a horde of Tartars; but it is matter of dispute in our Debating Society here what became of the fragments. Please to let us know the route of the scattered people, and with what nations they incorporated themselves; and copy a few of the inscriptions on ancient coins, and other monuments (if any), that have come to light.

'It is considered here that nightcaps, with an India-rubber band round the edge, to retain them on the head during sleep, would be a great improvement. Have the kindness to let me know whether anything of the kind has been tried; and if not, whether it would be advisable for the party to take out a patent for the invention, what the patent would cost, and the steps requisite for obtaining it. Be minute in all these points, as they are of great interest to a lady who is a warm admirer of the Journal.

'The interest you are well known to take in the rising generation, induces me to ask what course of study you would recommend for boys and girls in general?—whether you are in favour of public or private education?—whether governesses should be permitted to dine with the family when there is a party?—and what is the comparative cost of education in the various universities here and on the continent?'

To such letters as these, which we are receiving

daily, we can only reply by stating our total inability to answer the inquiries put to us; indeed to attempt to do so would occupy our whole time, to the neglect of our duties to the public. On the subject of emigration, which is a fertile theme of inquiry, we beg to state here once for all, that we decline offering any private or special advice. With the most anxious desire to befriend those who stand in need of information, we shrink from the responsibility of inducing any man to leave his home, whatever may be the *general* chances in his favour.

The next class of correspondents deserving notice are those who think they have cause to find fault with blunders into which we unhappily fall. The following is a specimen:—

'I have read the Journal from its commencement, sixteen years ago, and must do you the justice to say that I have discovered fewer errors in it than in any other miscellaneous work. This, however, is the very reason why your friends should be watchful, and never fail to rap you over the knuckles when you do go astray. You have lately committed two egregious blunders, which I take the liberty of pointing out, in the hope that for the future you will pay more attention to what you are about.

'A certain number of years ago you printed a translation called "Life's Value," and now we have another called "The Value of Life"—both from the same original! This is unpardonable. Do you expect the public to pay twice over even the sixth or seventh part of three-halfpence? Or have you perpetrated this blunder intentionally, for the sake of a miserable pun—that you might reply to the complaint of your readers, that you had done nothing worse than double to them the Value of Life? Have done with this trash! Your true excuse is inadvertence. You may plead in mitigation that this is the sole error of the kind in sixteen years—the only instance of twins among the many thousand articles that have seen the light within the space. That's your ticket.

'The second blunder is still more nauseous. In an article on "Mottoes," you not only misquote Lord Eldon's famous motto, but you mistranslate your own misquotation! As it is obvious that you cannot plead ignorance of the learned languages, what is it you do plead? I know that in almost every volume that is printed, we see a list of errata quite as incomprehensible; but where is *your* confession? I observe no acknowledgment of error in subsequent numbers, and the fault, therefore, is aggravated by impenitence.'

Our correspondent states nothing but the truth when he thus points out the errors in question. The only thing on which we would remonstrate is his want of temper. A very little consideration might have shown that we could have had no motive in committing these blunders. As to the tale, 'The Value of Life,' it is a different translation from 'Life's Value,' and was accepted, paid for, and inserted, without recollecting that another translation, by a different writer, had appeared seven years previously; and we can only now express our regret that such an unfortunate duplication should have occurred. How little does any one know of our anxiety to present varied and original matter, who imputes to us the miserable expedient of voluntarily offering the same articles twice! Our difficulty consists not in finding material, but in choosing from the accumulation before us, which usually amounts to as much as would make up half-a-dozen numbers. As to the second of the errors referred to (the work of a contributor on whose accuracy we had an over-confidence), it was noticed in time for correction only in our second edition.

Along with this class of correspondents may be included those who find fault with our paper and printing, and the binding of our volumes. A gentleman in Glasgow is much displeased because we do not give more margin, though we are not aware that there is any solid ground for complaint in this respect. Persons

who indulge in these maunderings are not aware of what they are asking. At the commencement of our 'Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' a purchaser complained that the sheets were not clipped in the edges. The idea of trimming them had occurred to ourselves, but had been abandoned as impracticable. Such was the vast mass to be cut, that the trimming of each number would have required the work of two men for four weeks, and cost L.7. 4s. To add but a quarter of an inch to the margin of our Journal, would cost L.188 per annum. This is one of the penalties of a large circulation; and we shall mention another, for it will answer several inquiries. We cannot introduce and benefit by advertising sheets in our monthly parts like other magazine proprietors, because a single sheet inserted into our fifty thousand Parts would require 104 reams of paper; and by no possibility could we realise the cost of such a mass from advertisements. Hence 'Chambers's Journal,' with a circulation many times that of any review or magazine, is the only periodical which does not invite advertisements. All we can do is to employ the coloured wrappers for our own or the announcements of others.

The next class we may take up are the mysterious correspondents, of whom in all probability we have not more than our proper share. All editors of periodicals can tell that they frequently receive letters conceived in a strain of meaning so deep, as to be quite unintelligible. It may perhaps be faintly gathered that they refer to some new view of the planetary system, something connected with man's immortal destiny, or some perfectly original project for sailing vessels with stem or stern indifferently foremost. These letters are not a sham—their writers are in earnest; and as an evidence of their sincerity, they occasionally accompany their epistles with pamphlets, which they have gone to the expense of printing. It is well known that a large number of books and pamphlets are printed annually in London on subjects incomprehensible to any one but their writers—a jumble of incoherent nonsense—the works, in short, of men who are mad on one idea. The following is a communication from a queer genius of this character:—

'Mankind may be divided into two classes—the good and the bad; and again into two other classes—the happy and unhappy; and yet again into two more—the black and the white: and over all these there is a heaven above, to use the words of an author that shall be nameless. You no doubt already perceive what is the object of this communication; but whether your feelings thereupon are of an enviable or an unenviable nature, I shall not determine. In a certain number of the E—J— (I shall decline specifying of what date), there appeared an article more or less connected with science, whether moral or physical, containing a sentence, near the *middle* of the said article, being the one to which you observe I wish to draw your serious attention. Now although this sentence involves no offence to religion, morality, or good government, still it has, in my humble opinion, a deficiency—I will not say of what importance. But observe, I speak hypothetically. We are all walking in the dark, and he who affects to see, adds folly to blindness. You alone can give the explanation I demand; and I consider it only just, and proper, and rational, and I may add *philosophical* (without meaning any reference whatever to particular systems), to await the said explanation, before fulminating the rebuke I have in store for you. Leaving you in the meantime to your own reflections, your own conscience, your own terrors, as it may be, I send this communication by a circuitous route, which it will be impossible for you to trace, subscribing to it the following initials—which are not my own—A. B.'

We may now proceed to the juvenile correspondent, of whose communications the following is an average specimen:—

'DEAR SIR—I take the liberty of sending you a poem, which I hope you will be glad to insert in Mr

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, when you know it is written by a young lady. I am only thirteen on the 10th of next month. I know there are some errors both in the subject and in the spelling; but as it is my *very first* poetical production, I am sure you will look over all faults, and consider it worthy of insertion. The gentleman enclosed is my uncle, and a distinguished D.D.'

The 'gentleman enclosed' certifies that 'the young lady is really only thirteen; that her friends, who move in the first circles, will be delighted to see her poetical works in print; and that in his (the D.D.'s) opinion, the editors can have no possible objection to give them a place.' In plain English, Chambers's Journal is to be a receptacle for nursery rhymes, in order to please those 'who move in the first circles.'

We would pass from requests of this nature to another class of correspondents equally unselfish in their demands. These we may call correspondents-mendicatory. They compose a genera of three species. The first are musical composers in London, who request permission to set verses to music which they see in the Journal. As the request is usually accompanied with some terrible tale of family distress, it is rarely refused. The second cannot be treated so indulgently. They are persons who have taken a fancy to some of the treatises in 'Chambers's Educational Course'—these treatises they admire very much—so much, that they ask permission to turn them into books of question and answer for their own behoof; assuring us at the same time that they are quite certain the transformation into catechisms will not in any respect injure the sale of our productions. Leaving the public to guess at our answer to these civil requests, we come to the third species, of whose communications the following is a sample:—

'DEAR, KIND SIRS—I am a teacher employed by the —, who have been in England two years for the sake of my health. It is my intention to return to —, in the West Indies, in the course of next month, and there resume my labours among the poor children of Africa. Knowing your humane and Christian disposition, as evidenced in your meritorious works (which I have read many a time beyond the Atlantic), I have taken the liberty of asking a favour. It is, to make me a gift of a few of your excellent school books, with a view to the instruction of the negroes, both young and adult. You will be delighted to know that these poor and once oppressed beings show a wonderful aptitude for literary instruction. They are of course very far behind, and even the elder amongst them must be looked upon as children. They are all pleased with books with pictures, and like anything droll. I have seen a whole village kept in amusement for a week with a halfpenny edition of Cock Robin; and for long after, they might be heard singing snatches of that juvenile work. On this account, I ask you to be so kind as let me have some of your books of early lessons, containing wood-engravings. If you could let me have fifty of the "First and Second Book," thirty of the "Simple Lessons," and twenty of the "Rudiments of Knowledge," with, say half-a-dozen of your cheapest "Atlas," it would be conferring not alone a favour on me, but on many poor beings who are now struggling into the light of civilisation, and are crying to their more highly-favoured brethren for help. I am permitted to refer you to —, Liverpool, to whom the packet could be forwarded. Trusting to a favourable reply,' &c. 'P.S.—If you could include a selection of the "People's Editions," the favour would be greatly enhanced in value.'

We have, on a former occasion, said something of our literary correspondents, and their distribution throughout the three kingdoms; and we have now only to notice, as an indication of the course taken by education, the surprising increase in the number of translators. A day rarely passes without bringing us several offers of translations from the French and German, but more especially the former; and we have thus the constantly-recurring

task of rejecting services, sometimes eagerly offered, and often by apparently amiable and accomplished persons. The circumstance, however, although productive of trouble, and occasionally of painful feeling to us individually, is one of good promise. It is obvious that in this country we are rapidly establishing an intellectual inter-communion with the two most literary nations of the continent; with whom we may thus be said to be exchanging hostages for the preservation of peace and mutual respect and good-will.

'I AM IN THE WORLD ALONE.'

LITTLE child!—I once was fondled as tenderly as you:
My silken ringlets tended, and mine eyes called lovely blue;
And sweet old songs were chaunted at eve beside my bed,
Where angel guardians hovering their blessed influence shed.
I heard the sheep-bell tinkle around the lonely sheiling,
As the solemn shades of night o'er heather hills were stealing:
The music of the waterfall, in drowsy murmurs flowing,
Lulled me in half-waking dreams—bright fantasies bestowing.
My nursing ones to Heaven are gone—
'And I am in the world alone.'

Fair girl!—I had companions, and playmates kind and good,
And on the mossy knolls we played, where ivied ruins stood;
The mountain-ash adorned us oft, with coral berries rare,
While clear rejoicing streams we sought, to make our tiring there;
And on the turret's mouldering edge, as dames of high degree,
We sat enthroned in mimic state of bygone chivalry;
Or at the mystic twilight hour, within those arches gray,
We told each other wild sad tales of times long past away.
My early playmates all are flown—
'And I am in the world alone.'

Gentle woman!—I was deemed as beautiful as you;
My silken ringlets fondled, and mine eyes called love's own blue;
And then my step was bounding, and my laugh was full of mirth,
Ah! I never thought of Heaven, for my treasure was on earth:
But now my cheek is sunken, and mine eyes have lost their light—
The sunny hours have faded in a long and rayless night;
Not rayless—no!—for angels still their blessed influence shed,
And still the dreams of peace and love revisit oft my bed.
Of earthly treasures I have none—
'And I am in the world alone.'

C. A. M. W.

HOW TO PUNISH THOSE WHO INJURE YOU.

Addin Ballou tells the following anecdote:—'A worthy old coloured woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do!" It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye: he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error; and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother; I'll never do so again!"'—*American paper.*

SCIENCE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The characteristic peculiarity of the science of the present day is its delight in details. A mass of pebbles are collected together—each one, perhaps, being cursorily examined and named—but they remain useless lumber, by which the highway of science is obstructed; whereas by the exercise of industrious thought, and by enlarged views, they might have been moulded to a form at once beautiful, as illustrating nature's design, and useful, as facilitating the further progress of man.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

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ARTICLE LITERATURE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

AMONG the radical changes that have taken place in the present century, there is a change in the body of our literature which, strange to say, has been little if at all noticed by the generation whom it concerns. The 'miscellanea,' 'fugitive pieces,' 'occasional poems,' and 'papers' which our ancestors regarded as a mere make-weight, now fill unnumbered volumes. Of the making of many books there may be no end, but there is assuredly an end of the reading of them: their day has gone pretty nearly by, and the present is the age of ARTICLES.

It is a pity that a better word was not chosen to designate what may almost be called a new literature. An 'article' means properly a clause, a part of a whole—a thing incomplete in itself; whereas the brief pieces alluded to, whether in prose or verse, have an entirety, working out a single conception, and are scattered over with thoughts all tending to a single end. An article is not a chapter, or a canto, but a complete work. It stands upon its own legs; it bears its own charges; and like many brevities in the human species, it has a sense of dignity out of all proportion to its deficiency in inches.

The supremacy of articles may be dated from the era when men, tired of perplexing themselves with philosophical questions, and cutting off heads as a solution, set fairly to work to spin cotton, make railways, build steam-boats, and change the whole face of the world. Immersed in such occupations, they had no time for books; and perhaps too (for I will do justice between the two kinds of literature) they lost the taste for study. This preference, however, of the brief, pointed, off-hand article, is rarely a question of taste. It is a mere affair of time. In the hurry of life, comparatively few are able to grapple with a continuous work. Men of business are too much disturbed by anxious thoughts to reunite with any satisfaction the broken thread of study; and persons engaged in laborious and long-continued employments have neither the energy nor the leisure to give up their faculties to what resembles a task. It is a mistake to suppose that the brief papers in such works as the one in which I am now writing, circulate widely merely because they are cheap: they do so because they are constructed on a principle which is applicable to human nature in all ranks of society. If the rich read more books than the poor, it is simply because they have more time; but, generally speaking, the same preference for short articles is found in both classes. This is what keeps the high-priced magazines alive; and this is what introduces the low-priced journals to the 'best company.' Extreme cheapness, however, is in one grade of society as repulsive as extreme dearthness in another; and we are only verging by degrees towards that point in civilisation when the quality of the literature will

be estimated without reference to the circumstance of price.

But articles are not preferred merely because the age is practical; for they are themselves born of the practical spirit of the age. They are condensations of thought and knowledge; they have a terseness of style which would be fatiguing in a larger work; they avoid superfluities, and not unfrequently sacrifice elegance to utility. It may seem paradoxical to say that this popular department of literature is the most difficult; yet such is the fact. There are more bad articles, even in proportion to number, than bad books, and it requires a master-mind to fulfil all the conditions of the former. He who would write a good article, must unlearn as well as learn; he must have the idea constantly before him, that he is not meandering through the ample pages of a volume; he must recollect that 'brevity' is not less the soul of wit than the soul of articles.

I have some suspicion that the number of book-readers (for I do not affect to deny that there are still a few) is smaller than is usually supposed. Take any country town of moderate population, and on inquiring into the facilities for such study, you will find that these are pretty nearly confined to a small circulating library, or the works of a reading club. In some towns of considerable size, more especially in Ireland, there is no such thing as even a circulating library; and the family supply of books, in ordinary houses, in all the three kingdoms, is not only very scanty, but appears to have descended as an heirloom for more than one generation. The custom of individuals buying books, appears to have gone almost completely out; and generally speaking, the publishers who still persevere in the old system of business, make their calculations solely with reference to the book-clubs and circulating libraries. The comparatively small number of wealthy families who furnish their book-room, just as they do any other part of their house, has little effect upon trade, and still less, I fear, upon the circulation of knowledge. The classics of the language are more talked of than read; and as a proof of this, if you will examine, in such depositories, the works of the canonised names, you will be surprised at their state of preservation! This is far from being an agreeable condition of things. It shows both a decline of capital and a decline of taste, and it would imply some want of depth in the existing literature of the country. Articles are read for information: he who would acquire knowledge, must read books.

But the limited circulation of books is compensated, and more than compensated in quantity, by the extraordinary increase of articles. No man in our day, who can read at all, is so poor as to be in intellectual destitution. The most ignorant among us is a philosopher, the rudest a sentimentalist, when compared with his grandfather. The knowledge thus disseminated may be,

or rather must be, wanting in depth; but it is knowledge for all that; and the papers that contain it are the winged seeds, light as a feather, that, floated here and there on the unconscious winds, are destined to cover the earth with a glorious vegetation.

Articles (and I now consider them generally, whether occurring in books or otherwise) are of more value than as vehicles either of mere information or mere entertainment. They have a *personal* character which is necessarily wanting in more elaborate productions, and they thus serve as links to interlace and bind together the sympathies of men. In a book, an author loses his own identity in the subject—he does not dare, as it were, to fill so important a space with himself; while in a few stanzas, or a few pages, he is upon less ceremony, and has no scruple in occupying the trifling area with his own feelings as well as his own opinions. Almost all brief poetical pieces are full of this individuality; and even in short tales and essays, the author is usually seen, in his moral being, through the thin coverings of fiction or philosophy.

This may be one reason, independently of other considerations, why such pieces possess so great a charm for ordinary minds. But let not the author fancy, in his fond simplicity, that he is *himself* the object of the readers' interest. He is only known to them in his sentiments. He is an ideal being, as unsubstantial and as fleeting as the creations of his fancy, and he vanishes as suddenly. The article has done its work when it is read. It has laid impressions—perhaps enduring ones—upon the mind; it has suggested thought; it has opened out vistas for the imagination; and is then, when its fruit is gathered, thrown away and forgotten. Perhaps we may think for a moment that we should like to know the writer who has touched a chord of sympathy in our hearts; perhaps we may amuse ourselves with piecing together an image from the fragments of memory, so as to identify his features with those of the loved and lost: but presently the colours fade, the phantom flies, and, hurried on in the ceaseless round of our ever-busy existence, we plunge into new dreams, as fragile and as brief.

Although the article, however, has so short an existence, it is full of dignity and importance in its connection with the system of which it constitutes a part. That system embraces the intellectual world. It forms a perpetual correspondence of mind with mind, of heart with heart. Its business is not only to inform, or amuse, but to refine and humanise, to draw closer together the sympathies and affections of men. This will be obvious if we only call to mind the effect which these 'unconsidered trifles' have had upon ourselves. How often, in reading some page of the kind, which had possibly no other merit than that of suggesting a train of thought to be followed out in our mind—how often have we felt our heart soften, and our eyes grow moist! It has snatched us away from the present world of care, and we walk again with the phantoms of other years, and dream once more the dreams of our haunted youth; and when we awake, it is neither with a start nor a shudder we look around, but with a subdued temper and a chastened spirit, as if the past reacted upon the present, imparting to it a mellowness of hue which is otherwise seen only through the mists of time. Again, how often have we been roused by similar means from apathy, and almost despair! How often have we felt a thrill run through our inner being, awaking our dormant energies, and stirring up our fainting courage, as if with the sound of a trumpet! For my part, I care not to conceal that, in passing through a life of perhaps more than ordinary vicissitude, I have frequently derived from these hasty and laconic monitors a

fortitude that was not my own. I have been nerved to endurance, and incited to perseverance; and as I read, I have felt a warm sunny light breaking anew upon crushed feelings and withered hopes.

I have likened this system to a universal correspondence; and I would have it understood that not one letter fails of reaching its address. Every mind has its like. It belongs to a class, possessing a common calibre, a common standard, and a common language. Within this sphere the article appertaining to it circulates, because it is therein felt and understood, although in other spheres it may be too high for apprehension, or too low for notice. Nothing is written in vain. The volume that is said to drop still-born from the press does its work like the rest. A few copies see the light, and a few kindred minds—were it only those of the trunk-maker or the butterman—attest, however unconsciously, its power.

If such is the influence of literature—and the fact will be denied by no thinking person—the moral responsibility that devolves upon authors must be great indeed. It matters not what the piece may be—whether designed for entertainment or instruction, or whether a mere vagary of the fancy—it has still its effect upon some minds, whether few or many, and must therefore assist or retard *pro tanto* the progress of the race. Brief pieces more especially, being usually indications of personal character, should be carefully written, from policy, if from no higher motive. It is vain, for instance, for a man to declaim against public war, who incites class against class, and sows dissension among those parts of society on whose union the safety of the structure depends. It is vain for the moralist to preach against the poison of intoxicating liquors, who disseminates the worse poison of uncharitableness. Without consistency and coherence, we can do nothing. Our guiding principle must be a love of mankind in the aggregate—a devout faith in human nature—for this involves true charity and true liberality; and in the end, as refinement and civilisation advance, it will triumph over the clamour of sects and parties.

Before concluding these desultory remarks, I may be permitted to advert to a most gratifying characteristic of the article literature of the day. I do not confine my observation to what are called tracts—short papers designed for spiritual admonition—or to the essays which circulate as usual among the different denominations of the Christian world; but there appears to me to pervade the respectable portion generally of this department of our literature a deeper and more catholic feeling of religion than has hitherto been manifested in a popular form. But how, indeed, could it be otherwise? The more general the diffusion of letters, the more firmly fixed must be the idea of Spirit. In the last century, when the human mind was in preparation for a mighty political revolution, the comparatively small number of authors were the priests of the people, and, like many an older priesthood, their aim was to confine the popular worship to themselves. This hierarchy is now at an end, and the gates of the temple are thrown wide open. We are all priests, and prophets, and soothsayers. We are all interpreters of the mystic whispers that run through the eternal aisles. Spirits ourselves, we commune with spirits. Imprisoned no longer within the external crust of nature, we *know* that there is something beyond; we read the fact in the 'starry scriptures of the sky,' and hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees.

The religious feeling I allude to is not obtrusive, not sectarian, not controversial: it is simply a feeling—an inward conviction, conscious or unconscious—which *must*

spread and deepen with the progress of enlightenment, beautifying and ennobling the whole system of our literature. If confined to books, its influence would be slow and limited; but imbuing, as it already does to some extent, the articles which are the intellectual pabulum of the masses of the people, it must advance, in defiance of all obstacles, with the steadiness of the ocean tide,

'Which rolled not back when Canute gave command.'

'THE RETURN OF ZEPHYR.'

In the month of January 1808, Jules Morisseau made his first appearance as a dancer on the boards of the Imperial Theatre of Paris. He was the best pupil of the dancing-class of M. Gardel the ballet-master; one of first-rate promise, uniting grace with strength, and suppleness with vigour. At that time two celebrated dancers reigned supreme over the kingdom of Terpsichore—Vestris, and young Duport, his equal, if not superior. These were dangerous rivals. Gardel, however, encouraged his favourite pupil, reminding him that he was twenty years younger than Vestris, and six younger than Duport, while he united the qualities of both these dancers. 'Every star,' he repeated, 'must shine in its turn: youth is the greatest merit in a dancer, especially when he can *pirouette* and bend as you do. Courage, my child, you have a fine figure, and use your arms with grace.'

Fortified by such eulogiums, young Morisseau made his début without fear. To mark his gratitude to his master, he chose for his first appearance the 'Return of Zephyr,' a ballet of which M. Gardel was the author.

Morisseau, attired in a flesh-coloured web, covered by a short tunic of gauze, and two butterfly wings on his back, bounded from the side-scenes, and flew over the stage with all the lightness of a Zephyr, which gently touches, but bends nought beneath its weight. The public, accustomed as they were to the wonders of dance by Duport, did not the less acknowledge the talents of the new candidate for their favour, and Morisseau was received with thunders of applause.

The next day he went to thank his master, and to learn from him his future prospects. To appear at a theatre is nothing—a regular engagement is necessary. Gardel received his pupil with extreme coldness; no longer like the master of the day before, but now a severe judge, a rigorous ballet-master, one of the sovereign arbiters of Morisseau's fate. Even at the theatre diplomacy has its place: everything is calculated, everything is foreseen, and every actor knows the credit and the power of his comrades. Gardel was secretly flattered at his pupil's success; but this success had disturbed all the dancers of the opera, and the prudent ballet-master did not wish to make enemies.

'The public, I think, were satisfied,' said Morisseau on noticing the sullen countenance of the professor; 'and you, Monsieur Gardel?'

'The public have nothing to say in the matter, sir,' replied Gardel. 'The question now rests with the first dancers of his majesty the emperor's theatre, which is quite another affair. Monsieur Vestris thinks you fail in precision.'

'That reproach must fall on you, Monsieur Gardel, and you well know its injustice.'

'That's true, *mon ami*—that's very true; but nevertheless it is Monsieur Vestris's opinion. Monsieur Duport says you are too tall.'

'We are just the same height,' replied Morisseau.

'Very likely. In short, my good friend, Chevigny, Saulnier, Millière, and Clothilde, declare they will not dance with you.'

'In what manner have I been so unfortunate as to displease these ladies?' asked Morisseau, who felt assured he was handsome enough to find favour in their eyes. 'Do they think me deficient in talent?'

'No, not at all! These ladies have too good taste not to appreciate my best pupil. It is the men whom you displease. You have too much talent, my good

fellow. You must give up all hope of being engaged at the Opera: the thing cannot be done.'

After this strange avowal, Gardel felt anxious to apply a balm to the wound he had made.

'I have a superb engagement to offer you,' said he.

'Let me hear it,' replied the young man despondingly.

'A magnificent engagement—to dance on the banks of the Tiber!'

'The Tiber! What is the Tiber?' asked Morisseau, who was as learned as most dancers are.

'When I say the Tiber, my dear fellow, I mean Rome—the capital of the arts, the country of the ancient Romans. Rome, which has been conquered by the Emperor, where they act French plays, where they perform French ballets—the "Return of Zephyr," for example! My dear Morisseau, you will be the first dancer in Rome, at the theatre Argentina. That is something. The Romans have excellent singers, but bad dancers; if Apollo has remained in Italy, Terpsichore has taken refuge in France! Go, my friend—go show the country of the Cæsars what a dancer really is—four thousand francs a year, and your journey there and back free.'

In those days actors were paid much less than at present. Duport himself had not more than six thousand francs a year at the Opera. Gardel, therefore, offered a large salary to his *élève*, which ought to have been a temptation to one who had no other fortune. The actors, however, of that time were of less roving dispositions than now-a-days, and it was difficult to make them believe it possible that a fortune could be made anywhere out of Paris: the dancers especially imagined there were no Zephyrs except at the *Grand Opéra*. Besides, Morisseau was a gentle youth, timid, but irritable, and one whom a word could frighten. A journey to a foreign country, of whose language he was ignorant, consequently startled him. Gardel thoroughly understood the habits and ideas of the dancing community, and anticipated all Morisseau's objections before he had time to mention them.

Gardel's arguments carried the point. Morisseau signed the engagement, and set about making preparations for his departure. A dancer's wardrobe is not very heavy—five or six web-suits, some yards of gauze, and a dozen of dancing-socks, completed Morisseau's outfit; and he set out on his journey, taking care to make *pirouettes* and *battements* in the hotels where he stopped, in order not to lose in agility or grace. He arrived at Rome light as a feather, and bounded rather than walked on the land of Romulus! Without troubling himself in the least about the Coliseum, or Trajan's Pillar, he flew to the theatre Argentina, took some Zephyr-like flights on its boards, and then hastened to pay his respects to the first danseuse. La Signora Camilla was a beautiful Italian brunette, with black hair, the delight of the dandies, and the idol of the Roman princes. Morisseau found it as difficult to pronounce one word of Italian, as the signora did to speak one word of French. But all dancers are good at pantomime, and the two artists ended by understanding each other. The first rehearsal showed Morisseau in what her style consisted. The signora danced with her arms and her eyes, but little with her feet. She had a good ear, but neither talent, lightness, precision, nor art. Morisseau only assisted at a few representations, when he became convinced that the whole ballet was on a par with the first danseuse. Yet these bad dancers were much applauded; from all corners of the theatre was to be heard '*Bravo, bravi, brava!*'

'Very good,' said Morisseau to himself: 'my success is certain. I shall be the first dancer in Rome, as Vestris is at Paris.'

It is proper to mention that at this time Rome was in the occupation of the French, whom, with their leader Napoleon, the Romans cordially detested; and this dislike they took every means of expressing, as far as it was safe for them to do so. Dancers are not politicians; Morisseau was unconscious of the unpopularity

of his countrymen, and he feared no expressions of such a feeling levelled against himself.

The day for his *début* at length arrived, and the expectations of Morisseau were not disappointed. His graceful and correct dancing produced an immense effect: he surprised and astonished the spectators. It is true that many of the audience were French; however, the Romans, in spite of themselves, were highly gratified, and applauded him with enthusiasm. Of late years the ballet has made great progress in Italy. In 1808, a good dancer was nowhere to be found there, and Morisseau appeared before them as the first symptom of the revival of this long-neglected art. The Romans crowded the theatre to admire the lightness of this Zephyr, who seemed to fly from one side of the stage to the other, as if he touched the earth only through complaisance. The extraordinary *entrechats*, and the suppleness of the dancer, surprised them, while they loudly applauded the man who gave new excitement to their pleasure. Morisseau redoubled his efforts to merit this approbation; and yet, by degrees, the 'bravuras' became less enthusiastic, and the concourse of spectators gradually diminished. The pleasure which dancing gives charms only the eye, but says nothing to the mind. Morisseau's companions, too, had a great advantage over him; though bad dancers, they excelled in pantomime. In a heroic ballet they were below mediocrity, but in comic performances they were first-rate. Harlequins, Burchiellis, Pantomimes, and Polichinellos, were played by them in perfection. Even Signora Camilla herself, badly as she represented an attendant of Flora, was an admirable Columbine. The countenances of these Italian dancers, full of animation and vivacity, expressed at will all those comic passions which for centuries have so much amused the Roman people. Morisseau, on the contrary, could put no expression but in his feet! A perpetual smile reigned on the lips of this Parisian Zephyr.

Morisseau's happiness was not destined to last. His first cause of disquietude was an attachment which he formed to Signora Camilla, little as he thought of her dancing. The poor Zephyr—and may not a 'Zephyr' have feelings like everybody else?—did not know what a storm was brooding over his head. His attentions to Camilla roused the indignation of a rival, and he learned with horror from the 'Pantalon' of the company that a design was formed to assassinate him. After this dire intelligence, Morisseau never left the theatre without being armed with a pair of pistols. He no longer ventured to look at the Signora Camilla. In the 'Return of Zephyr,' his flight across the stage was no longer performed with that ease of mind which gave such lightness to his every movement.

Another bitter grievance was preparing for the Zephyr. One night, on making the very first light-footed bound which brought him in face of the audience, he heard an ill-suppressed titter in boxes and gallery.

'Bravo! Calzetti! Bravo! bravissimo!' was echoed from all sides. 'Bravo! that's it exactly!'

Morisseau understood neither the laughter nor the bravos, which evidently were not intended for him. Not speaking one word of Italian, and addressing persons who understood him badly, or did not wish to answer him, he was persecuted by this name—Calzetti!—without being able to find out its meaning. If he asked his friend the Pantalon, the treacherous dancer shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back: if he overcame his fear, and ventured to question the Signora Camilla about this invisible enemy, she looked at him in astonishment.

'Calzetti!' said she; 'Calzetti!'—opened her beautiful lips, displayed her fine teeth, and made the scenes resound with her boisterous laughter.

Melancholy, dispirited, and wounded in his self-love and his love of the signora, Morisseau absented himself as much as possible from the theatre and the *corps de ballet*. He wandered through the streets of Rome, and passed by the magnificent palaces, the fountains and

columns, indifferent alike to their history and beauty. The classic beauties of Rome were in his eyes inferior to the decorations of the Opera-house in Paris. His master, M. Gardel, had spoken to him of the 'banks of the Tiber.' Morisseau determined to see the Tiber; but its yellow waters said nothing to his imagination. Like the children of Jerusalem at Babylon, he sat on the banks of the river, and wept as he thought of the flowery meadows watered by the Seine. One day he was walking with his usual indifference down the Corso, the rendezvous of all the idlers of Rome, when, perceiving his dreaded rival at a distance, he turned off quickly to avoid him, and found himself before the Palazzo Fiano. From an entrance to a cellar or vault, of uninviting appearance, rose up an Italian head—a head with brown curly locks, and eyes like coals of fire. 'Enter, signor; enter,' cried the Italian.

Morisseau stopped and stared at the man.

The Italian perceiving this hesitation, added, 'Signor Francese, enter! A comedy, an opera, a ballet! It is il Signor Calzetti who invites you.'

At the name of Calzetti Morisseau started back; but the crowd pressing on to the Palazzo Fiano, carried him forward. He descended a few steps, threw a piece of money to an old woman who was sitting at the counter of this strange theatre, which he now discovered was a puppet-show. The audience was numerous and select; for the simple reason, that the Romans seek with avidity every description of pleasure, no matter under what shape, and the puppets of Signor Calzetti were very amusing.

Morisseau seated himself in the pit: just above him hung the chandelier which lighted up the salle. He now saw before him a little theatre, five or six feet high by twelve broad; a crimson curtain, trimmed with gold fringe, hung before it. The overture was played; the director gave the three knocks, and the curtain rose. The stage represented a pretty saloon; a door at the far end opened, and a young cavalier appeared, who with much grace gave an explanation of the piece in which he was himself to act a principal part. The lover was succeeded by the beloved one, then by the soubrette (waiting-maid), the valet, and the noble father. All the actors were about twelve inches high; they were suspended by invisible wires, and moved by other wires concealed under the boards of the stage. These were the puppets, or rather the *fantoccini*, of the 'illustrious Signor Calzetti!' The play terminated amidst the laughter of the audience: after the play came the opera. Male and female singers, concealed behind the scenes, made the puppets sing with taste and brilliancy. Morisseau stared, and not understanding Italian, he scarcely appreciated the merit of these performances. At length they announced the ballet; this touched him especially, and he now redoubled his attention.

'Can you tell me,' said he, addressing himself to his neighbour, whom he had recognised as a Frenchman, 'what the name of the ballet is which they are going to perform?'

'With pleasure,' he replied. 'I must first explain to you, my dear sir, that this ballet is a parody. At the theatre Argentina they have been dancing a new ballet!'

'The "Return of Zephyr!"' said Morisseau.

'The very same. A dancer from Paris has been engaged to perform in this ballet, and the Romans began by applauding, because the young man really dances very well; but'

Morisseau was about to exclaim, 'I am that young man!' when this 'but' stopped the words on his lips. His neighbour continued—'But Signor Calzetti, clever than all the professors of Paris, has supplied them with a far superior pupil to this Morisseau.'

'Far superior!' said Morisseau with horror.

'You will soon be able to judge for yourself.'

'Monsieur Calzetti! Monsieur Calzetti!' said Morisseau again; 'Monsieur Calzetti is a man!'

'Is a man of talent,' responded his neighbour. 'His pupils are faultless; his Zephyrs are of an astonishing lightness; and his dancers do not touch the ground. You shall see!'

Morisseau was confounded; his head was on fire, and yet he trembled all over: his mind, not one of the most brilliant, did not perfectly comprehend the mechanism by which Signor Calzetti's 'fantoccini' were moved; and his artistic vanity was irritated at hearing himself pronounced inferior to a puppet.

'Attend now,' said his neighbour; 'the ballet is about to commence.'

The curtain rose; the theatre represented a landscape of flowers, with myrtles and rose-trees in full blossom gracefully filling up the sides. On a sudden the foliage became agitated, the roses trembled on their flexible branches—Zephyr appeared. One might have imagined that he descended from a cloud towards the earth: he did not touch the boards. What a Zephyr! He passed through the midst of the flowers; he caressed them by his looks; he flew all round them, gently moving his wings, like the bee who, seeking the best honied flower whereon to fix himself, stops for an instant in his flight to admire the rose before he extracts its perfume. It was no dancer, it was a winged god—swifter than Iris, lighter than Mercury. He went—he came: from the flowers he flew towards the nymphs, who escaped into the groves: from them he returned to the flowers. In the movements of this little aerial figure there was so much suppleness, so much grace, and, above all, so much truth, that this work of Signor Calzetti realised the imaginary creations of the poets. Zephyr had descended from Olympus to caress the flowers, and Signor Calzetti had accomplished the difficult art of feigning life and action with a surprising perfection. The enchanted Romans applauded with so much the more vehemence that they knew the amusement they were enjoying would not last long. Zephyr at length, after having coquetted with the nymphs, and made the leaves of all the trees tremble, took flight, and was lost in the clouds, returning to that Olympus from whence he probably came.

'That is Zephyr!' said Morisseau's neighbour; 'that is the light god, the messenger of Flora! Now you will see the parody.'

The tops of the trees became immovable, the flowers no longer shook on their trembling stalks; nothing stirred. By a stream of light scientifically arranged, the perspective of the scenery was destroyed, just as at the Opera. Zephyr appeared, not in the horizontal position of a flying aerial spirit, but like a human being whom the laws of nature compel to preserve his centre of gravity. The criticism was unjust, but the contrast was amusing.

'Morisseau! Morisseau!' was shouted on all sides; and an immense burst of laughter echoed through the theatre. Morisseau, the Zephyr, or, if you wish, the puppet of Signor Calzetti, placed himself in the middle of the stage, raised one leg, and commenced one of those interminable pirouettes in which French dancers too frequently indulge; then stopping suddenly, the little puppet, rising from the stage, commenced an entrechat, not of eight, but of sixteen—ay, thirty-two cuts—an eternal entrechat, performed with such vigour, that the noise of his heels, when meeting together, could be distinctly heard. After this exploit, Zephyr came down again on the boards, sighing forth an 'Ah!' that went to prove his fatigue and loss of breath.

'Eccolo il Zephuro Francese!' ('There is the French Zephyr!') cried out the perfidious Calzetti from behind the scenes.

The laughter and the stamping of feet recommenced with greater noise than ever; and Morisseau, transfixed to his place, bent down his head, and peered anxiously around, fearing to be recognised by the spectators. The Romans dared not resist the French authorities; they bowed their necks before the idol image of the Emperor. But the hatred of the nation had need of

some means of demonstration, and it vented itself on a dancer.

The performance was at length ended, and Morisseau was able to leave this little theatre, where they had hissed him with so much bitterness. Dancers are unaccustomed to criticism; the press has little influence on them, and in 1808 it had none at all. At that period many dancers did not know how to read. The chastisement Morisseau had undergone was as novel to him as it was unexpected. The blow struck him in the most sensitive part, and found him defenceless. He regained the solitary chamber which he occupied near the theatre, and went to bed—not because he was ill—hoping to drown in sleep all recollection of his wrongs. It was about nine o'clock when he returned home. At this hour the Romans leave their houses to saunter through the streets and public squares; for here, as in most warm climates, the people turn night into day. The house in which Morisseau lodged was therefore nearly empty. He had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, when he heard a footstep in the corridor adjoining his room, and in a second after some one knocked at his door.

'Monsieur Morisseau!—Monsieur Morisseau!'

The dancer recognised the voice of the manager of the theatre. He rose, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and opened the door.

'How now, Morisseau!—in bed? Are you ill?'

'No, sir, but'—

'No!—that is sufficient: then come with us. Dress yourself, Morisseau, and come to the theatre. The performance is changed, and we have substituted the "Return of Zephyr." Come and dance.'

'Never!—never!' cried Morisseau.

'What!—never? The cardinal chamberlain particularly wished to see the celebrated French dancer; so come at once!'

'I will never dance again at Rome,' said Morisseau sulkily. 'To-morrow morning I start for Paris.'

The manager took an immoderate fit of laughter; and placing his hand on the dancer's shoulder, said slowly, 'Leave for Paris!—you, Morisseau! You are engaged to me for three years: I have your engagement signed by yourself; and as you acknowledge that your health is good, you shall dance this evening—or sleep in prison.'

This was a serious affair, and Morisseau knew it.

Poor Morisseau was forced to dress himself and go. He was obliged to put on the costume of Zephyr, and to fix on his back the little butterfly wings. But the self-reliance of the dancer was gone; he had lost all belief in his talents. The fantoccini of Signor Calzetti had disgusted him with his entrechats and his pirouettes. He appeared on the stage—he danced—his legs failed him—his head grew dizzy—he made a bound forward, but believed he was falling—his eyes became dazzled, and a thousand visions surrounded and confused him. At his feet, on his head, all around him, he saw flying myriads of Zephyrs, who teased and beset him like so many little spirits. The audience first laughed, then cried at and hooted him; and he heard his name pronounced, coupled with that of Calzetti—'*Morisseau!—Morisseaumasio! é viva Calzetti!*'

Such were the sounds that reached him from all sides. If he looked at the boxes, he saw spectators who seemed to enjoy his torture; if he looked behind the scenes, it was his friend the Pantaloon who was tittering, or the Signora Camilla, who joined heartily in the universal laughter. Distracted, beside himself, frantic with grief and shame, he danced out of time, stopped, and then darted forward: in four bounds he was off the stage, and out of the theatre. He escaped up a staircase which lay before him. The stairs led to a corridor; at the end of the corridor was a window. Meanwhile the audience grew more excited, and cried out loudly for 'Zephyr.' Morisseau's comrades ran after him to bring him back: the wretched man heard them at his heels, and knew they were trying to seize

him: the window at the end of the corridor was open: unfortunate Morisseau made one bound more, and Zephyr fell lifeless on the pavement before the theatre Argentina!

His death caused no small sensation. Rome, a clerical city, holds suicide in horror. Like all events of the kind, no one gave the true explanation. Calzetti was ignorant that the French dancer had seen his own parody, and never imagined he had any share in his death. Signora Camilla, who had favoured his suit, had not to reproach herself with any harshness. A report was drawn up and presented to the governor of Rome, recounting at length the death of Monsieur Morisseau, a French subject, who, during an attack of fever, precipitated himself from a window of the theatre Argentina. No one would have heard more of the event, but for the cruel Signor Calzetti, who made his puppets perform 'The Death and Burial of Zephyr,' which new ballet attracted crowds to the theatre Fiano. The secret hatred of the Romans to the French insured the success of this tasteless performance. But the gay season once past, no one bestowed another thought on unfortunate Morisseau in the city of the Cæsars.

HEAL-ALLS.

THE idea of a panacea or cure for all diseases is one of great antiquity. It falls every now and then into a lull, but seldom fails in a short time to start up again in full vigour, as if the tendency to it were something inseparable from human nature. Considering it rather as a desperate intermittent than a mania, we would say it is at present in one of its cold stages; but we have no doubt that this will pass, and some day ere long we shall be startled with yet another proclamation that *at length* a true unmistakable universal medicine has been discovered.

It is curious to remark that the real or pretended substratum of the panacea idea is in all cases the same. The pseudo-philosophic mediciner declares, and the intensely ignorant alike believe, that all disease has a common origin, or exhibits a common type. So much being fixed as the starting-point, the rest is done to hand. If typhus fever and hooping-cough, consumption and insanity, or any other incongruous couple we choose to mention, are the products of one course, what is given is to find the remedy for this morbid cause; and the panacea comes in to the rescue with all the authority of a Q. E. D. It would be curious, if it were not too often deplorable, to observe the strength with which a fantastic opinion of this kind holds the mind in its grasp. That which flourished under the auspices of Zeber, the Arabian alchemist, who averred that he was in possession of the elixir of old age, is a cognate idea with a very prevalent error of the nineteenth century. In character, however, with the disposition of the times, this, too, has put on the garments of science. It is at once cloaked and dignified by the terminology of the 'pathies.'

After the reign of Ward's wonder-doing drops in the eighteenth century—the red drops, the white drops, and the essence for the headache—began the reign of tar water. Nor was it much to be wondered at that hogs-heads of this odorous fluid found their way into the stomachs of invalids, when the eloquent Bishop Berkeley* was enlisted on its behalf. Hear this splendid orator on his hobby:—"I freely own that I suspect tar water to be a panacea. And as the old philosopher cried aloud from the house-top to his fellow-citizens, "Educate your children," so, if I had a situation high enough, and a voice loud enough, I would say to all the valetudinarians upon earth, "Drink tar water." Such mighty preaching had its due effect; tar water was in vast requisition for all manner of similar and dissimilar disorders. Rheumatism, plithisis, ulcers, fled at its approach. Yet its brief day soon ended; and with its

learned and fervent patron it descended into the tomb. And the like is the history of countless drops, waters, and elixirs. Carried up into popularity by the ascending swing of the great pendulum of human caprice, and flung down into obscurity as it returned in its oscillations, to bear up some other folly of a day, and to cast it down in like manner.

The history of the galvanic or magnetic panacea—for they are akin in some respects—is sufficiently interesting to deserve a separate notice. To the best of our knowledge, this has come to life about five times. First, many centuries since, under the famous Dioscorides; second, in the seventeenth century; third, in the eighteenth century; fourth, at the early part of our own; and fifth, so recently as two or three years ago. Great medical powers were at an early period attributed to the loadstone. Dioscorides largely used it in practice. Weapons rubbed with it were believed to inflict deadly wounds. The king of Zeilan attached such virtues to it, that he had all his meat served up in dishes of loadstone, conceiving that thereby he preserved the vigour of youth. Aëtius, who lived so early as the year 500, says 'that those who are troubled with the gout in their hands or their feet, or with convulsions, find relief when they hold a magnet in their hands.' It was frequently used as an amulet for the headache. 'Perceiving,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'its secret power to draw magnetical bodies, men have invented a new attraction to draw out the dolour and pain of any part.' Powdered, it was made into a plaster to extract bullets! The case of a young man is given who swallowed a knife ten inches long, and had it attracted to the surface by a loadstone plaster. At the end of the seventeenth century, says Borrelli, magnetic toothpicks and earpickers were made, and extolled as a secret preventive against pains in the teeth, eyes, and ears. Also for hernial protrusions the patient took iron filings internally, and wore a plaster of powdered loadstone outside! More extravagant ideas still were entertained by some; and tales are told that robbers practised their crimes by its assistance; lighting a fire at the four corners of the dwelling, and flinging a loadstone into the centre of the house. The thought was, that the inhabitants would be repelled out of the house; but whether their precipitate retreat was attributable to the loadstone or to the fire, we leave to the learned to determine. Wounds rubbed with it were said to be at once eased of all pain. The eighteenth century, however, saw magnetism *redivivus*, and with wonderfully renewed energies. In 1770, a Jesuit named Hehl, a professor of astronomy at Vienna, invented some steel plates of a peculiar description, which he impregnated with magnetic virtues, and applied to the cure of diseases. These discoveries became known to Mesmer, and were adopted by him. Experiments in Paris were made, and a great noise arose in the world about this 'new' remedy. Again magnetic cures ceased to be spoken of, when, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, Mr Perkins, an American, brought his marvellous discovery to the light. By the use of certain metallic bars, which he entitled 'metallic tractors,' and which he drew over the affected parts, he pretended to the cure of a host of diseases. From America the fame of the 'tractors' spread over to England, and set all Bath in a turmoil. Otherwise intractable diseases fell before the power of these 'tractors,' which had the imposing authority of a patent for their protection. And surely never was any panacea so bestimonialed as Perkinism. It enjoyed the overwhelming authority of eight professors of medicine and natural philosophy. But this was feeble in comparison to the roll of high names which followed, among which were nineteen physicians, seventeen surgeons, ten doctors of divinity, and ten clergymen. Will those who have read our extract from Aëtius above, believe that many grave and sober-minded gentlemen wore pieces of loadstone round the neck for the purpose of preventing or curing the gout! So much has thirteen centuries done to immolate 'panaceism.' Perkinism

* Quart. Review, 1842.

was doomed. One or two physicians poked out the fire by producing equally marvellous cures by tractors made of wood, and painted so as to resemble the metallic. One amusing case occurred in which the patient declared solemnly that the (wooden) tractors had 'tormented him out of one night's rest, and that they should do so no more!' The real nature of these mirific tractors was then exhibited, and Perkinism received its deathblow. Not so magnetism. A few years ago came out the galvanic rings. It will therefore be fresh in the memory of our readers, that the world again raved after this remedy. Every cabman's finger glimmered with the lustre of the galvanic ring. It was 1690 over again. If we cannot, with Borrelli, speak of magnetic toothpicks, we can of galvanic tobacco-pipes; the galvanism generated in a manner of which philosophy is ignorant, by the passage of the smoke through a coil of wires! What this was intended for, we confess we never could rightly discover. Every man carried his battery on his finger, or wore it on his gout-tortured limbs. A splendid ignorance of the laws of electricity sparkled in golden circles; and minute currents of that fluid, instead of traversing the podagric toe or rheumatic thumb, playfully circled in the ring itself. The bands and rings, the galvanic hair-brushes and gloves, and all the other ingenuities of the delusion, are becoming histories; yet a fantasy which has lived and died five or six times, indicates a tenacity of life which may well cause us to be very careful how we pronounce upon its actual death.

Leaving this instructive history, we may recall to the attention of our readers the case of that impostor of mournful celebrity—St John Long. *His* theory was, that it is possible to extract the morbid matter which produces disease out of the blood. Surely his remedies were sufficiently extractive: they extracted skin from the muscles, and muscles from the bones. By the use of a corrosive liniment of a mineral acid and turpentine, he blistered only too many of his patients to death. As the history of this charlatanism is quite recent, we need not dwell on the temporary delirium which St John Longism produced—the lines of expectant carriages, the list of noble victims, the flocks of country patients, the coroners' inquests, and the death of the operator of one of the diseases himself pretended to vanquish—all these are the common features of 'panaceaism.' And let the empty street, deserted room, and tenanted grave, supply the usual tailpiece to the history. External friction was another popular panacea, under the more captivating title of 'shampooing.' It had the usual symptoms of the disease. It was to cure every 'ill that flesh is heir to.' It had its crowds of votaries; and the shampooer, an ignorant mechanic, for some years cleared five or six thousand pounds annually! If one could say, 'I likes to be despised,' with how much greater truth might it be said of these that they loved to be deluded. On one bad case of incurable paralysis, the parents of a young lady spent four or five hundred pounds in one year! Some of the great ones, we rather believe of the medical profession, having recommended mustard-seed for dyspepsia, then followed the days of this remedy; and no one can tell to what an extent it was devoured by the seekers after health. Folly and fashion took up their plaything, dandled it, and flung it away for—brandy and salt. We forget just now how many treatises came out upon brandy and salt; and we are equally forgetful of how many thousands were cured of bodily ills inside and out. Probably no ordinary figures would have power to represent the last, when we are assured that one gentleman, the inventor, gave away a hogshead of brandy, and salt without weight, in this cause. It was the grand *arcum* of an hour. But 'Morisonianism' has had a longer sway, though it, too, is on its last legs. There is a painful similarity between it and St John Longism when at its height of glory. Infatuated patients dosed themselves to death: one is said to have died in the faith, actually swallowing the medicine just before expiring. The

thirty-five or forty pill dose-days are happily gone by: common sense has done its work; but we fly to the opposite extreme in homœopathy. This was not so much a panacea as a panaceal system: and now came the era of millionths, billionths, and trillionths; and doses were administered in proportions which the human mind is unable even to conceive of. Thus are we conducted to the freshest of all—hydropathy; the system which washes out disorders from the human frame; which has enriched a Swiss peasant of rugged outside and more rugged interior; which has turned the pharmacopœia into water; which has clothed fashion and fancy, not in silk attire, but in wet sheets; has turned wine into water, and the drawing-room into a cold bath; which, we regret to add—though doing some good as respects temperance, exercise, and cleanliness—has turned slight diseases into dropsies.

Now we may, before concluding, just make the remark, that even among the ranks of the medical profession the spirit of popular panaceaism, in a mitigated degree, only too frequently carries away sound judgment. One, for instance, in the cobbler's spirit, will have it that there is nothing like prussic acid; another doses us with camphor; a third with opium and quinine; and calomel, creosote, mineral acids, iodine, have their respective votaries. Yet we must not be misunderstood either in this or in the former case. We do not deny that there is good in all these, even in Long's liniment, or galvanic rings properly applied and constructed. Many of these panaceas are only the exaggerations of some particular benefit residing in the extolled substance or system. Such, however, is the tendency of the human mind—ever credulous of, and anxious to idolise an impossibility. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu shrewdly observes, 'We have no longer faith in miracles and relics, and therefore with the same fury run after receipts and physicians.' Yet we cannot close our article without expressing our utter abhorrence of that cunningness of covetousness which, itself unbelieving its assertions, enriches itself at the expense of that funded principle of faith planted in the mind for the noblest ends by the Divine Author; and though we attach much blame to the deceived, we would heap infinitely the most upon the impostor, who in so many cases has gathered his riches out of falsehood.

SPARE MONEY.

THERE is something afflicting in the way in which superfluous wealth is used by its possessors. Many men know how to gain money: comparatively few know how to spend it. Some think they do well if they bestow it on luxuries, as it thereby gives employment and bread to artisans and tradesmen; not having yet mastered the doctrine in political economy, that artisans and tradesmen can as well be employed in producing real as imaginary comforts, as far as their own interests are concerned, and that therefore to give them money for what is not enjoyable, is to throw money away. Others hoard, under the frenzied fears of the miser, for a poverty which has no chance of overtaking them, or for the sake of the glory and power of wealth, or to endow heirs with that which they may misuse. How seldom do we hear of a man possessed of means far above his own present or contingent necessities, having the heart or the sense to use them during his lifetime in a way that may redound to the benefit of his less fortunate fellow-creatures! It is not uncommon, indeed, to leave wealth, when it must be left, to endow some benevolent institution, which may be a monument and a posthumous flattery to the testator. But this is very different from the rationality of using wealth in one's own lifetime for similar professed objects.

The condition of endowed charitable institutions

generally, is not that which can offer any pleasing prospect to persons who think of leaving money for such purposes. According to investigations made a few years ago, the larger proportion of all the public charities in England are either dilapidated by mismanagement, or their funds are altogether absorbed by trustees. It was hoped that the announcement of this startling fact would have led to some kind of provision for placing endowments under the inspection of a public officer; but like many other abuses, the subject went to sleep; and up to the present day, nothing, we believe, has been done to insure the proper administration of endowments according to the will of the testators.

Intending endowers, therefore, would do well to consider how far, in present circumstances, their intentions are likely to be carried out by a succession of trustees in perpetuity. Even supposing no malversation in office, it may happen, from the altered state and improved feelings of society, that the execution of the trust in its original form would be positively injurious, or at the very least useless and ridiculous. It is beginning to be a pretty general belief that hospitals for the board and education of children will not outlast another generation, in consequence of the growing conviction that they are not healthy scenes for juvenile nurture and training. Even now, means are in the course of being taken for reorganizing some institutions of this kind on a totally different footing. On this and all other accounts, we would wish to impress on persons of wealth the propriety of disposing of at least a reasonable portion of their spare money on objects of acknowledged utility during their lives. And as this is an age of moral reforms, we are not without hopes of seeing our recommendation in some respects acted upon.

Many elderly single ladies and gentlemen, having no taste for splendour, and no relations so near or dear to them as to call for large legacies, may be supposed to be in no small degree perplexed as to the proper disposal of the wealth which they cannot carry with them out of the world. On these, in an especial manner, is imposed the duty of devoting their spare money to the best objects within their range of view. There could be no difficulty in such persons discovering means and opportunities of doing permanent good by the bestowal of portions of their wealth; and it would surely be a great satisfaction, and one justly due to themselves, if they could see the good beginning felt and acknowledged before they died. What an agreeable thing it would be to observe hundreds of poor children rescued from misery and ignorance, and put in the way of well-doing for life; or to behold a group of poor old decayed people furnished with a comfortable refuge for the rest of their days; or to know that a number of sick, once neglected, were now secure of due care and attendance, all through the means which Providence had intrusted to our hands! A no less blessed thing it were to set apart the superfluity, year by year, as it accrued, and bestow it on the succour of individual cases of undeserved misfortune. The close-fistedness of age is explained as a panic of the self-preservative instinct, excited by the sense of growing helplessness. Money-bags are thought to form a good entrenchment; but the grateful blessings of the wretched would surely be a better. What consolation more substantial can there be for advancing infirmity, and the near approach of unavoidable fate, than the consciousness that, through our humble means, many poor bearers of the

same feeble nature are having their last days alleviated, and sending towards us the sympathies of bosoms on which the same sad shadow is falling? Let us preach of independence as we will, cases are constantly occurring where, from the operation of irresistible causes—forces which no foresight could avert—utter ruin is threatened from the temporary want of a small sum of money. A vast amount of misery might be prevented, whole families might be saved from pauperism, were such small sums advanced at the proper juncture. Here alone is one great channel of usefulness opened to the benevolent over-rich. What happy pictures might they thus provide for the future regalement of their highest feelings!

There are humbler and less interesting, but still laudable ways of bestowing spare money during the life of the possessor. In every considerable town there is occasional need for improvements, which there is no means, in the shape of public money, of effecting. Not one but might be the better of some bridge, or footway, or public green, or garden, which, however, is wanted for years, because of the lack of funds. Here the possessor of superfluous wealth might step in, and in the spirit of social kindness, and as a graceful courtesy from the fortunate one to the industrious many, effect the improvement, or bestow the needed public work. Were a man to act in this manner, governing his conduct by good judgment, and leaving no room to doubt that he merely wished to do good, what a social position were his! He might become almost an object of worship to his fellow-creatures.

If the rich were also the wise, this word might, in its sphere, be enough. As matters are, let it go forth and do its best.

A WALK OVER THE AMPEZZO PASS, TYROL.

WHILST Switzerland is overrun every summer by tourists from all quarters, threading every valley, and mounting every pass, the Tyrol, another part of the same Alpine chain, is in comparison little visited. With the exception, indeed, of that portion which is contiguous to Switzerland, and of the valley of the Inn, there is small likelihood that an English traveller will fall in with a dozen of his countrymen in his rambles through the whole of what the Austrian geographers and lawyers term the princely county of the Tyrol. The reasons for preferring the western division of the Alps are, however, sufficiently obvious. In the first place, the Tyrol is more distant from the north-west of Europe; and in the next, unless the traveller is proceeding from Vienna or Munich, it is out of the way to Italy, the goal of so many thousands, whereas Switzerland is directly in the path. Again, the roads in Switzerland are more numerous, and in better order; the inns on a larger scale, and more adapted to the wants of wealthy persons; the staff of guides and the means of transit far greater, and more complete, in Switzerland than in the Tyrol. In short, the science of touring is studied in one country, and neglected in the other. All the appliances for a pleasant travel, and the requisites for a comfortable sojourn, are nearer at hand, and better understood amongst the Swiss than the Tyrolese, whilst the scenery is more diversified, and the grandest parts of it more accessible. With regard to roads, Austria of late years has perceived the necessity of paying some attention to the matter; and in order to attract travellers and traffic, considerable sums have been expended in opening up new routes and improving the old ones. Over the Pass of the Stelvio, at a height of eight hundred feet above the line of perpetual snow, a broad and well-built road has

been conducted to connect the basin of the Danube with the plain of Lombardy, whilst a readier access to the shores of the Adriatic, from the upper part of that vast basin, has been given by the recently-formed road over the Ampezzo Pass.

A glance at the map will show that, for the length of about eighty miles, the southern part of the Tyrol is traversed by a deep groove, running nearly east and west. This groove is termed the Vale of Puster; but singularly enough, it is formed of *two* valleys. The whole may be compared to a long narrow trough, the bottom of which slopes from the middle to each end; and from the middle, therefore, the streams flow in opposite directions. At this point there is a mile or two of elevated table-land, called the Plain of Toblach, which is found noticed in the annals of the country as the arena of a bloody contest. Through the Puster valley runs one of the principal post roads of the Tyrol; and one day last summer I travelled along it from Lienz as far as Niederdorf, with the intention of investigating the branch road over the Ampezzo, which quits the former on the Plain of Toblach. Sleeping at Niederdorf, I started betimes, and in less than an hour reached the tall wooden cross that marks from afar the point of divergence. The new road sweeps at once into the jaws of the mountains. In the first ravine lies a small shallow sheet of water, called the Toblach See, such as we should call a tarn in the north of England. But for an embankment at the foot, all the water would run out; and perhaps it is only retained for the sake of the fish, which appeared to be numerous. I turned aside a few yards in order to view the precipices at the head of the ravine, across the sheet of water, and I strongly recommend all travellers to do the like, for the effect was very striking. Soon after leaving the lake behind, we pass through two magnificent portals of dolomite, bare rocks, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the road, and then find ourselves fairly admitted into the Pass, for we have now no longer a view into the vale below. At Höllenstein, a name I would rather leave in its original tongue, there is a neat-looking inn and post-house standing on the margin of a level green meadow. The rocks around this recess are uncommonly fine. The dolomitic peaks, for which this part of the Tyrol is remarkable, are seen rising above the pine forests on all sides. One mass in particular rivets the eye with its long jagged ridge, in the midst of which there is a deep notch holding a glacier. These curious mountains have sadly puzzled geologists, to whom they are a constant object of examination. Mr Murray has described their appearance so accurately in his 'Handbook,' that I shall take the liberty of transcribing his words. 'The dolomite mountains are unlike any other mountains, and are to be seen nowhere else among the Alps. They arrest the attention by the singularity and picturesqueness of their forms, by their sharp peaks or horns, sometimes rising up in pinnacles and obelisks, at others extending in serrated ridges, toothed like the jaw of an alligator; now fencing in the valley with an escarped precipice many thousand feet high, and often cleft with numerous fissures, all running nearly vertically. They are perfectly barren, destitute of vegetation of any sort, and generally of a light yellow or whitish colour.' Von Buch, the mineralogist, started a theory respecting them, which has been adopted by many geologists, though others have dissented from it. He supposed that a bed of mountain limestone had been violently displaced, and thrown into a vertical position, by an outburst from underneath of melaphyr or pyroxenic porphyry—an igneous rock, which has a base of augite or pyroxene, holding crystals of felspar—and that magnesia in a state of vapour was evolved by the melted rock, and penetrating the heated limestone, gave it the crystalline structure of dolomite. The guide-books recommend travellers to visit the secluded valleys of the Gader and the Gröden, for the purpose of inspecting the dolomite rocks. For those, however, who have traversed the Puster

valley between Toblach and Lienz, such a proceeding is unnecessary, since specimens are well seen from several points of the vale; and at Innichen they come down, in eminences of moderate elevation, close to the road. The path we are now describing leads right across the range, and its rocks are seen to great advantage in all their varieties.

Höllenstein being passed, we reach another sheet of water, through which the road is carried by means of a raised terrace. By this time I began to feel the pangs of hunger, and a small inn presenting itself opportunely at a turn, I entered, and inquired what edibles could be procured. A mutton chop? No. A veal cutlet? No. Nothing but boiled beef, and, as usual, boiled to rags, in the German fashion—a dish that for nearly a week I had been compelled to feed upon. No potatoes, or indeed vegetables of any kind, were to be had, and even the meat looked so abominably like horse flesh, that my knife and fork sickened at the sight, and in a hurry the dish was sent away just as it came. At that moment a hen came hopping in front of the window, and a happy thought struck me—perhaps they had heard of eggs! Eggs, in fact, were found; half-a-dozen ordered to be boiled; and during the operation I looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to a tolerable meal. Imagine my disappointment when the six eggs were brought in rolling about on a plate, stripped of their shells, and as hard as stone!

It was not long before I was treading the summit level of the Pass, which is gloomy, from the quantity of pine-wood. There is a peak in the neighbourhood with deep stains of blood-red, as if the top had once formed an altar for some sanguinary sacrifice. A gentle descent leads down to some buildings called Ospitale, from their having formerly been a hospice or place of refuge, charitably founded, and tenanted by monks. The principal dwelling is now an inn. The chapel is yet in existence, swept clean, and garnished with a little furniture, and the bell still hangs over the roof. How indescribably solemn must its faint tones have sounded amongst the hollows of those gigantic mountains, when it called its hearers, a few holy men, to join in the services of the church, or when it knelled over the remains of some storm-lost wayfarer as the brethren consigned them to strange earth!

A short distance below the hospital, the ruins of Beukstein Castle are seen in relief against a mountain black with pines. The formation of the road has here been attended with great labour. It is supported along the hill flanks by immense accumulations of earth, and is carried, by bridges of wood and stone, across divers streams and gullies. One of the finest stations on the whole path is at one of the wooden bridges. On the right hand, immediately above the spectator, but at a great height, the eye runs up a gully, and at length reaches a huge hole in the rocky ridge, through which the sky is plainly visible. In another direction there is a mighty pile of rock, which, by the illusion of distance, seems belted with spiral terraces, like another tower of Babel. When I had gained the neighbourhood of the castle I quitted the road for the sward that slopes gently up the nape of its peninsulated rock, and getting over the outer wall, climbed to the highest fragment of the crumbling ruin. I shall never forget the singularity and magnificence of the scene from that point. My position commanded views in three directions: first, there was the vale I had just travelled through; then, deep, deep beneath, there was a recess that appeared to be a common vestibule to several others that branched off among the hills; lastly, there was another vale, more broad and open than either, along which the collected streams from the glaciers find their way into the sunny Adriatic; and this last the route taken by the road to Venice. The castle of Potestagno, as the Italians term it, has been built on the extreme verge of a precipice at least one thousand feet high, a spur from the grand Alps. It stands at the angle of three radiating vales, and looks, like a wary warder, right down

that along which an enemy from the powerful south might be most probably expected. The new road down to this point has been several degrees removed from the perpendicular; in fact its gradient has been easy. But now it arrives at the edge of a steep step, and much circumspection is required to effect a safe descent. That done, by means of a bold curve, followed by some tourniquetting, it runs forward in a straight line from under the eye, until lost in the long-drawn valley. Lifting one's gaze from the vales to the towering peaks around them, we are struck with astonishment by the variety and strangeness of their shapes. Too grand to admit the feeling of grotesqueness, too fantastic to include a sense of the true sublime, they rise above the forests that clothe their feet in naked and inaccessible majesty, their white rocks exposed to the day, as if a thousand tempests had gathered their whole energies for a single stroke, and, by one explosion of their wrath, had stripped the mountains of their covering, as the lightning strips a tree of its bark.

I left my precarious standing-place with caution: I did not see exactly where a slip would terminate. Instead of rejoining the high road immediately, I made down a bank towards an old wooden foot-bridge visible from above. This bridge is placed across the stream flowing from the Pass, shortly before it reaches the precipice whereon the castle is planted. I found it so crazy an affair, that I had some doubts whether it would be prudent to place my foot upon it; but I crossed safely by a hurried movement, refraining from puzzling my eyes with the fearful gulf beneath. The path on the other side was narrow, much broken away, and required a steady head, as it conducted along the very brink of the ravine through which the stream wormed its way, at a dizzying depth below, to join the Borta. I was rewarded, however, by the splendid view of the castled rock which it presented, seen hence in distinct profile. Two women whom I met on the highway, in answer to my inquiry as to the distance of Cortina, said, '*Una ora.*' The first words of a new language always startle one; hitherto I had heard nothing but German, and these were the first words of Italian that saluted my ear. On referring to my map, I saw that the names of the hills and villages were all Italian, and my guide-book informed me that the valley I was now walking in—the Val Ampezzo—had belonged to the Venetians, until the Emperor Maximilian took it from them, and annexed it to the Tyrol. To my left was a massive wall of dolomite, of amazing height, rent in several spots from top to bottom. When this ended, I looked into a side vale, and with some chagrin perceived the mists creeping down it. Very soon they appeared over other heights, and began descending into the valley; but pushing forward to Cortina, I succeeded in reaching it before the rain commenced.

All through the Tyrol this had been the arrangement of rooms in the inns:—On one side of the entrance, and on the ground-floor, there was the guests' reception-room; and on the other side, or beyond, were the kitchens and private rooms of the house. Frequently the entrance was a wide passage, paved with stones, or flagged, into which carriages and carts were wheeled out of the wet. At Cortina there was a new order of things, and this, combined with my ignorance of Italian, occasioned me much perplexity. I walked into the principal inn, a large building, highly recommended in the guide-book, but searched in vain for anything like a room that I could sit down in. A servant girl came to me, and looked upon my wanderings apparently with some amusement; but as we could not understand one another, she threw no light upon the mystery, and I left the house with an indignation I have now reason to be ashamed of. Trudging farther into the village, I encountered the post-house, and concluded at once that it was also an inn, as post-houses usually are. Again I endeavoured to find on the ground-floor the guests' *salle à manger*; but, worse and worse, all the doors were locked. I applied my stick

pretty fiercely to one, and the noise caused a woman to descend from the upper part of the house; but being unable to make her comprehend what I wanted, I thought there would be no harm if I extended my search above stairs. There I stumbled into a room where there were papers and letters scattered about, giving the place an official look. A man was writing at a table. Doubtless, thought I, here I have got into the august presence of the post-master himself; and I began a short address of deprecation and request, beginning, 'Signor,' but could not muster another word; so I repeated 'signor.' The man of office came to my relief by speaking in German. But when I began to feel at my ease, and ordered some refreshment to be brought, I discovered I had made the old mistake of taking a private house for a caravansary. The man good-naturedly put on his hat and took me to an inn near at hand. By this time I had become acquainted with the fact, that the entertaining-rooms of the inns in this country were on the first floor, the lower rooms being appropriated to domestic uses. At the 'Star,' then, I proceeded at once up stairs, and soon had a savoury dinner before me. The rain descended in torrents, and forbade the execution of my plan, for this day at least, of proceeding across the hills into the Gader valley. There was no help for it but patience; and in the hope of the morrow proving propitious, I employed my thoughts upon the exceeding beauties of the path I had travelled over during the day. Broad enough to hold five carriages abreast, it wound its way amongst the hills, in spite of obstacles, with such easy inclinations, that the traveller requires no extra horses to pull his vehicle up the steepes, and need scarcely have his wheels locked once on the descents. True, the height of the Pass is much lower than most of the other roads across main ranges of Alps, for it does not leave behind the climate of pines: there are no tunnels, and little danger from avalanches, the cause of so much damage to the Stelvio and the Splügen; yet the Ampezzo Pass afforded me, with its extraordinary scenery, one of the most delightful rambles I ever remember to have taken.

When I awoke the following morning, the rain was falling in a calm business-like manner, as if it had made up its mind to go on for a month. It seemed quite clear that I must continue upon main roads, and not think of mountain by-paths. Two courses were open—either to pay a visit to Venice, about 110 miles distant, or to return the way I had come. Venice had great attractions, but my wardrobe was not fitted for the inspection of civilised eyes, being confined to the smallest possible compass, so as to be easily carried in a single knapsack. I gave up the idea of Venice with a sigh, and loitered about until after dinner; then, like a discomfited 'vagrom man,' I shouldered my pack, and marched with a rebellious mind towards the north. I ought to mention, as a specimen of the low charges of the Tyrol, that my bill at the 'Star' for two dinners, bed, breakfast, and three flasks of wine, amounted to half-a-crown! With the maid who waited upon me, the landlord's daughter, I was obliged to communicate by signs. She was attired in a peculiarly pleasing manner: her tight-fitting bodice, laced in front, and little cloth cap with a long tassel, gave her so picturesque and classic an appearance, that I lamented her nose was slightly, though very slightly, *retroussé*, instead of the Grecian form; and I lamented still more that I could not learn from her whether she had ever left her native valley, or where she had studied the æsthetics of dress. As I said before, I re-took the road I had traversed the preceding day. Stretching a black waterproof cape over my shoulders, to the intense amusement of some little boys congregated under a gateway, I pushed over the hills without stopping, until I reached my night quarters in the Puster valley. All the beauty of the Pass was blotted out by low drooping mists. I hurried on, mortified by my total defeat. The evening had closed in by the time I reached Niederdorf. After a twenty miles' walk, I felt much tempted to put up again at

my former lodging; and in truth it was hard work leaving the lights of the village for three additional miles of darkness; but I had fixed on Welsberg for a resting-place.

AKKATOOK, THE ESQUIMAUX BOY.

THE whalers of the port of Kirkcaldy, which make an annual visit to the stormy, ice-bound shores of Davis' Straits, have often gratified us with live specimens of bears, wolves, foxes, and such-like members of the inferior creation; but last autumn they presented us with an importation of a different kind, being nothing less than a fine Esquimaux boy, named Akkatook. His father is, or rather was, chief of one of the small tribes who contrive to pick up a miserable subsistence on the western shores of these Straits, and hold occasional intercourse with the vessels when they happen to approach the land. Yielding to the boy's curiosity, and influenced no doubt by their notions of the wonderful country from which the large ships and fine things come, his parents delivered him over to Captain Kinnear of the 'Caledonia,' with strict injunctions to take care of him, and under a solemn promise to bring him back next season. When received on board, the boy was covered with the grease and filth inseparable from the native habits; but under the hands of the sailors, he soon underwent a thorough renovation, and became a great and general favourite. At first, the new dietary was far from palatable, and he might be seen making slyly free with such pieces of blubber and drops of oil as came in his way; but he soon became perfectly reconciled to the change, and relished the delicacies of civilised cookery as much as any on board. His dress consisted of trousers, coat, hood, and boots, all of seal-skin, neatly sewed, and tastefully figured with threads and braid of sinew, the smooth glossy hair giving it a variegated and very beautiful appearance. The skirt of the coat was of one piece, and descended almost to his heels, making him look like a large monkey.

What were Akkatook's feelings when he arrived in this country it is difficult to conceive. A greater change than from the barren, treeless, houseless, snow-clad shores of Davis' Straits, to the towns, gardens, and fields of Scotland, cannot be imagined. It was literally a 'new earth' to him; everything wonderful, incomprehensible; yet he deported himself with marvellous propriety, and was scarcely less a wonder to us than the country must have been to him. Akkatook was thirteen years of age, and of low stature, with a broad round chest, short neck, and long, lank, glossy hair, black as the raven's wing; skin soft as velvet, of a hue between the negro and red Indian; the eye dark and lively; and his general expression highly agreeable. The forehead was rather low; but he was of quick apprehension, and his general abilities were good. I should say he was deficient in bone and muscle, and proportionally in strength, compared with our boys of his size and mould.

The best school for Akkatook was free and frequent intercourse with other boys. He necessarily wanted many of those elementary ideas which are acquired in childhood, and form the groundwork of all education. But it was deemed expedient to make some direct efforts for his improvement, and two gentlemen were selected for this purpose, of whom the writer was one. I confess I had previously no idea of the difficulties that had to be encountered. As my pupil's term was to be very short, I was anxious to teach him all I could; but his total ignorance of our language precluded all access to his mind except by signs. I resolved to reach his understanding in every possible way, and the expedients were sometimes amusing enough. After teaching him the letters, and exercising him in the more difficult sounds, I selected a spelling-book which abounds with the names of familiar objects, in order to accustom him to connect the sign with the thing signified. With a multitude of nouns I found no difficulty; he soon knew the

names of all the articles in the room, and of a great number of animals. The latter I explained by imitating the sound of the animal: thus the word *ox*, *moo, moo*; sheep, *may-ay*; dog, *bow-ow*; cock, *cock-akoo-hoo*, &c. an exercise in which he delighted and excelled. The meaning of verbs I endeavoured to explain by going through the action they express; but as may be supposed, words expressing quality and manner, adjectives and adverbs, caused the greatest difficulty. Akkatook was a shrewd observer, and displayed remarkable proficiency in the habits of native life. He knew the number of dogs belonging to every individual in his tribe, and most of their names. Nothing pleased him more than pictures of animals with which he had been acquainted in the far north. On showing one day specimens of the ptarmigan in its winter, spring, and summer plumage, he recognised it instantly; and lighting a bit of paper, pointed out the different altitudes of the sun, to show the season of each dress. A representation of the capture of a whale threw him into raptures, and he acted the part of the harpooner to the life. He was admirable at finding and following the trail of an animal; and with his bow and arrow, would pursue small birds for a whole day, along hedges, and through thorny brakes, with wonderful success. As an instance of his quick-sightedness: I had lost a small key in the dusk of the evening, and sent my own boys to find it; but in vain. Just as we had given up the search, Akkatook made his appearance. Taking another key from my pocket to show him what I wanted, he set out with the speed and keenness of a pointer; and beginning with a large circuit, he contracted it at each round, and in an incredibly short time placed the lost article in my hand. His natural disposition was exceedingly amiable, and his filial affection strong. One night as he sat musing and melancholy, looking into the fire, his kind hostess, who felt a truly maternal interest in his welfare, asked what was the matter; when laying his hand on his breast, and with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Apukia—Apukia!' which was his mother's name. His father had two wives, and it was remarked that he never mentioned the other. Thus in some traits at least, human nature is the same amid the polar snows as in the more congenial regions of the south.

The favour which Akkatook obtained, especially among the young, was as general as the interest he excited. Wo to the luckless urchin who would have dared maltreat him! At the tables of the wealthy, far and near, he was feasted and caressed. A kind invitation reached him from the Duke of Buccleuch; and it is almost needless to say he returned with substantial proofs of his Grace's kindness. The tact he displayed in conforming to our conventional rules of good-breeding was truly astonishing. The only habit he found it difficult to overcome, was that of going away at meals as soon as he was satisfied. The attractions of the window, or rather of the moving world in the street, he could not resist. On a fine day in early spring, a famous regatta was got up, in which our polar hero played a principal part. Troops of the curious lined the shore for upwards of a mile. Among a number of boats, all gaily decked out, might be seen his frail bark canoe, himself seated in the centre, in his native dress, having a single oar, double-bladed, and poised before him, with which he struck the water on each side alternately, and impelled it along with amazing speed, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

As the time for his departure drew near, presents poured in in great abundance and variety; some of which, by the way, were sufficiently remarkable, considering the country in which he was to live. It is worthy of notice, as a general rule, that the higher the station of the donors, the more appropriate were the gifts, thus evincing proportionate judgment and taste in the selection. He embarked in his old ship, the 'Caledonia,' whose officers tell us that his progress in English during the voyage was matter of general remark and surprise; and indeed it was evident, before

his departure from Kirkcaldy, that his mind was full, and just on the eve of bursting forth, like a bud in spring. But the voyage proved unfortunate; the good old 'Caledonia,' crushed between two floes of ice, became a total wreck, the sailors having just sufficient time to save their lives and a few articles of clothing. In this disaster nearly all his valuable presents were lost. After this he was transferred to the 'Chieftain,' and ultimately delivered to his kindred, with one or two fowling-pieces saved from the wreck, and an ample supply of ammunition from the ship's stores. His father, Makkarook, had died during his absence.

Thus ended the visit of Akkatook, of which different opinions will be entertained. Some will doubt the propriety of bringing him to this country at all, especially when his stay was to be so short and unproductive; and we fear that prudent benevolence will pronounce against it, as preparing him for discomforts and dissatisfactions which otherwise he had never known; but there can be little doubt that the partial training in civilised habits which he enjoyed amongst us, and the smattering of our language which he was able to pick up, will prove advantageous as respects his own people and their intercourse with whalers. His safe return will alone be useful as an instance of the integrity of the English in keeping their promise. What was effected for Akkatook's education may be said to demonstrate the improbability of the Esquimaux, and how much could be done for them by a repetition of such visits as that now described. The only subject for regret is, that Akkatook's stay in Scotland was so short. Had he remained for a few years, he might have been rendered available as a missionary of arts and religion to his tribe—one of that noble band who, in different parts of the world, are toiling in the cause of humanity and mercy.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

THE attention recently excited towards the Indian Archipelago, is owing to peculiar circumstances—at least so far as the body of the public is concerned—more of a romantic than practical nature. Perhaps a brief sketch of the trade, resources, and business prospects of that great island country, may be considered an acceptable contribution to the general stock of knowledge on the subject, and one likely to strengthen, and turn to useful account, the impressions left by more popular and exciting details.

The Archipelago covers an area of between five and six million statute miles, including land and water; and lies directly in the ocean route between the eastern nations from the Arabian Sea to the Sea of Japan, and midway between this route and the Australian continent. By sailing vessels, its eastern extremity is only three days from China, and its western only three weeks from Arabia. On the west it is entered by the Straits of Malacca, between the Malay peninsula (dotted with the British settlements of Penang, Malacca, and Singapore) and the island of Sumatra; and the Straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java. On the east there are various wide passages or channels, taking their names from the great islands of Luzon, New Guinea, &c. On the south the inlets are narrow and intricate; and on the north and north-west spreads the continent of Asia. The whole of the Archipelago is comprehended within the tropics, the equinoctial line running through the centre of the region.

Such is the geographical position of a country which would appear from its site and other natural advantages to be destined for the seat of a great commercial empire. 'Their boats and canoes,' says Crawford, 'are to the Indian islanders what the camel, the horse, and the ox are to the wandering Arab and the Tartar; and the sea is to them what the desert and the steppes are to the latter;' and a more recent writer remarks, that 'the seemingly permanent dominion founded there by the mean and huckster-like policy of the Dutch, will ere

long be eclipsed by the energy of some other maritime nations of the west of more large and generous views; and the Indian mariners will become merchants instead of pirates; and instead of creeping within the circle of their thousand isles, their flag will be seen in the farthest emporium of the Asiatic and Australian continents.' It is supposed by some that these groups in the aggregate—known to the Arabs under the name of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and said by Marco Polo to comprise 7448 isles—contain a population of nearly forty millions, though the estimate of recent Dutch authorities falls considerably short of half that amount. Even taking the lowest estimate, however, the country must be considered of high importance; and indeed, though comparatively little has been done either to extend the consumption of our own goods, or to stimulate the natives to develop the resources of their several countries, a pretty considerable trade is actually carried on with articles produced in Great Britain, or in the British colonies and dependencies, though not immediately by our own countrymen. We have hitherto contented ourselves, however, with establishing at Singapore a mart, where inexhaustible supplies might be obtained, and have left it to the native merchants to distribute our commodities according to their own means and inclinations. The chief persons engaged in this traffic are the Bugis, natives of Celebes, who, ever since their first appearance in history, have been famous for their daring and industry. Being almost wholly given up to maritime pursuits, they possess numerous prahus, or small vessels, in which they fearlessly traverse the seas, and brave the worst system of piracy that, to all appearance, ever followed in the wake of commerce. These prahus will carry cargoes varying in value from ten to forty thousand Spanish dollars; and as the Bugis are believed to possess several hundreds of such craft, some idea may be formed of the extent of their mercantile operations.

Formerly, the native merchants resorted to Batavia for their annual supply of European goods; but since the establishment of Singapore in 1819, they have very much preferred dealing with the English, chiefly, perhaps, on account of the freedom of our port and the reasonableness of our prices. This circumstance, however, has excited much jealousy and ill-will among the Dutch, who, having in vain endeavoured to allure them back to Batavia, Samarang, and Somabaya in Java, have recently conferred the privilege of a free port on Macassar in Celebes, in the hope of at least sharing the commercial advantages for many years possessed almost exclusively by the English. But there appears to be something like caprice in the course taken at different times by commerce. The Bugis, having once forsaken the Dutch markets, are unwilling to revert to them, so that hitherto little progress has been made towards turning the trade of the Archipelago into its ancient channels. Besides, the new settlement on Labuan will now confer on us additional influence, and greatly facilitate the commercial speculations of our countrymen.

The Bugis, in numbers varying greatly in different years, taking advantage of the easterly monsoon, usually set sail for Singapore about the month of September. On their arrival, understanding the value of time, they diligently apply themselves, by barter or otherwise, to the purchase of a suitable cargo, consisting of bright-coloured cottons, firearms, gunpowder, cutlery, arrack, and opium. It has been remarked that the natives of Celebes themselves prefer their own cotton fabrics, which are much stronger than ours, and of more showy and brilliant patterns; but elsewhere throughout the Archipelago, British goods are much coveted, partly for their cheapness, but partly also for their lightness and elegance. Our manufacturers, however, should be reminded, that if we desire to maintain our hold on that rapidly-growing market, we must be careful to employ bright and fast colours, as the natives are at first taken by show, but must be retained by the excellence of the articles we supply them.

Having completed their cargoes, the Bugis sail eastward, distributing, as they advance, the produce of our looms and forges, and other forms of industry, among the innumerable islands of the Archipelago, receiving in exchange the gold, diamonds, and camphor of Kalamantan or Borneo, the rice of Bali, the eggs and poultry of Sanbock, the coarse sugars of Sumbawa, and the edible birds'-nests, trepang-pearls, tortoise-shell, ebony, nutmegs, cloves, and other spices of the Arru islands and New Guinea.

On almost every one of the articles just enumerated a paper full of interest might be written. The trepang fishery, for example, which depends chiefly for its existence on the peculiar luxury of the Chinese, would supply numerous striking pictures illustrating the manners and character of tribes in various stages of civilisation; so likewise would the occupation of searching for the edible birds'-nests, exposed as it is to innumerable dangers on those wild and desolate coasts, where the sea-swallow delights to build. The same remark will apply to the working of the gold and diamond mines among the mountains in the interior of Borneo, by reckless Chinese adventurers, who exhibit the ingenuity and daring of smugglers in the arts to which they have recourse for defrauding the several chiefs and governments under whose protection they labour; the collection of the camphor gum in remote and unfrequented forests; the cultivation of the spice-trees in the Moluccas; the preparation and pearling of sago, with the great improvements constantly introduced into these processes.

When they have made the circuit of the Archipelago, and reached the Arru group, the Bugis, and other native traders, make directly for the village of Dobbo, erected on a spot of sand projecting northward from the coast of Wama. During the rest of the year, this village, like Berbera, on the eastern coast of Africa, is totally uninhabited. In fact the merchants and traders no sooner depart, than the islanders set fire to the houses which had been erected for their accommodation, in order to be next year employed in building new ones. Immediately, however, on the appearance of the first prahu in the offing, the Arrafuras of Wama flock towards Dobbo, bearing along with them beams and rafters, with an abundance of *atap*, or palm-leaves, for the thatching of the newly-constructed dwellings. Where there was before the most complete solitude, there is now the greatest bustle. Merchants and mariners throng the beach; the prahus are drawn ashore, and protected from the weather by sheds; houses are run up as if by magic; and the goods of the seafarers having been deposited in them, are defended by the guns of their vessels, which are ranged round the habitations, loaded, and ready for use. Five or six thousand strangers often find themselves thus suddenly encamped together, collected from the four winds, for the purpose of selling on that remote outpost of Asia the cottons of Manchester and Glasgow to the crisp-haired blacks of Polynesia.

Nearly all the inhabitants of this suddenly-created emporium are foreigners, who dislike the presence of the natives among them, either because they are addicted to pilfering, or for other reasons found good in trade. The vessels which are too large to be drawn up on the beach, cast anchor on the eastern or western side of the sandpit, according to the monsoon which happens to be blowing. As the season for holding this great mart or fair is universally known, the dwellers in all the surrounding islands come in their prahus to Dobbo, to exchange their produce for the European manufactures. Thither comes the coal-black Papuan, in his long grotesque prahu, containing all his worldly wealth, together with his wife and children, who inhabit two or three huts erected in the after-part of the vessel, and thatched, like everything else in those parts, with *atap*. A railing runs round the prahu, to prevent the little ones from tumbling overboard. Thither also come the natives of Amboyna and Banda, of Timor and

Kissa, of Gilolo and Oram, and of the Ky and Tenimber groups, each in his own characteristic costume, and prahu of peculiar construction.

Over the whole of this motley assemblage the Bugis exercise the greatest influence, from the energy and fierceness of their characters, their knowledge of the world, and habits of command. The love of gain is their ruling passion, while the natives of the more easterly groups appear to value nothing so highly as the enjoyment of ease. For this reason, the bold merchants of the west, placing no reliance on their enterprise, hire and equip, immediately on their arrival, numerous small prahus adapted to the navigation of the neighbouring seas, and send them forth in all directions in search of such articles as happen to be in most request, taking advantage of that season of calm and beautiful weather which occurs between the monsoons. From the various isles and islets of the Arru group they obtain pearls, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, trepang, and birds of paradise. These birds are shot with arrows by the natives, who, having disembowelled them, wrap them in a thin leaf, and hang them up to dry in the smoke of their fires, after which they are fit for exportation.

Along the coasts of New Guinea, familiar to those eastern navigators, though not to us, the Bugis and their agents collect tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, birds of paradise, ebony, ambergris, nutmegs, cloves, massay bark, rosamala, and odoriferous wood, and *kayu-bakn*—a wood much prized for cabinet-work. On the extent of the resources of Papua it may be rash to hazard an opinion, because by far the greater part of the island remains hitherto unexplored. We venture, nevertheless, to anticipate, that when Captain Stanley shall have surveyed the coasts, and examined the banks of the great rivers, it will be found that no island in the eastern seas is richer, or more deserving of attention. A large proportion of the slaves scattered through the eastern parts of the Indian Archipelago are thence obtained, and it likewise supplies the native navigators, who frequent it, with immense quantities of provisions. Its timber, like that of the Arru islands, is of the most magnificent description, particularly adapted for ship-building; and we may, without a figure of speech, pronounce its forests to be inexhaustible.

When the smaller prahus have obtained cargoes, they return to Dobbo, where, on the approach of the easterly monsoon, preparations are made for sailing once more towards the setting sun. One feature observable in the aspect of this fair world greatly offends the eye of a European—we mean the number of slaves, particularly women and children, kidnapped from the most distant isles, and assembled here to be speedily afterwards dispersed in servitude. On this subject a great difference of opinion exists between English and Dutch writers; the latter contending that slavery in the Archipelago is not accompanied by so many evils as elsewhere, while the former maintain that the atrocities of the system nowhere display themselves in a manner more shocking to humanity. All the disclosures which have come to our knowledge, incline us to take the latter view of the question. But we shall not now enlarge on this unpleasant topic; though it may be permitted us to remark by the way, that a considerable proportion of the slaves are disposed of in the Moluccas, and other possessions of the Dutch.

The traders by this time have exhausted their stock of European goods, and chiefly employ themselves in disposing of their captives, for whom they receive in exchange the commodities of the several isles. But their iniquitous proceedings are not carried on in complete tranquillity. As soon as they have passed the longitude of the Moluccas, a danger is to be looked out for which they dread far more than typhoons or tornados—we mean those cruel and daring pirates, who, under a variety of appellations—Sulus, Illanuns, Jakkarans, and Sea-Dyaks—diffuse terror and desolation through the whole western division of the Archipelago.

Formerly, the chief strongholds of this abandoned race were to be found in Borneo, and more especially in the sultanate of Borneo Proper, or Bruni; but since the operations of the Dido, and of the squadron under Sir Thomas Cochrane, they have betaken themselves to their old haunts in the Sulus and Mindanaos.

In spite, however, of all obstructions, a majority of the native traders find, ultimately, their way to Singapore, where they dispose of their cargoes at a profit for the most part of two hundred per cent. The imports into Singapore in this way are rattans, birds'-nests, bees'-wax, tortoise-shell, gold dust and diamonds, trepang, pearl and raw sago, camphor, rice and paddy, mother-of-pearl shells, garro and lakha woods, paper, seaweed, mats, ebony, and antimony ore. These are from Borneo. From Manilla we have hemp and ropes, cigars, sugar, tea, and sapan wood. From Celebes, sarongs (cottons) of their own manufacture, in addition to the chief productions of Borneo, which last are likewise brought to us from the other islands to the eastward and southward. From Sumatra, Java, and various other places, come bees'-wax, betel nut, coffee, cotton, raw sago, gold dust, copper, tin, rice, and spices. In return for these articles, we distribute opium, iron, British cotton goods, China cotton goods, China crockery, raw silk, and spice.

Before the rise of Singapore into importance, a considerable trade was carried on between the Archipelago and China, which is now merely confined to the few goods brought by Chinese emigrants. In like manner, the influence of the Anglo-Indians has nearly destroyed a commerce carried on with the Talingas of south-western India; while that with the Arabs was greatly injured by the discovery of a route to India by the Cape. The intercourse with Bengal and the Coromandel coast is merely confined to the interchange of opium and cotton goods for gold, tin, and pepper. Attempts have, within the last few years, been made by the Americans, French, and Dutch, to share in the advantages of this trade; but hitherto without much success: not that the field is incapable of being enlarged, and rendered more productive, but that the adventurers have gone injudiciously to work, partly through ignorance, and partly through their reckless and expensive habits. The native traders live in the most frugal manner, often taking along with them in their prahus nothing more than a little rice and sago, with the requisite seasoning; trusting for the rest to the fish, which may everywhere in the Archipelago be found in inexhaustible abundance, and taken with the greatest facility. Nowhere in the world is fish so plentiful, or so varied and excellent, as among the Twelve Thousand Islands, where whole races of men might derive their entire subsistence from the sea alone. The example has been set by that strange race of men the Bajas, or sea-gipsies, with whose history, character, and manners, Europeans are so little acquainted. However, as our commercial relations with that part of Asia are multiplied, our knowledge of the inhabitants will naturally increase, though the history of the world furnishes several examples of long-continued intercourse between distant countries, while each remained almost wholly ignorant of the other.

TEACHING HISTORY.

'WHILE in the country,' says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 'on a visit for some days at the house of a lady who devoted herself to the education of her children, I happened one morning to be present when the tutor was giving a lesson in history to her eldest son. My attention was particularly attracted at the moment that he was relating to him the anecdote of Alexander of Macedon and his physician Philip. He told of Alexander being sick, and receiving a letter warning him that it was the intention of Philip to administer poison in the guise of medicine. The really honest, faithful physician approaches the monarch's couch with the heal-

ing draught. Alexander puts the warning into his hands, and even while Philip reads, the king drains the cup. When the tutor had ended his recital, he launched forth into warm eulogiums of the courage and intrepidity of Alexander. Though not at all pleased with his remarks, while sharing his enthusiasm, on different grounds, I yet avoided making any objection likely to depreciate him in the estimation of his pupil. At dinner, the boy did not fail to chatter away, his parents, as is usual with parents in France, allowing him to engross nearly the whole conversation. With the liveliness natural to his age, and encouraged by the certainty that he was giving his auditors pleasure, he uttered a thousand absurdities, not unmingled, however, with some happy traits of artlessness and good sense. At length he came upon the story of Philip, and told it admirably. The usual tribute of applause required by the mother's vanity having been paid, some discussion arose upon what had just been narrated. The majority blamed the rash imprudence of Alexander, while some, like the tutor, were loud in their praises of his firmness and courage; but amid the different opinions, I soon perceived that not one single person present had apprehended in what consisted the real nobleness of the action. "For my part," said I, "it seems to me that if there be the least courage in the action, it ought to be regarded as a mere piece of madness." Every one exclaimed at this; and I was about to answer rather warmly, when a lady seated beside me, who had hitherto been silent, bent towards me and whispered, "Save your breath, Jean-Jacques; they would not understand you." I looked at her for a moment, then convinced she was right, I remained silent. After dinner, suspecting, from several slight indications, that my young professor had not taken in a single idea from the anecdote he had told so well, I invited him to accompany me in a walk in the park; and there, availing myself of the opportunity to question him at my ease, I discovered that I was mistaken, and that his admiration of the so highly-lauded courage of Alexander was genuine, and far exceeded that of any one else. But in what do you think he conceived the courage to consist? Simply in the fact of his having swallowed a nauseous draught at one gulp, without the slightest hesitation, or a single wry face! The poor boy, who, to his infinite pain and grief, had been made to take medicine about a fortnight before, had the taste of it still in his mouth, and the only poison of which he had any idea was a dose of senna. However, it must be owned that the firmness of the hero had made a great impression upon his young mind, and he had inwardly resolved that the next time he had to take medicine, he, too, would be an Alexander. Without entering into any explanations, which might have served rather to darken than enlighten his mind, I confirmed him in his laudable resolutions; and I returned to the house, laughing internally at the wisdom of parents and tutors, who flatter themselves that they have been teaching children history. It may be that some of my readers, not satisfied with the "Save your breath, Jean-Jacques," are now asking what it is, then, that I find to admire so much in this action of Alexander? Unhappy dolts! if you must needs be told, how can you understand when told? I admire Alexander's faith in the existence of human virtue, a faith upon which he staked his very life. Was there ever a more noble profession of this faith—a more sublime instance of generous, implicit trust in another, than this potion drained at one draught?

A VETERAN.

THE following communication respecting an unfortunate veteran has lately been received by us, and is submitted to the consideration of our readers:—

'GLASSGOW, February 9, 1848.

GENTLEMEN—I beg to bring the following case under your notice. The subject of it is an old naval veteran, whom I found on going into one of the cottages on an

estate in the vicinity of Glasgow, of which I have lately had the management intrusted to me. His name is George Robinson, and he will be eighty-five years old next July, while his wife is only three years younger. How they manage to exist I cannot comprehend, except it be through the kindness of individuals in the neighbourhood. I have never heard a word of complaint from them, and they are generally the first to pay their small mite of rent of any of the tenants on the property, although they must have great difficulty in scraping it together, having no income, except the produce of a small patch of potatoes, which George cultivates in a sort of a way; but having fallen off the roof of his cottage when repairing the thatch two or three years ago, and broken his left arm, which he thinks had not been properly set, he is not able to do much. Could a trifle be got for them, I am sure it would be most gratefully received. The proprietor of the estate, much to his honour, generously agreed to remit the amount of their rent for the remainder of their lives, and placed five pounds at my disposal for their use, on my bringing their case before him. The following is George's history, in his own words:—

"I was born in the month of July 1763, in the town of Stirling; was sent to learn the weaving business at Latham, in the carse of Bothkenner, between Falkirk and the village of Airth, when I was ten years of age, where I continued for four years, and then went to Paisley to follow the silk gauze weaving. I left Paisley in the year 1793, in consequence of a great depression of trade, and set out for Manchester: having got as far as on the way as Carlisle, I found my funds would not suffice to carry me to Manchester, I turned accordingly to Maryport, and entered the tender lying there. After remaining about eight days, was sent to Liverpool; and after a sojourn at that port of about six weeks, was sent off to Plymouth, and drafted into the *Theseus*, a seventy-four gun ship, Captain Calder, in which vessel I spent the first year, cruising in the Channel. Next year was sent out to the West Indies, and remained there for eighteen months. From the West Indies I returned in the *Theseus* to Quiberon Bay, on the coast of France, and lay there all winter. In the spring, we got orders to pursue the French admiral. We followed him as far as the Canaries, then lost him, and came back to Cadiz, where, having discovered that our mainmast was crippled, our vessel was sent to Plymouth to refit, where Captain Calder died. After refitting, set sail again for Cadiz with stores for the fleet; when lying there, two Spanish frigates hove in sight, making for Cadiz, and pursued by two English frigates, to which they very soon struck.

"After lying some time at Cadiz, we got orders to capture a Spanish galleon from South America, loaded with bullion, which we expected to fall in with at the island of Tenerife. While at this island, we were landed to attack and destroy the town (Vera Cruz), but had to abandon the attempt for want of the necessary provision having been made for victualling the troops. It was afterwards resolved by the commander, Lord Nelson, to attack the fortification next night from the gun-boats. I was drafted into one of them, called the *Fox* cutter, having sixteen sweeps. We left the ship about midnight, and were running right in shore, when a tremendous fire was opened from the Spanish batteries. When abreast of the fort, a shot went right through our boat, which immediately began to fill. The officer in command ordered the sweeps to be put out, and the cutter run out to deep water. On examination, the pump was found choked; and as a last resource, I was ordered to cut the jaw-rope and topping-lift with my tomahawk, for the purpose of easing the cutter; but seeing her rapidly filling, and that she would soon go down, every one endeavoured to save himself the best way he could. I stripped off my clothes, except the shirt and napkin, and jumped into the sea among the sinking and drowning sailors, one of whom got hold of me, and down we both went; but having let go his hold, I rose to the surface again, and swam out from the wreck through the clearest place I could find. I continued to swim and make for the land so long as I had strength; but having become completely exhausted, I turned myself on my back, fully expecting that my glass was now surely run, and repeated a verse from a well-remembered psalm. While doing so, I heard the sound of voices approaching, which turned out to be one of our own boat's crew that was sent to pick up any of the survivors who might be found floating on the fragments of the wreck. When the boat's crew discovered

what it was they had found, one of them declared they would not save any more, as the boat was already too full: but one of my messmates thinking he knew my voice, cried, 'Is that you, George?' 'Indeed,' said I, 'it is;' and they immediately drew me to them with a boat-hook, and I was taken into the boat: it was during this night's attack that Lord Nelson lost his arm.

"After this engagement, we sailed back to Cadiz, Captain Montgomery having been in charge of the *Theseus* since Captain Calder's death. After lying there for about six months, we sailed to Toulon, and from Toulon, through the Straits of Messina, to Malta; sailed again from this port to Alexandria, in Egypt, in search of the French fleet; but not finding them there, returned to Syracuse to take in wood and water; and sailed from thence to Aboukir Bay, where we found the French fleet lying at anchor. We had our share of the battle that was fought there: the first French ship that struck was the antagonist of the *Theseus*, now commanded by Captain Miller. After the battle, we sailed to Lisbon with the prizes, took in stores, and returned to Aboukir.

"From Aboukir I was sent to Acre, and drafted into a gun-boat, forming part of the squadron which was to attack this strong fortress. We were ordered in this gun-boat to take up a position opposite Acre; but the wind shifting, we could not double Cape Carmel, and had to anchor for the night. Next morning, about eight o'clock, our lieutenant spied some vessels in the distance, which he supposed to be Frenchmen; orders us to put the helm hard up, and out with studding-sails, in the hope of escaping, as the French fleet was coming fast up. I was sitting on the end of the mainyard of the gun-boat, when a shot from one of the French vessels cut our yard brace through, and the yard swung round; we then struck, and were made prisoners, and drafted among the gun-boats belonging to the French fleet. The French were very desirous to learn from us what English frigates were at Acre; and on inquiry, some of our men told them there were a number of corn ships there, although they knew that the Tiger man-of-war was lying there. Next day, on the Tiger making her appearance, the French commander called me, as being the most sober of the prisoners, and asked what ship that was; and on my telling him, he turned coolly round and said, 'They prisoners to-day, we prisoners to-morrow;' which soon took place, as we were all recaptured, and our French captors made prisoners. After fourteen months spent at Acre, came home to Spithead, and the following spring was drafted into a forty-four gun-store ship at Woolwich, and sailed out to Egypt with stores; from thence we sailed back to Malta, and arrived there the same day that the corpse of Sir Ralph Abercromby came from Egypt. After spending two years about Malta, and various places in the Mediterranean, came home, and was discharged at Deptford; and from thence I made my way back to Paisley in the year 1802, having been nine years at sea. I lived in Paisley till the year 1822, when I came to Springburn, my present residence, where I have resided constantly since. I had four of a family, two of whom are dead. I have one son, a weaver, living in Glasgow, and another son, who went out to America; but not having heard from him for thirty years, I suppose he must be dead."

"Such is the substance of the poor old veteran's narration. If a condensed notice of it could be made in your widely-circulated Journal, it might be the means of drawing a little assistance to the old couple, who cannot now have many years to live; and I shall be glad to administer such aid in any way that may be deemed most conducive to their comfort. And, apologising for the liberty I have taken, I am, &c.

THOMAS M'GUFFIE."

Mr M'Guffie's address is 125 Montrose Street, Glasgow, and communications may be addressed to him by parties interested in the veteran, whose eventful and ill-starred life he has taken the trouble to record.

SNAIL GARDENS.

ON this curious subject the following paper has been translated for us from the 'Leipsic Illustrated Newspaper':—

In Vorarlberg, the collecting and rearing of the large garden snails, which are so injurious to vegetation, forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry, and amounts even to no inconsiderable trade. Whole cargoes of these snails

are sent from Arlberg to the South Tyrol, where they are consumed as dainties. The mode of procedure in collecting and feeding them is as follows:—In various parts of Vorarlberg, from the beginning of June till the middle of August, the snails, which, as is well known, seek their nourishment at this season in damp places, and creep about gardens, hedges, coppices, and woods, are collected by boys and girls, and carried to the feeding-places, which are commonly in the neighbourhood of the dwellings of the owners. These snail gardens have usually an extent of from one to three hundred square fathoms of dry garden ground, are quite divested of trees and shrubs, and are surrounded on all sides by a stream of running water. The stream, at its exit, is made to pass through a wooden grating, in order to prevent such of the snails as happen to fall into the water from being washed away. The grating is examined once or twice a-day, generally morning and evening, and the snails found there are replaced in the interior of the garden; this is necessary, as they would otherwise collect into too large quantities, and would become weak and sickly by remaining long in the water. In the interior of the garden, little heaps of pine twigs, generally of the mountain pine, mixed loosely with wood moss, are placed on every two or three square fathoms, for the purpose of protecting the snails from cold, and especially from the scorching rays of the sun. When the pine twigs become dry, and lose their leaves, they are replaced by fresh ones.

Every day, and particularly in damp weather, the snails are fed with the kinds of grass found most suitable for them, and with cabbage leaves. In harvest, at the return of cold weather, they go under cover—that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs, and bury themselves, if the ground under these has been previously dried, two or three inches below the surface, and there they *seal themselves up* for the winter: when this is completely accomplished, they are collected, packed in suitably perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off.

Careful foddering, and a good harvest season, are essential to the thriving of the snails; and even in spite of this a great many are lost. Wood snails are larger and more savoury, but are more subject to casualties. In each garden there are generally fed from 15,000 to 40,000, and these are sold at about three florins per 1000. This manner of making use of the snails is of double advantage—freeing, on the one hand, fields and gardens from burdensome guests; and affording, on the other, to those so employing themselves, a considerable source of profit.

RUSSIAN GOLD MINES.

During the ten years ending with 1846, the total quantity of fine gold produced in the dominions of the Emperor of Russia was 8,387·96 poods, or 368,063·69 British pounds troy, the value of which, at the rate of 113·001 grains troy weight per pound sterling, will be L.18,761,310. In 1837, the quantity produced was 402·68 poods, or 17,669·60 British pounds troy, the value of which is L.900,673. In 1838, the quantity was 448·93 poods, or 19,699·06 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,004,120. In 1839, the quantity was 448·61 poods, or 19,685·00 pounds troy, and of the value of L.1,003,403. In 1840, it amounted to 498·52 poods, or 21,875·06 pounds troy, of the value of L.1,115,037. In 1841, the quantity was 588·66 poods, or 25,830·40 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,316,653. In 1842, the quantity was 826·53 poods, or 36,270·33 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,948,808. In 1843, the quantity amounted to 1,178·25 poods, or 51,781·61 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,635,386. In 1844, the quantity was 1,220·84 poods, or 53,570·46 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,730,647. In 1845, the produce was 1,248·34 poods, or 4,777·16 pounds troy, of the value of L.2,792,156. In 1846, the quantity produced amounted to 1,586·55 poods, or 66,985·01 pounds troy, and of the value of L.3,414,427. The above return comprises the whole produce both of the public and private mines. The Russian government levy a duty of from 12 to 24 per cent. on the produce of the private mines; the rate being subject to no rule, but varying according to localities and other circumstances. During the ten years ending with 1846, the return of produce shows—first, that there has been scarcely any difference in the supply from the Oural Mountains; secondly, that the produce of Siberia has increased more than tenfold; and thirdly, that there has been an augmentation of nearly four to one in the total annual supply. It is said that new mines have been discovered in the Oural; and the fact of

an imperial ukase having lately forbidden the sale of public estates in the region of the auriferous sands of Siberia, justifies the inference that the government have made successful surveys in that direction, and anticipate a further profitable development of the gold-washings which have been so fruitful during the last four years. Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to expect an increase of supply, of which, however, it is quite impossible to estimate either the proportion or the continuance—*From a Statement drawn up by Sir E. Baynes, English consul in Russia.*

THE FOOL'S SONG.

[From '*Der Templer und die Judin*' ('The Templar and the Jewess') of W. A. Wohlbrück.]

It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
'Tis the word of a fool! but the word it is true;
And if you be wise, you will think so too.
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
This sighing, and moaning, and raging, and raving,
But adds pain to pain, and new griefs to your grieving.
Oh! shake not and shrink not in ill—look above!
Time changes and changes wherever you rove.
Oh! shake not and shrink not in ill—look above!
Time changes and changes wherever you rove.
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
'Tis the word of a fool! but the word it is true;
And if you be wise, you will think so too.
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
And why should you sink in a fit of despair,
Because luck for a moment has planted you there?
Or why thus complain that the night is so black,
When the next morning's sun will bring sunshine back?
Or why thus complain that the night is so black,
When the next morning's sun will bring sunshine back?
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
'Tis the word of a fool! but the word it is true;
And if you be wise, you will think so too.

M. S. J.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

OF the new edition of this work lately commenced, four monthly parts, embracing sixteen weekly numbers, have now been issued, and the remainder are in course of publication. The present edition, improved in typography and general appearance, may be described as almost a new work—such is the extent of the alterations which it has been deemed necessary to make, in order to include the later discoveries in science and the arts, and also the freshest information on subjects of general knowledge.

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- Part 2. Vegetable Physiology—Systematic Botany—Animal Physiology.
- Part 3. Zoology—a comprehensive treatise, in four numbers.
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PAY AND DECORATIONS.

GIL BLAS tells us that Don Hannibal de Chinchilla, after trying for years in vain to get some consideration for his warlike services, in the course of which he had been reduced to a very fragmentary state, was like to go mad when a poet was gratified with a present of five hundred ducats for an ode on the birth of an Infanta. In sober reality, in our own time, we have seen a painter of undoubted merit pass into a fatal insanity on seeing the exhibition of his pictures neglected, while unreckonable wealth was poured upon one whose sole merit consisted in his being about two-fifths of the ordinary stature of mankind. These are types of a whole host of cases. Literature, history, and common conversation are full of the disproportion of dignity and reward to desert. It is a system, after all, not without some redeeming traits; but on the whole, the unsoundness and injustice are its prominent features.

Among authors, who are the honoured and the rewarded?—not the writers of laborious instructive works, not the profound students who develop new and beneficent ideas for the regeneration of society, not even the bards who exegitate that which is to purge the soul with pity and terror unto all time. Well off are these if they escape persecution and starvation. The coin and cheers of mankind are reserved, in great measure, for those who merely amuse their passing hours. The lighter, the more superficial and evanescent the literature, the better the remuneration; the more certain the ovation. Even in the division of results, the immediate bit of bread is usually the author's share, while in the event of the speculation being successful, there is reserved for the bookseller the felicity of battening on the long-drawn copyright:

'The court awards it, and the law doth give it.'

Perhaps this is an extreme way of stating the case; but undoubtedly the temptations presented to the man of letters are not to great, but to trivial works, and the book tradesman has ten chances of thriving for one within the hope of the mind-devoting author.

Mankind have a perfect sense of the absurdities involved in such anomalies, but they seem helpless to remedy them. Since ever we can remember, the small gains of teachers, as contrasted with the immense utility of the men to society, have been heartily and universally acknowledged. It has been a case like that of Dolph Heyliger's mother, for whom people always said that something ought to be done, but yet never did anything. The point of credit and dignity seems to be in as sad a state. All admit that the teacher should be held in honour; but nobody ever acts on the idea. There is an inveterate tendency to look on schooling as something necessarily connected with

charity (nobody ever scruples to beg for a school), and the poor pedagogue suffers by the association. Snubbed by the parson, *patronised* by the squire and his daughters, interfered with at every turn by both papas and mammas, who would be a schoolmaster that could be anything else? But is the schoolmaster the only sufferer by this anomaly? Not likely.

The public is tenderer towards the armed force of the country, perhaps from the sympathy we naturally feel for those who expose themselves to danger. Yet here, too, there are anomalies. Our partiality goes all in the form of empty honour; in point of pay, the ease of the soldier is not greatly different from that of the teacher. Perhaps the case is all the worse of the honour, since it unavoidably leads to falsity of position. If not endowed with independent means, there must always be an unpleasant contrast between the external pretensions of the poor officer and his actual circumstances! View him in the management of his little income. Study his 'lady,' if he unfortunately has one. The army, we suspect, is only sustained by an endless series of individual delusions, concluding in disappointment. Always looked forward to as a position of distinction; always found, in reality, a routine of meaningless duties and a struggle with sordid circumstances; terminating at the best in something only a little above penury. Grant that money ought not to be an exclusive object, the poor officer cannot help contrasting his own life with that of his prosperous mercantile brother, whose spendings throw ridicule on his own empty purse, and whose ultimate fortune makes half-pay sound like a byword and a reproach. It would be better to have humbler ideas as to a red coat at starting—to know that the brilliancy of a military career means guarding carts of corn to the mill or the port in Ireland, serving as an armed police over refractory operatives at Birmingham, and becoming constables to protect New Zealand settlers from the unruly natives. Were it regarded as simply a position of usefulness, like that of the professional man or tradesman, it would call forth a different class of minds; and there is no reason to suppose that these would be less fitted for the purpose.

It is one of the good traits of the system that the productively useful, as a class, and as against the classes which are not productively useful, are, when they confine themselves to practical objects, well rewarded. The world has never known such wealth as industry has within the last century brought to England. Even the landed aristocracy have derived their noted wealth, and consequently no small part of their importance, from the value which the industry of the country has conferred on land. This is so far gratifying. In the case of the individual, our sympathies will sometimes prevent us from seeing the matter clearly; but when the general case is presented, and we find that services

tending to a practical and positive good are more sure of high remuneration than services which merely gratify the violent passions of mankind, or at best remedy their consequences, we feel as if a great requirement in the fitness of things were yielded to, and a great law observed. Perhaps the triumphs of all occupations and professions could be shown as founded remotely in a principle of philanthropy—the thriving being in proportion to the good design kept in view with regard to the public, or the good actually effected towards the community. Thus a mass of manufacturers who should, by their ingenuity and industry, cause clothing to be twice as easily obtainable by the masses as it had formerly been, would have a good chance of exceeding all their competitors in prosperity. And such would relatively be the case with the practisers of a system of agriculture causing two blades to grow for one, and thus cheapening food. It is essential, however, to all such benefactors of their kind, that they see to their own special remunerations in a purely commercial spirit, and in accordance with commercial methods; for society has as yet no regular or consistent means of rewarding great benefactors of the disinterested species, and no one can doubt of it as a possible event, that a man who had devised the saving of annual thousands of lives, should yet be allowed to breathe out his own in hopeless penury. Bating this drawback, it is so far satisfactory that lines of vocation which clearly and directly contemplate the wellbeing of mankind, are those which it is safest and most profitable to have to do with.

It is, on the other hand, distressing to consider, that within the range of these productive and useful occupations, the success, in special cases, does not depend on the highest and noblest of human qualities, but partly on a group of faculties and feelings which are no more than secondary in the great scale of humanity, and partly, and perhaps in a superior degree, on mere good fortune. Many men of very noble qualities are undoubtedly engaged in industrial pursuits; but they would all acknowledge that, for the transaction of business, they have to place in abeyance both their best intellectual faculties and their loftiest moral aspirations, and call forth into exercise mere sharpness or cleverness, and consult acquisitiveness and love of approbation somewhat more than benevolence or justice. We have known many successful men who had the grace to acknowledge that it was even so. We have known others who had the manliness to admit how much they felt to be owing, in their case, to chance, even while the world gave them credit for an unusual display of the personal qualities which are most likely to promote prosperity. Such being the determining conditions, it is not to be presumed that the most successful are the most worthy, or the least successful the least worthy. The fact is, that all occupations call for a modification or adaptation of human nature for their own needs or duties. The requirements of mercantile life are something not perfect as to absolute human nature, but perfect as to mercantile life. There must be good, but not brilliant ability; enterprise, but not rashness; and so forth. Often, too, it must happen that the dullest qualities, exercised with quiet perseverance and caution, make in time that result which even more perfect mercantile character will forfeit by one false or unfortunate step. So, then, distribution may be faulty as to persons, even where it is most just as to classes.

There is even an inequality with respect to the different portions of one career. Commencements are usually attended by immense difficulties. The saving of the first sovereign costs a fearful struggle, not merely with appetite for expense, but with necessity. The first few years may be passed in the greatest prudence, but they only serve to overcome the general disposition to fear and suspect the untried. Afterwards, money almost saves itself, and character flourishes, although the primary brightness of virtue may have been dabbled a little in the muddy ways of the world. The might that lies, for the control of human destiny, in the first savings of

means, is an astounding consideration for modern men. For the warlike fame and force which made one master over others in the middle ages, there now comes the power of Capital, the command of the lockers and store-houses in which the food and raiment of mankind are accumulated. The possession of a key to these receptacles is what makes thousands fall under the will of one, helping him to store still more and more up in reserve, till his puissance attains a pitch almost fearful to look upon, by reason of the contrast it presents with regard to the laggard fortunes of those who daily spend the daily gain. How far the actual merit can be said to go hand in hand with the increased power, need scarcely become matter of discussion. The two things are notoriously independent of each other.

If absolute merit be little regarded in the distribution of pay, it is no better kept in view in the matter of honours. A man is more apt to fall at the feet of a dog which has saved his own life, than to pay homage to the greatest of sages, who never conferred on him any particular obligation. The army is here in luck; for we appreciate, as matter for approbation and honour the services of those who take risks in our behalf; and accordingly no small portion of the honours which the state can confer, is reserved for the military, while sages and gentlemen of the pen are left to obtain, if they can, distinctions wanting the government stamp. It were foolish to rail too violently at such things, since it must be a deep-seated tendency of human nature to be actuated more by its feelings—we might almost say its instincts—than its intelligence; and who is to arbitrate between a writer and his race? Let us live in hope, nevertheless, that something like a regulation of the impulsive by the reasonable will come in time, and that decorations, as well as pay, will be distributed more in accordance with justice towards real, though not immediately operative or significant merit.

GOSSE'S BIRDS OF JAMAICA.

THIS is the work of a minute and faithful observer of nature.* Mr Gosse appears to have studied the birds of Jamaica in their woodland homes; like Wilson, he has shot and described for himself; or at the most, he has only accepted the assistance of one or two enthusiastic resident naturalists of his own stamp. The result is a book composed wholly of original observation, and more readable and entertaining than books of natural history now generally are. Jamaica possesses, besides a moderate show of the swimming and wading birds, and a small group of the accipitres, a great variety of the perchers and climbers—comprising not merely the crows, starlings, thrushes, finches, and swallows, which are common with us, but sundry species of parrots, fly-catchers, honey-suckers, and humming-birds, which we only know as strangers, or from their appearance in museums. Regarding the last of these families, Mr Gosse presents a great deal of new information. He has discovered that, while devotedly fond of the juices of flowers, and will eagerly suck dissolved sugar, they look chiefly to minute insects for their sustenance.

The fine woods of the Bluefields range of mountains are a favourite haunt of the long-tailed humming-bird (*Trochilus polytmus*). To pursue our author's description, 'Not a tree, from the thickness of one's wrist up to the giant magnitude of the hoary figs and cotton trees, but is clothed with fantastic parasites: begonias with waxen flowers, and ferns with hirsute stems, climb up the trunks; enormous bromelias spring from the greater forks, and fringe the horizontal limbs; various orchideæ with matted roots and grotesque blossoms droop from every bough, and long lianes, like the cordage of a ship, depend from the loftiest branches, or stretch from tree to tree. Elegant tree-ferns, and towering palms are numerous; here and there the wild plantain or heliconia waves its long flag-

* The Birds of Jamaica. By Philip Henry Gosse; assisted by Richard Hill, Esq. of Spanish-Town. London: Van Voorst. 1847. Pp. 448.

like leaves from amidst the humbler bushes; and in the most obscure corners, over some decaying log, nods the noble spike of the magnificent limodorum. Nothing is flaunting or showy; all is solemn and subdued; but all is exquisitely beautiful. . . . The smaller wood consists largely of the plant called glass-eye berry, a scrophularious shrub, the blossoms of which, though presenting little beauty in form or hue, are pre-eminently attractive to the long-tailed humming-bird. These bushes are at no part of the year out of blossom, the scarlet berries appearing at all seasons on the same stalk as the flowers. And here at any time one may with tolerable certainty calculate on finding these very lovely birds. But it is in March, April, and May, that they abound: I suppose I have sometimes seen not fewer than a hundred come successively to rifle the blossoms within the space of half as many yards in the course of a forenoon. They are, however, in no respect gregarious; though three or four may be at one moment hovering round the blossoms of the same bush, there is no association; each is governed by his individual preference, and each attends to his own affairs. It is worthy of remark, that males compose by far the greater portion of the individuals observed at this elevation. I do not know why it should be so, but we see very few females there, whereas in the lowlands this sex outnumbers the other. In March, a large number are found to be clad in the livery of the adult male, but without long tail-feathers; others have the characteristic feathers lengthened, but in various degrees. . . . One day several of these "young bloods" being together, a regular tumult ensued, somewhat similar to a *sparrow-fight*—such twittering, and fluttering, and dartings hither and thither! I could not exactly make out the matter, but suspected that it was mainly an attack (surely a most ungallant one, if so) made by these upon two females of the same species, that were sucking at the same bush. These were certainly in the skirmish, but the evolutions were too rapid to be certain how the battle went.

It appears that, small and beautiful as they are, the humming-birds are excessively pugnacious. Near Mr Gosse's chamber window at Phoenix Park, near Savanna-Mar, there were two Malay apple-trees, covered with blossom, to which a Mango humming-bird had for several days been paying his devoirs. One morning, another came, and the manoeuvres of these two tiny creatures became highly interesting. They 'chased each other through the labyrinth of twigs and flowers, till, an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then, with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, until they nearly came to the earth. It was some time before I could see with any distinctness what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid as to baffle all attempts at discrimination. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and thus fastened, both whirled round and round in their perpendicular descent, the point of contact being the centre of the gyrations, till, when another second would have brought them both on the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for about a hundred yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, he chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time—I could not help thinking, in defiance. In a few minutes, however, the banished one returned, and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought on another chase and another tussle. I am persuaded that these were hostile encounters, for one seemed evidently afraid of the other, fleeing when the other pursued, though his indomitable spirit would prompt the chirp of defiance; and when resting after a battle, I noticed that this one held his beak open, as if panting. Sometimes they would suspend hostilities to suck a few blossoms, but mutual proximity was sure to bring them on again, with the same result. In their tortuous and rapid evolutions, the light from their ruby necks would now and then flash in the sun with gem-like radiance; and as they now and then hovered motionless, the broadly expanded tail—whose outer feathers are crimson-purple, but when intercepting the

sun's rays transmit orange-coloured light—added much to their beauty. A little Banana quit, that was peeping among the blossoms in his own quiet way, seemed now and then to look with surprise on the combatants; but when the one had driven his rival to a longer distance than usual, the victor set upon the unoffending quit, which soon yielded the point, and retired, humbly enough, to a neighbouring tree. The war, for it was a thorough campaign, a regular succession of battles, lasted fully an hour, and then I was called away from the post of observation.

Mr Gosse took several of these birds, and attempted to domesticate them, sometimes with partial success; but generally they quickly died. Amongst those which he kept for some time, he observed much variety of temper; 'some being moody and sulky, others very timid, and others gentle and confiding from the first.' He adds the remark, 'I have noticed this in other birds also; doves, for instance, which manifest individuality of character perhaps as much as men, if we were competent to appreciate it.'

Wilson has already made us acquainted with the mocking-bird; externally handsome, but with nothing brilliant about him; easy, and animated in his movements, and possessing 'a voice capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle.' His powerful notes silence all other birds, and he becomes a substitute for all. 'A bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed upon by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied call of their mates; or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.' In the domesticated state, 'he whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking, to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity.' While pursuing his imitations, 'he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself round the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music.'

Of this extraordinary bird Mr Gosse speaks 'as one of the commonest in Jamaica, bold and forward in his manners, of striking though not showy colours.' Many a time has it caused disappointment to our naturalist. 'Hearing the voice of, as I supposed, some new bird, or some that I was in want of, I have found, after creeping cautiously and perhaps with some difficulty to the spot, that it proceeded from the familiar personage before me.' A friend of Mr Gosse has been at the pains to study the ordinary or proper song of the bird, and has ascertained that it comprehends no fewer than eighteen notes.

'It is in the stillness of the night,' says Mr Gosse, 'when, like his European namesake [the nightingale], he delights

— "With wakeful melody to cheer
The livelong hours,"

that the song of this bird is heard to advantage. Sometimes, when desirous of watching the first flight of *Urania Sloanæus*, I have ascended the mountains before break of day, I have been charmed with the rich gushes and bursts of melody proceeding from this most sweet songster, as he stood on tiptoe on the topmost twig of some sour-sop or orange-tree, in the rays of the bright moonlight. Now he is answered by another, and now another joins the chorus, from the trees around, till the woods and savannas are ringing with the delightful sounds of exquisite and innocent joy. Nor is the season of song confined, as in many birds, to that period when courtship and incubation call forth the affections and sympathies of the sexes towards each other. The mocking-bird is

vocal at all seasons; and it is probably owing to his permanency of song, as well as to his incomparable variety, that the savannas and lowland groves of Jamaica are almost always alive with melody, though our singing birds are so few.

"It is remarkable," observes Mr Hill [Mr Gosse's principal coadjutor], "that in those serenades and midnight solos, which have obtained for the mocking-bird the name of the nightingale, and which he commences with a rapid stammering prelude, as if he had awaked, frightened out of sleep, he never sings his songs of mimicry; his music at this time is his own. It is full of variety, with a fine compass, but less mingled and more equable than by day, as if the minstrel felt that the sober-seeming of the night required a solemnity of music peculiarly its own. The night-song of the mocking-bird, though in many of its modulations it reminds us of that of the nightingale of Europe, has less of volume in it. There is not more variety, but a less frequent repetition of those certain notes of ecstacy, which give such a peculiar character, and such wild, intense, and all-absorbing feeling to the midnight song of the European bird. Though the more regulated quality of the song of our nightingale is less calculated to create surprise, it is the more fitted to soothe and console; and that sensation of melancholy which is said to pervade the melody of the European minstrel, is substituted in the midnight singing of our bird by one of thoughtful and tranquil delight."

The nest of the mocking-bird is not so elaborate a structure as that of many birds. It is built with little attempt at concealment in some bush or low tree, often an orange near the dwelling-house. When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half-hissing, half-whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats; delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy or naturalist approaches their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, though ever so unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The saucy ani and tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighbourhood, the brave mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four even to several hundred yards' distance; and even the John-crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-trees, to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck the hog with all his might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down, and turns up his broadside to enjoy it; the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again; but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair.

THE CHEAP EXCURSION.

CHEAPNESS! What wonderfully clever things are done and thought of in thy name!—what mighty sums saved—what pleasures realised! We shall not, however, celebrate thy praises in an essay. The philosophy of cheapness may be best detailed in a story—the story of a terribly saving couple whom we lately heard of in Paris.

The morning of the fête of St Cloud shone bright and beautiful, and Monsieur Krukaine, who had set himself on enjoying a holiday, was anxious to be off. 'I think, my dear, it is time to start,' said he to his wife; 'as we mean to walk, it will be wise for us to go before the heat comes on.'

'Well, Monsieur Krukaine,' screamed a shrill voice from an inner room, 'you may be off if you like; but Alexander's face is not washed, and my things are not on yet, and I shan't hurry either.'

M. Krukaine looked at his watch and groaned; but he knew by experience that to endeavour to hasten Madame Krukaine's preparations would only occasion further delay: so, after ascertaining once more that it was really a fine day, he glanced over the newspaper with as much composure as he could preserve. This was a great day in the life of the Krukaines, who had long looked forward to it with keen anticipations of the pleasure it was to afford them. St Cloud is a pretty village on the banks of the Seine, at a short distance from Paris. It possesses a palace and very handsome gardens, which on the fête day of the patron saint of the place are thronged with visitors, and offer a very gay appearance. The Krukaines were retired grocers in comfortable circumstances; their elder children were settled in the world, but the youngest, Alexander Krukaine, a boy about nine years of age, still remained with his parents, who resided in the Rue de l'Arbre, near the Place Dauphine. As the heavy cares of life were over for them, M. and Madame Krukaine might have been considered very happy people, but for the unlucky parsimony of their habits. Nothing literally seemed so difficult to M. Krukaine as to spend a few francs for any purpose not strictly indispensable. To save money was his first consideration in everything; and his contrivances to get cheap bargains, and conduct matters on all occasions cheaply, were most exemplary. Unfortunately, his cheap often turned out dear purchases, when all the cost was counted; but better luck was hoped for next time; and failure accordingly only led to new experiments. Madame had not originally been a votary of cheapness; but from living in an atmosphere of economical devices, she at length rivalled her husband in saving, and after that it would have been difficult to say who was the cleverest in scenting out a bargain, or contriving means for holding in money. In carrying out their projects, they stoically deprived themselves of the most innocent pleasures, lest they should cause any expense. They declared that their means would not allow them to see company. As every one knew this to be false, the Krukaines were soon called selfish, avaricious people; but to this they remained perfectly indifferent; M. Krukaine, who piqued himself on being a philosopher, remarking that as calumny was the usual reward of merit, they had no right to be surprised at the treatment they experienced from their neighbours. If the truth must be told, they were rather glad than otherwise at the turn which reports took against them. They had the pleasure of thinking they were unjustly persecuted, and this pleasure they had the satisfaction of enjoying without cost: it was a cheap way of getting amusement.

Such being their disposition, it was not without mature deliberation that the Krukaines had adopted the resolution of going to the fête of St Cloud; but the beauty of the weather rendered the temptation irresistible; besides, they determined to spend so very little, that it would be scarcely worth mentioning. A circumstance which increased their wish of seeing the fête was, that several lodgers of the house in which they resided had resolved to go to it in a party, and spoke enthusiastically of the pleasures they anticipated from the excursion. The Krukaines had been invited to join them, but had churlishly refused; for as M. Krukaine prudently observed, 'What was the use of going with other people, when you could gain nothing by them?' They accordingly determined to go alone. Madame Brenu, a sarcastic widow who lived on the same landing with them, and who was to be one of the picnic party, did indeed make some malicious and spiteful remarks about stingy and unsociable people; but as Madame Krukaine loftily observed, in emulation of her husband's philosophy, 'She was above such things, and should treat the woman's impertinence with the calm contempt it merited.'

Though M. Krukaine, after waiting a very long time, ended by thinking madame would never be dressed, she was ready at last, and appeared in the full glory of a

bright yellow bonnet and brick-red shawl, which, though somewhat out of date, were still as good as new. On one arm she carried a large and heavy basket, well stored with provisions for the day, whilst in her other hand she brandished an old blue parasol. Madame Krukaine was a thin, little woman, with pinched features, and a long shrewish nose. Behind his maternal parent came Alexander Krukaine, a dull, sleepy-looking boy, whose face now shone with uncommon brilliancy, owing to the recent application of soap and water. M. Krukaine needs no description: he was a thick, common-place-looking man, possessed of a tolerable share of good-nature; but long habit had enabled him to lay this superfluous quality under such remarkable control, that few persons could have suspected its existence. He now no sooner perceived his wife and son, than, notwithstanding the philosophic spirit on which he prided himself, he betrayed his impatience to be off by immediately leading the way down stairs. Madame Krukaine followed him, secretly hoping they might leave the house without being seen by Madame Brenu. But the watchful widow had been waiting for them the whole morning; and they no sooner appeared on the landing, than she opened the door of her apartment, and thrust out her head, observing with a sarcastic sneer, 'So you are going! I hope you may enjoy yourselves. I know *we* shall, for Monsieur Theodore, the lawyer's clerk, is to bring his flute, and Monsieur Ledru, the first-floor lodger, his guitar. Then we each take something to eat with us; I have a fine melon for my part. But bless me, Madame Krukaine, you are not going to carry that heavy basket, and surely you do not mean to walk in this heat? We have hired a *char-à-banc*, which is to take us there and bring us back again for a very reasonable sum indeed. But I suppose you would be too proud to go in a *char-à-banc*?'

Without heeding this impertinent speech, the Krukaines passed loftily on, and deigned her no reply. The day was fine, but uncommonly warm. M. Krukaine, who carried his wife's heavy basket, soon discovered this, and they had not proceeded far, when he observed to madame, 'I think, my dear, we shall be very much fatigued by the time we reach St Cloud: had we not better ride there? Perhaps this countryman, who seems to be going our way, might give us a lift.'

The countryman was indeed willing to take them to St Cloud in exchange for a small sum, which, by dint of haggling, Madame Krukaine reduced to a very trifling one. The whole family accordingly got up, M. and Madame Krukaine exchanging looks of congratulation on their excellent bargain. They soon discovered, however, that the cart went rather more slowly than they could have walked. As this would not answer, the countryman urged his horse, which went off at a smart trot; but the cart not happening to be upon springs, the Krukaines were in consequence so unmercifully-jolted, that they soon asked for a respite. They still felt much cramped, for there was only very scanty room in the cart; but this they bore with the heroism which belongs to true economy, when, as ill luck would have it, a light and handsome *char-à-banc*, containing the pic-nic party, passed by them. Madame Krukaine devoutly hoped they might not be recognised, but her yellow bonnet was too conspicuous not to attract Madame Brenu's eye. The widow not only saw them, but drew the attention of the whole party upon them, and gave them an ironical nod as the light vehicle passed swiftly by, and left the slow, jolting cart far behind. Though the Krukaines were greatly mortified, they affected to treat the matter lightly. M. Krukaine, especially, took a very philosophic view of it, and was at great pains to prove to himself and to his wife that a cart was by no means inferior to a *char-à-banc*; but although madame agreed with him, and went so far as to say that she preferred the cart, they both got down very willingly from the vehicle as soon as they had reached St Cloud. They had come so slowly along that it was now about twelve, and the

Krukaines soon discovered that they were hungry. Their first care, therefore, was to select a convenient spot where they might take a slight repast. They were quarrelling on the subject—for Madame Krukaine wanted to remain within sight of the fête, and her husband as energetically remonstrated against this course—when the good lady suddenly gave a shriek of horror, and exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest dismay, 'The basket!'

M. Krukaine turned hastily round, filled with prophetic dread: the basket, which should have been on his wife's arm, was gone.

'In the cart!' screamed madame; 'you left it in the cart.'

'I think, my dear, it would be more correct to say you left it. What had I to do with the basket?'

'I say you left it, Monsieur Krukaine: had I not Alexander to mind? You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a new basket I bought only the other day, besides a cold roast capon, a pâté, a bottle of wine, a porcelain dish, and a damask cloth. Well, I do compliment you on your day's work. Oh you may sneer away!'

M. Krukaine here suggested that the cart might not be gone yet, and he accordingly ran back to the spot where they had alighted; but vain hope! no trace of it remained—cart, basket, cold capon, wine, and pâté, all had vanished. This was the more provoking, that it was very rarely the Krukaines ventured to indulge in such luxurious fare as they had promised themselves for that day. M. Krukaine's hunger silenced his philosophy for a while, and he slowly returned to the spot where he had left his wife in a very bitter mood, which the thought of the capon on which the countryman was going to feast rendered particularly desponding.

'Well, sir,' triumphantly exclaimed Madame Krukaine, 'where is the basket?—your basket, sir!'

'It is useless to talk of it now, my dear; the question is, what shall we eat?'

'You may eat what you like, Monsieur Krukaine; but surely you cannot be very hungry, or you would not have left your basket behind you.'

Without heeding this taunt, M. Krukaine immediately proceeded to a restaurateur's, where, on paying a very high price, he procured some cold meat, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine. With these provisions the family made a very indifferent meal, the relish it might otherwise have afforded them being destroyed by the consciousness of their loss. When the repast was over—and, as Madame Krukaine bitterly observed, it did not last long—M. Krukaine proposed that they should take a walk; his wife sullenly consented; and they accordingly went over to the gardens, looked at the fête, and endeavoured to admire the fine prospects around them. But it was in vain they sought to be amused; disappointment and vexation damped their joy, and a cloud even came over M. Krukaine's philosophic spirit every time he thought of the cold capon. As though to increase their annoyance, it so happened that, in going through one of the pleasant woods near the gardens, they came to a grassy spot which had been chosen by the pic-nic party for their resting-place. A large tablecloth had been spread on the grass; the meal was laid out upon it, and though a somewhat heterogeneous one, it looked sufficiently tempting to awaken keen feelings of regret and envy in the Krukaines. It was also remarkably aggravating to see in what good spirits the whole party seemed to be. M. Theodore's flute and M. Ledru's guitar were giving forth sweet sounds for the amusement of the company, and to the great delight of a few children who were amongst the pic-nic party, and danced on the grass with a glee which showed their entire satisfaction. This sight produced a great effect on Alexander Krukaine's feelings, which had hitherto been in a dormant state; he perceived at a glance the enjoyments of which he had been deprived, and insisted on joining the party forthwith. His parents peremptorily refused; and as they had fortunately escaped Madame Brenu's

eye, they hastened to leave the spot whilst still unseen. Alexander felt aggrieved; this feeling increased when Madame Krukaine positively forbade him to go near the stalls, temptingly covered with toys and sweets; and snappishly declared that too much money had already been thrown away on that day for her to think of squandering any more by the most trifling purchase. There was a good deal of stubbornness in Alexander Krukaine's disposition; he was, moreover, accustomed to great indulgence, and on the present occasion he thought himself extremely ill-used. To show a proper sense of his wrongs, he spared no pains to render both himself and his parents thoroughly uncomfortable. This was easily effected. Whenever they wanted to rest, he insisted on going on; and when, on the contrary, they wished to walk, he declared himself too fatigued to proceed. Madame Krukaine scolded, M. Krukaine remonstrated and threatened by turns; but nothing could produce the least effect on Alexander, who was now roused to a state of dogged resistance.

The Krukaines were heartily glad when evening came on. M. Krukaine, who felt a most unphilosophic appetite, hinted something about having dinner; but madame sharply observed that they had already dined; and though her husband felt this to be a most lamentable fiction, he was compelled to acquiesce. The question was now how they were to go home. They endeavoured to secure some conveyance, for fatigue had so far conquered their feelings of avarice, as to make them willing to sacrifice a few francs to comfort. But this was the hour when every one was returning—the most insignificant vehicle suddenly rose in importance, and extravagant sums were asked and given for a seat.

'We will walk home,' indignantly exclaimed Madame Krukaine, on beholding this deplorable state of things; and as her husband seconded the heroic resolve, they set out immediately. The evening was close and sultry, and before they had walked a quarter of a league, Alexander Krukaine, exasperated by this forced march, sat down by the roadside, and expressed his solemn determination of not going one step farther. His parents walked on, pretending to leave him behind; but Alexander, who had grown accustomed to misfortunes, remained insensible to this one, and was fast asleep by the time they returned near him. What was to be done? M. Krukaine suggested a sound whipping as soon as they should reach home. But as this afforded no present relief, his wife sharply bade him hold his peace, and began a long recriminating speech, by which she clearly proved that all their sufferings originated in M. Krukaine's loss of the basket. They were still in this dilemma, when a *fiacre* drove up to the door of a villa, near which they were then standing. A gentleman came out of the house and stepped into the coach. 'Place Dauphine,' said he to the coachman, who nodded and took his seat.

M. and Madame Krukaine exchanged a rapid look of intelligence. Place Dauphine was close to their abode; the seat at the back of the *fiacre* was wide; the night was dark, no one could see them. In short, after a very brief hesitation, they seized on the slumbering Alexander, and sprang up stealthily on the convenient seat, whilst the unsuspecting coachman drove off.

The Krukaines actually chuckled with exultation at the success of their stratagem. There was something so truly delightful in the idea of riding home for nothing, that it made them forget the miseries of the day. It is true that they were rather uncomfortably seated, and that Alexander, who seemed determined to drown the remembrance of his woes in sleep, was every minute in danger of falling off; but, as M. Krukaine wisely remarked, 'What would be the use of philosophy, if it did not teach us to bear patiently such trifling inconveniences?'

They accordingly bore their trials with exemplary fortitude, until they discovered, to their dismay, that it was beginning to rain, or, as Madame Krukaine bitterly declared, 'to pour.' The unhappy lady opened her

parasol in the vain hope of sheltering her bonnet; but the only consequence of this arrangement was to transfer to it some of the blue of the parasol. She fortunately remained unconscious of this unlooked-for result, and entertained herself by lamenting the loss of her husband's basket, as she persisted in terming it. M. Krukaine was thoroughly fatigued and hungry. These were sufficient evils even for a sage, and he accordingly fell fast asleep, heedless alike of madame's scolding and of the rain which poured upon him. It was not until the *fiacre* stopped that he awakened with an alarmed start; but he immediately recollected the necessity of silence, and alighted noiselessly. His next task was to take down Alexander, who was still in the embrace of Morpheus, and to rouse Madame Krukaine, who had followed the example of her husband and son. These delicate proceedings were conducted with so much discretion, that neither the tenant of the *fiacre* nor the coachman suspected what was going on. Whilst there was a chance of detection, the Krukaines prudently remained within the deep shadow of one of the neighbouring houses; but as soon as the *fiacre* drove away, M. Krukaine, who felt uncomfortably cool about the head, exclaimed, 'My dear, will you be kind enough to give me my hat?'

'Your hat!' indignantly echoed his wife; 'what have I to do with your hat, sir?'

M. Krukaine was stupefied by this new misfortune. Though he had evidently lost his hat whilst sleeping behind the *fiacre*, he refused to believe in this melancholy truth, and repeatedly declared there must be some mistake, that it could not be. Madame Krukaine listened to her husband's lamentations with bitter triumph, and sarcastically asserted that she felt delighted at what had occurred. This was extremely aggravating, and her spouse took it in very ill part; he and madame therefore quarrelled on the subject until they grew tired of it; after which they began to think of going home. But though they knew they ought to be within a very short distance of their dwelling, they could never succeed in finding the turn which led to it; they at first ascribed this to the darkness of the night.

'Most extraordinary, to be sure!' exclaimed M. Krukaine, rubbing his eyes to ascertain that it was not in them the mistake lay. 'Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of this place?' he asked of a man who happened to be passing by.

'Place Dauphine,' was the answer.

M. Krukaine breathed freely, and next inquired for the way leading to the Rue de l'Arbre.

'I don't know the street.'

M. Krukaine's doubts returned. Perhaps this was not the Place Dauphine; but the man reiterated his assertion. Then where was the Rue de l'Arbre? The man again declared he did not know.

'But, my friend,' coaxingly observed M. Krukaine, 'let me tell you it must be very near this spot.'

'And let me tell you,' testily answered the man, 'there does not exist such a street in all Versailles.'

'Versailles!' echoed M. Krukaine in a hollow tone.

'Versailles!' screamed Madame Krukaine.

Alas, they were indeed in Versailles, which possessed a Place Dauphine as well as Paris! The unhappy couple, forgetting all their causes of dissent, looked on one another in mute despair. Versailles was much farther from Paris than St Cloud; the rain still fell heavily; a neighbouring clock struck twelve; in short, their misery seemed complete. M. Krukaine, whose imagination seemed affected by the misfortunes of the day, scrupled not to declare that they were persecuted by an inexorable fatality. One moment he felt tempted to defy his destiny; but on second thought, he resolved to delay doing this until he should be safely home—an event which, as he bitterly observed, did not seem likely to occur for some time yet. In the meanwhile, Madame Krukaine, who, according to her own assertion, had been prepared, since the loss of her basket, for

everything which had occurred, learned from the individual who had apprized them of their melancholy situation, that they would find a little inn in one of the neighbouring streets, where they might probably gain admittance for the night. It was not without much difficulty that the unhappy Krukaines succeeded in discovering this place of refuge, and in rousing the inmates, who, on beholding their pitiable condition, consented to receive them, although they were unprovided with a passport. But even when they found themselves in a comfortable room, and to all appearance safe, M. Krukaine remained sceptical, and refused to believe that their misfortunes were over.

'Don't think yourself safe yet, my dear,' he gravely observed to his wife, as they retired for the night; 'we are the victims of fatality.'

M. Krukaine's first act on awakening the next morning, and on ascertaining, though he declared himself astonished at such an escape, that he had not been spirited away during the night, was to send for a hatter, in order to replace the indispensable article of wearing apparel he had unfortunately lost. Of course he was dreadfully cheated; the hatter knew that he lay at his mercy, and made the most of his advantage; but M. Krukaine was now prepared for anything, and he bore the imposition with a kind of desperate resignation. Madame Krukaine did not yield so readily to the decrees of fate; she gazed with unutterable dismay on her bonnet, to which her parasol, through the agency of the rain, had imparted a green tint; and like those struck by some sudden calamity, she remained incredulous, and long refused to believe in the reality of this lamentable metamorphosis. When the Krukaines had breakfasted—and they now felt a sort of recklessness at whatever expenses they might incur—they secured a vehicle, of which the owner engaged to take them to their own door for what M. Krukaine termed an enormous sum; but this was of little consequence, as he had made up his mind to submit to all the exigencies of destiny until he found himself at his own door in Paris. There they arrived at length, after undergoing, as he observed in a melancholy tone, a series of unparalleled misfortunes. They had indeed the appearance of travellers returning from a disastrous voyage. Madame Krukaine's features were haggard and fatigued; Alexander looked stupified and dirty; and though M. Krukaine had suffered least in outward appearance, his startled air plainly bespoke the unhappy victim of fatality.

The family had no sooner alighted from their conveyance, than they perceived the sarcastic countenance of Madame Brenu looking down on them from her window.

'Why,' she screamed out, 'where have you been all this time, we were so uneasy? I hope you enjoyed yourselves. We had quite a delightful day of it I assure you; dined in the wood, and came home just in time to escape the rain. I hope you did not get wet. But dear me, what is the matter with your bonnet? Green! I declare; surely it was yellow yesterday? And where is your basket? Ah! empty of all the good things by this, I daresay?' And so the provoking woman went on, whilst the unhappy Krukaines, now resigned to anything, did not even attempt to retort, but retired to their apartment.

For several days the Krukaines could think of nothing but the disasters which they had met with in the pursuit of pleasure; and M. Krukaine clearly proved to his wife that a more unhappy couple had never gone to the fête of St Cloud. His next act was to ascertain the precise sum they had spent in their unlucky expedition. After a good deal of nice calculation, he found that, including the loss of the basket and hat, besides the total ruin of the bonnet and parasol, their expenses amounted to fifty-seven francs twenty-five centimes. Madame Krukaine raised her eyes and clasped her hands as she heard this lamentable result, from which she concluded that it was perfect ruin to think of pleasure—a sentiment in which her husband entirely acquiesced.

But even this soothing delusion was not granted to the Krukaines; for as Madame Brenu took good care to inform them of the exact sum which had been spent by the whole pic-nic party, they soon perceived that there are two methods of economising—one by which pleasure can be procured at a moderate expense, whilst serious loss and inconvenience are too frequently entailed by the other. The effect produced by this discovery is not yet known; but it is thought that the fit of rheumatism from which M. Krukaine suffered shortly after the fête of St Cloud, considerably softened the rigidity of his economy, whilst the loss of her yellow bonnet produced a similar effect on Madame Krukaine's feelings.

Though the Krukaines have not yet had the magnanimity of acknowledging their mistake, they have lately manifested signs of improvement in a more liberal style of living. What must be considered a good sign of approaching common sense, was an observation which madame made the other day to a neighbour, 'that she was afraid there is no way of getting a franc for a centime;' or, as this wise saw may be Anglicised for general benefit, 'THERE IS NO GETTING A SHILLING FOR A SIXPENCE.'

THE BREAKWATER AT PLYMOUTH.

AN account of this great work, the most successful of the kind ever executed in this country, which involves so many important principles in theory, and displays so much skill in the construction, can scarcely fail of being generally interesting. A large book, just published, at the expense of an eminent engineer, puts us in possession of authentic documents from which we may compile a connected narrative of the proceedings from their commencement.* From the earliest periods of our history, Plymouth has been a much frequented port, well situated for trade, and the headquarters of government expeditions. The town stands at the inner end of the inlet known as Plymouth Sound, of which the two extremities to seaward are the Lizard and Start Points. Properly speaking, the Sound comprises an area of three miles in length and width, receiving the waters of three rivers. The shores are hilly, and in some places project, so as to diminish the width to a mile and a half, and form bays more or less secure, which, before the erection of the breakwater, were the only refuge for vessels. The Sound is exposed to winds, ranging easterly and westerly over twelve points of the compass. The south-westerly are the most prevalent, and drive in waves from the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic with a force that appears altogether irresistible, and is often productive of disastrous effects. Notwithstanding these risks and inconveniences, and the commercial importance of the station, no attempts were made to remedy its defects during a long course of years; and although one of the most capacious harbours in the kingdom, it was really useful only in fine weather, or with the wind off shore. At length, in 1806, the idea of a breakwater was suggested by Earl St Vincent; and in the same year Mr Rennie, architect of the Bell-Rock lighthouse, and Mr Whidbey, a naval officer of great experience, were ordered by the Admiralty to make a survey, and draw up a report on the subject. Proposals had been made to construct piers running out from the land on either side of the Sound, as a practicable means of affording protection to shipping; but these were disapproved of by the surveyors, as favouring the deposition of shoals, and at the same time taking up the deepest water. Their recommendation was for a detached mole or embankment, to be built on a line of shoals, known as the San Carlos and Shovel Rocks, already existing in the middle of the channel, which would shut in an area of about 2000 acres as a secure anchorage, and accommodate from

* A Historical, Practical, and Theoretical Account of the Breakwater in Plymouth Sound. By Sir John Rennie, F.R.S., &c. Folio. London: H. G. Bohn, and J. Weale. 1843.

forty to fifty vessels of the line, besides merchantmen. The surveyors' report contained, in addition, the plans and specifications for supplementary moles, to project from the shore as circumstances might require. Most skilful precautions were taken against the formation of deposits and the influence of currents, and the calculations, as shown by the result, were in all cases well founded.

Here the matter rested until 1811, when it was again resolved to attempt something for the protection of the 'magnificent harbour,' one of the reasons urged being, that it was 'so well situated for the stationing of his majesty's fleets that are to oppose the navies of France and Spain.' Projectors came forward with their schemes: the most noteworthy were those of General Bentham: he proposed to construct huge frames of wood, and moor them in the required situation, so as to break the force of the waves. These were objected to, from their liability to be carried away by every gale. Another plan was put forward, which comprised the building of 140 hollow towers of stone, each fifty feet in diameter, with walls six feet thick, to be floated out to the station, and there filled with stones, and sunk in two rows; the towers of the inner row opposite the intervals in the outer one: the force of the waves would thus be broken, while no impediment was opposed to the tidal currents. Some discussion arose out of these plans; but the mole or breakwater, as first recommended, was finally decided on.

The depth of water on the rocks varied from five to eight fathoms; the proposed structure was to be ten yards wide at top, seventy yards at the base, and to rise ten feet above the surface at low water. Experience had demonstrated the uselessness of throwing down a heavy mass, and trusting to its weight to resist attacks of the sea. Old ocean is not famed for docility: the action of waves, and other natural laws, had to be considered; and 'under all the circumstances, the plan of depositing loose angular blocks of rubble, or rough stone, as raised from the quarries, from half a ton to ten tons weight each, and upwards, mixed with smaller materials, in the line of the intended breakwater, was considered the best and most advisable plan, and was accordingly adopted. These blocks of stone, it was justly considered, would naturally find their own position, and slope or inclination, according to the depth of the water, the strength of the waves, and their own specific gravity; and after a time, would become wedged and consolidated together by the sea, in a much more effectual, substantial, and economical manner than could be effected by any artificial means; and great saving of time and cost would be effected in carrying on the work, and in giving protection to the Sound.'

This method of throwing down rubble, which was known to the Tyrians and Carthaginians, had been adopted in constructing the harbours of Howth and Holyhead, but never before attempted in this country on so large a scale, or with so successful a result. Abundant materials for the work were found in the hills forming the shores of the Sound: the corporation of Plymouth offered to supply 2,000,000 tons of stone, free of charge, if quarried according to the terms they prescribed. The quarries, however, were opened at Oreston, a place which presented facilities for shipping the stone, and operations actually commenced in March 1812: rails were laid down, wharfs built, and vessels and machinery provided. Two mooring chains, 1200 yards in length, were sunk, one on each side of the site of the breakwater. Smaller chains, connected with buoys, were attached to these at certain intervals, to mark out the line of work. The larger stones were conveyed in vessels of peculiar construction, from seventy to eighty tons burden. These were fitted, both in the hold and on deck, with a double line of rails, with windlasses for heaving loaded trucks from below, and tilting platforms at the stern. The trucks, loaded at the quarry, were lifted in by powerful cranes, or, when the tide permitted, run on board by inclined tramways. The vessel, with

her load, was then removed to the ground marked out by the mooring chains, and made fast at the required spot; a truck was heaved up, run along to the tilting platform, and the block of stone dropped into its place. In this way the entire lading was deposited in less than an hour, and in favourable weather the vessels made three or four trips a day. Besides these, there were forty-five smaller craft, for the conveyance of smaller stones and loose materials for filling up interstices. The rails, trucks, wagons, and vessels, were provided by the government, and kept in repair by the contractors, who, on their part, furnished labour, tools, and implements, and powder for blasting. The expense of working the tilting vessels, and of conveying all stones above five tons in weight, was also borne by the government.

On the 12th August 1812, the Prince-Regent's birthday, the first stone was deposited on the Shovel Rock. As the best means of determining the length of the structure, the work was commenced in the centre, and carried towards the two extremities. By the end of March 1813, 43,789 tons of stone had been thrown down, and in some places the blocks appeared above water. In another year the mass was of sufficient size to afford a protection to ships: the Queen Charlotte and some other large vessels rode out a gale in safety, anchored inside the breakwater. Eleven hundred yards were above the surface in August 1815, when, instead of ten feet above low water, it was determined to raise the barrier to twenty feet, at which height it would be two feet above high water, and afford shelter to small as well as large vessels. The engineers' anticipations as to the tidal currents were completely verified; their flux and reflux were found to be scarcely if at all interfered with. In November 1816, heavy gales broke out, and continued for several days; but the work stood firm, although 300 yards were up to the full height. Two months afterwards, gales, at times fierce as a hurricane, and accompanied by spring tides, set in, when the value and efficiency of the breakwater were proved by the preservation of the vessels anchored within it, while two others beyond the line of protection were wrecked with a serious loss of life. About 200 yards of the rubble were displaced; blocks weighing from two to five tons were carried over from the outer to the inner slope. The former had been built up one foot perpendicular for each three feet horizontal, but after the gale the proportions were five feet to one. The sea had thus found its own slope, and washed the rubble to an angle at which it would remain undisturbed. The slope of three feet to one was adopted, in deference to the opinion of Mr Whidbey, although Mr Rennie had from the first recommended an inclination of five to one. In their report to the Admiralty on the extent of the derangement, the engineers declared that, far from being injured, the stability of the work was greatly increased, the only circumstance to regret being that the storm had not occurred twelve months earlier. In such an undertaking a gale was the best artificer; and they recommended that the whole should be finished in the same way, and left to the weather to prepare it for its casing of masonry. In defiance of experience, the slope of three feet to one was adhered to, and by the middle of 1824, 1241 yards in length of the mass had been raised to the full height of two feet above high water. In November of this year another gale occurred; the tide rose seven feet higher than usual, 796 yards of the work, comprising many thousand tons of stone, were thrown over to the inner side, and the outer slope again reduced to one foot perpendicular for five feet horizontal: below the level of low water no disturbance of the rubble had taken place.

Mr Rennie died in 1821. The Admiralty appointed four gentlemen, two of them the present Messrs Rennie, to inspect the breakwater after the gale, and draw up a report. After careful investigation, they determined to leave the slope at the angle formed by the sea; the centre line of the work was removed thirty-six feet nearer the shore; and the width of the

top reduced from fifty to forty-five feet. Both slopes were to be evenly paved with the largest blocks of limestone and granite, and the top laid at a curve of one foot in its whole breadth, so as to throw off the water readily from the surface. The granite paving was first placed, but was continually undermined and displaced by the waves where it met the low-water line. To remedy this defect, a benching or foreshore of rubble was thrown in, and brought up so as to cover several feet of the granite, to which it afforded complete protection, by breaking the force of the waves before they reached the toe of the paving. Below or above this line but little risk of displacement was to be apprehended. Before laying down the surface blocks, the interstices of the rubble were filled with refuse and screenings from the quarries, to increase the stability; and vent-holes were left in certain parts, to facilitate the escape of compressed air from below. In this way the work has gone on to the present time; and so solid has it become, that it appears to be but one huge stone. Whenever excavations are required, they can only be made by quarrying in the usual way. The fact of the foreshore and lower blocks being thickly overgrown with seaweed, is considered the surest indication of permanency.

The centre line of the breakwater is 3000 feet long, from either extremity of which an arm or kant 1050 feet in length runs off towards the shore at an angle of 120 degrees. Three faces are thus presented to the sea, which have the effect of promoting the regular flow of currents, and preventing the eddies which would have been caused by one straight unbroken line, while the 'inrun' and force of the waves are correspondingly weakened. Two entrances remain for the passage of shipping—the western one being 1600, and the eastern 1000 yards wide, with ample depth of water for the largest vessels, and space for the discharge of alluvium brought down by the three rivers, besides affording means of ingress and egress in all winds. Everything, in fact, that was contemplated by the original promoters of the measure has been accomplished. A safe anchorage is provided without any loss of depth: surveys made so recently as 1845, prove that shoals have neither been formed nor increased.

In the first year of the works, 16,045 tons of stone were thrown down; in subsequent years, the quantity has varied from 4000 to 373,773 tons: the total in June 1847 was 3,620,444 tons. Seventy lineal yards of the eastern arm remain to be finished, which will require 50,000 tons more, making altogether 3,670,444 tons. In addition to this enormous bulk, there are 2,512,696 cubic feet of granite and other stone used in the paving and facings. The cost of limestone laid down on the breakwater is 1s. 10d. per foot, granite 2s. 8d. The blocks of rubble not exceeding two tons in weight were quarried at 1s. per ton; conveyance to the work, and sinking, cost at first 2s. 10d. per ton, but as the contractors gained experience, the charge was reduced. In 1816 it was 1s. 10d., and in 1843-47, 1s. The greatest number of workmen employed at one time was 765; at present there are but 120: masons earn from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per day, labourers 2s. to 3s. The whole cost of the breakwater, when complete, which will be in the course of a year or two, will be £1,500,000.

In the original design of the breakwater, two light-houses, one on each extremity, were contemplated. The erection of a beacon, however, on the eastern arm, has been considered sufficient for the purposes of navigation. This is forty-two feet high, surmounted by a hollow copper globe six feet in diameter, contrived so that a shipwrecked seaman may take refuge within it. The end of the western arm was strengthened by facings of masonry, and finished off in a circular form, to serve as a foundation for the lighthouse, which was finished in 1844. It rises sixty-eight feet above the surface of the breakwater; the lantern is eight feet in height, supported by gun-metal pilasters, and provided with

four refractors, and five tiers containing 118 mirrors. There is, besides, a bell, which in foggy weather is struck a certain number of times every minute by clock machinery. The light can be seen at a distance of eight miles: it is red to seawards, and white when looked at from the land, or within the line of the breakwater.

So great were the protection and security afforded by the breakwater, that vessels of every class resorted to the Sound. A supply of fresh water was wanted to render the benefit complete. This has since been found at Bovisand Bay, opposite the eastern arm. Here the authorities have established a reservoir capable of containing 12,000 tons of water, and erected a pier and jetty accessible at all times of the tide; and water is supplied to any vessel at any time free of charge.

In addition to the breakwater, there is much at Plymouth to repay the traveller for a visit: the dockyard, extending over more than 100 acres; another, of nearly equal extent, in course of construction for steam-vessels; and barracks, marine and military, for the accommodation of 3000 men. The great victualling establishment built in 1834, we are informed, 'covers a surface of about fourteen acres, which includes all the buildings and machinery for manufacturing and storing flour, bread, biscuit, beer, casks, fresh meat, vegetables, and water; the last distributed by flexible hoses, laid to the principal landing-places and wharfs, which boats and vessels can approach, and thus complete their watering without loss of time.' Three small and imperfect establishments were superseded by this arrangement: they were far apart; when the wind served for one, it was contrary for another: the expense of shipping stores was consequently enormous, especially when required in a hurry. As Sir John Rennie observes, the system ought to have been changed years ago; 'but we go on patching up old establishments, and submitting to the losses arising from them, whereas, with a little courage and determination to apply an effective remedy at once, we should be more than amply indemnified for all the expense incurred in making new and efficient establishments adapted to their several objects.'

ANDREW WYNTOUN, THE CHRONICLER.

AFTER getting tired of the modern poets, with their eternal straining after the transcendental in thought, sentiment, and description, it is pleasant to fall back upon some of the simple bards of bygone ages, who thought of little beyond a clear and faithful recital of events. One of those on whom the *blasé* critic of the present day might have some satisfaction in resting, is Andrew Wyntoun, who lived at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, and is only known to have written a Chronicle of Scottish history in verse. It was a simple time, before the revival of learning had spread to this island. The Stuart family was newly seated on the throne. Men alive remembered the wars of Edward III., by which Scotland had been brought to a condition of such distress, that her continued independence looks almost like a miracle. The great men of the country were the nobles, and the leading churchmen, bishops, abbots, and priors: the king was comparatively a weak power. Beyond these exalted classes, all was rudeness and darkness. And yet the people do not appear in general to have been ill off or unhappy. Andrew was himself a high ecclesiastical personage, being a canon-regular of St Andrews, and prior of the monastery of St Serf's Inch, an insular establishment in Lochleven, in Fife.

He tells us that he was requested to write a History of Scotland by a lord to whom he owed service, Sir John of the Wemyss, 'ane honest knight, and of gude fame.' This was a man of old family in Wyntoun's time. If we are not mistaken, its lineal representative still sits in the grand old château, which it has occupied since the days of the Maiden of Norway—Wemyss Castle on the Forth. Such instances of permanency may there

be even in a country so harassed by external and civil wars as Scotland has been. Andrew begins before the beginning; for he prefaces his Scottish narration with a sketch of ancient history generally, garnished with descriptions of the ark of Noah and of the spate (still a Scottish word for flood); of how the land of Afrik lies; how the land of Europe lies; and so forth. Even the early part of his history of Scotland is full of monkish tales, which might well have been spared, though it must be admitted they are not always as dull as they are incredible. For example, a notice of some of the wonderful doings of St Serf:—

'In Tullibody ane ill spirit
A Christian man that time tarrit;¹
Of that spirit he was then
Delivered through that haly man.
In Tillicultry, till a wife
Twa sons he raised fra dead to life.
This haly man had a ram,
That he had fed up of a lamb,
And used him to follow aye,
Wherever he passed in his way:
A thief this sheep in Athren stall;²
And ate him up in pices all.
When St Serf his ram had missed,
Wha that it stall was few that wissit;³
On presumption, nevertheless,
He that it stall arrested was;
And till St Serf sync was he brought:
That sheep he said that he stall nought.
And theretill for to swear an aith;⁴
He said that he wald not be laith;⁵
But soon he worthied⁶ red for shame;
The sheep there bleated in his wame!
Sae was he tainted shamefully,
And at St Serf asked mercy.'

An awkward sort of miracle this last, surely, yet effectual for its purpose.

Andrew was probably not unlearned after the manner of his age. He makes reference to both Homer and Virgil, to Horace and Ovid, to Josephus and to Valerius Maximus. The entire list of authors mentioned in his book is, however, limited. It fills only a page, and gives us a striking idea of the narrow field on which a literary man of that age was at liberty to pasture his Pegasus. He alludes with respect to his contemporary Barbour, whose metrical life of Bruce is a work of genuine merit. That he was not ill-informed on physical subjects, may be inferred from the explanation he gives of an eclipse of the sun:—

'In the time that the host there lay,
A great eclipse was of the sun.
Therefore folk that was not won⁷
To see sic event as they saw there,
Abased⁸ at that sight they were.
But had they known the cause all
That gars⁹ sic eclipse to fall,
They should not have abasing.
Eclipse is nane other thing
Than when the moon that runs near
Till us, than does the sun by far,
Happens even to come between
Our sight and the sun, that is so sheen,¹⁰
It lets us the sun to see
In as mickle quantity
As it passes betwix our sight,
And of the sun lets¹¹ us the light.
The sun all time, withouten veir,¹²
Is in the self baith light and clear.'

He is not so enlightened, it must be confessed, on comets.—

The comet appeared that year [1401],
A fair bright stern and a clear:
That stern appearing signifies,
As clerks find in great treatise,
Death of princes and pestilence,
To fall or wedd¹³ with violence, &c.

But this was a superstition which lingered long after his day. It is interesting, moreover, to find that this monk of four hundred years ago, while aiming at none of the graces of literature, could pronounce rationally on

the moral affairs of the world. 'Take as an example his remarks on Fortune:—

'Wha will of Fortune understand,
It is her law to be movand:
She were false, if she should be
Stedfast standing in a 'gree.¹
Reprieved she should not be forthy²
Of falsehood and of treachery,
For till overturn that is above
Sin' Nature gives her sae till move,
Whiles giving great thing, and whiles small,
Fools to gar trow that she shall
Aye truly in that freedom last;
But when they trust her all their best,
All that is given by that lady,
She overturns it suddenly.'

As a history, the Chronicle of Wyntoun is of course not to be received with implicit credit. Where the general facts, however, can be authenticated from other sources, the details given by Andrew may be adopted as good material for filling up the outline, being generally very minute and graphic. For the century of Bruce and his successors, his history becomes of considerable value, for there he gives many particulars which must have been derived more or less directly from persons who had been eye-witnesses of, and actors in, the events. He himself must have lived close upon the dismal time during which Edward III. ravaged Scotland with a view to its subjugation; accordingly, we find him rich in traits of that period, as where he tells that, from the desolation of the country, the deer waxed numerous, and approached towns without terror. So likewise we may suppose it to have been from immediate knowledge that he described the simple, but well-meant legislation of the warden of Scotland, Sir Thomas Murray:—

'He gart ordain, in that tide,
Wha man that through the land wald ride,
Fra he lighted, he should knit
His bridle fast; and if that it
Happened to be stolen away,
The sheriff of that land should pay
The price of that bridle then,
But³ lang delay, to that man.
And that, before all other thing,
Allowed should be intill reckoning,
The next count, that that sheriff there
Should give, where halden the 'Chequer ware.
He bade, that ilka⁴ man alsae
Should not frae their ploughs ta'⁵
Their plough-irons, but let them lie
On their ploughs, or near thereby;
And if they happened stolen to be,
Till him that aught⁶ them ordained he
The sheriff to pay shillings twa,
And that allowed to be alsae.

A greedy carle soon after was
Burning in sic greediness,
That his plough-irons himself stall,⁷
And hid them in a peat-pot⁸ all.
He plained to the sheriff sair,
That stolen his plough-irons were;
The sheriff then paid him shillings twa,
And after that he done had sae,
Soon a great court he gart⁹ set,
Witting¹⁰ of that stealth to get.
The driver he gart, and other ma,
Sae be examined, that soon they
Tald him that the carle then stall,
And hid them in the peat-pot all,
And took syne the payment.
Therefore, by leal judgment,
To the gallows he gart harl,¹¹
And there he gart hing up that carle.'

In pithiness this could not be excelled, except by the conduct of the warden himself.

Some of the particular actions which took place in the course of the wars are narrated by Wyntoun with no small force and spirit, while it never appears that he has the least wish to exaggerate. There is, indeed, a merit in these parts of his Chronicle, that would make us wonder that it has never been presented in a popular form, if we were not aware how difficult it is to induce the masses to read what they think anti-

1 Distressed. 2 Stole. 3 Knew. 4 Oath.
5 Loath. 6 Waxed, became. 7 Wont, accustomed.
8 Frightened. 9 Causes. 10 Bright.
11 Hinders. 12 Injury. 13 Rage.

1 Degree. 2 Therefore, for that. 3 Without. 4 Each.
5 Take. 6 Owned. 7 Stole. 8 A hole in a moss.
9 Caused. 10 Knowledge. 11 Drag.

quoted, however wrong they may be in this supposition. In reality, the language of Wyntoun is the English of the present day, with only a few obsolete words and phrases scattered throughout; and when presented, as it is here, in modern orthography, all that is necessary to understand it is to read a little more slowly and carefully than usual. We select the account of the taking of Edinburgh Castle from the English in 1341, as an event interesting in itself, and here, as we think, remarkably well told:—

Worthy William of Douglas
Intill his heart all angry was,
That Edinburgh Castle sae
Did to the land annoy and wae. * * *
He thought to cast a jeopardy;
With Wat he treated of Curry,
That purveyed a ship intill Dundee,
And hardy men therein put he.
William Fraser was one of tha',
And Joachim of Kinbusk alsa,
And William Bullock, that was then
The King of Scotland's sworn man. * * *
They feigned that they were merchants,
That came there of their own chance,
Out of England, with wheat and wine,
And other sundry victuals. Syne
Till Inchkeith they come in hy;¹
And this Wat then of Curry
Went to the castle, and can say,
That merchants of England were they,
That had made hither their travel
In that land, with sindry victual;
And, for till have his maintaining,
They wald him send in the morning
A present of victual and of wine;
And, wald he mair, he should syne
Have at his will what he wald buy;
And that the master wald early
Come, and a part of his shipmen,
To speak with him, and bade him then
Let them come hardily him till,
And they should enter at their will. * * *
The shipmen soon in the morning
Tursed² on twa horses their fitting;
[Ane] a pair of coal-creels³ [bare],
That covered well with cloths are;
The t'other barrel-ferrers twa;
Full of water als were they,
Before, and they all twelve followand,
Ilk ane a good burden in hand;
And rude frocks on their arming,
To cover them for perceiving,
And all their beards shaven were.
Wat of Curry was with them there,
That convoyed them upward the gait,⁴
And went before them to the yett,⁵
And fand the porter. "Thir are they
The warden spake of yesterday:
Open the yett anon," said he:
Ilm had been better letten it be.
The meikle yett opened he then,
And he that neist was till him, ran,
And laid him at the earth flatly.
Then a staff took Wat of Curry,
And set under the portcullis,
That come down might it on nae wise.
Syne the coals and creels withal
Upon the turnpike let he fall,
And ane syne blew a horn in by,
Then in the castle raise the cry.
The folk syne sped them to the yett;
But they fand stout porters thereat,
That them rencountered sturdily.
They fought a while right cruelly,
While that William of Douglas,
That in the walls ambushed was,
Has heard the noise and the cry;
Then in the castle hastily
He sped him fast. When he came there,
Fighting he fand that there were;
But he that mellée stanchoun soon;
And in short time sae has he done,
That the castle he has ta'en,
And vanquished the castellans ilk ane.
Some he took, and some he slew,
And some fled down o'er the heugh.⁶
The yetts he gart keep stoutly:
They of the town then come in hy;
Of that winning they were all blythe,
And Scottis men become right swyth.⁷

In preparing this paper, use has been made of the only printed edition of Wyntoun, a very elegant specimen of the typography of Bensley, in two volumes, 1795, which was given to the world under the care of David Macpherson, with a glossary and notes.

THE SORROWS OF A LIEUTENANT, R.N.

I AM a lieutenant in the royal navy. I am on half-pay, and have been so for several years. As it is well known in our service, that nothing short of immense interest, or extraordinary merit, can insure promotion or advancement, a man who expects to get on should marry into some old family, have the command of a dozen votes in an intractable county, or invent some wonderful machine for doing that which human power has hitherto been unable to accomplish. Now it so happens I am unfortunately a married man. To commit bigamy would never do: my first chance of getting on is consequently stopped. With regard to the second means of promotion, I regret to say I am equally deficient, having not the shadow of a vote, or the power of influencing one. I am, however, an ingenious fellow; and the third mode is therefore widely open to me, which will yet serve to make an admiral of me before I die. To tell my tale, however, I must go back to the year 182—, when William, our late sailor king, became lord high admiral of Great Britain. It was a happy moment for us tars: down to the very cabin-boy we all rejoiced. Like triumphant electors, who had just secured the return of their favourite candidate, we naturally felt that we should now begin to look up—that the naval service, which had been neglected for many years, would obtain its fair share of patronage—that the soldiers would not *now* carry away the honours—that 'Britannia rules the waves' would again become a popular air, and brevets prove a little less partial than hitherto. Of all this we received assurance by the pride with which our royal patron donned his admiral's uniform on every occasion, and the pleasure he evidently felt in talking like a British tar. The whole service rejoiced, but none more cordially than myself. I had just been placed on half-pay. Here was a brilliant opportunity for re-entering on active service, and 'winning honours at the cannon's mouth.' I had an invention, a long-perfected invention, one that would have done great credit to, and benefited the service in no common degree. Under the patronage of my own ingenuity, I determined to present myself before our royal chief. For weeks I watched the newspapers, anxiously following him through the course of visits he paid, and the inspections he made. I must confess I thought he was *rather* too fond of reviewing the red-coats, and not quite so liberal as I had expected towards his own brother officers.

At last I heard that our gracious commander had arrived at Chatham, and was about to hold a levee. I bought a new set of uniform (which, by the by, looked like an artilleryman's turn out), mounted my swabs, set my fore and aft, and under the patronage of Sir —, made my first bow to our royal head.

'This is the young officer of whom I spoke to your royal highness,' said Sir —, as I made a sea scrape: 'this is the person I mentioned.'

'Ain't you on half-pay?' quickly demanded the duke.

'I am, your royal highness.'

'Then pray, sir, what do you mean by appearing in uniform?'

I had been told how best to please our chief, so I replied without hesitation—'It is not, perhaps, customary; but I feared to appear, before one so exalted as a lord high admiral, dressed otherwise. If I have done wrong, I trust your royal highness will pardon me for the excess of my loyal zeal.'

In an instant he was mollified. 'All right—all right! What do you want, eh?'

'Nothing save your royal sanction to an invention I am'—

¹ Haste.

² Packed.

³ Panniers.

⁴ Road, street.

⁵ Gate.

⁶ Precipice.

'Yes, yes, I know: a telegraph, an extraordinary telegraph, isn't it?'

'No, please your royal highness. My invention is pumps, by which an immense quantity of water may be drawn up and thrown to any distance required, so great is the force of them.'

'Pumps! pumps! fine things pumps: very creditable, young gentleman, very creditable indeed. Sir —, we must look to this young man. Where are your pumps?'

'They are in London.'

'Go and fetch them directly.'

'They will require some short time preparing.'

'Then what do you want here? What do you bother me for?'

'For leave to submit them to your royal highness's inspection.'

Sir — whispered something in the duke's ear.

'Well, well, that'll do. Bring them to me next Thursday at the Admiralty. Very creditable for a young officer to employ himself so well. Shan't forget you: there, be off.' And I was at once dismissed.

In what blissful dreams of hope did I now depict the almost certainty of employment and promotion awaiting my next interview, not to speak of the fortune I was sure to make. During the ensuing five days, away I trotted as happy as a prince. Loyalty is a delightful feeling: I never felt so buoyant, so happy in my life.

On the following Thursday I was exact to my appointment, and marched into the Admiralty hall with all the pride and consequence of a favoured protégé. I strutted up to the porter, on whom I had hitherto looked with no small degree of respect, but whom I now regarded as the mere menial of higher powers.

'I am come by appointment to see his royal highness.'

'You can't see him,' gruffly replied Cerberus, without even looking up.

'I repeat I come by appointment.'

'You can't see him, I tell you: his royal highness is engaged.'

'I'll wait then.'

'It's no use: I've no orders to admit you. Where are your vouchers?'

'I am an officer in the navy, and I give you my word of honour as such. I come by his royal highness's commands. If you will take my name up, you will see I'm correct.'

'I shall do no such thing: you can't see him; so it's no use talking further.' And the sulky old fellow turned to talk to a knot of flag officers, who were standing by, and who evidently looked upon the porter as a person of considerable power.

'Gentlemen,' said I, appealing to them, 'you will of course have no objection to bear witness to this scene, as I shall most certainly report it.' They bowed. The old porter grinned a sneer at me, and I left the Admiralty mortified, yet determined on having ample revenge.

I instantly went home and wrote an account of the occurrence to Sir —; and the next day, to my great delight, I received a most polite reply, assuring me that my complaint should be attended to; the case would be thoroughly investigated; and that if I called on the Monday following, his royal highness would receive me.

'Bravo, Sam!' cried I, addressing myself—'Bravo, Sam! you're a made man.'

On the day appointed, again I hurried to the Admiralty. No officious porter dared to stop me this time. I was ushered straight into the presence of the royal duke.

'Ah, ah; come about the old story: been saucy, eh? Tell him to come in.' Ere the words were out of his mouth, old Cerberus walked in, no longer, however, the surly overbearing jack-in-office. The mighty were indeed humbled. Crestfallen, he tremblingly approached. 'So, sir, you've chosen to be impudent! Tell me, sir, when you refused to take this gentleman's word, did

you know he was an officer in the navy? Eh, eh, sir?'

'Please your royal highness, I am very sorry. The gentleman—— And here, overcome by emotion and conscious guilt, he stopped short.

I stepped forward and pleaded for him.

'Well, Mr —, as you solicit for him, I'll pardon him this once. You owe your pardon, do you hear, sir? you owe your continuance in office to this officer's kindness. But now, listen to me: if ever I hear anything of the sort again, although, as I understand, you have been twenty-two years in the service, I'll turn you off at an instant's notice, without a farthing of pension; so now look out. Come, no reply: cut your stick.' And away went the penitent porter. He now turned to me. 'Where are your pumps?'

'Please your royal highness, I have brought only the plans.'

'I want to see the pumps themselves: where are they? Can't you run and fetch them?'

'Impossible: they would take some time packing.'

'Well, then, go and pack them, and bring them here next week, and don't come again without them. Do you hear, sir—eh? Let the next come in.'

I was ushered out, with my pet plans unopened in my hands.

On the levee day following, behold me strutting into the courtyard of the Admiralty, followed by a cart, in which my precious pumps were carefully placed, and two or three shabby-looking assistants, who were destined to unpack them and carry them up stairs. Old Cerberus looked monstrously savage at me, and would not stir from his chair to lend me a hand; but that signified nothing. I had foreseen this, and, as I said before, brought my own men, who removed them from the vehicle, and placed them in a chamber, which the porter sulkily pointed out to me as the one in which they were to be inspected. All this done, I waited half an hour, till his royal highness condescended to come and look at them. After a short nod of recognition, and a significant 'hem,' which rather indicated approval, he suddenly turned to me. 'Pump away, pump away. Let us see how they work. Pump away, sir!'

'I have no water, please your royal highness.'

'No water! no water! Then what did you bring the pumps for, eh?'

'By your royal highness's commands.'

'True, true: but what's the use of them if they won't work? Can't you get any water?'

A sudden thought struck me.

'Please your royal highness, I'll remedy this in a minute.'

I rushed out, and ordered the men who had accompanied me to fetch half a dozen buckets of water. These brought, I conveyed the sock of my pump into one of them, and began to work away. I caused the window to be opened, and to the great admiration of the lord high admiral and the officer that attended him, I ejected the water at least fifty yards into the space beneath. The duke was delighted. He rubbed his hands in an ecstasy, and passed several glorious compliments on me. I was a made man. I wouldn't have given up my chance for the swabs of a post-captain. At last he desired me to let him try his hand. Not content with pumping out of the window, he pumped upon the ceiling, he pumped at the door, he deluged the walls and all around; and as the water sprang back from the force with which it was driven, he continued to applaud the powers of my pump, the utility of my invention. Tired at length with his exertions, he suddenly stopped.

'Here, take these pumps to Sir B. M——: tell him I approve of them highly; say I desire that he'll forthwith report upon them officially. Lieutenant——, you are a very meritorious young officer. Tell Sir B. M—— to communicate his report to me forthwith; and do you hear, sir, come back to me next Thursday?' And with these words he left me, while I hastened to Sir B. M——, who shook me cordially by the hand, assured me of his

readiness to further my interests, and congratulated me on my probable reward.

How I behaved that week I scarcely know. My head was light, lighter even than my purse, and my heart was the lightest of the three. I wrote to every one out of town a long account of good luck; I told every one in town the whole story. I left off boots, and walked in thin shoes, in order to make puns about 'pumps,' and committed a thousand extravagances. I fancied myself already a man of rank and fortune, and spoke of 'Seppings and I—' as the benefactors of the royal navy.

At length the important Thursday arrived. As I walked through the hall with the air of a duke, having instantly been allowed free ingress on pronouncing the magical words, 'by appointment,' I bowed with a patronising air to the now humbled porter. I felt that my own certain exaltation should make me condescending towards others less fortunate. To two or three admirals, whom I had hitherto treated with the most distant respect, I now nodded with a familiar jerk, as much as to say, 'How do you do, my fine fellows?' In a word, I was about as clated and proud as a jackdaw in borrowed plumes, or a peacock with his tail spread out.

This time I was received more graciously than ever. So condescending, so kind was the manner of my royal patron, that I almost began to lose sight of the immeasurable distance of rank which placed him above me. His encouraging manner, as he assured me Sir B. M.—'s report had been most favourable, sent me up to the seventh heaven in a fit of ecstasy seldom equalled.

'And now, sir, how shall we begin with this experiment?'

'May it please your royal highness, the best mode will be to have a set of these pumps fixed on board a man-of-war, to give them a fair trial.'

'Perfectly true: it shall be done. You will of course see them fitted yourself?'

'Yes, your royal highness, I should like that.'

A pause in the conversation occurred; I ventured to interrupt it.

'On which of the vessels shall I place them?'

'In one of the first that are about to sail.'

'I cannot do this without your royal highness's order.'

'I will give one.'

But, please your royal highness, at which dockyard am I to get them fitted?'

'Which you like. But run away now: don't you see I'm busily engaged? Do you want anything more?'

'Merely a treasury order, your royal highness, for the expenses.'

'Sir!' cried the duke, starting up.

'The mere expense of placing them. I shall not ask anything for my own trouble, your royal highness, till they have been proved.'

The duke's manner changed.

'You will cause them to be put up at your own expense.'

'My expense, your royal highness! Impossible! I am only a poor lieutenant on half-pay, without a sixpence to bless myself with, anxious only to benefit the service.'

He interrupted me. 'Benefit the service indeed! and wont pay for your own trumpery! Here you come every day bothering me with your pumps, worrying my heart out, and then wont pay for their erection! Hark ye, sir, pack up your traps there (pointing to my plans, which I had laid before him), pack them up quickly, and be off; and never let me clap eyes on you again as long as you live. Be off, sir, with your pumps!' And without condescending again to look at me, he turned his back, leaving me to hurry from the room, crestfallen and abashed, my glories vanished, my pumps despised!

A year or two passed over. I hid my silent griefs in a country town. I tried to forget my unlucky pumps, and retrieve my extravagances during the week of my

delusion. By degrees I began to get over my disappointment, and was more than half determined to give up the naval profession, when one fine day I learned that our late commander had suddenly become our 'Sailor King;' that blue jackets had come into fashion; that his majesty always wore an admiral's uniform in preference to any other dress; and that he had been heard to declare, now that he had the power, he would once more restore the glories of the 'wooden walls of old England.'

Again my hopes revived. My excellent invention once more rose to my view. No niggardly excuses could now intervene to crush them. I hurried up to London, and ordered a full suit of regimentals (for our gracious sovereign had suddenly, in his great interest for our service, changed our facings, and given us a uniform closely resembling the artillery), and having secured an introduction, hastened to one of the first levees of our naval society.

My heart fluttered in my bosom as it came to my turn to advance. I did so with no little agitation. I felt how much depended on the future opinion of my king. My name was lowly muttered. I made one step forward. Fortune, that arrant jade, placed something in my way. To this very moment I cannot say what it was; but some object or other either caught my foot, or got between my legs, or those limbs refused their office, or—but it matters not what the cause was, I fell down sprawling on the floor. The good-natured monarch took one pace towards me, and actually held out his hand to assist me. At this moment I raised my head: he espied me, and suddenly recoiled, as if bitten by an adder. 'Take him away, take him away!—it's that fellow with his pumps again;' and I was led out amidst a general titter, the word 'pumps' still ringing in my ears.

From that hour to this I have never again visited court, or looked at my unfortunate invention; studiously avoiding the presence of my superiors in the Admiralty, lest I should chance to inherit the sobriquet of 'Monsieur Tonson, R. N.'

TRAITS OF THE PENINSULA.

THE two countries of the Peninsula are in one respect the least interesting in Europe. The political and military convulsions that elsewhere excite, only disgust and confuse in Spain and Portugal. We are wearied by their monotonous extravagance, and turn away with contempt from the ceaseless spectacle of rebellion without patriotism, and loyalty without common sense. But for this very reason the character of the people is an important subject for philosophical inquiry, although one, unluckily, that has been but little treated by competent observers. In such an inquiry, the book now reprinted by Lord Carnarvon* will be found of considerable value—but only as materials. It is a lively, gossiping, amusing production, full of sketches of manners, and stories of forgotten feuds, with a thread running through it of personal adventure, which gives something like the charm of romance to the whole. Avoiding the politics as stale, and even the hairbreadth 'scapes of the author, we shall devote a few columns to those details which bear most upon the character of the people.

The following is the general opinion of our author:—'If I could divest myself of every national partiality, and suppose myself an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, travelling solely for my amusement, noting men and manners, and were asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society,

* Portugal and Galicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces. By the Earl of Carnarvon. Third edition. London: Murray. 1846.

and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial, of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindness of feeling. He then comes to particulars; asserting that in Portugal the infliction of pain in conversation is not only disagreeable to both parties, but a proof of ill-breeding in the aggressor. A man will not even show that he is aware of being deceived by the person he is conversing with, for fear of hurting his feelings! This is surely the *ne plus ultra* of politeness; and after hearing of it, we are not surprised to be told that in Portugal society resembles a vessel impelled by a favouring breeze over a calm sea, undisturbed by any displeasing inequality of motion.

'The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit in Portuguese society; and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose. Dandyism is unknown among their men; and coquetry, so common among Spanish women, is little in vogue among the fair Portuguese. They do not possess to the same extent the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours; but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate.' These women, however, though naturally lively, witty, and observant, have but little conversation, in the proper sense of the term, and can only be properly appreciated by those who form part of their own circles. This characteristic politeness 'appears in the intercourse of the higher with the middling and lower orders, and softens the natural jealousy arising from the distinctions of rank. An English gentleman, unprovided at the moment with money, sends a beggar to the devil; the sovereign of Portugal calls him his brother, and regrets that he has nothing to offer him. The pride of the Portuguese *fidalgos* is chiefly directed against each other, and usually relates to their family alliances. A *Puritano*—that is, a *fidalgo* who traces a purely noble descent from the earliest times—is supposed to form an unequal alliance when he unites himself to the scion of any house, however illustrious, if not also a *Puritano* by descent. The higher will not ally themselves to the inferior nobles, and these again will form no connection with the commonalty. But precedence of rank is occasionally superseded in public opinion by ancient birth; and some untitled families have constantly refused to marry into the houses of particular *grandees*, because their own descent is unquestionably more ancient, and therefore considered more illustrious.'

But the kindly flow of Portuguese society is only seen in the lowlands, and in the larger congregations of the people. In other parts of the country we find something very different. In the *Traz os Montes*, for instance, 'the stately manners which characterised the nobility of the feudal world are still sometimes retained among the families of the great. I have said that a strong feeling of vassalage exists in their dependants; a haughty sense of superior birth divides these nobles from the rest of society: even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social habits; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents. They are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not remain covered in their presence, or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded

those ancient and patriarchal halls, still where these forms—the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age—are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.

'But however strict the forms occasionally maintained in these antiquated establishments between parent and child, a graduated subordination of respect appears to pervade the household; a similar homage is exacted by the children from those beneath them, and a similar state observed. In many great families, the young lady of the house, even when she merely goes out to take the air, is preceded by the *escudeiro*, or shield-bearer of the family; though he now no longer carries the shield, but only walks a few paces in advance of his charge, with a solemn and measured step, bareheaded, and holding his hat humbly in his hand. These shield-bearers, attached to noble families, were formerly, like our ancient esquires, gentlemen by birth, though for the most part greatly reduced in circumstances.' The humility of servants, however, is conjoined with an extent of familiarity from which the pride of the English—among whom no such humility prevails—would revolt. 'A servant standing behind his master's chair corrects his statements if he considers them erroneous, and not unfrequently makes observations on any question under discussion. A *grandee* of the kingdom attempted to combine the dignity of his elevated station with the national habits of familiarity towards his domestics by a whimsical mode of proceeding; for he invited them to join the family circle at cards, but required them to remain on one knee during the whole of the game.'

This *grandee*, however, was an exception. The kindly feeling between the family and the domestics is general throughout the country; although persons of rank are proportionately rigorous in questions of ceremony with each other. In illustration of this latter peculiarity, the following amusing anecdote is told by our author:—

'I called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, and ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation; my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a low, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but no: when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.'

A Portuguese gentleman never quits an apartment, after having taken leave, without turning round at the door (as actors do on the English stage) to make a parting

obedience to the ladies; and this is expected by them as a matter of course, and gracefully responded to. 'When upon any occasion,' says our author, 'a Portuguese tenders his arm to a lady, he is bound to proffer his left arm, on the chivalrous principle that the heart, the seat of the affections, should be placed as nearly as possible in juxtaposition with the fair being to whom, for the moment at least, the homage of its possessor is due.' Why, then, is the *right* arm offered in most other European countries? Because, we shall be told, it is the best. The writer of these paragraphs had once the misfortune, through momentary inadvertence, to tender his left arm to a Russian lady of a much higher rank than his own, for the purpose of leading her to the dining-room, when she started back as if he had struck her in the face, and sweeping round with the air of a tragedy queen, took hold of his right arm. An English or a French lady, he ventures to think, would have attributed the solecism either to ignorance or forgetfulness, and have accepted with a smile what was offered to them, without making any fuss about the matter.

Ceremony, however, interposes its chilling effect only in the higher circles of Portuguese society: elsewhere there is a delightful simplicity, which reminds one of what provincial Scotland was some quarter of a century ago. 'In the evening, I accompanied a friend to a party at the house of a Portuguese lady. She had two daughters, the eldest a pretty person, with pleasing manners, and extremely well informed, the youngest a very decided beauty. The party were playing at blind-man's-buff when I entered; a game in which, as it is played in Portugal, success depends upon the rapid recognition of different persons by their voices. Being immediately required to take a part, I was blindfolded, and placed in the centre of the ring. I first, however, pleaded ignorance of every individual present; upon which the lively beauty led me round the circle, hastily naming every person—an ingenious operation, which did not much assist me, as I could not bear in mind a volley of names which I had never heard before. However, trusting to chance, I began my career, and soon touched a lady with the wand. I asked the regular question, and was answered in the feigned voice as regularly assumed. "Whom have you found?" was the general cry. I paused. "Well, but mention some one; the game is at a stand-still." But I could specify no one. I looked stupid, and my new friends probably thought me profoundly so: at length, by a prodigious exertion, I was delivered of a name, but it did not enlighten the party; and I afterwards discovered that the name I had given was a compound of two or three others, which had become most egregiously mixed up in my puzzled brain. This attempt having proved unsuccessful, I exclaimed, "*La dame qui est habillée en noir.*" "Mais nous sommes toutes habillées en noir," was the perplexing reply. At length I named the eldest demoiselle of the house. "No, it is not; it is C—," said the young beauty, naming herself in a lively tone of mock reproach, perhaps a little displeased that so soft a voice once heard should not be immediately recognised. We played several other games. Every lady was required to sigh for a particular gentleman, who in turn was called upon to sigh for a lady, and generally felt bound in gratitude to mourn for her who had mourned for him. This reciprocal grief was very diverting. As might naturally be expected, a sigh is rarely bestowed on the real object of the mourner's affection. So closed an evening of uninterrupted good-humour.'

The 'calm flow of society' in Portugal (when uninterrupted by religion or politics) appears to depend upon the calm flow of individual feeling. This may be broken occasionally, and exhibit all the phenomena of emotion; but in an instant the confusion is over, and everything is as placid as before. Our author tells a story on this subject—a romance, if you will call it so, but still a Portuguese romance—where excitement is expected, but never comes.

'Soon after I left Ovar, I overtook a young woman, of great personal attractions, journeying to Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted: they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and earrings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and good-natured authority which characterised her intercourse with them, seemed to realise the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. Her costume might in some degree be considered classical, and was admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

'She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met every evening under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family; and he arrived one evening at the trysting-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would speedily be united, to part no more; but from that hour they never met again either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested, and conveyed to a place of strict confinement, where he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

'She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but except in a person of very deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child: from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed; new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise, to banish former regrets, and

"She who lately loved the best,
Forgets she loved at all."

'I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union, yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes, and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert, with undiminished affection, to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced that, while it lasted, she would have renounced every earthly tie to be restored to him who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.'

The word romance draws our attention to another bit, a brief incidental picture, which Scott would have considered as capital materials. The noble author, ar-

rested by the royalists, and travelling under the escort of soldiers, has arrived at a small village, where the party halt for the night in a ruinous building. Here they sup upon black broth and bread of the same colour, and after this refection, draw in around a roaring fire, to amuse one another with stories of sorcerers and banditti. 'The night was far advanced, when a loud knocking was heard at the door; two servants being admitted, announced the approach of their mistress—the most influential person in the immediate neighbourhood. Directly afterwards, she appeared, followed by a train of domestics, and evidently decorated to the utmost advantage. Her dress was extremely antiquated, but had been gorgeous in days of yore; it was, I have little doubt, an heirloom in the family, and had probably been worn by herself, and by her maternal ancestors for some generations past, on every solemn occasion. The soldiers received her with every demonstration of formal respect. The stately dame began by saying she had only just been informed that a party of troops engaged in the royal service were quartered in a miserable building near her house. She expressed her hopes that no circumstances displeasing to his majesty's government had given rise to such an unusual occurrence; she trusted her devout aspirations on this head would be confirmed, but at all events esteemed it the bounden duty of a loyal subject to congratulate the troops on their safe arrival, and to assure the individual intrusted with the command that the loyalty which had ever distinguished her family had suffered no diminution in the person of their actual representative. She concluded by declaring that her house, her grounds, and all her goods were at the entire disposal of the king's troops as long as they remained in the neighbourhood. The sergeant answered in a strain as formal and polite, and in language far above his station: he thanked her for the affection which she bore the royal cause, and for this mark of attention to his majesty's servants. He spoke in gratifying terms of the proverbial loyalty of her house, and wished that his majesty possessed more supporters, true-hearted as herself, in these degenerate times, when in too many instances the son had fallen away from his father's faith. He touched lightly, and with address, upon the object of the expedition, and concluded by declining her offer of accommodation, as the night was far spent, and his troops were obliged to renew their march at break of day. A profusion of parting compliments were then exchanged, which, time and place considered, were rather entertaining. The door was then opened

—"Wide and high,
To let the queen and her train go by."

Two menials went forth in advance to clear the way, and after them paced forth the pompous dame; then all her attendants followed; but it must be confessed, their ragged attire spoke ill for the fortunes of the loyal and illustrious line.' This scene reminds one of Lady Margaret Bellenden and 'his most sacred majesty;' but the Portuguese adjuncts, as the reader may gather from the context, render the above much more striking. The ruined hut, the wild features and picturesque costumes of the soldiers, muleteers, and peasants, basking in the ruddy light of the fire, and rising with the politeness of the country to receive their distinguished visitor—all serve to throw an air of romance over an incident which would otherwise have been merely ludicrous. The dresses of the bystanders may be taken from another page:—"The strange wild figures that meet the eye in some of the sequestered parts of Spain, and recall the memory of another age, are not here to be seen: here, indeed, we do not see the pilgrim in his partycoloured garment, the courier with his breast of fur, bare neck, and waist encircled by a belt crowded with quaint devices rudely traced, as if to guard the wearer against a host of Gouls and Afrits. These uncouth figures do not in this part of the country startle, yet delight the eye by their grotesque appear-

ance; still there is much beauty of costume: the men were attired in satin waistcoats, richly figured, and of a crimson colour; some had handkerchiefs tied round their heads, after the Oriental fashion, but not in the graceful folds of the turban, as I have seen them worn in that paradise of the Christian world—the Vale of Murcia. Many of the boys, and some of the men, were dressed in a loose garment, resembling in form, but not in beauty, the Highland kilt; and a broad-brimmed hat, a red scarf, and a blue jacket, not worn but thrown over the shoulder, complete the provincial dress. They also carry the *pao*, or long pole, as in the neighbourhood of Lisbon.'

The stories with which the night was whiled away on this occasion related to the spectral wolves common likewise in Breton superstition, and to a more original band of robbers, whose magical number—thirteen—was never diminished even by the death of one-half of the band. It mattered not what casualties they met with, what troopers they lost, when they were mustered after the fray, the force was undiminished and thirteen voices answered to the roll-call! Another singular superstition is described in a later page:—"I was ill and shivering, though the evening was really warm; I therefore gladly established myself in the kitchen for the sake of its roaring fire. The room was spacious and imperfectly lighted, the chimney huge, and the roof high and pointed. Here I observed a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, not speaking himself, or spoken to by others. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes deep sunk, and his hairs were prematurely gray.

'The Borderer whispered in my ear that he was one of the dreadful Lobishomens—a devoted race, held in mingled horror and commiseration, and never mentioned without emotion by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe that if a woman be delivered of seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the powers of darkness, and is compelled on every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass. So changed, and followed by a horrid train of dogs, he is forced to run an impious race over the moors and through the villages, nor is allowed an interval of rest till the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restores him to his human shape.

'If, therefore, a peasant chance to meet a pale and weary traveller at an early hour on a Sunday morning, he shudders, and in fancy sees the traces left by the infernal chase upon the stranger's haggard countenance. A wound inflicted upon the poor victim of this unhallowed agency during the very act of transformation, can alone release him from this accursed bondage; a liberation supposed to be most rarely effected, because few men have courage to behold the appalling change in progress, and still fewer have sufficient coolness to strike the critical blow at the exact moment. Such is the superstition of the Lobishomens, diffused more or less over the whole of Portugal, but subject to different versions in different districts, and only credited implicitly in the wild and lonely wastes of Alentejo.'

We have now done. Our notice is a thing of shreds and patches—just like the book; of the amusing parts of which it may be taken as a fair specimen.

WAR.

The operations of genuine war may bear a triumphant aspect; but that is only the fair disguise with which men cover the gravest and saddest of human intentions.

*** INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—We are obliged to several correspondents—particularly to S. M.—for some valuable suggestions, which shall be duly attended to.

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SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

MUNICH TO LINZ.

COUNT RUMFORD, or—to call him by his original and unsophisticated name—Benjamin Thomson, has left the impress of his masculine intellect in various institutions in Munich. It will be recollected that this ingenious and enterprising person, when expelled by political intolerance from America, found an honourable refuge at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, and was permitted by him to remodel various educational and criminal establishments. By this means Munich may be said to have got the start of other continental cities in some of its social features; and till the present day, it keeps pretty much ahead of them. It is agreeable to find that in a place where the fine arts have met with so gracious a friend and patron as Ludwig I., and which is rapidly growing up a cisalpine rival of the famed Italian cities, an enlightened and humane policy is pursued with regard to those momentous subjects—pauperism, education, and crime.

What came under my observation as respects the reform and punishment of criminals, was so unlike anything I had previously seen in prison arrangements, that I deem it worthy of special remark. Taking a calèche and guide, I drove to a spot outside the town, to see the great central prison of Bavaria, in which were confined nearly five hundred détenus. The establishment did not, however, look like a prison. Formerly used as a monastery, it consists of a cluster of detached buildings, interspersed with courtyards, the whole occupying a considerable space of ground. Soldiers walked as sentries around the walls and within the courtyards; but beyond this, there was little appearance of force, although the strictest discipline was maintained. A stream of pure water, led apparently from the Isar, flowed through the premises, insuring cleanliness, and furnishing what water was desirable for economic purposes. Without any other introduction than the presentation of my card, and a few words spoken to the governor—a gentleman in a military dress—I was politely conducted through the establishment, and every required information afforded. The principle on which the prison is conducted differs entirely from that which is now extending itself over Great Britain—the seclusion of individuals separately in cells. It is the imprisonment of persons together in apartments, but all under the obligation of silence—or, at the utmost, free to converse only on certain subjects—and all kept hard at work by superintendents. That there will be improper communication with each other by such a plan, is evident; but placed under judicious regulations, I would not anticipate serious evils from this species of association; and at anyrate, it is a question if the separate system, which is clearly a vio-

lation of nature, is in all respects preferable. One thing is certain, there was much more cheerfulness in this Bavarian prison than I had been accustomed to see in houses on the Pentonville principle; and I am inclined to think that without cheerfulness there can be little virtue. Not driving at any fine-spun theory, the Bavarians have, to all appearance, tried what work will do in the way of reclamation. The prison is a factory, in which the greater number of détenus labour in bands at the various branches of the manufacture of cloth. Some are attending carding-machines, others are dyeing, spinning, weaving, and performing the finishing processes; the result being a fine light blue fabric, which is used for clothing the army. Another branch of employment is the manufacture of linen, which engages many hands; and the cloth, when finished, is done up with as much taste as is usual with our finer Irish linens.

Besides these staples, other trades are carried on, chiefly to meet the wants of the establishment. There were smiths' and carpenters' workshops, stocking-weaving, and shoemaking. In the large kitchen, I found several men-cooks, dressed in the usual snow-white costume of the continental cuisine, and who were détenus like the others. Some soup and pudding were offered to me to taste: as it was Friday, I cannot say the specimen would have exactly suited the palate of a Pentonvillian.

The greater number of the prisoners are men; and there are included amongst them convicts condemned to a long imprisonment, and for life. Capital punishments are not abolished in Bavaria; but they rarely take place, and only for murder under greatly aggravated circumstances. I here saw twenty men at work in a room by themselves, who had been convicted of murder, and were condemned to imprisonment for life. Their employment was carding flax with hand-cards. The appearance of these men, dressed in a prison garb, with heavy clog shoes, and manacles on their legs, was not pleasing. Their looks were downcast and subdued, and I could fancy that they felt the humiliation and misery of their situation. Yet, all things considered, their condition was creditable to the country, and an advance on the treatment of a similar class of criminals in England. In the department for female détenus, there were pointed out several women also condemned to imprisonment for life. One, a young woman, engaged in some laundry work, had been convicted of killing her child. As crimes of this atrocious nature are usually committed in gusts of passion, in which the actor can scarcely be said to be an accountable being, how much more reasonable and humane to confine for life, under proper restraints, persons of this unfortunate class, than to strangle them amidst the yells of a depraved and horror-loving multitude! On quitting

the prison, I learned, by a few words from the governor, that all that a prisoner of the ordinary class gains by labour over a certain sum, is placed to his credit, and paid to him at the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Few, he said, come back for second offences; 'one visit was usually enough.' I returned to Munich, much pleased with what I had seen and heard; and not without some misgivings as to the alleged superiority, in all circumstances, of the Pentonvillian system of discipline—the truth being, that as yet all systems of prison treatment are tentative, and possibly a century may elapse before we arrive at the solution of the problem.

Having exhausted Munich, we bade farewell to its many interesting objects, and proceeded on our journey towards Vienna. It was immaterial how we went; but as it was possible to take Salzburg by the way, we adopted a route which would bring us to that ancient town. The distance to Salzburg was eighty-two miles; and sleeping for the night at Wasserburg, an ancient town on the rapid-flowing Inn, we were able to reach it by voiture in two days. On quitting Wasserburg, we were getting towards the frontier of Austria, with the lofty peaks of the Tyrol on our right, the country around which is well wooded, being mostly arable, and studded with numerous villages. The houses were for the greater part of wood, some with fancifully-carved gables to the road, and all less or more decorated with sentences from Scripture, carved in the old German character.

Before crossing a wide stream, which, swollen with a late heavy rain, hurried perturbedly on its course from the Tyrolese mountains, we were brought to a stand at the office of the Austrian douane. English guide-books speak of such rigorous examinations on entering Austria, that I made up my mind to half an hour's overhauling. To our surprise and satisfaction, however, the scrutiny was exceedingly superficial: a number of books—said to be proscribed articles in Austria—which lay on the top of our portmanteau, were not even looked at; and with passport *visé* we were in a few minutes pursuing our journey. Were we to enter the country *now*, while the continent is in a state of agitation, I doubt not we should experience a somewhat different treatment.

We had been gradually approaching the mountains on our right, and now entered the vale of the Salza, up which we were conducted for a few miles, till the hills closed in around; and at a turn of the road, the very curiously-situated town of Salzburg burst into view. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, we were lodged at a hotel at the centre of this walled and ancient city, our windows looking out on a central square or place, in which was situated the cathedral, and the old archiepiscopal palace, transformed into a barrack for Austrian soldiers. Salzburg is reputed to be the most picturesquely-situated town in Germany. It is certainly a strange huddle of buildings, crowded within a kind of ravine, and with scarcely standing-room on the banks of the Salza, which, wide, deep, and of a milky hue, rushes through the town at a speed setting navigation at defiance. The greater part of the town is built on the left bank, and this portion is backed by a high rocky knoll, on which grimly stands the castle of Salzburg. The face of the hill, on the right bank, spreading away above and beyond the houses at its base, is beautifully dotted over with woods, villas, and gardens, and commands a fine view of the opposite castle and the valley behind it. The two portions of the town are connected by a wooden roadway, fastened on boats, which are anchored in the stream—a simple unexpensive species of bridge common in continental countries, which we might imitate with advantage in various situations. The sight of Salzburg, with its castle and environs, suggests recollections of Scottish scenery. Wilkie, in speaking of the spot, says—'It is Edinburgh castle and the Old Town brought within the cliffs of the Trosachs, and watered by a river like the Tay'—a remark worthy of this ingenious artist.

Out of the way of general traffic, conquered, and held down, Salzburg may be said to be merely the ghost of a city—the dull tomb of a listless population. Formerly the seat of an archbishop, who was also an independent prince, it was, without a shadow of justice, taken possession of by Austria, of which it is now a poor provincial town, with a garrison to keep it in order. The houses are generally massive and grand; monasteries and churches are seen in all quarters; while palaces of ecclesiastical dignitaries, faded and dull in aspect, give shelter to regiments of foot and cavalry. On the morning after our arrival, and with a written permission from the commandant, we climbed the hill to the castle, where, at a height of two hundred to three hundred feet above the Salza, the toil of our ascent was rewarded by a view rich, varied, and pleasingly picturesque, though limited on nearly all sides by the peaks of the not far distant mountains. Having penetrated through several storeys of a building occupied by soldiers, we arrived at a suite of apartments containing a few antique objects; and here we were indulged with a view of the torture chamber, in which a wooden machine or rack, for raising prisoners with weights at their feet, still remains as a thing to interest travellers, and as an evidence of the means once adopted to punish religious contumacy. Beneath is a dungeon or oubliette, accessible only by a trap-door, the dismal receptacle of the unhappy victims of the misjudging religious tribunal which held its sittings in the castle. Shall we break into a fume of indignation at seeing these indisputable evidences of ecclesiastical oppression? Alas! does not the history of all nations reveal tyrannies equally horrible? Coming from a country where nonconformity and the impossible crime of witchcraft were alike punished with the stake, it behoves us to pass over in silent sorrow these memorials of a frailty common to unenlightened human nature.

The rocky protuberance on which the castle is situated has all the appearance of being the remains of a hill which had once blocked up the valley of the Salza, and been reduced to its present irregular form by the action of the water. It is composed of a species of rock which is peculiarly susceptible of assuming new forms when exposed to meteoric influences. At a level somewhat lower than the spot occupied by the garrison, the knoll extends in one direction with an irregular surface, forming a sylvan scene of wood and green fields, open for the recreation of the inhabitants. As if to show that the former rulers of Salzburg were not all mere oppressors, an undertaking of great public importance, executed by a prince-archbishop, is here pointed out, and we descended from the hill to examine it. This is a lofty and spacious tunnel, upwards of four hundred feet in length, which has been cut right through the rock at the level of the streets, so as to admit a free and convenient communication for foot passengers and vehicles between the town and country beyond. A bust of the benevolent ecclesiastic, Archbishop Sigmund, who executed this useful public improvement about eighty years since, is placed over the entrance.

The finest thing about Salzburg is the vale, which spreads its richly-clothed fields behind the castle, and over which a delightful drive of eight miles conducts the tourist to the salt mines of Hallein. We spent a whole summer's day in visiting spots of picturesque beauty and historic interest in this charming plain, the limit of our ride being the newly-built château of Nefin, erected in the midst of a small lake, but accessible by a bridge from the land. I am sorry it is not in my power to throw any light on that archæological mystery, 'château-life,' in consequence of our visit to this imitative mediæval mansion; for the house was still in the hands of the workmen, and our curiosity was necessarily confined to an examination of the freshly-executed frescos which decorate its walls. From the leads on the highest turret, we had a fine view of the wooded environs, overhung by lofty alpine heights, which even at this advanced season were plentifully covered with snow. On

the way back to Salzburg, we visited a manufactory of articles in marble—pedestals for statues, columns, and other objects, which are transported hence to different parts of Germany. The machinery for sawing and polishing the blocks is moved by a stream which dashes from an adjoining height. At a little distance, and higher up the hill, within the recesses of a most picturesque ravine, we were shown a more novel and curious operation: this was the making of boys' marbles; and a more simple process can hardly be conceived. Small pieces of marble being put into a peculiarly-shaped stone trough or dish, a top of the same material, fitting into certain grooves, is made to whirl about by little streamlets led from the main torrent, and the marbles are soon ground into a spherical form. There were about twenty of these little sputtering mills, one above another on the stream, so that the scene was busy and amusing. At a glance, we were let into the secret of cheap pebble-grinding in Germany. No expense whatever had been incurred in constructing the mills: the apparatus was of the homeliest kind; the sluices on the impetuous streamlets were each nothing more than a turf; the raw material came out of the hill-side; and the superintendent of works was a female, who probably considered herself well paid at a remuneration of twopence a-day. And from this primitive manufactory boys' marbles are sent in vast numbers all over the world.

Every town is glad to have something peculiar to boast of, if it be nothing more than a happy knack of baking buns or gingerbread. Salzburg boasts of having produced Mozart; and the house in which he was born (1756), being the third or fourth floor of a large and handsome building in one of the main streets, is pointed out to all strangers as an important curiosity, which it is expected they will visit. If any town could rationally derive merit from being the birthplace of genius, Salzburg would assuredly be entitled to occupy a high place in the world's consideration; for of all the marvels of precocity in musical science, Mozart is the most marvellous—his taste and skill in composition the most remarkable. His statue, in bronze, ornaments the Michael's Platz.

At the end of two days we had seen all that appeared interesting in this ancient city, and then proceeded with our private conveyance to Ischl by St Ghilgen (the *gh* guttural). The road was hilly, and disclosed scenery of the greatest beauty. St Ghilgen is a small town situated at the end of a lake, which I should think is about five miles in length; and the view of this sheet of water, with its projecting woody promontories—St Wolfgang, with its church at the farther extremity, and the craggy steeps around, towering to the clouds—is one of the finest things of the kind I had ever seen, and rivals in beauty the scenery of Lucerne, though on a much smaller scale. At a neat small inn, scrupulously clean, in St Ghilgen, we stopped to rest the horses and dine; our repast consisted principally of a delicate species of trout, with a pale blue skin, the product of the adjoining lake. After dinner we continued our route, which lay along the south margin of this pretty expanse of water, and on quitting its eastern extremity, entered a defile, rugged, woody, and several miles in length. Occasionally, at ascents, I got out of the vehicle to chat with our driver, a good-humoured German, and to catch glimpses of striking points in the scene. The most remarkable thing on all sides was the density of the dark fir woods, which grew from the edge of the road to almost the tops of the mountains. So prolific was this species of timber, that miniature trees appeared to be spontaneously starting into existence on every inch of open ground—the land seemed to be groaning under wood—a mine of railway sleepers for the universe! Vast quantities of the timber were cut, barked, and thrown into the river which flowed through the defile, thence to find its way to its place of destination. All this wood, and also the territory hereabouts, are the personal property of the Emperor of Austria, who derives

a large revenue from the produce and rents. The district is locally called the Salzammergut, or chamber property of the salt mines—salt being its most valuable product.

Early in the evening we made our entry into Ischl, the principal, or at least the most fashionable, town in this dependency of the empire, situated in a hollow, surrounded by lofty mountains, on whose rugged sides strata of vapour reposed like masses of white wool, at different altitudes. Ischl seems to be an excellent central spot whence to radiate in short tours over this charming district. During summer, it forms a favourite resort for health-seekers, there being here hot and cold baths of natural brine, with all the accessories of recreation found at most watering-places. At the time of our visit the season had not commenced—the saloons were empty, and billiard balls were reposing since last year's fatigues. The only things which showed life were the salt manufactories—elegant buildings, not at all resembling our odious smoky salt-pans—from whose half-open roofs steam rose in clouds high above the town. There being nothing to detain us in Ischl, we went forward next morning to Ebensee, which is only a few miles distant, at the mouth of the river Traun, where it falls into the lake of Gmunden. Scenery still beautiful, and piles of cut timber increasing so enormously, that we begin to wonder what is to be done with it—no want of fuel for the salt-works of Ebensee, to which brine for evaporation is conducted in wooden pipes from Ischl.

When we arrived at Ebensee, a poor little vapoury village, we had, in the meanwhile, got to the end of land travel. Hills crowded in right and left, leaving not an inch for road, and before us lay a lake, frowned upon by stony mountains, the very riddlings of creation. The lake has for some years been navigated by a small steamer, and in ten minutes after our arrival, this vessel came in sight from behind a projecting promontory; in ten minutes more we were on its deck and under weigh. It was a pretty toy of a thing, smart in its movements, and seemed to be under capital management. I should say that I made up my mind as to these points of the boat's character before knowing anything of its commander, who turned out to be a Scotchman, and, what was better, an affable traveller; for during the whole voyage, he entertained us with observations on the country and its inhabitants, whom he described as a people industrious, orderly, and well-to-do in their small holdings. Now and then the conversation diverged to the scenery of the lake, which was always getting the prettier and more interesting. On our left or northern side, the hills are less high than on the right, and better clothed with vegetation. Villages are stuck about in picturesque spots, and green knolls bask under the shade of cherry-trees. On the right, half way down this charming lake, the Traunberg, a huge bare mountain, rises sheer from the water's edge, and lifts its scarped head high above the tumultuous sea of hills. Here we have a fine view of the town of Gmunden, whose white houses are reflected in the clear waters. We landed at Gmunden, after a sail of little more than an hour, during which we had come nearly ten miles.

Disembark—dine in a bustling restaurant—and in an hour are seated in a railway carriage for Linz, on the Danube—distance twenty to thirty miles. The reader will of course imagine that we reached Linz in at most an hour and a half. All a mistake. This was one of those innocent railways on which horse-power performs the part of a locomotive, and where, from the rate of progression, there is not the least chance of being dashed in pieces. The truth of the matter is, it is a tramway for bringing the salt from a dépôt at the foot of the lake; and at offings on our journey we passed hundreds of wagons loaded with that valuable material. The trip through woods, across hedgeless fields and sandy plains, occupied seven mortal hours! At dusk, after a scramble with douaniers and passport examiners—a sorry conclusion of a long day's journey—we were allowed to enter Linz, and grope our way to a hotel. Pleasant

sight—beautiful apartment—tea urn hissing on the table—and glad to have reached the capital of Upper Austria in time for the *fête Dieu*, which is to take place to-morrow. W. C.

THE FOUNDLING.

How often have I longed for the uplifting of that veil which shrouds my birth in darkness! How many a midnight hour have I passed in intense yearnings for one moment's glimpse of those first brief hours of my existence when I still lay folded in a mother's arms, and felt her soft embrace! The indulgence of such feverish thoughts was wont to be followed by dreams of mingled agony and joy, from which I awoke only to experience more fully the loneliness of my degraded position.

My earliest recollections are connected with a cottage in the county Wicklow, where I formed part of a numerous family of children, under the care of a woman whom we all addressed by the endearing name of mother. Nurse Conolly (so she was called by the neighbours) belonged to a class which is not uncommon among Protestants in the eastern parts of Ireland; removed from the poverty of the cotter, and yet not wealthy enough to rank among farmers.

On her husband's death, she was left in possession of a few acres of land, which, under her prudent care, became a source of comfort to her family. Her dwelling was not of that squalid kind too often found by the wayside in Ireland. It contained four rooms, the largest of which served the united purpose of kitchen and sitting-room for the whole household. Adjoining this apartment was a smaller one, appropriated to the use of her son and two or three boys, who formed part of her charge; and the low garrets situated over these were occupied by Nurse Conolly and her daughter, with a little band of destitute children, who were committed to her care, having been sent out by charitable institutions in Dublin, that they might enjoy the advantages of fresh air and a good homely education. And truly Nurse Conolly was worthy of the trust reposed in her; for she was a conscientious, kind-hearted woman, who watched as sedulously over our health and wellbeing as if we were her own home-born children. Under her care we were trained to habits of order, cleanliness, and industry; and while our fare and clothing were of the cheapest kind, there was nothing slovenly or rude in their arrangements. We rose with the early dawn, and after sharing in her household labours, and partaking of brown bread and milk for our breakfast, we hastened to the parish school, bearing with us our dinner, as we did not return home until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The intermediate hours were divided between 'books, and work, and healthful play,' so that our spirits were still fresh and gay, as we scampered homeward over fields and hedges; nor lingered on our way, unless when tempted by the wild rose or the butterfly to a chase or a scramble. If the delay had been a long one, Nurse Conolly would surely be found at the garden wicket straining her eyes in the direction of the school; and ever and anon glancing at the flowers, which were her pride as well as her pleasure; for (as she was sometimes heard to boast) the *quality* often stopped to admire her whitewashed cottage, with its trailing roses and honeysuckles.

At such times a gentle reproof awaited us. 'Sure, childer, I thought you were gone astray entirely; and the praties are boiled to rags by this time. I ought to be after chastising ye for your misbehaviour.' But a word of explanation sufficed to pacify the good dame, and we failed not to do justice to the potatoes, over-done as they might be, after they had been thrown out on a deal table, so white and clean, that the daintiest lady

in the land need not have turned away from our evening repast. As soon as the household work was done, we plied our needles and learned our tasks for the morrow; nor was the evening far advanced when, the family Bible being opened, a chapter was read aloud, verse by verse, each one bearing a part in its perusal. This was followed by a short and simple prayer, after which we retired to rest.

Such was the tenor of our peaceful and yet busy life, whose course, unmarked save by the petty troubles incident to humanity, and often enlivened by those cheap pleasures which the country affords, was full of healthful enjoyment both to our minds and bodies. I have a faint remembrance of my early childhood as having been a time of unalloyed happiness. Even now I can recall the little poultry-yard whither my kind nurse allowed me to accompany her, with oats in my apron for her family of chickens; and the small spot of waste ground wherein we used to stick twigs of Mayflower and sweetbrier, calling it our garden—an indulgence given to the younger children occasionally, 'by way of keeping them out of harm's way.' At that time my little world of thought was an unclouded one, but too soon 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'

How well do I remember the first perplexing idea which occurred to disturb my mind, and to embitter my whole being! I had nearly completed my fourth year, when one of our orphan group was attacked by pulmonary disease; and the village doctor having advised a temporary removal to her native air, her widowed mother was sent for; and on her arrival, the child flew into her arms, weeping with joy, while the poor woman lavished on her daughter such fond expressions of anxiety and love, that we all stood gazing at her with silent emotion. On their departure, my heart felt heavy, as it had never been before, and the depression of my spirits was soon noticed by Nurse Conolly, who, in her kind, brusque way, inquired, 'Arrah, then, child! what ails ye, that ye lave the victuals untouched? Is it sick, sore, or sorry that ye be?'

'Oh, mother,' I replied, 'have I got a mammy like Kate Terry, who is gone away to-day? Tell me where is *my* mammy?' said I, while the tears trickled down my cheeks.

'Don't be after talking such nonsense,' was her answer. 'Sure haven't ye got me for a mammy, and isn't that enough for ye? Ain't I as good as any mammy Kate Terry has got?'

'Yes, you are very good to me, but I want a mammy of my own. Where is she?'

'Go along, child, and ask no more such questions, for I wont answer one of them,' said nurse, looking more stern than ever I had seen her before; so that I dared say no more, but crept to bed, where I soon sobbed myself to sleep.

This was a new era in my life. The existence of sorrow had scarcely been known to me before. Now I began to feel its withering influence on my own being. The thought of 'my own mammy' would often disturb and perplex me; but the crowning misery was yet to come. About two years afterwards, as a young lady was one day visiting our cottage, she patted my head, and looking at me very kindly, inquired of our nurse, 'Who is this nice little girl, Nurse Conolly?'

'She is called Mary Hammond, please your ladyship.'

'She looks delicate. Is anything the matter with her?'

'Oh, ma'am, that sort of childer are a sickly race entirely; but there's not a ha'porth the matter with her; and in troth she is not like the most of them, for she is a mighty genteel child, and very tender-hearted like.'

'Poor child!' rejoined the lady with a look of pity; and asked, 'Have you many more foundlings under your care, nurse?'

'Only two; and thankful enough I am not to have more of them, for I have had a power of trouble with

some of them before now. Come here, Sally Loman and Nanny Creed—come, show yourselves to the lady,' continued nurse, addressing herself to the only two girls of our family for whom I felt a secret dislike—not that they had ever been unkind to me; but little children, without being able to define their feelings, usually shrink from coarse, low-minded people; and such were the two girls now called over by Nurse Conolly. They were often in disgrace at school for their idleness and stupidity, and at home they were disliked on account of their sulkiness and their untidy ways. And these were my fellows! belonging to the same proscribed race! differing from their companions in some way which was an enigma to me, but which, from its very mystery, was all the more fearful to my childish imagination. This new glimpse of my degraded position brought with it a weight of misery I had never felt before. I lay awake the following night, recalling all that had passed between my nurse and her visitor; and strange as it may seem, even the praise that had been bestowed on me was gall and wormwood to my soul, for I felt humiliated at belonging to a class from which it was esteemed an honour to differ.

Few people are aware of the depth of thought and wretchedness that may dwell within the heart of a young child, unknown to those who occupy the same house, and sit around the same hearth. Happy for such a one if there be at hand some tender but experienced friend, who may gently probe the wound, and pour balm into its hidden recesses! There was no living being to whom I could look for information or comfort. The remembrance of nurse's stern manner on a former occasion withheld me from applying to her; and I shrank from making inquiries of my companions, through a fear of their scorn or raillery. So I resolved to conceal all my bitter thoughts within myself, and this self-concentration elicited the latent pride of my character; so that, from being the playful favourite of the household, I gradually became shy, sensitive, and proud. It was not long before Nurse Conolly observed the change, and expressed her anxiety lest 'something amiss should have come over me;' but her kind words, which formerly had been so grateful to me, were now unwelcome, as they seemed to me only pity in disguise; even as the pure fresh air, which is life to the healthy man, becomes poison to any part of his body which may have grown sensitive from the infliction of a wound.

Time wore on; and in spite of the one dark shadow which was cast around my path, life had many a blithe and joyous hour for me; for there is a happy buoyancy in youth which bears it up, even when passing through the deepest and most troubled waters, so that it sinks not, but rather gathers strength from each trial to rise more elastically above the next: even like those tiny skiffs which we may often have watched with fear, as they descended into the deep furrows of the ocean, and then anon we beheld them riding triumphantly over the giant-crested wave, as if exulting in their conquest over difficulty and danger. Many such hours of triumph were mine, when I found myself the acknowledged superior of those around me in every work of skill and in every intellectual acquirement.

At our yearly school examination I often detected the teacher's eye turn unconsciously to me when any difficult question required an answer; and at the annual feast that followed I was frequently noticed by the visitors, whose ill-timed praise not only increased my pride, but made me the object of envy to my companions. On our return from one of these school festivals, I was displaying my prizes to our nurse, with a spirit perhaps over-elated by success, when her son and daughter entered the room. Henry Conolly was then a youth of eighteen, his mother's pride and darling: Norah was about my own age. She was a good-humoured, kind-hearted girl of fifteen, whose chief failing was an impetuosity of temper, which occasionally impelled her to utter words which she would afterwards vainly long to recall. At this moment she was annoyed at her failure in the

morning's examination, and the sight of my prizes by no means tended to soothe her temper. Her mother unfortunately inquired where were her prizes.

'My prizes indeed! Sorra a prize I have to show. Some people are mighty clever in ingratiating themselves with the quality; but after all, it may be that they pity the poor creature who was thrown on the wide world without a skreed to her back or a friend to look after her. They who are born of honest parents don't want these things,' said she scornfully, while taking up a neat chintz frock which lay upon her mother's lap.

My heart was swelling with rage and pride as she uttered these taunting words, and I knew not what bitter retort I might have been tempted to make, but that Henry, laying his hand on her arm, said in an earnest tone—'Are you not ashamed of yourself, Norah, for speaking such cruel words to her, just because she is cleverer and prettier than yourself? If God gave you honest parents, it is no merit of yours, remember: and no matter how Mary came into the world, she is the jewel of the parish, so she is; and I won't let any one insult her as long as my name is Henry Conolly. Don't take on so, dearest Mary,' added he, on seeing the tears roll down my cheeks: 'everybody loves you: even Norah does, though her tongue is somewhat over-hasty now and then. Are you not sorry, dear Norah,' said he soothingly to his sister—'are you not sorry to vex poor Mary? Come, both of you kiss one another, and forget all that is past.' Saying this, he drew us both together, and Norah muttering some excuse, we embraced, and were at peace.

Although Nurse Conolly was by no means pleased at her daughter being 'set down,' as she called it, on my account, yet she could not be angry with her favourite Henry; and therefore contented herself by saying that he was 'a trifle too hard on his own sister;' adding, however, with a smile, that 'the minister himself could not have spoken more finely' than he did. Henry looked grave, and taking up his book, sat down in the corner of the window, where he was wont to pursue his studies. If Nurse Conolly indulged a mother's pride in her only son, others there were in the parish who thought no less favourably of him than she did. About two years before the time now alluded to, his education being completed at the minister's school, his master, a man of worth and ability, offered to instruct him in Greek and Latin if he would assist him for two or three hours daily in teaching the younger boys. This offer was joyfully accepted by Henry, who henceforth devoted every leisure moment to his new studies; and through the kind aid and counsel of our pastor, it had recently been settled that Henry should enter Trinity College as a sizer, preparatory to his undertaking the office of missionary in Canada, to which he was prompted by an earnest desire to do good, as well as by a thirst after seeing strange lands.

It was a proud, and yet sad day for his mother, when she saw him dressed in his new black coat, and setting out with the weekly carrier to Dublin. It seemed to her, she said, as though her right hand were cut off, and the joy of her heart taken from her. Her tears flowed abundantly, and all my proud ungrateful thoughts vanished as I beheld her sorrow, and knew how truly it was my own. But she needed not to conceal her sorrow; whereas I trembled lest it should be suspected that I felt his loss more acutely than the other girls of the household, knowing that the finger of scorn would be lifted against the outcast foundling, who should presume to identify her joys and sorrows with those of an 'honest-born' youth.

It was about this time that the curate of our parish having recently married, his lady undertook the instruction of some girls in psalmody; and I, among others, was desired to attend weekly at her house to receive lessons in singing. There was a calm, gentle penetration in this lady's look which attracted, and yet awed me. On the ensuing Sunday, when I entered the school-room, where we were wont to assemble for an

hour in the morning, it gave me pleasure to see her seated as teacher of the head-class, to which I belonged. Her eye rested so kindly on us all, as if it were her office not only to instruct, but to comfort us, that our young hearts could not but expand under the influence of her sunny mind. Nor was her intercourse with us confined to the hours of instruction; for she visited us weekly at our homes, and took many opportunities of seeing us alone at her own house, when she inquired kindly concerning our plans and prospects. Mrs Boyd soon gained an unbounded influence over me. I felt that she not only loved, but understood me. Whenever my forlorn position in life was alluded to by others, I felt my cheeks glowing with pride and shame; but when she gently touched this chord of sadness, my whole heart responded to her sympathy, and bursting into tears, I fell at her knees, and buried my face in her lap.

It would be impossible for me to detail the many deeds of kindness I received from this excellent lady: her reproofs, so gentle; her forbearance, so tender; her advice and aid, so judiciously bestowed; and, above all, the affectionate wisdom with which she guided me to Him who alone can heal the broken heart; and of whom she delighted to speak as my heavenly Father. Oh how sweet was that name of Father to one who knew no earthly parent! She also taught me that self-respect, so far from being akin to pride, was best cherished in a humble heart; and that the safest cure for a morbid sensitiveness was the diligent fulfilment of each practical duty which lay in my path. To crown all, having learned that the term of my school-girl life was nearly ended, and that my destination (in common with most 'people of my sort') was to be bound apprentice to some farmer's wife, she received me for a year as an inmate of her house, prepared me carefully for the office of a nursery governess, and finally placed me in her eldest sister's family, where I had the charge of three charming little children, who were my pupils and companions during the larger portion of each day.

My position was an enviable one, and I felt truly grateful to my benefactress for having procured me so desirable a home. It would have been a happy one, but that I felt one aching void, which no outward advantage could supply: I felt alone in the world. All those around me had some beloved friends who rejoiced in their weal, and wept when they were sad; but the painful conviction would often force itself upon me, that my life was not needful to the happiness of any fellow-being, and that my death would cause no blank in any human heart. Deeply sensible as I was of the kindness which had been lavished on me, I longed to be loved for my own sake, without any admixture of pitying regard. The image of Henry would often present itself to me as one whose affection was of the kind I yearned for; but we had not met for many a long day, and it seemed doubtful whether his watchful kindness might not have sprung from a desire to protect the friendless, and might therefore have faded away, during absence, into a cold remembrance of early regard. This thought cast a shadow over the brightest moments of my past life, and imbittered the present blessings of my lot.

Six months had elapsed since I had entered Mrs Aylmers's family, and on the approach of Easter, a few days' holiday were offered to me, which I thankfully accepted, with the desire of visiting my benefactress, and also the foster-mother of my early years. Mrs Boyd had invited me to her pleasant happy home, from whence, she said, I could visit the cottage daily.

How many mingled feelings of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, strove for the mastery within my heart, as the mail-car drove up to Rose Hill! The cordial welcome which awaited me gladdened my whole being; but no sooner had that soft searching glance rested upon me for a while, than I felt its magic influence as in days of yore; and before many hours were elapsed, the whole secret of my burdened soul was known to my best earthly friend. She did not chide, or wonder at my

feelings; but only observed that the most innocent affections, if allowed too unbounded a sway, often grew to be very hard masters, and that I was therefore on slippery ground: 'but,' added she, 'we will talk over all this another time, for Mr Boyd will be here immediately, and we are expecting a guest at dinner who will surely not be unwelcome to you—a young man in whom my husband is much interested, having just obtained for him the pastorship of a parish in one of the newly-settled districts in Canada.' As she spoke, my heart beat violently, and my emotion was so great, that she perceived I had guessed her meaning. 'It is your old friend Henry Conolly,' continued she; 'and he seems so humble, and yet so earnest in his desire to do good, that I trust he will prove a blessing in the country which he has adopted as his home.'

At this moment the door opened, and Mr Boyd entered with Henry. I strove to be calm, and uttered some words of welcome as he pressed my hand almost silently within his own. It was evident that he expected to see me there, and that my presence was not indifferent to him. During the evening, few words passed between us, except inquiries concerning people in whom we were mutually interested; but I felt that his eyes were upon me, and this conviction made me confused and awkward in my demeanour. As he rose to depart, I mentioned my intention of visiting his mother on the morrow. 'May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the cottage?' inquired he in a grave tone. I gave an affirmative, which seemed to me cold and formal, but I dared scarcely trust myself to speak. That night was a sleepless one; and on seeing my pale haggard countenance the following morning, I felt an uneasy sensation of disappointment, which might be deemed akin to restless vanity, but was altogether alien from it.

Nurse Conolly's cottage was about a mile distant from Mrs Boyd's dwelling. Henry called for me at the appointed hour. The beginning of our walk was silent and constrained; but soon we came in sight of the cottage, as it lay nestling beneath the hill-side, shaded by the hawthorn hedge, which separated it from the road, and sloping down in front towards the broad vale, across which we were then wending our way.

'Those were happy days,' observed Henry, 'when we all dwelt together in that cottage. Were they not, Mary?'

'Yes,' I replied hesitatingly: 'I had many happy days there.'

'And many unhappy ones too, I fear, dear Mary.'

'Was it for such as me always to feel happy?' I replied, scarcely knowing what to answer.

'Ah, if it depended upon me, there is no breath from heaven but should waft you joy and peace! no living tongue but should utter blessings on your head! no day of your life but should overflow with happiness! Perhaps I am not worthy of you, dearest Mary,' continued he; 'but even if you cast me off, never, never can I love any one as I love you.'

'Do you know what you are saying, dear Henry? Or are you mocking the misery of a—founding? Not worthy of me! Ah, no! my fate is to live lonely and unloved; for I will never bring disgrace upon an "honest" family.'

While these words passed between us, we approached a rivulet, whose soft bright current flowed on in sparkling beauty towards the ocean. Henry stopped, and pointing to the brook, said in an agitated tone, 'Mary, can you tell from whence that bright stream has taken its rise, and yet it imparts grace and fertility to our humble vale? Even so your birth may be involved in mystery, but you are nevertheless the fairest and most precious gift which Heaven has given us here. Only tell me that I may hope to call you my own for life, and then there will no longer be a single cloud overhanging my days and darkening my prospect as it does now. Only say one word, dearest Mary,' added he in an earnest and impassioned tone.

'Your mother, Henry, what will she say to your wishes?'

'She will welcome you as you deserve to be welcomed—as an honour and a blessing to our family.'

Few words more were spoken; but they were such as can be uttered but once in a whole life, for there is no second spring-time to the heart. As we drew near the cottage, we found Nurse Conolly watching at the wicket door, even as she used to do in my childish days; and on our approach, she hastened to throw her arms around my neck, invoking a thousand blessings on my head. Then retreating a moment, and gazing earnestly upon me, she exclaimed, 'Sure, then, ye are grown such a beautiful young lady that I would scarcely have known ye; and yet ye are come to see the old woman in her cabin!'

'And who else should I like better to see than my dear nurse—my mother?' I added, being unwilling not to call her by her old name, and yet conscious that it had now a new meaning. Henry, taking his mother's hand, placed mine within it, saying, 'You will now be her mother indeed, for she has consented to be my own dear Mary.'

I will not attempt to describe the confused joy of that happy day; nor how affectionately Norah greeted her future sister; nor how we wandered over our old haunts, recalling many a childish token of sympathy or love which had soothed me in hours of grief and vexation.

I found Nurse Conolly's establishment of orphans reduced in number, as she wished Henry to have a room appropriated exclusively to his own use, whenever he had leisure to pass a few days at the cottage; and I never felt how dear Norah might be to me, until I saw the care with which she had adorned his little apartment, that he might not 'find it so strange when he came out from the fine city' to see them.

Towards evening we returned to Mrs Boyd's, lingering many a moment on our way to gaze at each familiar scene of beauty. All nature seemed to be bathed in light. Even the gray Sugar-Loaf mountains, with their dark stern peaks, looked glowing in our eyes.

But I must not linger on this part of my history. It need scarcely be said that Mr and Mrs Boyd cordially approved of our union. They, however, earnestly recommended Henry to go out first alone to Canada; and having made acquaintance with his parish, and prepared our future habitation, to return and claim me for his bride. Henry, though unwilling to oppose their wishes, warmly combated this plan, and I trembled at the thought of being separated from him; but their reasons were so convincing, and their desire so imperative with us, that it was finally decided that he should sail by the earliest packet for Canada, from whence we might look for his return in the course of eight or ten months; and that meanwhile I should resume my duties in Mrs Aylmer's family. Before another week had elapsed, he was ploughing the wide Atlantic, and I was seated among my little pupils in Fitzwilliam Square, more desirous than ever worthily to fulfil the duties that were assigned to me.

Before parting from my benefactress, she reminded me that this was the time to test the strength and sincerity of my principles, by an earnest devotion of my thoughts and talents to the round of occupations at present allotted to me, rather than suffer my mind to exhaust itself in anticipations of future happiness.

'Remember, my dear young friend,' were her parting words, 'that to-day alone is ours; and that each accession of moral strength you may now acquire will fit you more thoroughly for the arduous although happy path that lies before you.'

I carefully treasured up her words, although little dreaming of the early trial that awaited me in my new circumstances of life.

I had never before found my task as a teacher so pleasant a one; for it no longer required any effort to enter into all the little domestic joys of those around me.

No painful thought of my own utter loneliness would now check my sympathy with the daily cares and blessings of a family circle; and the resolute determination with which I concentrated all my mental faculties on the present scene during my working hours, made my leisure moments all the more sweet and welcome. Each mail brought me letters from Henry, giving details of all that interested him in his new position, and filled with yearnings for the time when my presence would change the wilderness into a fond and happy home.

The period of his return approached, and already had he named to me the ship which was to convey him to Dublin, as well as the day on which he expected to sail. Each morning I observed anxiously from what quarter the breeze was blowing; and at the end of ten days or a fortnight, began to form a restless expectation of his appearance. Each tap at the school-room door caused an agitation of feeling, which it required a strong effort to overcome, and I found it hard occasionally to repress a tendency to irritation at the mistakes and faults of those around me. Five weeks had elapsed since the time fixed for Henry's departure, and quiet hope was giving way to fear and despondency, when one afternoon, at the hour which my pupils usually spent with their mother, little Alice, the youngest, and the darling of the house, ran into the room clapping her hands, and saying, 'There is Aunt Boyd below stairs, and she is asking for you. She will come up to see you immediately; and I knew you would be so glad! so I came to tell you.'

The words were scarcely spoken when my honoured friend entered the room; and no sooner had I beheld her countenance, than its grave expression filled me with sorrowful forebodings. 'Oh, Mrs Boyd,' I exclaimed, 'what has happened to him? Tell me, I beseech you—you cannot deceive me.' She took my hand affectionately, and seating me beside herself, assured me that my fears were exaggerating the truth, and that she had only come to share my anxieties, as well as to make me acquainted with real facts, knowing how often they were distorted by report.

I interrupted her with passionate intreaties that she would let me know the worst at once.

'There is a report of the Dolphin having been seen in distress on the western coast, but the result is not known. The weather was too boisterous to admit of aid being given her. Now you know all!'

The blow was overwhelming. I fainted away. On my restoration from insensibility, I found Mrs Boyd sitting by my bedside. Her hands were gently clasped together, and from the calm, elevated expression of her countenance, I knew she was commending me to Him who is never heedless of the afflicted. Her presence recalled at once the full extent of my misery. I closed my eyes in despair. Let me not be judged too harshly by those who, when one treasure is withdrawn from them, are still attached to life by a thousand links of affection. Mine was a *foundling's* wo, and no other but one, who, like myself, has been cast homeless and nameless at pity's door, can fully sympathise with my desolation at that moment. But prayer and reflection came to my aid, and before many hours were past, I was able gratefully to acknowledge my benefactress' silent but compassionate tenderness. She proposed my accompanying her home for a while.

'No, dearest madam,' I replied; 'you have taught me the blessing of diligence in our appointed tasks, and I wish to act upon your advice. To-morrow I hope to resume my duties with those dear children.'

'You know not what you undertake. It will be impossible for you to collect your mind at a moment of such intense anxiety.' I burst into tears, and consented that Mrs Boyd should make an arrangement for my absence during a few days.

'I will stay here until to-morrow,' she said, 'and shall be at hand if you wish to see me; meanwhile I will take charge of the children, so you shall not be disturbed.'

I could only press her hand to my lips with silent thankfulness, and then was left alone.

The struggle of that afternoon was a fearful one; yet it wrought out its work of hope and trustfulness during many a future day of trial.

Towards the close of the evening Mrs Boyd once more visited my room.

'Well, dear Mary, it is all settled: you are to return with me to-morrow,' were the first words she addressed to me. There was a tremulousness in her voice which startled me.

'For Heaven's sake, what new misfortune has happened, dear madam?' I inquired hastily.

'You forget, dear Mary, that it is our business rather to hope than to fear; and indeed I cannot bear to see you look so wretched, when there is far more ground for hopefulness than for despair.'

'Do you really think so?'

'Yes, I repeat it; there is every ground for hope. Only try to be calm, and let me see that you can bear joy more courageously than grief.'

'Joy! Can there ever again be joy for me?' I asked in a desponding tone.

'Yes, joy,' she replied gently; 'if so it please Him who is the dispenser of happiness.'

The handle of the door turned, and in a moment Henry, my own beloved Henry, folded me in his arms. Words could ill describe the weight of joy which overwhelmed my spirit, and made me speechless. Yes, joy is wont to be spoken of as a light elastic feeling, which bears up the soul on its bright and buoyant wings; but this is the common daily joy of life—not that intense and concentrated emotion beneath whose pressure the whole being seems ready to sink and dissolve, as if unable to bear it.

I soon learned the history of Henry's escape, as well as the extent of my kind friend's consideration in concealing from me the earlier and more fatal reports that had reached her ears. But now all was over, and I was blessed beyond my fondest hope.

A few weeks later, we were united in the parish church, from whence the earliest prayers of our childhood had ascended. Mr Boyd pronounced the marriage blessing, and his excellent lady insisted on our all meeting around her table for the repast that followed. About a week afterwards, we parted from the home and the friends of our youth, and sailed for Quebec, bearing with us many blessings, and a store of useful gifts suited for our future residence.

It was a calm bright day on which we sailed across the Bay of Dublin; and our course was so slow, that we had leisure to trace out every well-known spot on that most lovely coast. My eye rested a moment on the great city itself, and the momentous question once more flashed across my mind, 'Have I a mother within its confines? and if so, where and who is she?' But remembering the train of miserable thoughts always flowing from this speculation, I quickly turned to gaze on the range of Wicklow hills and the peaceful vale which lay beneath them. Henry pressed my hand, saying, 'You have left kind friends behind you, my own dear Mary; but I hope to make your home beyond the seas so happy a one, that you will not regret having left all for your husband's sake.' My heart was too full to answer: but he understood my silence.

Five years have passed away since we left our native land—five years of happiness, undisturbed save by those trials which occasionally chequer the brightest existence. My husband is the beloved and honoured pastor of a wide district, throughout every part of which his presence is hailed as an omen of peace and blessing. From the windows of our well-built loghouse we catch a glimpse of the church which has recently been consecrated as our parochial house of prayer, and whose precincts are doubly hallowed to us, as being the resting-place of our first-born treasure; lent to us for a little while, and then garnered safe above—not lost, but gone before.'

Two other lovely babes have since been given me; one of whom, my little Henry, runs already prattling by his father's side. The other, Norah, is still an infant; and as often as I fold her in my arms, I cannot refrain from thanking Heaven that my daughter enjoys a mother's care—that she is not a Foundling.

POPULAR ARCHITECTURE.

THAT architecture has become popular as a taste there can be no doubt, but it is far otherwise as an art. Vast piles of buildings are heaped up every day around us, and receive their name from the turn of an arch or the capital of a column; but we neither know nor care what are the true distinctive characters of the styles. This edifice is Gothic, because its windows are pointed; that Grecian, because it has a Doric portico. We even distinguish between Greek and Roman, and are able to tell at a glance to which the Ionic capital belongs—by the direction of the ears. All this is the learning of a schoolboy, who thinks that his '*propria quæ maribus*' conjurations are sufficient to evoke the spirit of Latin poetry.

We have only to look round us for a moment, to be sensible of the advantage that would be derived from the diffusion of popular information on this subject. Time was when honest men were satisfied with lavishing their taste and money upon public buildings, and leaving their own dwellings, as the Greeks and Romans did, in quiet inornate uniformity with the rest of the street. But our houses and shops must now vie, on a small scale, with the national monuments. We must at least be able to tell, if we are asked the question, to what order of architecture they belong; and since this necessity exists, it would be well that we could tell correctly. One answer would perhaps do for us all—to none. Only let us get the length of this avowal, and there is no fear of us. We are far from insisting either upon the antique or mediæval model, which in our case *must* be modified by climate, and the changed circumstances of social life; but so long as we fancy that we are doing the Greek and Gothic, by getting in some of their peculiarities, head and shoulders, into our mason-work, the conception of a new order, or the adaptation of an old one, is out of the question.

In a recent reprint,* there are some amusing instances given of the popular mistakes on this subject. One relates to the Doric portico of Covent Garden theatre, which, on account of its *four columns* (the façade being of a totally different kind), is said to be 'after the model of the grand temple of Minerva, situated on the Acropolis!' Another relates to the new church of St Pancras, which, we are told, is 'the finest edifice that has been built on purely Grecian principles of architecture, and with strict adherence to the Grecian model. It is designed from the Erechtheum, or Triple temple on the Acropolis of Athens; the eastern portico of which was dedicated to Erechtheus, the sixth king of Athens; the western to Minerva Polias; and the wing to Pandrosus, the granddaughter of Erechtheus. The tower or steeple is after the manner of the Tower of the Winds, also at Athens, and follows as closely as possible the classic beauty of that celebrated building; its form being octagonal, consisting of two storeys, supported by eight pillars, the whole surmounted by a cross. The vestibule of the church is a correct representation of the Temple of the Winds.' The similarity here, Mr Cleghorn tells us, and the *only* similarity, is

* Ancient and Modern Art, Historical and Critical. By George Cleghorn, Esq. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1848.

the mere portico and four caryatides, borrowed from the temple of Pandrosus, and attached, without any apparent meaning, to each flank of the church.

We have referred more especially to Greek and Gothic architecture, because, in point of fact, these are the only two styles that are affected generally by the present generation. The taste for the former, however—if that can be called a taste which is unaccompanied by intelligence—is the more generally diffused of the two; and perhaps by and by the southern part of Great Britain will be the last stronghold of the Gothic, which some architectural writers contend should be called the English.

Greek architecture is supposed to have sprung from the vast and massive forms of that of Egypt, refined and softened by a more accomplished and elegant people. The characteristic of the latter is stability. It resembles one of its grand erections, the pyramid, constructed for immortality. The pyramidal idea, indeed, runs throughout the whole system; door, window, and building alike, being set down on a broad base, narrowing upwards, as if to defy at once the assaults of time and the convulsions of nature. The plan, the ornaments, the hieroglyphics, the symbols, even the stone material, all are the same from the earliest epochs: nay, the very degree of solidity appears to have been uniform, Mr Hamilton remarking that when the edifices have not been injured by human force, they are all in the same state of preservation or decay.

About eight hundred years before the Christian era, the Greeks, whose buildings were till then chiefly of wood, began to construct walls and edifices in a species of masonry, designated, from its vastness and solidity, Cyclopean. The genius of this people, however, was not long of infusing grace and elegance into these Egyptian masses, and the three Grecian columns soon distinguished three separate orders of architecture. The Doric, however, was the national order of European Greece, and would seem to be regarded by imitators of the present day as the general type of Grecian architecture. The earliest and more remarkable specimens were grand and massive, as if betokening its descent from the colossal forms of Egypt; and even the elegance and finish which these received in after-ages, caused a surprisingly slight variation in character and expression. The Ionic was the invention of the Asiatic Greeks, and is nearly coeval with the Doric. The Corinthian was introduced towards the end of the Peloponnesian war; but the only examples of this order now extant in Greece are the Tower of the Winds, and the Choric monument of Lysicrates at Athens. 'The taste and perfect composition of the Corinthian capital,' says Mr Cleghorn, 'sufficiently demonstrate that it could not have been of Egyptian origin, but the legitimate offspring of Grecian genius and Grecian art. Whatever hints the Greeks may have borrowed from Egyptian or Phœnician architecture, as regards the three orders of their decorative features, their superior taste, science, original genius, and fertile imagination so improved and remodelled, as to make entirely their own: they breathed into them new grace and beauty, new life and vigour; in a word, they stamped them with the highest perfection of which they were susceptible.'

These three orders were complete in character and in their sequence. 'The massive and imposing grandeur of the Doric, the adorned yet simple majesty of the Ionic, the festive sumptuousness of the Corinthian,' to use Lord Aberdeen's words, comprised all that taste and judgment could require, and left invention at fault.

De Lorme and Perrault imagined a new French order, with plumes of feathers and the insignia of royalty ornamenting the capital; in Spain, heads of lions and cornucopiæ were substituted; in Germany, branches of leaves were so arranged as to form sixteen volutes; and in America, heads and leaves of Indian corn vindicated the nationality of the republic. In this way men sought to make the classic models their own, by vying with the worst extravagances that were perpetrated in the decline of Grecian art.

'The Romans,' says Mr Cleghorn, 'adopted and imitated the architecture of Greece, and not only employed Grecian architects, but often had the columns and decorations executed in Greece, and transported to Italy. A sensible deviation from the style of their masters is, however, evident in most of their works. Columns are calculated more for ornament than use—they adorn the wall, or at most support the pediment. In the Greek they support the edifice, and form the wall itself. Amid the splendid structures and gorgeous display of imperial magnificence, the marks of corruption are but too conspicuous when compared with Grecian models. It is only necessary to compare the Doric and Ionic of the Greeks with the Roman orders of the same name, to be struck with the decided superiority of the former, not only in the forms and execution of the parts in detail, but in the chaste grandeur and symmetrical effect as a whole.' The Romans, however, made the comparatively neglected Corinthian their own, and by combining this ornate column with the Etruscan arch and vault, originated the style which has been chiefly followed by modern nations. They likewise added two orders, which, however, are usually regarded as mere varieties—the Tuscan being the Doric stripped of its distinctive ornaments, and the Composite, a combination of the Ionic and Corinthian. As regards the Composite, its origin is obvious enough; but we venture to think that the degradation of the Doric could hardly have occurred in the same age, and through a people whose great error was extravagance in ornament. The Tuscan column resembles the bare trunk of a tree rising from the level earth, and instead of a modification of the Doric, may more reasonably be looked upon as the antique root of Roman architecture.

The mixture of the lower Latin and Greek empires, together with the rise of Christianity, gave birth to numerous innovations. The Pagan temples were not arranged for the accommodation of a numerous congregation; and the new religionists had recourse to the basilica, or halls of justice, resembling in some degree a barn, with the interior divided into a central nave, and two or more aisles formed by columns supporting an entablature, with a transept at one end, swelling out from the central nave into a semicircular recess. This form was found to be so convenient, that it formed the model for the Christian architects; and the Italian term *basilica*, accordingly, describes a church of the higher order.

The Byzantine style, with its Greek cross and centre dome, supported by converging arcades, followed the separation of the eastern and western empires. 'Arches rising on arches, and cupolas over cupolas,' says Mr Hope, 'we may say that all which in the temples of Athens had been straight, and angular, and square, in the churches of Constantinople became curved and rounded, concave within, and convex without; so that after the Romans had begun by depriving the architecture of the prior Greeks of its consistency, the Christian Greeks themselves obliterated every mark of the architecture of their heathen ancestors still retained by the Romans, and made the ancient Greek architecture owe its final annihilation to the same nation which gave it birth.' The Lombards came next, producing out of the Byzantine and corrupt Latin a fantastic style of their own, which, by means of their secret societies of free-masons, whose ramifications extended on all sides, they succeeded in spreading over western and northern Europe.

But this, in process of time, was swallowed up by the Gothic—the distinctive feature of which was the pointed, or lancet-shaped arch, only occasionally used in the other *romantic*, as contradistinguished from the classical styles. The Gothic is supposed by some writers to be an imitation of the overreaching boughs of the woods and groves in which the earlier nations assembled for religious worship; and Mr Cleghorn supports this theory with great warmth. ‘No attentive observer,’ says Bishop Warburton, ‘ever viewed a regular avenue of well-grown trees intermixing their branches overhead, but it presently put him in mind of the long vista through the Gothic cathedral—or ever entered one of the larger or more elegant edifices of the kind, but it presented to his imagination an avenue of trees; and *this alone is what can truly be called the Gothic style of building*. Under this idea of so extraordinary a species of architecture, all the irregular transgressions against the art, all the monstrous offences against nature, disappear; everything has its reason; everything is in order; and a harmonious whole arises from the studious application of the means and proportions to the end. Nor could the arches be otherwise than pointed, when the workmen were to imitate the curve which branches of two opposite trees make by their insertion with one another; nor could the columns be otherwise than split into distinct shafts, when they were to represent the stems of clumps of trees growing together. On the same principles they formed the spreading ramifications of the stonework of the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices, the one to represent the branches, the other the leaves of an opening grove; and both concurred to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread.’ Mr Cleghorn is even of opinion that the stained glass windows and oriels were constructed on purpose to imitate the harmonious and chastened gleams of sunshine passing through the branches and openings of the richly-variegated foliage.

‘The Gothic and its varieties,’ says this writer, ‘differ essentially from the Greek, and the styles derived from it, in this, that the great lines are vertical and upright, while in the other they are horizontal. The strength and solidity of the Gothic are the result, not of the quantity or size of the stones employed, as in the Greek and Roman, but of the art of their disposition. In the Gothic, the different details of the edifice are multiplied with the lines and scale of the building; in the Grecian, they are only expanded and enlarged. In the Gothic, the shaft bears nothing—it is only ornamental—in the Greek, the columns support the entablature. In the Gothic, buttresses are essential, and stop horizontal lines; in the Greek, there are no buttresses, and the projections are stopped by horizontal lines. In the Gothic, a pediment may be of any pitch or angle; in the Greek, the angle is fixed. In the Gothic, there is no regularity of composition, no limit to openings or variety of ornament; in the Greek, regularity of composition is essential, and openings are limited by the proportions of the column. In the Gothic, vertical lines are carried to any height; in the pure Greek, spires, towers, and domes are inadmissible, and if adopted, resemble unconnected excrescences piled above each other.’

When Roman architecture was at length restored in Italy, it was incorporated with, and enriched by, the romantic styles. Sumptuary laws no longer prohibited citizens from adorning their private dwellings, and compelled them to lavish their taste upon the national monuments. Houses, accordingly, swelled into palaces; and as wealth increased, the grandeur of antiquity was lost in modern sumptuousness and elegance. Then came, as a closing epoch, the restoration of Grecian architecture; a consummation which, if aided by popular intelligence, would fill the world with beauty.

But Mr Cleghorn complains that the English are only parcel-Greek. ‘Their attention seems exclusively directed to the mere orders themselves and their details, as if in that consisted the secret and excellence of Grecian architecture. The Doric is their favourite

order. Every master-mason, every plasterer, every carpenter who knows how to work a Grecian Doric column and entablature, piques himself on his knowledge of Grecian architecture, and looks with inoffensive contempt on the Roman and Italian styles, and the ignorance of his predecessors. Every dwelling-house and shop-front must have its tiny, fluted, baseless, Pæstum Doric columns. Every public building, be it a church or meeting-house, a palace or hospital, a college or club-house, a theatre or jail, has its Grecian, Doric, or Ionic portico. Whatever may be the style or character of the building, it becomes henceforth a genuine Grecian structure.’ To this may be added the authority of the Quarterly Review:—‘That the porticos themselves are admired, we need no other evidence than the universal fashion, we had almost called it *mania*, for their application. In our suburban streets we have salmon and mackerel lying in stately funeral under Doric pillars, and tripe surmounted with metopes, triglyphs, and guttæ, of the most classic proportions. In some of our fashionable club-houses, after every accommodation has been provided for the members, a portico is superadded, apparently commensurate, not so much with the building itself, as with the unexpended residue of the subscription, and adorned, like the family picture of Dr Primrose, with as many columns as the artist could afford for the money: while undecorated windows are left, like Tilburina’s maid, in primitive simplicity, a portico, the indispensable necessary of architectural life, is patched on to any visible wall of our pseudo-palaces.’

A pediment and portico, unless the termination of a real roof, and an integral part of the building, is a meaningless ornament, and is no indication whatever of the Grecian style; and in like manner, if the columns do not support the roof, they are nothing more than the ornaments into which they were degraded by Roman taste. But in point of fact, the term Grecian among us merely means *something not Gothic*. ‘It would be of essential advantage to the progress and purity of the art, and be the means of preventing much error and misconception, were the three styles carefully distinguished from each other both in theory and practice. Our common street elevations, shop-fronts, and dwelling-houses, mimic, in mock majesty and tawdry plaster enrichment, the style and decoration of palaces; while our public buildings are meagre without simplicity, ornate without magnificence, and costly without grandeur or durability. In the Metropolis, stone is rarely used for private houses, and not always for public buildings. Everything is sacrificed for present effect—for the caprice, novelty, and excitement of the moment. We are perfectly contented with that tawdry glitter and brilliancy, that vicious and overcharged ornament, which strikes the vulgar and ignorant. We have no classical taste, no extended views, no perseverance, no ambition to hand down lasting and national monuments to future ages.’

But the invention of window glass in the sixth century rendered a purely Greek building practically obsolete. Vases and cups were manufactured of glass by the ancients; but the adaptation of the material to windows being unknown to them, their edifices were more or less exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Their few windows were placed high in the walls, and many chambers were lighted exclusively by torches. In some temples the colonnade supporting the roof was open. Windows are now a grand feature in the building, for cupola light is not always attainable or always desirable; and windows, therefore, instead of being merely ‘poked out,’ should exhibit some distinctive characteristic of the order. This, however, is rarely the case. The most familiar specimen, for instance, of the Doric, so far as many of our readers are concerned, is the Royal Institution on the Mound at Edinburgh; and this magnificent building, leaving out the colossal statue and questionable sphinxes on the roof, fulfils all the conditions of a Greek temple—but with glass windows superadded. The glass windows are not incongruous in themselves, being a modification of abso-

lute necessity in the present age; but, unluckily, they are mere holes in the wall, with no more reference to the Doric than to the Gothic style of architecture. But this is a solitary grievance. The prevailing fault is the abuse of the classical forms as mere nicknacks, while the prevailing folly is the Grecian name we give to the anomalous result.

The Gothic, in like manner, becomes in our hands merely ridiculous. Baby-house towers and turrets—battlements where no battle can be waged—mock machicolations—niches in the walls for dolls instead of statues—what can be in more pitiful taste? ‘The Gothic,’ says Mr Maculloch, ‘is not fit for dwelling-houses. Its dwelling-houses were its abbeys and castles, and were on a large scale. When we attempt to reduce them to a small scale, they become mean. The turrets of the castle, which were meant to contain men, will scarcely hold a cat; the towers will hardly admit of staircases, much less of chambers; the battlements are like the ornaments of an escutcheon; and instead of the machicolations, we have a paltry pretence.’ . . . ‘In partial restoration of cathedrals,’ adds Mr Cleghorn, ‘and other Gothic ecclesiastical and castellated structures, the same ignorance and bad taste prevailed. It consisted of little more, as Mr Rickman observes, than making clustered pillars and pointed windows, all the genuine principles of the different styles being totally neglected.’

It will be deduced from the above sketch that the people of this country want information; and without information on a subject like this, taste can do nothing. Mr Cleghorn's book, which embraces the whole of the fine arts, is so far useful, and will always be acceptable to the scholar and the artist; but its character is not sufficiently popular to supply the existing desideratum: a work for the people on ancient and modern art is still wanting.

THE DISTRESSED LEXICOGRAPHER.

NAPOLEON reigned as emperor in France. The learned and modest lexicographer Boiste had just put the finishing stroke to his dictionary. He had arrived at the point of time so happy for an author—he had just corrected the last proof-sheet, and sent it to his publisher. Sweet was his sleep with brilliant dreams of future fame! The next day the book that would give him name and wealth was to see the light. He awoke to find his bed surrounded by gendarmes.

‘Gentlemen, you have certainly made some mistake; I am Monsieur Boiste, grammarian to the Emperor.’

‘The very man,’ answered the laconic brigadier. ‘It is all right; here is the order for the arrest of Boiste, grammarian!’

The argument was conclusive; there was no appeal; go with them he must; and soon the vehicle stopped before the Fort of Vincennes.

Once arrived at the prison, poor Boiste had some hope that the obstinate silence hitherto maintained would cease. He humbly supplicated to be told the cause of his arrest, protesting his innocence and devoted allegiance. The official, through some little feeling of respect for an old man, deigned to open the order for arrest; and after reading it, coolly answered, ‘To secure the public safety.’

Poor Boiste was then sent off to a room, the iron bars of its windows securing to him three months' leisure to torture his brain in the endeavour to discover how he, who had spent his whole life arranging words under their different heads, from A to Z, could have compromised the public safety. He said to himself, with all the tranquillity of an untroubled conscience, ‘It cannot be for my book that I am arrested, since it has been examined three times over, corrected, and considerably diminished, by both the heads and the subordinates in the office of the imperial censorship.’

Boiste did not content himself with lamentations, he

made strong appeals by memorials addressed to all the influential persons of his acquaintance, always concluding with this most logical conclusion, ‘I have done nothing; but only tell me what I have done, that I may justify myself.’

But unhappily not one of his letters was answered. At length one appeal from the unlucky prisoner fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the university, who knew and esteemed the poor grammarian; and fully persuaded of the innocence of a man whose whole life had been devoted to his dictionary, he hastened to mention him to the Emperor, who, happening to be in a favourable mood that day, smiled at the artless epistle, and viewing the matter in the same light with Fontanes, sent for the Duke of Otranto. Fouché was as ignorant as they were of the ground of arrest, and was quite surprised; he had probably signed the order without reading it, and he in his turn summoned the prefect. The prefect could give no explanation, and sent for his deputy, who, after two days of research, at last found the fatal document. It was taken to the Tuileries, and there it was found that it was made out upon the denunciation of the censor, who had actually charged Boiste with having spoken of Bonaparte as a spoliator. ‘How?—when?—where?’ This the denunciation did not mention. The censor was ordered to make his appearance; but he was about a hundred leagues off, on a tour of inspection, exercising his vigilant superintendence of the provincial press.

‘Let Boiste himself be examined,’ was Napoleon's next order; ‘for besides that I believe him incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense in a dictionary.’

The next day Boiste was once more permitted to see the sun, and was carried to the cabinet of the Duke of Otranto, where Fontanes was already in attendance.

‘Sir,’ said Fouché, ‘you are accused of a libel against the august prince who reigns over this mighty empire.’

‘A libel! I, my lord? Surely you cannot believe it? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book. Ask that gentleman, sir, at the head of our university. I know too well the meaning, the force of words, to’—

‘Nevertheless,’ added Fontanes, showing him the information, but keeping his finger over the signature—‘read this.’

Boiste cast his eye rapidly along the paper.

‘Well!’ cried Fouché, seeing the quiet countenance unchanged.

‘Is that all?’ said Boiste.

‘All! and is it not quite enough? I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake.’

‘Not at all; it is the truth.’

‘The truth!’

‘Unquestionably; it was all to do honour to our Emperor.’

‘To do honour to him!’

‘Yes; to show that he was as great a linguist as he is a hero.’

‘Come, sir,’ said Fouché impatiently; ‘it is quite time to put an end to such foolery. This is no jesting matter.’

‘God forbid that I should make a jest of it; I would not take such a liberty in your excellency's presence.’

‘Be good enough to give some explanation then.’

‘Nothing more easy;’ and taking a copy of his dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it at the word ‘spoliator,’ and pointed to two words in the following order:—‘Spoliator, *Bonaparte*.’

The two functionaries indignantly exclaimed, ‘And what could have tempted you to such an audacious libel?’

‘I was but giving his majesty the credit due to him. I put his name after the word “spoliator” as the authority for the word; he, when General Bonaparte, having been the first to make use of the expression in the tribune. It is a coinage of his own, and not known in the French language till he used it.’

Fouché and Fontanes turned upon each other a bewildered look. Boiste was set at liberty; but it cost him the expense of the sheets that replaced the seditious page through the whole edition. And Boiste thought himself happy to get off so cheaply, now that he began to perceive that his tribute to the Emperor's coinage was considered so equivocal a compliment.

ECONOMICAL NATIONAL FORCE.

MR FREDERICK HILL, inspector of prisons, has published a small pamphlet, addressed to the question of national defence.* He treats the subject with that practical sense and regard for the economical and moral good of the country which presided over the post-office reform of his distinguished brother. While regarding the late outcry about national defence as uncalled for, and perhaps dangerous, we may go so far as to admit that, in the event of any need for additional force being experienced, Mr Hill's plan will be entitled to respectful consideration. More than this, a force such as he proposes might be substituted with advantage for a certain amount of the present standing army.

Mr Hill remarks very justly, that 'many circumstances tend to keep an army in a comparatively low moral condition, and thereby to act injuriously upon public morals. The early removal from parental influence—the recklessness frequently induced by the feeling that, in a moment of anger or partial intoxication, an engagement has been entered into fatal to the person's happiness, and which it is impossible to shake off—the forced association with the rude, the violent, and the vicious—the idleness of the barrack life, with its temptations to drinking and gambling, alternating with the mad excitement, great bodily fatigue, and exposure to cold, hunger, and sickness, attendant on most kinds of warfare—the thirst for plunder, excited by the opportunities for military license, and the practice of giving prize-money—the improvidence arising from the irregular gains of a soldier, and the constant feeling of the great uncertainty of his life—the habits of licentiousness caused by the difficulties in entering into the marriage state—and the little regard for character generally felt by those who are for ever moving from place to place—these, and other causes, must act with baneful effect on the moral character of the soldiers themselves, and, through them, on the people generally.'

After illustrating this position by a variety of facts, Mr Hill goes on to discommend the raising of a soldiery by conscription, as unjust to classes and individuals, and an absurdity in itself, in as far as it disregards the special qualities requisite for the vocation of a soldier. He then asks if a body could not be formed 'consisting of men prepared by nature for warlike encounter, and trained by art to military service?—ready to resist aggression of all kinds, whether of domestic or of foreign enemies, and yet with the interests and feelings of citizens and yeomen?—of men with homes, families, and friends?—of men who have something dear to them to fight for, and which would be perilled alike by the anarchy of an ignorant mob, the tyranny of a military despotism, or the successful invasion of a foreign foe?'

He thinks such a force might be raised. He suggests it should consist of 100,000 men, under the name of the National Reserved Force, 'to be formed of men chosen from volunteers for the service, and residing, under ordinary circumstances, at their own homes, in different parts of the country.' These men he would have

regularly drilled, and ready to act, when called upon, either as a police force to suppress internal tumults, or as an army to defend the country from attack. The men to receive a small annual stipend, and in addition to be paid for their time when on duty; also to have a claim to an annuity when sixty years of age, if they have spent twenty in the service. In the selection of 'the men, great regard to be had to the moral character of the applicant, and to his being strictly sober; and, other things equal, a preference to be given to those who possess some amount of property. Indeed it is so important that the members of the force should in general be owners either of a house, a piece of land, a stock of furniture, money in a bank, shares in a public company, or some other kind of property, so that they may have a strong interest in the preservation of order—that if the proposed remuneration (together with the other inducements which are likely to exist) be not found sufficient to cause persons of this class to enter the force, it would be advisable to increase it.' Parade and drill at stated times, but so as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary avocations of the men; every member to be obliged to reside within a certain distance of his place of muster, but to be enabled to exchange from one division of the force to another when the interests of his trade or calling render it necessary. Mr Hill roughly estimates the annual expense of this force at £900,000; and remarks that if the new force were found to justify a reduction of the army by 25,000 or 30,000 men, it would produce a saving.

'Without stopping,' says Mr Hill, 'to inquire whether men selected on the proposed plan could not, if they were thought important, be readily made to equal ordinary soldiers, even in the minutest detail—without examining this point, it must be remarked that again and again has the proud general of a well-disciplined army found himself woefully mistaken, and compelled to yield to men who, though less erect in their bearing, were animated by a high moral feeling, a strong love of country, and a determination to defend their homes and liberties. Witness the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian and Burgundian armies in the war which gave Switzerland her freedom, and in which the power of infantry was first taught to the well-trained and iron-clad warriors of Europe by a few mountain herdsman. Witness also the defeat of the chivalry of the first two Edwards in their attack on Scotland, ending in their utter rout at the glorious battle of Bannockburn. Witness again the disgraceful defeat of our troops in the American war; and the discomfiture of the Austrian and Prussian troops in their unjustifiable attack on France in the early period of the French Revolution, and before France had exhausted herself and weakened the attachment of her people by her atrocious invasion of other states, and her fearful conscriptions. Look also at the noble struggle of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his negro associates, and the triumph of Dessalines and his army, formed out of men who had lately been groaning in slavery, over Bonaparte's disciplined troops. And we now see how the countless hordes of Russian soldiers are kept at bay, year after year, by a few brave Circassians.'

'A consideration of these and other similar deeds must, I think, convince almost every one that men with ordinary spirit and energy, who stand on their own soil, who know every yard of the country, who have the sympathy and support of the people, and who, in their homes, their property, and their liberties, have something worth fighting for, will, with a very moderate amount of training, present an irresistible front to any invading army—a front, indeed, the very idea

* Economical Defence of the Country from Internal Tumult and Foreign Aggression. Ridgway. London: 1848.

of which would prevent any but an army of madmen from setting foot upon the coast; and shows, I think, that such a force has inherent advantages which can never be wholly possessed by troops collected even in the manner in which the English army is raised; and far less by foreign mercenaries or conscripts, animated by no pure or noble motive, and in many cases serving against their will.'

The objection, that soldiering should be a trade by itself, is met by the allegation that, in reality, it cannot in peace be a trade, since it is then a life of more than semi-vacuity and idleness; a state of things not merely tending to immorality, but to violent discontent, and sometimes even mutiny. 'The gain,' he adds, 'to public morality, by a decrease of drunkenness and prostitution, with their train of misery and crime, which would result from a large diminution of the number of ordinary soldiers, would be great; while the security for our liberties would be increased by the power of the army being in a great measure transferred to men of superior education and morality, linked to society by the thousand ties produced by a family, the possession of property, and the exercise of an industrious calling.'

By some, the employing of an armed force of any kind, even for defence, may be objected to; but all experience proves that peace-officers with staves are powerless in suppressing tumultuary masses armed with muskets and other dangerous weapons, as was exemplified in a striking manner on the occasion of the late riots in Glasgow. While there exist miscreants sufficiently daring to unite in forcibly defying the law, we fear that soldiering of some sort must be considered a lamentable necessity. Mr Hill's plan may be said to reduce this evil within the narrowest possible bounds. His soldiers are to be only armed and trained civilians, ready at a moment's notice to assume a military character; and we should suppose they are to have about them as little of the pomp and buffoonery of warlike array as the most sober-minded could desire.

THE MEDICINE-MAN, OR INDIAN CURE FOR CANCER.

Among all savage nations and tribes, the observance of certain superstitious forms and ceremonies are interwoven in almost every important event, whether civil, social, or political; yet in none, perhaps, are these observances more strictly kept up than in everything relating to the practice of the healing art.

Extensive means of observation, and some length of residence among various tribes of North American Indians, particularly one called the Pottowatome nation, which, at the time I speak of, were a wandering people on the great prairie lands of the state of Illinois, now called the Wisconsin Territory, gave me ample opportunity of observing many of their superstitious orgies, as well as their medical treatment in curing many violent and severe diseases. When I say that my only object in being among these rude people of the forest was that of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the virtues of the vegetable substances used among them as medicinal agents, being myself a physician, and having, too, the sanction of the chief of the tribe to dwell with them, it may be supposed that my opportunities of observation were unusually great. How I have profited by it, many of my patients suffering under some of the most severe diseases incident to humanity might testify; but on this head I must not enlarge.

Unknown to the classification and arrangement of the great Linnaeus or succeeding botanists, many plants of surpassing power in these wild regions bloom, flourish, and decay, whose virtues are confined to the knowledge of the Medicine-man (as the doctor is called) of the tribe, and who, in the wild superstition in which he has been educated, ascribes the remarkable cures he performs more to the influence of his savage orgies than

to the true cause—the healing properties of the plants that grow beneath his tread. To those, too, whose very vocation would seem in a great degree to lie in a knowledge of the powers of the vegetable world, the medical practitioners not only of Europe, but even those of the large Atlantic cities of North America, of the very land in which these plants are indigenous, they are generally as little known as they were to the distinguished philosopher above named. We shall cease, however, to be much surprised at this fact, when we consider for a moment the unvarying system of teaching adopted at medical universities. Hear certain lectures, read certain books for a given time, answer certain questions which these books will teach: you have passed your examination—you are a qualified physician.

To the medical philosopher there are few fields fraught with so rich a harvest of discovery as the investigation of the properties of many of the plants peculiar to the fertile districts of North and South America, in relieving and permanently curing many of the most severe diseases to which the human frame is incident. The ground for these investigations is already broken to some extent by the medicine-men of the different tribes, whose rude experience and modes of practice, which they are ever most willing to exhibit and describe, would be of great value in directing many apparently intricate or obscure applications, the *modus operandi* of which the light of science might afterwards illustrate and explain.

Cancerous affections in stages of extreme malignity; the long train of obscure glandular diseases of more or less severity; the multiform denotements of severe scrofulous affections; ulcerations of chronic duration; cutaneous maladies of various and loathsome origin and extent; tumours of indolent and malignant character; rheumatism; epilepsy; spasmodic diseases; lumbago; torpid action of the bowels or liver; incipient consumption, and the various inflammatory affections of internal organs; the bite of venomous reptiles; tetanus; and a host of less grave forms of disease, I have seen subdued and cured by these humble pharmacopologists.

I will proceed now to relate a case. In a wigwam in which I was for a time domiciled, a fine Indian lad of eleven years of age, in gathering berries, was bitten on the back of the hand by a moccasin snake, which he had provoked; but which he at length succeeded in capturing, and bringing home in triumph. The squaw, the only person except myself present, immediately bound the arm tightly just above the elbow-joint with a strong cord; upon the wound on the hand she applied a succession of plantain leaves (the *Alisma plantago*), wetted with oil and milk; she then prepared a strong decoction of the *Lobelia inflata*, which she gave the boy to drink freely, and placed him in a warm bed. She then strewed some salt upon the ground, burnt a hank of flax in her hand, muttered a form of prayer to the Great Spirit Manitou, and then repeated at intervals to her patient copious draughts of the decoction, notwithstanding the severe vomiting it occasioned. This treatment was kept up throughout the night, the plantain leaves being repeatedly changed for fresher ones. The following day the same treatment was followed with less vigour; and in the evening, a poultice, made of the green leaves of the *Geranium maculatum*, was applied to the wound, and the patient placed in a warm water bath prepared with the balsam of the pine-tree. On taking him out, he was pronounced to be well; and so in truth he was, excepting some degree of debility occasioned by the treatment. To my own knowledge, he was in good health five years after this event. Now, in contrast with this rude yet successful treatment by savage skill, let us place that of the regular faculty of the city of New York in a similar case. Dr Wainwright of that city was bitten on the forefinger by a rattlesnake; he was aware of the danger, and in a situation to have the immediate aid of several eminent physicians; but in vain: the life of this amiable and

talented gentleman was sacrificed for want of that knowledge of the curative properties of plants growing almost at their very doors. The death of Dr Wainwright occurred last December, and the circumstances attending it were noticed in the London 'Times.' When it is borne in mind that the bite of the rattlesnake is far less dangerous than that of the mocassin, the value of the two modes of practice will stand in still stronger contrast.

I will now proceed to detail the treatment of a severe case of cancer, occupying the whole surface of the breast in an Indian female. This woman belonged to a wandering tribe of Indians, whose nomadic habits had heretofore prevented the necessary confinement and attention to diet to effect the cure. The medicine-man, whose pupil at the time I was, having appointed his day for general consultation, and being aware, as in more civilised conditions of life, of the vast importance of assuming a great degree of consequence, had not failed to throw around himself the utmost gravity and mystery of manner on the days devoted to the public reception of the sick. These days are always during the time of the full-moon; and the one previous to reception the medicine-man observes strictly as a day of abstinence, refraining from all food except bread, water, and vegetables. Receptions usually take place in the open air, under the shade of large oak-trees; but in severe weather his own wigwam is chosen. Having divested himself of his ordinary hunting or farming dress, he robes himself in an external garment made of the skins of various kinds of snakes sewed together. This dress is girted tight at the neck, and spreads loosely around him, reaching to his feet, and rattling, at every motion of his body, with more noise than some of the venomous reptiles make when alive and about to dart on their prey. The ground having been marked in a circular form with a spade, flax, pine-tree gum, and various aromatic herbs, are burnt in an iron pot, and thrown around. The medicine-man, whose face is previously painted with red and blue streaks, sits at a table, on which is placed various roots, herbs, and plants. In the centre of the table is a large basin, made of the bark of the birch-tree, containing the blood of a new-born calf that has never cropped the herbage. Among some tribes, and formerly with this, the blood of a new-born babe, slaughtered for the purpose, was used on this occasion; but from the progress of humanity consequent upon their frequent intercourse with Europeans, the blood of a calf has been substituted, and found to be equally efficacious.

On the present occasion, there was placed on the table another vessel, containing a large quantity of clayey earth, of a yellowish red colour, dug at six feet depth from the surface of the ground. This earth had been previously most carefully pulverised, and passed through a fine sieve, every particle of stone and shell, or other extraneous substance, having been thoroughly excluded. An iron pan, containing a little charcoal, made from the wood of the yellow elm-tree (*Ulmus flavius*), in a state of bright ignition, was placed upon the ground.

The patient was brought in, carried in the arms of four men, her relations, and accompanied by a multitude of neighbours and spectators, to whom these exhibitions are ever open. She was seated on a low cork stool within the circle on the ground, and facing the medicine-man. During a form of prayer or invocation commenced by the operator, and joined in by all present, beseeching the Great Spirit Manitou to give courage to the patient, skill to the doctor, and success to the cure, the eyes of the female were bandaged with cloth, and her breast uncovered. The most perfect silence now prevails; every voice is hushed; and the medicine-man proceeds to his examination of the case. He puts no question as to the origin of the disease, or what applications have been used; but after examining the state of the glands in the *axilla* (arm-pit), and those

in the neck, much as the European surgeon would, he takes from his pocket an oval instrument, made of thin iron, about the size of a large tablespoon, and shaped somewhat like a trowel, which he heats to a red heat in the lighted charcoal, and with a sudden and light touch sears the open cancer, already in a state of ulceration, observing to touch the edges, and what he pointed out to me as the roots of the cancer, but which were, in truth, the deep sinuses occasioned by the progress of irregular ulceration. At the touch of the iron, the woman shivered, and slightly shrank back, but uttered neither moan nor cry. Immediately after this, the proper plants, in a green state, previously soaked in the blood of the calf, were spread all over the cancer; the earth was then laid on the plants about the thickness of an inch or a little more, having been made into a clayish paste by mixing the blood with it. Thus much for the treatment. For the prognosis, or probable result, three small peas had for a few days previously been placed in earth and water, until they were just on the point of germinating; being carefully removed, they were pressed down into the covering of the diseased breast, and the earth gently smoothed over them by the fingers. Suitable bandages, made of cloth and the inner layers of the white birch bark, were applied; and to insure the earth keeping in its place, a pair of stays (or garment of their precise form) was tightly secured round the chest. The woman was then delivered to her friends, and placed in a recumbent position upon a species of palanquin; orders were given as to her diet, which was strictly antiphlogistic, and she was then conveyed home, with a caution to remain in the same position until the visit of the medicine-man, to take place on the third day after.

At the moment the medicine-man commenced his treatment with the application of the heated iron, and during its continuance, until her arrival at the door of her own home, the following words were chanted, in a slow mournful measure, by all who accompanied her. The translation has been furnished by a friend versed in the language of the tribe:—

'Fertile earth and growing grain,
Ease this woman of her pain;
Fire to purge thy pains away,
Earth to cleanse and purify;
Sow the seeds in hope to grow,
By thy blessing, Manitou.
Sow the seeds,' &c.

The prognosis by the peas is much relied on. In truth, divination is peculiar to all savage tribes; and though frequently deceived, they still adhere with strong tenacity to the ancient superstitious observances of their forefathers. If the three, or two out of the three peas continue the process of germination, so that the earth is slightly broken in their attempt to reach its surface, the result is predicted as highly favourable: if one only, not so favourable; still the woman will recover, but slowly; and the prognosis would be doubtful as to the recurrence of the disease in after-life. Should none of them germinate, which often happens from accidental causes—such as changing the position of the earth by the necessary movements of the body—then an unfavourable conclusion is looked for, and the patient and her friends are apprised that the Great Spirit Manitou needs her presence in the hunting-grounds of her forefathers, and bids her prepare for death.

I should have mentioned, that after the third day, the medicine-man attends the patient at her own wigwam at such times as he considers necessary, and the subsequent treatment is with the decoctions made from the plants useful in the case, together with medicines given internally. In many cases, if not in all, I am assured that the searing of the diseased surface with the heated iron has been attended with most injurious results, increasing the inflammatory disposition, destroying the vitality of the parts essential to the healing

process, and sometimes producing extensive mortification and sloughing. The earth, too, very frequently acts as an extraneous and irritating substance; and as to the value of the pea prognosis, the less we say of it the better.

HELP YOURSELVES.

UNDER this title a small pamphlet or circular was lately handed to us by a correspondent. Consisting of an address to workmen on the subject of economising means, it embraces the history of an operative who, with no remarkable advantages, and without change of position, was able to attain a state of independence. In order to bring it under general notice, we give it a place in our pages.

Englishmen have much to be thankful for, inasmuch as there is probably no country on the face of the globe where sober, industrious young mechanics and labourers can so soon raise themselves to ease, comparative independence, and comfort, as in England. Many instances in real life might be given in proof thereof; yet our present purpose may be best answered by presenting the case of one who, having lost his father and mother in childhood, has been indebted to the kind-hearted for the school learning he has acquired. During his apprenticeship he gained little beyond habits of industry. In the seven years of his apprenticeship, his master fell from a respectable station to one of abject poverty, owing to his taking the one glass, then the two, three, four, and onwards; till, by steps almost imperceptible, his business and family were neglected, whilst he joined his associates at the alehouse. But let us not dwell on this sad picture. On completing his twenty-first year, our orphan boy engaged in a situation where he received 15s. per week wages; 8s. of which he appropriated to food and lodging, and 2s. to clothing and a few useful books to rub up his schoolday learning. Warned by the example of his late master, he shunned the alehouse, and his steady conduct soon gained him the confidence of his employer, who, at the end of the first year, raised his wages to 21s. per week. At the end of the second year he found himself possessed of upwards of L.40; 5s. per week had been regularly deposited in the bank for savings during the first year, which amounted to L.13; and in the second year 11s. per week, which was L.23, 12s. more. We need not follow him, step by step, in his steady but onward course. He has now been nineteen years in his present situation; for the last ten, he has been the foreman, with a salary of 30s. per week. Twelve years ago he married a virtuous young woman, and has now six fine children. The house he lives in is his own; a good garden is attached to it, and a fruitful and lovely spot it is; it serves as an excellent training-ground for his children, whose very amusements in it are turned to good account. The mother brought no fortune with her except herself. She had, indeed, lived as servant some years in a respectable family, where she had high wages; but all she could spare was devoted to the support of an infirm mother, who, on her marriage, was received into her husband's house, where the evening of her life is rendered happy. How is it, you ask, that a man at forty years of age, who has had nothing to depend upon but his own labour—who has a wife and six children, and an infirm mother-in-law to support—can have bought a piece of ground, built a house upon it, and can have it well furnished, and, after all, has upwards of L.200 out on interest? for he has been a servant all along, and is a servant still. Well, let us see if we can find out how it is. In the first place (and which, after all, is the main point), he spends nothing at the alehouse; the money which too many worse than waste there, he saves.

At the age of twenty-three, we found he had in the bank of savings L.40.

At the age of 24 he has	-	-	-	L.70
At ... 25 ...	-	-	-	102
At ... 26 ...	-	-	-	135
At ... 27 ...	-	-	-	170
At ... 28 ...	-	-	-	206

He now marries, and expends on furniture L.40, reducing the amount at interest to L.166; but his wages are now advanced to 25s., and his expenditure is increased to 20s. per week; his saving of 5s. per week and interest in the year, amount to L.21, added to L.166, makes L.187, when twenty-nine years of age.

At thirty years of age he has L.210; wages now 30s. per

week; saves 10s., and interest, he has L.247 at thirty-one years of age.

At thirty-two years of age he has L.286; buys a plot of ground for L.100; expends L.150 in building his dwelling-house; so that he reduces his money at interest to L.36; saves his 10s. per week, and interest on L.36—L.27, 16s.; making L.63, 16s. at the age of thirty-three.

At 34 he has	-	-	-	-	L.93
At 35 ...	-	-	-	-	123
At 36 ...	-	-	-	-	155
At 37 ...	-	-	-	-	181
At 38 ...	-	-	-	-	207

He now expends the interest, and saves only 10s. per week.

At 39 he has	-	-	-	-	L.233
At 40 ...	-	-	-	-	259

In addition to his house and garden.

These calculations have been made in consequence of the writer having been informed that there are at the present time from 300 to 400 workmen employed by one company in Hull, many of whom are earning great wages, and spending no inconsiderable portion of them in a manner which their best friends regret. It is with a view of directing their close attention to the great good that they might do for themselves, by proper forethought, that these remarks are penned. There is nothing in this calculation which 80 out of every 100, who earn from 25s. to 30s. per week, might not effect, if they were wise enough to pursue the same plan. Mind that your houses be comfortable, well-furnished, supplied with useful books—above all, the Bible, and read a portion of it every day, with prayer that it may be blessed to you and yours. Contrast, for a moment, the condition of those who thus rightly employ the means placed within their power of providing comfortably for themselves and families, with those who squander in thoughtless waste, first the few shillings, then the many pounds, in procuring that which yields *no comfort, brings no health, affords no solace* for declining years; then judge for yourselves which course you will pursue.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?—ANSWERED.

THE inquiry as to what education really is—whether it be verbal teaching or practical training—has been satisfactorily answered, as follows, by Mr David Stow, honorary secretary of the Free Normal Seminary, Glasgow, in a small work recently published on the subject of National Education:—

What the education is that will best enable a man to educate himself, ought surely to be the sovereign question. Is it *instruction*, or is it *training*? Is it the amount of elementary knowledge communicated, or is it the exercise of mind required by which the pupil may educate himself? Till lately, the term used to define education was *INSTRUCTION*. Give religious instruction, it was, and is still said, and this will be sufficient. Teach the poor to read the Bible, and forthwith you will make them holy, happy, and good citizens—good parents—obedient children—kind and compassionate—honourable in their dealings—and crime will diminish. Hundreds of thousands have received such an education.—Are such the results? We trow not. Have we hit upon the right kind of education, or the *proper mode of communication*? Will all the instruction it is possible to give produce the results which are so fondly anticipated? Will all the *telling*, or teaching, or instruction in the world, enable a person to make a shoe, construct a machine, ride, write, or paint, without *training*—that is, without *doing*? Will the *knowledge* of religious truth make a good man without the practice of it? The boy may repeat most correctly, and even understand in a general way, the precepts, "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath," "Render not evil for evil," "Be courteous;" but see him at play among his companions, neither better, nor perhaps worse, than himself, unsupervised, and his conduct unreviewed, by parent or schoolmaster, and what do these Scriptural injunctions avail him when engaged in a quarrel? Reason is dormant, passion reigns for the time, and the repeated exercise of such propensities strengthens the disposition, and eventually forms civil *habits*. The father cannot be with his child to train him, whatever his business or profession may be, during the day, and a healthy boy will not be tied to the apron-strings of his mother—out he will go, and out he gets to the streets, to be with such companions as he can pick up.

'In education, as hitherto conducted in school, even under the most highly-intellectual system, we have had instruction, and not training. Schools are not so constructed as to enable the child to be superintended—the master has not the opportunity of training, except under the *unnatural* restraint of a covered school-room; and it is imagined, or at least stated, that children are morally trained without their being placed in circumstances where their moral dispositions and habits may be developed and cultivated; as if it were possible to train a bird to fly in a cage, or a race-horse to run in a stable.

'Man is not all head—all feeling—or all animal energy. He is a compound being, and must be trained as such; and the varied powers of mind and of body, although distinct, so act and react upon each other, that it is difficult to say where the influence of the one begins and that of the other ends. The intellectual, to a certain extent, influences the physical, and *vice versa*; while the moral influences both, and is influenced by both in return. The most influential and successful mode of cultivating the child is, therefore, when his whole powers are daily and *simultaneously* exercised; and no injury can arise to his varied powers of body and mind, provided they be fed, and not stuffed—trained, and not merely instructed.

'How do we purpose morally, physically, and intellectually to elevate the mass of our population, among whom there is not, on the part of parents, either the opportunity or the intelligence to accomplish this object? If done at all, it must be almost exclusively performed by the school-trainer. *It is not now done by the schoolmaster, and cannot be accomplished by the parent.* Therefore our youth are growing up untrained in a moral, and even in an intellectual point of view, although it is announced that "the school-master is abroad." In reality, we have much said, and little done. The truth is forced upon our attention, that *teaching is not training.*'

'The Sabbath school was, and still is, too weak and powerless to contend with the *sympathy of numbers*; there being, even when best conducted, only the *teaching* of one day set against the *training* of an opposite tendency during the other six days of the week. In the Sabbath school there was the teaching of the master, *without sympathy* set against the sympathy and training of the streets, and frequently even of the family. Need we wonder, then, that the one day's teaching or instruction was (and still continues to be) overborne and counteracted by the six days' *training*?'

In other words, the conviction at which Mr Stow appears to have arrived is this—that no mere teaching, no learning of lessons or catechisms, no mere putting on the memory a large variety of psalms or other exercises, is education. Besides technical instruction, *training* is indispensable. Good habits require to be enforced and confirmed by practical acts—by *doing* that which is right, as well as merely *knowing* what is to be done. For saying as much, educationists have for many years suffered abuse. It is gratifying to find a person in Mr Stow's position vindicating so sound a principle in education.

A PLEA FOR THE MOLES.

The 'Essex Herald' publishes the following letter from the Rev. G. Wilkins to a farmer, who wrote to him inquiring how the wireworm had been exterminated in the reverend gentleman's land. It contains much sound, though, we daresay, unpalatable doctrine to the owners of smooth lawns and trim-bedded gardens:—'Some ten years since, when I came to my living, and commenced cultivating the little land I hold, it was, I may say, full of wireworms. Nothing could have been worse, for my crops were in some places ruined by them entirely. What, then, did I do? I adopted a plan which I recommended and published in periodicals many years since—namely, encouraging moles and partridges on my lands. Instead of permitting a mole to be caught, I bought all I could, and turned them down alive; and soon my fields, one after another, were full of mole-hills, to the amusement of all my neighbours, who at first set me down for half a lunatic; but now several adopt my plan, and are strenuous advocates of it. My fields became exactly like a honeycomb; and this continued even among my standing and growing and ripening crops; not a mole was molested, but I still bought more. This summer I had fourteen brought, which I turned down; but they were not wanted: I have nothing for them to eat—all that moles live upon is destroyed—and so, poor things,

they must starve, or emigrate to some distant lands, and thus get bowstringed by savage men, whom they aim to serve. Adopt my plan, and it will be sure to answer. If you have a nest of partridges, also encourage them: all the summer they live on insects, on wireworms, &c.; and consider how many millions a covey will destroy in a single summer. Again, always remember that moles feed upon insects, and of which the wireworm is the chief; if you doubt this, open a mole, and peep into his stomach. Again, do not fear that moles injure your crops, either in a field or in a garden: it is a low and vulgar error to suppose that they root up young corn; they never go anywhere until the wireworms have first destroyed the plants, and then, innocent things, they are punished for others' faults! If you do not like to see their hills, knock them about with a hoe, as I did; it is a healthful amusement, and they will do your lands good. Do not despise my plan because the farmers will not adopt it in your neighbourhood: farmers adopt nothing till driven to it, and nothing that is new and good.'

GLASS IN DAIRIES.

The attention of dairymen has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen months' preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally remarkable results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harris's Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favour of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedgeware pan, by at least ten per cent.—*Scottish Farmer.*

E G Y P T.

'Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io cerno duro.'

DANTE.

On the deep rock of Ages have I set
My everlasting Pyramid, and look round
From its great throne on oceans without bound;
Time shoreless, shifting sands, and realms as yet
Growing to being. Of all here who meet—
Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab—who hath stood?
All, all have drifted onward by my base,
And here I hold amidst their surge my place!
Before me things were not, or such as could
Endure like me, eternal. The broad Nile,
Young as the day it leaped to life, and made
Life whereso'er it moved—the godlike sky,
Star-written book unfathomable—the pile
Of mountain-walls around—these shall not fade.
They were—and are—and shall be!—*So shall I!*

M. S. J.

JOHN RAY.

A CORRESPONDENT obligingly forwards the following note:—'As an Essex man, I hope to be forgiven for mentioning that a slight error has been committed in a recent article in the Journal in reference to the life of John Ray. Baintree is stated to be a village in Suffolk, whereas it is one of the chief towns of the northern division of Essex, possessing an endowed grammar school, at which John Ray was educated. Black Notley is the adjoining village to Baintree, and the churchyard in which John Ray lies buried is about three miles distant from that town. The Essex folk are proud of John Ray. His tomb is within a pleasant walk of Baintree, and is occasionally visited by botanists. I have even known pilgrimages to be made thither, on which occasions ferns, mosses, and wild flowers, gathered by the way, have been duly and reverently laid upon his grave. John was evidently fond of Essex; and were he alive, I hardly think he would be pleased with the notion of transporting his remains to Suffolk.'

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DOMESTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The term accomplishments is so commonly applied to what are thought merely ornamental arts and graces, that the use of the sober word domestic in connection with it may excite some surprise. I commence my explanation with an assertion that there are two kinds of utility—the one material, and the other spiritual; the one contributing to the sustenance of the bodily existence, the other to the enrichment of our intellectual nature. Hence when we speak of objects of utility, it is narrowing the word to limit it to visible and tangible things. In one sense, that only is useful which is convertible, in some form or other, into bread; in the other, that is of the first and highest utility which, whether or not it advantage the body, serves to promote the well-being of the mind. If we turn to God's creation, we shall find provision made for both ends, and this more richly than at first sight we may be able to perceive. Let us for a moment imagine a world into which only the lower kind of utility had entered, in order that we may see how marvellously they have been blended in our own. Beginning with rain and dew, why might not the earth have been sufficiently watered by a great black cloud, which should fill the heavens periodically from zenith to horizon? Why might not the flowers have fulfilled all their chemical functions without those delicately-veined petals, and the birds performed their appointed tasks without that dainty plumage and that exquisite song? The outward form of this higher utility men have agreed to call beauty; but unhappily they have too often divorced it from the lower, with which, in nature, it is connected; and thus, on the one hand, we have utilitarians decrying all that cannot be turned into pence; on the other, idle dilettanti, who imagine the world to be a mere spectacle, and forget the saying of St Paul, that 'if a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' One of the great objects for which beauty was bestowed, was undoubtedly that it might be a means of uniting together those who are divided by motives of interest and gain. The essential principle of material utility is exclusiveness, just as that of spiritual is comprehensiveness and universality. Every vegetable I gather for my own table is one less to be given to my neighbour; whereas the greater the number of persons who can inhale the fragrance of my flower-garden, the more perfect my individual delight in the same. Now the larger part of our daily life is a prolonged attempt to obtain those substantial benefits which begin and end with ourselves; and the inevitable tendency of this is to make us selfish and hard-natured, unless some counteracting influence be set to work. Having divided men by the necessities of daily labour, we must endeavour to reunite them by innocent relaxations; and on this account amusements require the

deepest consideration, for they are connected with our social wellbeing in a variety of ways. Business and enjoyment should act and react on one another, as the centripetal and centrifugal forces do in nature: we want the one to give steadiness and stability to the life, the other to provide expansion for the feelings and ventilation for the mind. But for this latter purpose it is impossible to work much on a large scale; we must content ourselves, for the most part, with the resources the family affords; and I, for one, am persuaded, that if these were turned to better account, our social evils would be found to diminish both in number and extent.

But for a wish to leave the reader sufficient interest to pursue the subject for himself, I might have gone into the philosophy of amusements, as connected with morality, and shown how community of enjoyment serves to bind men together in heart. Turning my back, however, on the theoretical side of the subject, I proceed to consider some of its leading particulars, in the hope that an acquaintance with the simplicity of the necessary means may be a stimulus to our efforts in the cause of social reformation.

I would, in the first place, urge that whatever elegant acquirements we may chance to have made, instead of being reserved for rare occasions, should be suffered to shed their softening influence on our every-day existence. The prints should not be carefully kept out of sight of the children of the family, and turned over only for the benefit of the stranger; the pictures should not be curtained except when there is company; or the piano be dumb because there is 'no one but ourselves' to listen. There may be less triumph, but there is surely equal if not greater happiness in singing by the fireside than in warbling in the saloon; and though the thanks of father or of brother be homely in expression, there is more sweetness in them than in all the studied commonplaces of society.

A sadder sight can scarcely be conceived than that of the spirit of dulness taking possession of the family circle. We see it in the husband who, hour by hour, gazes moodily at the fire; in the wife who occupies herself with her mechanical employment, without seeking to break the enchanted silence. Neither entertains the intention of injuring the other, and yet they are mutually defrauded of the happiness they ought to enjoy. Both are conscious of an unsatisfied want, an unfulfilled desire; and this influencing their manner without their being aware of it, the consequence is, that they become mutually repellent. Now what would have prevented them from subsiding into this state at first, and what is most likely to rouse them from it? Clearly something that would not only offer bodily rest, but quiet and gentle excitement of mind; something that would remind them of the world of beauty in which we dwell, and of the thousand objects of inte-

rest by which we are surrounded. Surely in nature or art there must be something that would fix their interest, if they could succeed in finding it out. But the pleasures we desire to enjoy we must be at the pains of making for ourselves.

In the domestic relationship there ought to be no selfishness. The pleasure of one should be the happiness of all; and this surely can be attained without unduly encroaching on individuality. Wives are sometimes heard to complain that their husbands do not talk to and confide in them; they leave them to mope and become nervish. This is undoubtedly true; but the husbands as frequently allege that it is no use pouring out their feelings to their wives, because they don't sympathise with them. Perhaps the misunderstanding arises from women not sufficiently comprehending that men have spirits to be cheered—hobbies, it may be, requiring a degree of sympathy—faculties which cannot brook being subdued, without danger to the temper. Man, in short, 'cannot live on bread alone'; he needs something besides bodily comforts. A wife of course is not without excuse; but granted that she has her express household duties, and also matters of some little moment to herself to attend to, would it not be better that the new cap should go untrimmed, or perhaps be finished by less skilful hands, than that the being she has vowed to 'cherish' should come home 'seeking rest, and finding none.' The common idea with regard to rest is, that it consists of a bright fire, an easy-chair, and a comfortable pair of slippers; and under this impression, when the husband has been provided with tea and toast, he is considered to be disposed of for the remainder of the evening. That for a certain class of persons this suffices, I am ready to admit; but happily there are minds not so easily satisfied—minds for whom comfort is not synonymous with happiness, whose rest is found in change of employment rather than in idleness. Many of these read, and find interest for themselves; an interest in which, unhappily, the wife is no partaker; others seek abroad what is denied them at home, and regard their own houses as places where they can be boarded and lodged. That we are all disposed to seek the causes of our failures anywhere rather than in ourselves, is a fact which no one will be hardy enough to deny. But for this unfortunate tendency, it might have been hoped that our mistakes would teach us wisdom; and that, seeing our present habits were unfavourable to domestic happiness, we should revise them, with a view to remedying what had been wrong. My own impression of the duty of the mistress of a family is, that it is broader than it is commonly supposed to be, and extends to supplying not only the bodily, but also the spiritual wants of its members. I conceive it to be incumbent on her, as far as possible, to bestow happiness on all who belong to her circle; and this applies peculiarly to him whose very existence is bound up with her own. The care of the linen, and the control of the larder, too often stand in place of sympathy and companionship; and sad as it is to hear it imputed to men that they care principally for dinner, can it be wondered at if it is the only thing they can make sure of getting?

Every woman who has an aptitude for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers, or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being

perceived by many of its admirers: a sweet melody binds all hearts together, as it were, with a golden cord; it makes the pulses beat in unison, and the hearts thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young, and a more subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy clap-trap which is so popular in public. It is a mistake to suppose that to enjoy music requires great cultivation; the *degree* of enjoyment will of course vary with our power of appreciation, but like all other great influences, it is able to attract even the ignorant; and this is what the poets taught when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilisers of the earth. Begin with simple airs, and you may gradually ascend to the highest music, for the taste will be formed at the same time that the mind is refreshed; and those who begin with admiring only the simple ballad of the nursery, will end with delighting in the productions of the great masters of song.

Much remains to be said with regard to music; but my desire is to indicate rather than to amplify. I will therefore proceed to mention another 'domestic accomplishment' to which I attach the highest value—the power of reading aloud agreeably and well. Unhappily this is very rare. For every three women who can sing, it would be difficult to find one who can be said to read *well*; that is, who so completely possesses herself of the meaning of a writer, as to be able to give us his thoughts in all their original freshness and force. Highly as I value music and singing, I do not know whether reading is not, on the whole, more important; for it may be made to include all tastes, and to suit all times, and combines intellectual profit with spiritual delight. The man who can sit by his own fireside to hear his favourite authors in the tones of a voice at once familiar and dear, will feel little interest in public amusements, and little temptation from any kind or species of excitement. And how the happiness that follows is intensified to both by the fact of its being enjoyed in common. It is blessed to be ministered to by those we love—more blessed than anything, save to minister.

And now let me anticipate one objection: that the foregoing remarks are addressed to certain classes, and to those only; that they apply to people who are surrounded by luxuries, and not to those who earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow. This arises from confounding the graceful and the costly, and imagining that elegance presupposes wealth; whereas it is possible to see the highest refinement in those who are destitute of all the luxuries of life. In cases where musical instruments are not within reach, we may modulate our own voices, and make them give forth sweet sounds; we may sing those simple strains which require neither teaching nor skill, but which, if they come from one heart, are sure of finding their way to another.

On one side of the subject I have been altogether silent—not from having nothing to say, but a great deal too much: this is the importance of 'domestic accomplishments' with reference to education and the training of the young. My reader must consider this question for himself, or for *herself*, for to women my thoughts are specially addressed. Would I could convince them that their life is a beautiful and a happy one, if they will but study its meaning, and carry out its requirements! Has it not been given to us to infuse into the cup of life a large portion of its sweetness,

and to lighten the labours undertaken on our behalf? May these duties be better fulfilled as the years advance, and may our sympathy be yielded with that cordial alacrity which is its greatest charm! Above all, may none of the frivolities of fashion or of custom be suffered to obscure the brightness of our domestic happiness!

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

MONSIEUR HYACINTHE was a quiet middle-aged widower of retired habits, and an exceedingly cautious and timid disposition. It was one of his firmly-rooted beliefs that the whole world was in a kind of league to oppress him, and defraud him of his rights—a feeling which prevented him from agreeing with any one, from his important and stately landlord, Monsieur Moreau, down to his sharp-tempered portress, Madame Latour.

Owing to this peculiarity, M. Hyacinthe resided alone in a small apartment on the third floor of a quiet house in a retired neighbourhood. As he kept no servant, he had economically resolved to underlet, furnished, a small servants' room on the fourth floor, which belonged to his apartment. This room was still to be let, when, on a winter's evening several years ago, M. Hyacinthe, after putting on his nightcap, and settling himself comfortably by the fireside, opened his newspaper, in order to read the continuation of some fearful tale which it contained; for, like most timid individuals, he delighted in the sad and the horrible. He had not read a line, however, when he was disturbed by a knock at the door. His first thought was of thieves; then it occurred to him that the knock, which was now repeated, might proceed from a visitor. It was not until a third impatient knock was heard that M. Hyacinthe suddenly recollected that the individual at the door might be a future lodger. No sooner had this thought impressed itself on his mind, than, snatching up a light, and entirely forgetting his nightcap, he precipitately rushed to open the door. A pale, slender, fair-haired young man, about twenty, but whose manners were very cool and self-possessed, was standing on the dark landing. He was shrewdly dressed, and smelt very strongly of Eau de Cologne; the thumb of his left hand was placed in the corresponding waistcoat pocket; in the other hand he held a small and flexible *badine*.

'Well, sir,' said he, frowning on M. Hyacinthe, as much as his very smooth forehead and eyebrows would allow him to frown, 'do you know that I have knocked five times at your door?'

'I protest, sir,' stammered forth M. Hyacinthe, 'I only heard three knocks.'

'Then, sir,' sternly observed the stranger, 'it was exceedingly impertinent in you not to open sooner. You have a room to let—show it to me!'

But M. Hyacinthe, who disliked his authoritative tone, promptly replied that the room was no longer to be let.

On hearing this the stranger betrayed great indignation. 'Why was there a bill up? Did he think gentlemen were to grope up dark stairs, and knock at doors, to be made fools of? He should insist on seeing the room!'

M. Hyacinthe protested, but the stranger was peremptory; and as it was one of his, M. Hyacinthe's, maxims, that a wise man ought to submit to anything in order to avoid a present risk, he yielded at length, though not without calling on every one to witness that he was no longer a free agent. As the stranger was the only person who could hear this protest, it was useless; but M. Hyacinthe's conscience was satisfied—he had done everything which a brave and peaceable man could do, and he proceeded to show the furnished room to the stranger, now fully warned of his illegal conduct. The young man cast a careless look around him, observed that the room suited him, and throwing two gold pieces

on the table, bade M. Hyacinthe pay himself for the first month's rent, and keep the change until another month was up. Without giving M. Hyacinthe time to remonstrate, he proceeded to inform him that he could apply to Madame Scbillard, his present landlady, for references, but that, as he hated hypocrisy, he would give him his character himself; and in order to do this with due comfort, he composedly sat down on the bed.

'My name,' he began, 'is Henri Renaudin. Is it my real name? That is of no consequence. My father is rich: I might live in his hotel if I liked; but there is a stepmother in the way, and I wish to be free. Still you will say—Why come to a poor place like this? I have private reasons for doing so; but to satisfy you, we will say a whim brought me hither, or rather let it be the wish of studying human nature in all its infinite variety;' and as though pleased with this euphonious sentence, M. Renaudin repeated it several times in a complacent tone.

M. Hyacinthe here wanted to slip in a remark; but the other was too quick for him. 'I know what you are going to say—Does my father allow me much? No; but I make him pay the same tailor's bills two or three times over: I never pay my tailor myself; it is really too shabby,' added M. Renaudin, with profound contempt for the meanness of such an act. 'You need not speak,' he continued, seeing that M. Hyacinthe was opening his mouth; 'I know what you are going to say—How do I get money? The easiest thing in the world: I have already spent three fortunes, of which I never touched a sou. My mother's fortune was the first. Oh, no! now I think of it, it was my cousin's five hundred thousand francs that went first. Ah! they are all gone. Then came my mother's property—gone too: and my old uncle's fortune is going now. He is still alive, but he has made a will in my favour, so that I live on my future expectations. You seem astonished: it is very easy: I can put you in the way: borrow money at the rate of two or three hundred per cent., spend it, give parties, and so forth; you will find that a moderate fortune does not last much more than a year. But you look economical: well, then, let us say eighteen months, if you wish to see old Isaac.'

'Thank you, sir,' precipitately interrupted M. Hyacinthe: 'you were speaking about your character?'

'You are welcome to it. In the first place, I am a dreadful gambler and a fearful spendthrift. I delight in throwing money out of the windows, and seeing the people rush and fight for it. Does this window look out on the street? No: ah, sorry for it. Never mind, we shall find an opportunity. I see you are greatly shocked; can't help it, my dear sir—family failing—my mother was a charming woman, but very extravagant, yet greatly admired by the other sex; and to say the truth, I believe that I have also inherited this peculiarity—that is to say, reversed; but I hate vanity, so we will drop the subject. Well, I think you have my character correctly now. Stop, I was forgetting one very remarkable peculiarity: I am dreadfully violent, a famous duellist, and when excited, would no more mind throwing you out of the window than I would the smoking of a cigar;' and as an apt illustration of this happy comparison, M. Renaudin drew a cigar from his cigar-case, and lighting it from the candle held by M. Hyacinthe, began smoking it with great composure.

'Sir,' ejaculated the alarmed M. Hyacinthe, endeavouring to smile, 'this is only some pleasant joke of yours. Remember the window is very high; you would not have the heart to throw a poor man from a fourth floor?'

But M. Renaudin said he had the heart to do anything; should feel extremely sorry when it was all over, but could not help it; had therefore thought it best to mention this weakness, as it would be more pleasant to both parties if nothing of the kind occurred. 'And now,' he added, 'that everything is explained, I think that, as I feel rather sleepy, you may leave me.'

'I cannot allow that,' uneasily exclaimed M. Hyacinthe; 'I must give notice to the police.'

'I scorn the police,' answered Renaudin with deep contempt.

'Sir,' indignantly exclaimed M. Hyacinthe, who was gradually edging towards the door, 'you fail in the respect due to the constituted authorities: your language is very illegal.'

'I delight in everything illegal,' was Renaudin's profane reply.

'Then, sir,' resolutely observed M. Hyacinthe, now on the landing, 'I shall alarm the house.'

'Do,' answered M. Renaudin: 'there will be noise, fighting, smashing of window-panes, &c.—things in which I rejoice—another trait in my character. But if you have a bone or two broken in the affray, do not say you received no warning.'

This was uttered with such suavity of manner, and the speaker had such a fair, meek face, of which the most prominent features were large eyes of a pale blue, a fat nose, and a retreating chin, that he did not seem the most likely individual to carry his threat into execution. But M. Hyacinthe, who never trusted to appearances when his safety was at stake, submitted, though not without a protest, and ended by putting the two Napoleons into his pocket, and leaving M. Renaudin master of the field of battle. Fear was not his only reason for acting thus: being a considerate man, he did not like to disturb a quiet house. Nor was he sorry to let his room to an individual who could afford to throw money out of the window; for though it is very well to discountenance extravagant people, every one knows that it is profitable to deal with them in the long-run. The next morning, however, M. Hyacinthe did not neglect, as soon as his lodger was gone out—for he would not have ventured to leave the house sooner, lest M. Renaudin should carry off something in his absence, though, save an old candlestick and a pair of snufflers, there was nothing portable in the room—to call on his late landlady.

Madame Sébillard gave M. Renaudin an excellent character for steadiness and propriety of conduct; but this only roused the suspicions of M. Hyacinthe, who shrewdly concluded that she wanted to get rid of her late lodger—a fact which afforded him another conclusive proof of the universal tendency which every individual had to cheat and deceive him. He resolved, however, to watch his lodger's motions so strictly, as to leave him few opportunities of effecting any mischief. But though his vigilance was most persevering, he could discover nothing reprehensible in the conduct of M. Renaudin. This singular individual went out early in the morning, and came home late at night, occasionally hinting in a dark and mysterious manner at certain deeds of guilt and horror in which he had been engaged during the day; but though M. Hyacinthe's hair 'stood on end to hear him,' as he elegantly expressed it, this was all he could learn, and every one agreed that the information was exceedingly vague. There was, however, a kind of fearful charm in Renaudin's conversation for the peaceful Hyacinthe; for though of course it was very shocking to hear his guest speak with unparalleled and revolting coldness of the innocent hearts he had broken through mere wantonness, and of the foes whom he had laid in mortal combat at his feet—without speaking of all the tailors' bills which he had never paid—every one knows that those are subjects of the most thrilling interest, as any modern romance or drama can show. No wonder, therefore, that M. Hyacinthe, being fond of the dark and dismal, was fascinated by the gloomy discourse of Renaudin. And indeed he was not the only person on whom this mysterious individual exercised an influence: every one in the house, from M. Moreau the landlord, who lived on the first floor, to the portress in her lodge, and the little tailor in his garret, declared that there was something very strange about him. M. Moreau, who, having once been a deputy, and voted against the freedom of the press,

thought himself a marked man, asserted that it would be prudent to turn him out of the house at once, as he was probably the spy of a gang of thieves or conspirators, both of which characters were in his opinion identical; Madame Latour called him a libertine and *mauvais sujet*, and strictly forbade her niece Minna to cast even a look upon him; the old tailor gave a very diffuse opinion, in which there was something about the degeneracy of human nature, and the cut of M. Renaudin's coat, which was not, it seems, at all orthodox. M. Hyacinthe, who knew most on the subject, said least; 'for,' as he sententiously observed, 'walls had ears.' Occasionally, however, he ventured to observe that there was something fatal about his lodger's look—that he was, like Napoleon, a child of destiny, &c.—with which observations every one agreed, as being remarkably applicable to M. Renaudin.

But such, however, was the exemplary conduct of this strange individual, so regularly did he pay his rent, and so nearly did he, upon the whole, behave like other people, that every one began to think him a commonplace fellow, and some persons went so far as to complain that they had been taken in. But events showed that their murmurs had been premature, and Renaudin soon let them see what he could do. First, however, it should be known that Madame Latour's niece Minna was greatly dissatisfied with her lot, which was indeed none of the most enviable. From the unlimited freedom of a country life, she had been transplanted to the gloom and confinement of her aunt's lodge; for Madame Latour, not being able to go out with her niece, had prudently determined that she should remain at home. Minna soon grew pale and melancholy; and her wise aunt concluded that she had formed an attachment for some one in the house. But who could be the object of her affections? Was it M. Moreau? M. Hyacinthe? or the old tailor? Impossible! A flash of light crossed Madame Latour's mind—it was Renaudin! True, she had no proof of this; but suspicion is a powerful magnifying-glass, and it enabled her to read looks, and understand the meaning of certain words otherwise unintelligible. When she discovered, therefore, one fine morning, that her ungrateful niece had run away from her, she could have no doubt that it was with the artful Renaudin, on whom she immediately vowed to be revenged, should he presume to show his face again in the house, which every one declared to be extremely unlikely.

But Renaudin proved that he was capable of anything, for he came home at his usual hour. Madame Latour began the attack by asking him politely—and her politeness being very uncommon, always foreboded some deep insult—what he had done with her niece Minna? M. Renaudin looked surprised, and protested he knew nothing about her; upon which the portress sharply asked him if he thought she was blind, and had not observed the looks her niece cast upon him? M. Renaudin did not deny that the young lady might entertain a tender feeling for him, but asserted that he had never given her the least encouragement. This presumption greatly incensed Madame Latour, who immediately asked M. Renaudin what he meant by it, and without giving him time to reply, overwhelmed him with abuse. It was in vain that he opened his lips to answer her invectives by a word of self-defence; for every time that the portress paused in her speech, being out of breath—which was not often—the lodgers, who had gathered around her, took up the strain, and declared 'that M. Renaudin ought to be ashamed of himself to speak so of a poor girl who had given up everything for him!' But Renaudin was indeed Renaudin the obdurate; for he refused to confess his guilt, and contemptuously termed the fair Minna a *provinciale*. Madame Latour being now exhausted, became hysterical; and declared that her darling Minna being gone, she had nothing to live for. She partly revived, however, when her friends bade her rouse herself for the sake of her lodgers; and she even exerted herself so much, as to

promise M. Renaudin, who was now going up to his room, that she would soon be revenged upon him.

And faithfully, indeed, did she keep her word. During a whole week, her foe could neither leave nor enter the house without hearing himself reproached by Madame Latour with the abduction of her niece. But hatred has quick instincts; and the portress soon perceived that the graceless Renaudin was rather flattered at being thus reminded of the impression he had produced on the too-susceptible heart of the fair Minna: she accordingly sought for a surer method of inflicting a wound, and soon found a very effectual one, which she practised thrice with great success. This was to sleep so soundly at night, that she never heard her enemy's knock at the door, and that consequently M. Renaudin had to spend the night in the open air, which, as the portress managed to be particularly drowsy in rainy weather, was not always very pleasant. Of course when he came in in the morning, M. Renaudin raved at Madame Latour in an awful manner, and uttered such fearful threats of vengeance, that the alarmed M. Hyacinthe assured her the whole affair would end in something dreadful. But the portress was a dauntless woman; she continued to brave the anger of her foe in the most fearless manner, and seemingly without suffering in consequence.

Punishment, indeed, seemed in this case to fall on the head of the guilty individual; for such was the persecution M. Renaudin sustained on the subject of Minna, that the unhappy gentleman declared, in a tone of despair, he would leave the house unless it ceased. From morning till night, indeed, he heard of nothing but Minna. The female lodgers looked upon him with evident horror; the men remonstrated with him; and even the timid M. Hyacinthe used the most persuasive arguments in order to induce him to give up Minna.

'Sir!' exclaimed M. Renaudin, rolling his blue eyes in a portentous manner, 'if I hear the name of Minna again, I shall do something desperate!'

As it did not escape M. Hyacinthe that his lodger, whilst speaking thus, grasped a small pocket-pistol which was lying on the table, he hastened to retreat; but when he had left the room, he said in a loud tone, though perhaps not quite loud enough to be heard, 'Hard-hearted wretch!'

But the circumstance of the pistol, which he had never seen before, nevertheless dwelt in his mind. What did his lodger want it for? A duel or a suicide? M. Hyacinthe inclined rather towards the latter supposition. It seemed exceedingly likely that something fatal had befallen the unhappy Minna, and in such a case it was only natural that the guilty Renaudin's mind should be burdened with remorse; and every one knows that, in such dark and mysterious characters, remorse leads to the most dreadful extremities. The more he thought on the subject, the more M. Hyacinthe became convinced that it was his lodger's intention to commit some rash act; and remembering, with the most disinterested humanity, that he owed him nearly two months' rent, he resolved to save him in spite of himself. He immediately communicated his suspicions to the portress and M. Moreau, who both appeared much startled on hearing of the pistol. The landlord especially seemed thrown into an unusual state of agitation. He treated the idea of a suicide with mysterious contempt, and darkly asked M. Hyacinthe if he had never heard of such things as political assassination, and pistol-shots being fired at marked men? After which he made some unintelligible allusion to a warning letter, but ended by declaring that the pistol should be secured by all means; and that, in order to prevent him from committing mischief, Renaudin should be locked up in his room. But who was to beard the lion in his den? The portress and M. Moreau agreed that M. Hyacinthe was the most fit person to be intrusted with such a task. This worthy individual, however, who entertained a most considerate regard for his personal safety, declared it would be as much as his life was

worth to undertake such an office, as he knew Renaudin would fight like a tiger; but he hinted something about M. Moreau's great moral courage, and Madame Latour being safe on account of her sex; upon which the landlord eyed him askance, muttering something about hidden accomplices, whilst the portress sharply asked 'if M. Hyacinthe wanted to get rid of her that way?' It was at length agreed that the deed should be effected by cunning. At dead of night, therefore, when every one in the house was safely in bed, and fast asleep, Madame Latour raised up an alarm of fire in most unearthly accents. The lodgers, being all warned, took no notice of the fact, with the exception of the luckless Renaudin, who flew out of his room, and rushed down stairs as pale and breathless as though it would not have been as sure a method of committing suicide to remain in bed whilst the house was on fire, as any other which he might adopt. M. Hyacinthe, who was lying in ambush on the landing, immediately darted into the room, pounced upon the pistol, which was still lying on the table, caught up a box of razors, and hurried off with his spoil to his own apartment. On discovering that the alarm was a false one, M. Renaudin, who only saw in this another method taken by his enemy the portress to annoy him, gave her a ferocious look, and walked up to his room. His ill-humour was too great to enable him to perceive his loss, and it luckily made him neglect to lock his door.

But the next morning M. Renaudin missed his razors, then his pistol, and ended by discovering that he was locked up. His cries soon brought M. Hyacinthe to his door. The worthy gentleman then explained to his lodger through the keyhole that he was to remain a prisoner until he could prove that he no longer entertained hostile designs against his own person, and might be trusted with a debt. He added, however, that if M. Renaudin would solemnly promise not to throw himself into the Seine, nor to leap down from the towers of Notre Dame, nor to destroy himself in any manner whatsoever; and if he would pay down to him, M. Hyacinthe, the two months' rent which he owed him, and another month's rent to which he was entitled, not having received warning, he would see what he could do in order to free him from his bondage in two or three days' time. These conditions were, however, indignantly rejected by M. Renaudin, who vowed that he would have justice if there was law in the land, and appealed to the police for protection. But M. Hyacinthe reminded him that, as he delighted in everything illegal, and scorned the police, he had no right to complain; and thus ended the conference.

After walking about his room for some time in a state of great indignation, M. Renaudin gradually cooled down, and requested to speak to M. Hyacinthe and M. Moreau. When they were both on the landing, he again demanded an explanation of their conduct. M. Hyacinthe replied by saying that a pistol had been found in his room, and by hinting something about the unhappy Minna.

'Minna again!' groaned the captive in a tone of despair; adding with reckless calmness, 'How long do you mean to keep me a prisoner, and when will you give me anything to eat?'

M. Hyacinthe pretended not to hear this last question; and after a good deal of hesitation, M. Moreau said something about feeding one's enemies, and promised to send up M. Renaudin his breakfast. This meal, however, only consisted of a cup of cold coffee, with a very scanty supply of bread; but such as it was, M. Moreau took the precaution of not delivering it to the captive without previously exacting from him a solemn promise of not attempting to escape for the whole of that day. M. Renaudin, who was hungry, would have promised anything, and readily complied with this condition; the more so, as M. Moreau artfully gave him to understand that he was going to get a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. When he saw the deceit which had been practised upon him, he gave vent to his irri-

tated feelings in bitter and gloomy language 'about blighted hopes, and people being driven to do desperate deeds.' M. Hyacinthe, who was listening on the landing, shuddered as he remembered that the window was not fastened; but Renaudin was probably too much bent on vengeance to think of self-destruction, for he quietly ate his bread, drank his coffee, and when a few hours had passed away, asked if dinner was ever going to come up, or if they meant to starve him. In answer to this question, a dish of onion soup, with cold mutton and bread, soon made their appearance; but on beholding this sorry fare, M. Renaudin became so indignant, that he threatened to break all the window-panes in his room. M. Hyacinthe, alarmed by this menace, pacified him by a dubious promise of mending his bill of fare the next day. As he was meditating, however, on the best means of eluding this engagement, an event occurred which relieved him from his embarrassment.

News were received of Minna, who had now been gone more than a week. The father of the fugitive wrote to apologise for the conduct of his daughter, who, unable to bear a longer absence from home, had returned to the bosom of her family. Madame Latour was greatly incensed by this explanation of the guilty Minna's conduct; and though the innocence of Renaudin was now clearly proved, she threw the whole blame upon him. Every one, indeed, felt disappointed at this commonplace conclusion, and, like the portress, found fault with the luckless Renaudin. They had got into the habit of associating his name with that of Minna—no longer the unhappy; they had looked upon him with suspicion and horror; he had been for them that favourite theatrical character—the traitor of the melodrama; and lo! he now turned out to be a false traitor! In short, M. Renaudin was now despised for not having committed the act which had drawn down persecution upon him. M. Hyacinthe himself, who, when pleading the cause of Minna, had termed his lodger 'a hard-hearted wretch!' no sooner found him to be innocent, than he contemptuously called him 'a mean and spiritless fellow!' M. Moreau was the only individual who showed no disappointment or surprise. 'He knew all along,' he observed, 'that Minna had nothing to do with Renaudin's presence in the house.' And he dropped such mysterious hints on the subject, that every one shrewdly concluded there must be something in it. On being informed by M. Hyacinthe of the turn the affair had taken, M. Renaudin naturally enough expected to be released from his captivity; but though his landlord told him that he was free, it struck M. Renaudin that there was something very peculiar in his manner as he did so. M. Hyacinthe's first act, when this explanation was over, was to request his lodger to pay him the two months' rent, which happened to be due that very same day. M. Renaudin threw him the money with silent scorn; but without heeding this, his landlord examined each piece of silver with minute attention, counted and recounted the sum, and at length, apparently satisfied that it was right, put it into his pocket. When this was over, he produced a small packet of papers, which he laid on the table before his lodger. M. Renaudin saw that the papers were the bills of different tradesmen, concerning heavy debts contracted towards them by a Monsieur de St Maur. After eyeing them one by one with a bewildered look, he asked an explanation of M. Hyacinthe; but his landlord affected not to understand him. 'Surely monsieur needed no explanation; tradespeople had come to inquire whether Monsieur de St Maur lived in the house; and though monsieur had changed his name, they gave such an accurate description of his person, that Madame Latour knew it must be he. He had nothing to do with the whole affair; and if the next time monsieur went out he was apprehended by the *gardes du commerce*, he could not prevent it.'

'Sir,' said M. Renaudin with a sort of desperate calmness, 'before we attempt to elucidate this new and mysterious affair, let me know whether I am to hear anything more about the unhappy Minna.'

M. Hyacinthe gravely replied that the Minna affair was over; on hearing which, his lodger thanked Heaven with great fervour—for he had felt it impossible to divest himself of secret misgivings on this point—and proceeded to inform him that he laboured under a mistake in supposing him to be Monsieur de St Maur. But M. Hyacinthe only smiled incredulously. 'It was no business of his, but monsieur could not expect him to believe this.' Such, however, seemed to be M. Renaudin's intention; but his efforts proved fruitless. M. Hyacinthe remained convinced that 'monsieur's real name was not Renaudin, and must consequently be St Maur. Monsieur had his private reasons for lodging in such a poor place as this; monsieur thought it shabby to pay his tailor; evidently monsieur was the individual in question.'

'Very well,' returned the exasperated Renaudin, 'I suppose I am Monsieur de St Maur. But granting this, what business is it of yours?' he fiercely added.

'Don't bully me, sir!' loftily observed M. Hyacinthe, making a dignified retreat towards the door. 'I am not one of your unfortunate tradesmen to bear with it. If you wish to leave this house, you can do so at once.'

'I protest against this,' exclaimed a voice from the landing; 'and I hope that if monsieur has anything like decent feeling left, he will wait for the arrival of the two police officers for whom I am going to send, and who cannot be long without making their appearance, and allow himself to be quietly taken to prison.'

'To prison!—police officers! Well, what have I done now?' asked Renaudin with a gloomy smile. 'Killed or murdered?'

'Monsieur Hyacinthe,' continued the voice on the landing, 'I call you to witness that he has confessed his horrible intent in the plainest terms! No, sir, you have not done the deed, but your design against my life was not the less criminal. I consider my escape a miraculous one!'

At the conclusion of this speech, M. Moreau, who was the speaker, ventured so far as to look into the room, though he prudently remained behind M. Hyacinthe, whose person acted as an effectual shield for his own.

'Now what does this mean?' wildly exclaimed the unhappy M. Renaudin.

'This means,' continued M. Moreau, 'that monsieur's real character and designs are now known; that there are such things as traitors among conspirators, and that people may receive letters by which they learn that they are going to be murdered; and though the name of the murderer may be concealed, monsieur will easily understand that there is no difficulty in guessing at it.'

The unhappy M. Renaudin heard this speech in the silence of dismay; but when it was over—'So,' he exclaimed, sinking down on a seat in a kind of solemn fury, 'so it seems no silly girl can run off, no madman squander his money, and no fool think himself a murdered man, but I must be the seducer, the spendthrift, and the assassin! Really, gentlemen, I am greatly obliged to you.'

'Sir,' dryly replied M. Hyacinthe, 'I had your character from your own lips; and events have shown that you were, as you boasted, remarkably sincere.'

M. Renaudin thrust his left hand into the opening of his waistcoat, and assumed the Napoleon attitude, in order to bid defiance to his enemies with more effect; but a bright thought seemed to flash across his mind, and he suddenly checked himself.

'Leave me,' said he in an authoritative tone; 'and let me have pen, ink, and paper: there is that on my mind which must be revealed. Yes,' he solemnly added, 'all shall be confessed. But remember,' he continued in a menacing tone, 'to let no one even approach the door of this room, or linger on the staircase, until half an hour at least has elapsed.'

Fear and curiosity induced M. Moreau and M. Hyacinthe to comply with this request; for the former was fully convinced that the alarmed Renaudin was going

to sacrifice his friends to his safety, and reckoned on the names of a dozen accomplices at the very least; whilst M. Hyacinthe gloomily congratulated himself on the tale of horror which his lodger was going to unfold. A lingering feeling of suspicion, however, induced them to remain on the first floor landing until the half hour was over, when they impatiently hurried up stairs. Renaudin's room door was partly open, and M. Hyacinthe cautiously peeped in. A light was burning on the table, and a letter was lying near it; but Renaudin had vanished. The truth flashed across his mind; he rushed in, tore the letter open, and read its contents aloud:—

'The manifold persecutions which I have endured in this house, compel me to retire from the shelter of its inhospitable roof, as I feel convinced that designs against either my life or property are entertained by certain individuals who dwell beneath it. All I say to my persecutors is, that they may live to repent of their conduct.'

'Monsieur Hyacinthe,' exclaimed M. Moreau in a prophetic tone, 'mark my words—I am a dead man;' and he retired to his apartment with the heroic air of a man resigned to the prospect of being shot at the first opportunity.

But M. Hyacinthe's personal fears were outweighed on this occasion by his curiosity, which was greatly excited by Renaudin's mysterious disappearance. Madame Latour's assertion, that the fugitive had effected his escape by going down a back staircase, and opening the street door whilst she was asleep in her lodge, he always treated with the contempt which such a commonplace explanation deserved. Indeed M. Hyacinthe would have been rather sorry to find out the truth. As his late lodger owed him nothing, and had done him no real injury, he found it pleasant, upon the whole, to have been connected with such a fearful and desperate character. There was, as he poetically expressed it, 'a horrid charm in it, and food for the imagination.' Fate, however, seemed perversely bent on dispelling the romance and mystery with which he had invested Renaudin, and to show this luckless individual in the most commonplace aspect. In the first place, it was ascertained shortly after his disappearance that he was *not* M. de St Maur; then, as though this was not bad enough, M. Hyacinthe discovered amongst the few articles which his lodger had left behind him a small book, from which he learned that M. Renaudin had 1500 francs in the savings' bank—a mean and paltry piece of economy, which made M. Hyacinthe justly indignant, as affording another proof of the gross manner in which he had been taken in. He was still smarting under the mortification of this discovery, when a friend of his treacherous lodger came to claim, in his name, the pistol—which also turned out to be a mere counterfeit, as, whether loaded with powder or lead, it would not go off—the razors, and the book. M. Hyacinthe delivered up the articles with a hope that this was the last time he should hear of their owner. Such, however, was not to be the case, for the very same day Madame Latour triumphantly asked him if he knew who Renaudin was? M. Hyacinthe said 'No,' with the air of a man resigned to anything he may hear.

'I got it all out of his friend!' exclaimed the portress with evident exultation. 'He is—a hairdresser!'

M. Hyacinthe was at first stunned by this new blow: the splendid, the extravagant, the terrible Renaudin a hairdresser! But no: it could not be: he would not believe it. But, alas! even his scepticism was obliged to yield to the evidence of his senses; for the hairdresser to whose establishment the redoubtable Renaudin belonged, took a shop in a neighbouring street, so that longer doubt was impossible. There have been, however, such things as romantic hairdressers; but though M. Hyacinthe fancied for a time that Renaudin might belong to that class, this was a short-lived illusion. The young man, according to the universal testimony, led a most exemplary life: instead of going

to drink or dance at the barrier, he spent his Sundays with his family, occasionally indulging in the harmless amusement of taking out his sisters for a walk. On learning these circumstances, M. Hyacinthe bitterly declared that 'he gave him up.' His only comfort under this trying dispensation was, that Renaudin afforded a living proof of the tendency which made every individual seek to cheat and deceive him.

There is no knowing how M. Moreau might have acted under the influence of the dangerous neighbourhood in which he was now placed, if he had not discovered about this time that the anonymous letter which had caused him so much alarm was only a practical joke of one of his friends—a fact which he took in high dudgeon. As for M. Renaudin, he seemed to bear very philosophically the degrading position to which he was reduced in the eyes of his former acquaintances. Perhaps he had learned, from personal experience, that though it is very fine and agreeable to be thought a desperate sort of character, it occasionally happens to be inconvenient, as there are simple people who will take you at your word, whatever ill qualities you may bestow on yourself. However that may be, it will perhaps be gratifying to the reader to state, that Renaudin continues to be the same exemplary character he always was; he has forsworn all ambitious thoughts, and is satisfied with being considered one of the most prudent, economical, and gentle professors of his gentle craft.

THE DINORNIS.

In the year 1839, a sailor on board a New Zealand ship brought to London a fragment of an old bone, which, according to his statement, was declared by the natives of that country to be part of the leg-bone of the 'Movie,' a large bird of the eagle kind, and that similar remains were often found in the mud-banks at the mouths of rivers. The relic was offered for sale at various scientific institutions, but was rejected by the naturalists who examined it, as being nothing more than a portion of the marrow-bone of an ox, or some analogous quadruped. At last it reached the hands of Professor Owen at the Royal College of Surgeons: this skilful anatomist compared it with the bones of various mammalia, but found no correspondence between them; further examination of the structure of the fragment led him to pronounce it to be part of the thigh-bone of a *Struthious** bird, or bird of the ostrich genus. The specimen, which was not more than six inches long, and weighed but a little over seven ounces, was sufficient to enable the professor to predicate on the nature of the animal to which it had belonged; and he described the latter as having been a heavier and more sluggish bird than the ostrich of the present day, offering at the same time, in the communication which he made on the subject to the Zoological Society, to stake his reputation on the correctness of his conclusions. Thus, on a comparatively insignificant piece of bone, was the existence, either actual or recent, of an extraordinary bird affirmed; a remarkable triumph of reason, combined with a habit of correct observation.

In 1843, a letter received from one of the missionaries resident in New Zealand gave some further information on this interesting subject. The writer stated that he had seen large quantities of the bones, numerous specimens of which had been forwarded to an eminent geologist in this country. At a search made, with the assistance of the natives, the bones of as many as thirty birds were collected: the largest of these measured two feet ten inches long. They were described as having been found in abundance at Poverty Bay; and according to the same authority, many singular traditions respecting the bird, which was called the *Moa*, were current among the aborigines. They held it to be sacred, and reported it to be still in existence in the

* See a sketch of the family *Struthionidae*, in No. 613, old series.

sacred district of Tongariro, and the mountains of the middle island. 'Two Englishmen,' pursued the writer, 'had been taken out by a native *at night* to watch for the bird which he had described to them; they saw it, but were so frightened, that they did not dare to shoot at it, though they had gone out expressly to do so.' Notwithstanding frequent rumours of the birds being still alive, subsequent researches have rendered it probable that their extinction took place more than a century ago.

On the arrival of the bones referred to in the letter quoted above, they were transferred to Mr Owen, who, with the multiplied materials thus placed at his command, was enabled to produce a complete figure of the animal in a drawing. So extraordinary was its stature, that he proposed for it the name of *Dinornis*, from two Greek words signifying frightful bird. The conclusions which the professor had drawn were abundantly verified; the species was found to be distinct from any other large bird with which we are acquainted. 'Its dimensions,' he writes, 'prove the *dinornis* of New Zealand to be the most gigantic of known birds. There is little probability that it will ever be found, whether living or extinct, in any other part of the world than the islands of New Zealand or parts adjacent. At all events, the *Dinornis Novæ Zelandiæ* will always remain one of the most extraordinary of the zoological facts in the history of those islands; and it may not be saying too much to characterise it as one of the most remarkable acquisitions to zoology in general which the present century has produced.'

That the bones were of comparatively recent date, was proved by their containing a large amount of animal matter, with no appearances of petrification, as seen in fossils generally. Five distinct species have been fully made out, the largest of which, *Dinornis giganteus*, must have stood ten feet in height, with a foot from twelve to sixteen inches in length. Others were seven and four feet high. It is an interesting fact, that a link connecting these extinct tribes with the present time is yet to be found living in New Zealand. The apteryx, or wingless bird of that country, dwindled down to the size of a turkey, remains the last representative of the moa race, destined in turn speedily to disappear, as it is much sought after for its feathers, which are used to decorate the persons of the chiefs. The bird is at the present time extremely rare, and making its appearance only at night, is very difficult of capture.

The arrival of a large quantity of bones during the past year, has greatly increased the interest on the subject of the *dinornis*. They have been made the subject of a lecture, delivered at the London Institution by Dr Mantell, whose son collected and forwarded the bones to England. The writer was among those fortunate enough to be present at the doctor's exposition, an outline of which imparts a general view of what is known respecting the extinct birds. The lecturer had received a letter from his son but two days previously to the public discourse, and was enabled, among his other diagrams, to exhibit a view of the New Zealand coast from Wanganui to New Plymouth, in which district the bones are found in the greatest abundance, and chiefly on the banks of a small river which descends from the rocky heights of Mount Egmont. This portion of the island-shore appears to have been considerably upheaved at no very remote period, as the banks of the river near its mouth are one hundred feet high, the base consisting of a blue clay, covered with a layer of sand five or six feet in thickness, above which, to the surface, is a mass of conglomerate. It is in the layer of sand that the bones of the moa are found. Had it been necessary to dig down through the bed of conglomerate, they would not repay the labour; but in one part of its course the river makes a sharp bend round a peninsulated area, composed of drift, and free from superincumbent rocks. Mr Mantell's excavations in this place were well rewarded by the discovery of more than seven hundred bones; many of these were lying on the table

in front of the lecturer, and their dimensions more than confirmed all that had been previously advanced by Professor Owen. An entire skeleton, it was stated, would have been secured, but for the opposition of the natives, who crowded round the excavators, and destroyed the relics as fast as they were exhumed. The work of destruction was the more easy, as the bones were found in a soft state, owing to the wet condition of the sand in which they were imbedded. In his recent work on the Geology of Russia, Sir R. Murchison records a similar instance of opposition on the part of the Bashkirs, who protested against the removal of mammoth bones from their territories. It was only by working early in the morning, and late in the evening, when no natives were present, that Mr Mantell was able to obtain the bones with which he has enriched the science of this country. Dr Mantell states that the birds must have been exceedingly numerous, roaming over the island in 'swarms,' the largest of them with a length of stride from six to seven feet. His drawing of the entire animal, ten feet in height, presented an interesting specimen of nature's handiwork on a gigantic scale. He described the adze-like form of the bill, and the peculiar conformation of the skull in its union with the neck, the muscular power of which must have been tremendous, rendering it easy for the bird to dig up the roots of esculent ferns, which in all probability formed its food, and which are still among the principal vegetable productions of the country.

In addition to the bones, numerous portions of eggshells of the moa have been discovered; these present all the appearance of having been for some time exposed to the action of running water. The original size of the egg, as stated by the lecturer, was such that a hat would have formed a suitable egg-cup. The fragments are of a light cream colour; and the structure of the shell, which is relatively thin, is altogether different from that of the ostrich and emu. To some of the specimens a portion of the interior membrane was still adherent, showing that a young bird had been hatched within them in the usual way.

In the course of the lecture, Dr Mantell adverted to the objections which have from time to time been made to the fact of the disappearance of certain races of animals from the earth. It is, however, unquestionable, that in the changes which the crust of our globe has undergone, many have become extinct, or have been exterminated by human agency. Even in countries where no convulsion has taken place during the current era, species have passed away, and been replaced by others, as it were in obedience to a definite natural law, under which certain races were endowed with a power of existence for a definite period only. In our own country, the hyena, wolf, wild-boar, beaver, bear, and Irish elk, are among the most remarkable instances of comparatively recent extinction.

Another important instance occurs in the history of that singular bird the dodo. When the Mauritius was first colonised by the Dutch about the year 1640, this bird was found in great numbers in that group of islands, and was for a long time the chief food of the inhabitants. In 1638, a dodo was exhibited in London as a notable curiosity; and in Savery's picture of 'Orpheus Charming the Beasts,' preserved at the Hague, is a drawing of the bird; but at the present time a few fragments only are known to be in existence—a head and foot at the Ashmolean Museum, a leg in the British Museum, and a skull in the museum at Copenhagen. This fact, occurring at so recent a period, amply confirms the arguments brought forward with respect to the law of extinction. It is probable that the disappearance of the moa preceded that of the dodo; both, however, may have taken place within the past hundred and fifty years.

The lecturer, in conclusion, pointed out the remarkable fact, that no native quadruped has ever been found in New Zealand; and that the present indigenous vegetable productions of the country are similar to those

which existed in earlier periods of geological history—the carboniferous and triassic eras—in Europe and other parts of the world, before the appearance of mammalia. The Galapagos Islands, too, lying in the Pacific Ocean, as described by Mr Darwin, furnish another most interesting example; a living specimen, so to speak, of one of the earth's former conditions—the reptile age of the secondary period. The islands are about ten in number, the largest a hundred miles long, and consist entirely of volcanic rocks. In the whole group there are two thousand craters, some of immense height, and still smoking. Everything about these islands is peculiar, and without a parallel elsewhere: the vegetation is chiefly coarse grass and ferns; a mouse is the only mammal, and this is confined to one of the islands; the birds are such as are never met with in other countries, while enormous tortoises and lizards exist in thousands. In fact, to quote Mr Darwin's words, 'this Archipelago is a little world within itself: most of the organic productions are aboriginal creations, found nowhere else. Seeing every height crowned with its crater, and the boundaries of most of the lava-streams still distinct, we are led to believe that, within a period geologically recent, the unbroken ocean was here spread out. Hence, both in time and space, we seem to be brought somewhat near to that great fact—that mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth.'

DIPPINGS INTO OLD MAGAZINES.

THE GENTLEMAN'S FOR 1748.

THE original idea of a magazine was—a receptacle for selections from the newspapers. They were received here, as into a storehouse or *magazine*, and thus redeemed from the ephemeral destiny to which the remaining matters of the public journals were condemned. The 'Gentleman's Magazine,' commenced in 1731 by Edward Cave, and for many years without any worthy rival in this walk of literature, had on its front, besides the well-known rude cut of St John's Gate, Clerkenwell (where Cave had his printing-office), the list of London and provincial papers from which the selection was made. This work, however, was also furnished with original literary articles, in prose and poetry; and seldom did a number appear without one or more engravings, some of these being maps, some of them representations of public buildings, or objects of antiquity, while others depicted new inventions in the useful arts.

The volume for 1748 shows in a sufficiently striking manner the change which has come over magazines in the course of a hundred years. Its dark paper, coarse print, and homely engravings, strike the eye at once as in strong contrast with the externals of the nominally same class of works in the present day. The literary contents are in equally violent contrast, though perhaps the superiority of the modern over the ancient is here less certain. At least we think it might be contended, that if the magazine of 1748 is full of homely and simple matters, few of which ascend to the character of elegant literature, that of 1848 is marked by straining after effect, which is by no means calculated to give greater pleasure to a sound taste. The old work addresses itself to the time. It gives accounts of places where armies or fleets are operating. It overlooks nothing new in science or art. It chronicles all great men deceased, and forms a faithful register of events, which obviously may afterwards be referred to with advantage. It seems to us highly questionable if the neglect of these matters, for the sake of filling the brochure from end to end with extravagant fictions, and long political discussions, is an improvement in the modern magazines. We fear that the magazine has departed from the spirit of its mission in some degree.

At the commencement of the 'Gentleman's' in 1748, we have a treatise on short-hand writing; an edict of the

magistrates of Reading against profane swearing; and an exposure of poor Carte's unlucky account of the cure of king's evil, by the touch of the so-called Pretender. Then follow extracts from the memoirs of the Swedish Academy, making honourable mention of the writings of Linnaeus, which must have been new at that time to England. One of the first things of a strongly characteristic nature which meets us, is a remonstrance from Holland, setting forth that the want of corn in France is a thing notorious; that to keep up the famine there, is a point of great consequence to the powers at war with France; that, nevertheless, British merchants are busy introducing corn there, for which they get large prices. 'Sure,' says this precious document, 'there can be no law too severe against such traitors to their country. This is a matter which ought to fall under the examination of his Britannic majesty's council, too wise and too prudent not to discern what mischief the transporting of corn and other provisions into France does to the common cause; more mischief, we may boldly say, than all the troops which Great Britain has in the Low Countries can do good.' Follows upon this a letter from an Honest Farmer, who, though not insensible of the benefit of a good market for the superabundant grain in England, manfully declares—'Though I have a pretty large stock by me, I'd sooner send it to the bottom of my pond, or turn it out into the yard to feed the sparrows (one of our greatest plagues), than let one grain go to help a Frenchman from starving.' The reality of the whole matter is shown by a proclamation given at St James's on the 19th February, to 'strictly prohibit and forbid all our subjects of Great Britain, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Isle of Man, Minorca, and the town and port of Gibraltar, and of any of our colonies and plantations in America, and all our other dominions, that they do not directly or indirectly carry on any commerce, trade, or traffic with France, or any other of the dominions of the said French king, upon pain of our highest displeasure.' We suppose this would be so far effectual, though it would appear that the instincts of the country gentlemen showed a considerable inclination to stand up for the feeding of the national enemies, on the score of its beneficial effect in enabling the farmers to pay their taxes, so as the better to support active hostilities against France.

Some curious traits of domestic manners are presented throughout these pages. There is an epigram 'On the Ladies Chewing Tobacco.'

* * * *

'A sweeter weed Virginia yields
Than grows in all Arabia's fields.
Bright Beauty's queen no longer loves
The posy plucked from myrtle groves;
And slights the flowers of Cyprus' isle,
For the odorous plant of Indian soil;
For well she knows she owes to this
The balmy breath, the ambrosial kiss.'

Several references are made to the Pantin, a kind of toy in the form of a paper puppet, which was then newly introduced to use among British dames, being an invention of Mademoiselle Pantine, 'one of Marshal Saxe's ladies.' It is spoken of as 'what former ages could never have dreamt of, what posterity will hardly believe—a piece of pasteboard, huddled into a head, arms, and legs, is found to be a proper subject of entertainment for a creature always thought something above a machine or a brute.' While the peace was negotiating at Aix-la-Chapelle, there appears a song on this piece of frivolity:—

'I sing not of battles that now are to cease,
Nor carols my muse in the praise of a peace;
To show that she's oft in good company been,
She humbly begs leave to sing Monsieur Pantin.

... pray observe that strange thing made for show,
That compound of powder and nonsense, a beau;
So limber his joints, and so strange is his mien,
That you cry as he walks, look you there's a Pantin.

How oft have we heard that the ladies love change,
And from one entertainment to t'other will range;
In this they are constant, what difference was seen,
When they laid down the fribble, and took the Pantin ?

Rather oddly, that chequered cloth, called in its own country tartan, but which the people of England insist on calling *plaid*—which is much the same as if they were to call velvet by the term *coat collar*—was at this time in fashion, while the legislature was endeavouring to suppress it in Scotland, as a symbol and stimulator of rebellion. It seems to have been assumed as a safe method of expressing favour for a cause past all other befriending. Euryalus lashes the modern plaid-wearers in the following somewhat pitily strains :—

'What do I see! ridiculously clad
Our English beaus and belles in Highland plaid,
The dress of rebels, by our laws forbid!
No matter—why should friends or foes be hid?
By this distinctive badge are traitors shown,
Sure as freemasons by their signals known.
Yet say, ye dastards, who in peaceful days
Look big, drink healths, and hope a traitor's praise,
In what dark corner did ye lurk, when late
To the last crisis Edward pushed his fate?
Skulking behind the laws ye wished to break,
Ye dared risk nothing for your prince's sake;
Tameless ye saw his promised succours fail,
And William's arms, like Aaron's rod, prevail.
True to no side, ye bats of human kind,
Despised by both, for public scorn designed,
Still by your dress distinguished from the rest,
Be James's sorrow, and be George's jest.'

A few particulars regarding the unfortunate partisans of the House of Stuart are scattered here and there. We hear of the pardoned Earl of Cromarty going to reside at that place in Devonshire in which he was condemned to spend the remainder of his life. (What a punishment, by the way, for a Ross-shire man!) The death of Cameron of Lochiel is mentioned, 'colonel of a regiment in the French service, composed of Camerons and other rebels.' A writer in the *Daily Advertiser*, speculating on the means of employing the discharged seamen of the navy, is strong for planting them as fishers in the Highlands, and giving them a bounty of five shillings on every barrel of herrings—a branch of industry which 'would people and cultivate those wastes in Scotland which are only a harbour at present for the barbarous clans, who are bred up in ignorance, poverty, and dependence, and are the scandal, as well as a nuisance, to their mother country.' At the peace, Prince Charles Edward is forced to leave France, in order to please the British government. The French king writes to the Swiss canton of Friburg, asking an asylum for him, which was granted. Up then starts Mr Barnaby, the English minister to the Swiss cantons, and expresses to the Magnificent Lords of Friburg the astonishment of the king of Great Britain at learning that they were to give refuge to the Pretender's eldest son, 'whose race is odious to all British subjects, and proscribed by the laws of Great Britain.' 'Such a step on your part, without the participation of your co-allies, would be a pretty odd contrast to the cordial expressions, so full of gratitude, contained in the letter which the laudable Helvetic body so lately wrote to his majesty!' Helvetic flesh and blood could not stand the insolence of the remonstrance, and they accordingly wrote to Mr Barnaby, that his letter 'was drawn up in terms of so little respect, and so improper to be addressed to a sovereign state, that we think it deserves no answer.' After all, the poor prince preferred taking up his residence in the pope's city of Avignon.

A curious illustration of a national, and we fear persevering foible, is given in the form of a *Pharmacopœa Empirica*, a list of quack medicines then in vogue, two hundred and two in number, specifying their professed objects, their inventors and patentees, and their prices. These last do not appear low in comparison with the cost of such articles in the present day: any 5s., and even 10s. 6d. per box or bottle. Dr Bellose's pills for rheumatism (l) are 20s. a box, and Mr Parker's for the stone

2s. 6d. a pill. Two hundred and two quack medicines, what a battery against the stomach and the pocket of poor Jean Bull! But this was not the only form of delusion about health. A number of reports are given from country correspondents regarding a certain Bridget Bostock, a poor old woman living in a hovel near Nampwich in Cheshire, and who was believed to be able to cure all diseases. One gentleman makes the following statement:—'Old Bridget Bostock fills the country with as much talk as the rebels did. She hath, all her lifetime, made it her business to cure her neighbours of sore legs and other disorders; but her reputation seems now so wonderfully to increase, that people come to her from far and near. A year ago she had, as I remember, about forty under her care, which I found afterwards increased to one hundred a-week, and then to one hundred and sixty. Sunday se'n'night, after dinner, my wife and I went to this doctress' house, and were told by Mr S—— and Tom M——, who kept the door, and let people in by fives and sixes, that they had that day told six hundred she had administered to, besides her making a cheese. She at length grew so very faint (for she never breaks her fast till she has done), that at six o'clock she was obliged to give over, though there were then more than sixty persons whom she had not meddled with. Monday last she had seven hundred, and every day now pretty near that number. She cures the blind, the deaf, the lame of all sorts, the rheumatic, king's evil, hysteric fits, falling fits, shortness of breath, dropsy, palsy, leprosy, cancers, and, in short, almost everything; and all the means she uses for cure are only stroking with fasting spittle, and praying for them. It is hardly credible to think what cures she daily performs: some people grow well whilst in the house, others on the road home, and it is said none miss. People come sixty miles round. In our lane, where there have not been two coaches seen before these twelve years, now three or four pass in a day, and the poor come by cart-loads. She is about seventy years of age, and keeps old Bostock's house, who allowed her thirty-five shillings a-year wages; and though money is offered her, yet she takes none for her cures. Her dress is very plain: she wears a flannel waistcoat, a green linsey apron, a pair of clogs, and a plain cap, tied with a halfpenny lace. So many people of fashion come now to her, that several of the poor country people make a comfortable subsistence by holding their horses. In short, the poor, the rich, the lame, the blind, and the deaf, all pray for her, and bless her, but the doctors curse her.'

The lists of marriages and deaths are well worth looking over. In the former case, when the lady has any fortune, it is always stated: thus, 'Vilters, Earle of Tedbury, Esq., to Miss Sterling of Newington, 20,000l.' Nor are personal charms overlooked: '— Sydney, Esq. of Cranfield, Derbyshire, to Miss Sutton, a celebrated beauty, 10,000l.' In the obituary, wealth is also duly noted: thus, 'Mr Halsey, master of a glass-house at Limehouse, worth 50,000l.;' or, 'Thomas Walker, Esq. surveyor-general, worth 300,000l.' The legacies of deceased persons to public charities are always recorded. Sometimes a historical name illumines the page with association, as, 'Mrs Bracegirdle, a celebrated actress of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., but had since retired to live on her fortune;' or, 'Mr James Thomson, the celebrated author of the *Seasons*, &c. at his dwelling, Richmond, Surrey, of a violent fever. His inoffensive, benevolent disposition, and excellent genius, make his death a public loss.' In the following notice, our attention is called to one whose name will ever be recollected in connection with a useful public service: 'March 7, Rt. Hon. George Wade, Esq. field-marshal of his Majesty's forces, Lieutenant-general of the ordnance, and of his Majesty's Privy-Council, aged 80. His first commission bore date Dec. 26, 1690, whence he rose, under four succeeding reigns, to the highest honours of his profession. . . . In 1724 he commanded in Scotland, and made the roads through the High-

lands. . . . He died worth above 100,000*l*.' Everybody must remember the Irish officer's distich on the works of this great marshal—

'Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have lifted up your hands, and blessed General Wade.'

THE POOR THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR.

EVERY one who really wishes well to the labouring classes, must equally rejoice when he hears of what is creditable to them, and deplore the reverse. We have heard much of late years of kindness shown by the poor to each other; and for our part, we would rather hear of one act of genuine courtesy and help performed by one humble family to another living on the same *stair-head*, and struck by poverty or sorrow, than be told of the most generous benefaction from a rich man towards a public charity, however well-timed, or however directly serviceable. It were, however, vain to attempt to prove any peculiar limitation of generosity to classes. It is just as true that there is much liberality among the more affluent classes towards the poor, as amongst the poor towards each other; and it is not more certain that the poor find oppressors among the rich, than that they find such among themselves.

A gentleman of humane and liberal disposition, conversing with us on these points, remarked—'One day, not above a week ago, I had a curious series of practical commentaries brought before me, on the notion which some entertain as to who are the sources of misery to the poor. Walking out in the morning, I observed a washerwoman bending under a heavy load at a little distance before me. She had stopped at the bottom of a short flight of steps leading up to the door of what we in Edinburgh call a common stair, where there was a bell and a small name-plate for each family living in the house. As I approached, she asked a working lad who was passing to go up and see if the name of a particular family was among these plates. Not doubting that he would do so, I passed on, but presently looking back, I observed the lad lounging carelessly along, while the poor overladen woman was slowly toiling up the flight of steps to ascertain the fact for herself. I need not say that I lamented being out of time to save the woman the perhaps needless trouble. In the course of the day, a person in extremely reduced circumstances called upon me to intreat, for the sake of old acquaintance, a small sum to save his remains of furniture from a landlord of his own grade. In the evening, as I was going home through the dark and rainy streets, I passed a mendicant boy who was endeavouring to excite the compassion of the passengers. Several boys of the humbler class were standing by, mocking him. When I had gone on thirty yards, I heard a cry of genuine distress. It came from the beggar, upon whom I found a couple of the boys had fallen with their fists, apparently through mere wantonness. Alas, thought I, for the kindness of the poor to the poor! From this one day's observations, it would appear to be a rule not without heavy exceptions.'

Another friend, who has extensive connections with working men, remarked to us one day, of his own accord, how often he found instances of oppression exercised towards them by persons of their own grade. He related an instance of the conduct of a man who kept a tavern, in recovering a debt from a very unfortunate person whom the law had placed in his power, entirely against the spirit of equity; it was such as to excite the greatest indignation. On the other hand, the sufferings of small dealers from reckless conduct on the

part of their customers are often very great. The owner of a number of dwellings of a humble kind informs us that the falsehoods and evasions employed by his tenants to avoid paying him any rent, would scarcely be credited by persons unacquainted with the lower walks of life.

Mr Frederick Hill, in his pamphlet on the 'Economic Defence of the Country,' adduces a class of mischiefs which his official duty has brought strongly under his notice. 'Though happily,' he says, 'the leaders in these [trades'] unions are now gradually losing their power by the increased diffusion of intelligence and knowledge, I am convinced that the rules of these unions, and the measures taken to enforce them, still form the *greatest tyranny in the country*. Indeed even the Irish outrages may be traced to the same principle on which so many trades' unions act—a determination to force upon others, even by the most violent means, their own views of what is just, or at least of what is conducive to their own interests.

'If the masters, however, suffer by such tyranny, it presses with increased weight upon the more unprotected workpeople.

'The following statement was lately made to me by an inmate of the county prison at Kirkdale, near Liverpool; and the chaplain of the prison stated that, from his knowledge of the man, he should believe what he said:—"I am a collier. I was born at St Helen's, and have lived there most of my life. I have been three times in prison, each time for stealing. I was driven each time by want to steal. I have sometimes been two or three days without anything to eat. I applied several times to the parish, but they would not do anything for me. . . . I could not get any work, because I did not belong to the union. The masters would have employed me, but the men would not let them. Every man, when he first joins the union, has to pay a guinea, and I had not the money. I was anxious to work, but I was not allowed. I had got out of the union in consequence of getting behind with my union money, and not being able to pay up. I had been ill for some time, and could not work, or earn any money." The chaplain of this prison added, that within the last two or three years two sawyers had been murdered, in consequence of their continuing to work contrary to the orders of one of the unions.

'The following statement was lately made to me by the superintendent of police at Sheffield, who said that he could occupy the whole day in reciting similar cases:—"Some of the unions, he stated, forbid those employed at their trade, whether in the unions or not, to work more than a certain number of days per week, and restrict them to a certain number of hours on those days. The following case he mentioned as illustrative of the evils arising from this tyrannical interference with the liberties of others:—"Some time ago, a Sheffield manufacturer received a large order from America, which he was required to complete by a certain time, the goods having to be despatched by a particular vessel. The last day of the term had arrived, and the work was nearly finished, when, at four o'clock (the day being Saturday), the foreman came to the manufacturer, and told him that the men were leaving their work, and that the goods would not be finished in time. The manufacturer directed that the men should be immediately assembled, and he told them that if they went before the work was completed, he should lose several thousand pounds. He said they knew that a few hours would be sufficient for all that remained to be done, and

that he must insist upon their completing their task. He reminded them that he had always been considerate of their interests; and said it was monstrous that in a case in which he had so large a stake, his own interest should be set at nought, and this, too, when he was willing to give them the full value of every stroke of work they performed. He added, that if they persisted in quitting the manufactory at that hour, and leaving the work unfinished, not one of them should ever return, be the consequence to himself what it might. The men replied that they knew he had always been a kind master to them, but that they were not allowed by the union to work after four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; they added, however, that if he would give them a little time to discuss the matter, they would think whether anything could be done. The manufacturer consented to this, and allowed them ten minutes to come to a determination. At the end of that time the men sent a deputation to him, to say that they had resolved to go on with the work, provided he would undertake to protect them from attack—recommending that he should also take measures for protecting himself. The manufacturer replied that he would do his best; and he sent immediately for the superintendent of police to consult with him. The superintendent promised to give the protection required, and for that purpose was obliged to station a police-officer near the house of each of the workmen belonging to the manufactory; and these officers guarded the men to and from their work. This went on for some months; but at length the workmen being weary of such a state of danger and trammel, their employer consented to pay a large fine to the union as a penalty for their offence, on condition that they should no longer be exposed to persecution.

While we now write, the following passage appears in a newspaper, as from a Parisian correspondent:—'Vast numbers of English—domestic servants, operatives, labourers, and others, with their families—are at present being dismissed from their employment in France. Remonstrance against this ungenerous act is useless. Employers have no fault to find with the English, and they indeed have preferred them as assistants, from some peculiar skill or steadiness which they possess; but they dare not keep them, being threatened with personal injury by the French workmen if they do not at once dismiss all the English from their service.'

When from the generous heart of Robert Burns there broke the never-to-be-forgotten verse—

'See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn'—

it never occurred to him, as a possible form of the inhumanity, that the 'o'erlaboured wight' might be forbidden to work by persons of his own condition, exercising a force not resting on law or natural right, but merely on the arbitrary will of a majority, and directly subversive of the freedom of the individual.

These are, we think, honest truths, and, we hope, not unkindly spoken. It seems to us as if the humbly industrious classes could immensely advance and improve their condition if they understood it better, and could more truly be their own friends. A carman passes through a herd of cattle on a street, and taking little trouble to avoid disturbing or dispersing them, gives great annoyance to the drivers, who immediately let loose their rude tongues against him. An altercation, full of horrible language, is the consequence, by which the tempers of both parties are exasperated. Perhaps they even proceed to blows. Now there is nothing to hinder a carman and a driver of cattle from conducting their respective businesses with a civil and forbearing regard to each other, and thus adding to, instead of subtracting from, the comfort of their lives. If a dif-

ficulty unexpectedly should take place, there is nothing to prevent its being remonstrated with gently, and politely apologised for. Why should these helps to happiness be the exclusive privilege of gentlemen? If, again, any one attempts to oppress or take undue advantage of another, there is no reason why the public opinion of the class should not be brought to bear on the case, so as to right and protect the injured party. It is a great mistake, this constant looking up in blame, or with demands for justice, for it merely applies the flattering unction of an illusive belief that we are ourselves entirely right. A man remains poor all his days, because of a notion that there is a class who will not allow him to be otherwise, when the real fault is with himself. He refrains from attempting practical reforms in his circle and sphere, under a notion that some great reform, including all such little matters, should be wrought by some other people, who, however, neglect or fail in their duty. These are deplorable delusions, the real enemies to every kind of advancement. It is vain to expect much from others while we do nothing ourselves, for every class has its own interests to take up its time and thoughts, just as the working-classes have; and when it is otherwise, human nature must have changed. Man is a strange phenomenon in the midst of many. It seems as nothing were truly impossible to his justly-formed wishes and his well-directed efforts. On the other hand, nothing is more hopeless than man in the condition of thinking—'It is of no use for me to try.' The one seems a weed on a desolate shore, the other a plant set in a genial clime. We would therefore—while not absolving the rich from their great duties towards the poor—desire to see the industrious classes looking sideways as well as upwards for matters calling for redress and rebuke, and exercising a strong and well-directed public opinion among themselves. They would form a court, we thoroughly believe, more efficient for the remedy of all injury and oppression beyond law occurring in their own circle, than any other that could be framed; for public opinion is somewhat like gravitation—its force diminishes in the ratio of the squares of the distances, so that the censure of a gentleman can be endured and scoffed at, while the indignation of a group of immediate neighbours, however humble, would be too uncomfortable to be readily incurred a second time.

DANISH JUSTICE.

THE war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens: all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailer, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well-regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for

four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with his blood. With an effort Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, so truly attached had they been to the chief mate, and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line: the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer, for one we have loved, and the next, the splash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than

any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who 'go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep.'

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment), we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand the full powers delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c. &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling: it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface. Not one

amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

Of course strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far away from the tragic scene.

A SCOTCHMAN IN MUNSTER.

AMONG a variety of pleasant works which have lately issued from the Dublin press, through the taste and enterprise of Mr McGlashan, we would particularly notice one entitled 'Revelations of Ireland,' by D. Owen-Madden, as containing some interesting sketches of Irish social history in the past generation. Himself a lawyer, the author presents numerous anecdotes of the Irish bar, which will be new to many readers; and so likewise will be his revelations of family distress, caused by those unhappy and ill-judged penal laws by which gentlemen could be robbed of their estates by persons professing a different religious faith. Of transactions of this kind, however, Mr Owen-Madden very properly allows that Ireland has too long maintained a recollection, which can serve no good purpose. The errors of past legislation are gone and expiated, and ought accordingly to be forgotten. The great question now is—How can Ireland be improved—how put in the way of well-doing? Two things, our author infers, can do little good—'parliament and speech-makers.' What is wanted is self-relying and intelligent industry; for the exercise of which the country offers a wider and more favourable field than is generally understood. As an instance of what may be done in this respect, Mr Owen-Madden gives an account of a Scotchman in Munster, which we beg to extract, in an abridged form.

'The handsomest country town in Ireland is Fermoy, nearly in the centre of Munster; it is picturesquely seated on the Blackwater, and, with its cheerful aspect and handsome scenery, never fails to arrest the attention of the most careless traveller. The streets are spacious, and the town is tastefully designed. There is a neat square, with some fine churches, and several private residences of respectability in the neighbourhood. The place looks bright and happy, not like the other dreary and dilapidated country towns in Ireland. Two large barracks, built in squares on the north side of the town, contribute to the imposing appearance of the place.

'Fermoy has now seven thousand inhabitants. Sixty years since the place was a dirty hamlet, consisting of hovels, and a carman's public-house, at the end of a narrow old bridge; now, there is a cheerful and agreeable town, pleasant society, a good deal of trade, and more prosperity than might be expected. How was all this accomplished? By the enterprise and energies of one man.

'John Anderson was a Scotchman, born in humble circumstances, of which he always boasted when raised to mix with the nobility of his adopted country. While very young, he learned to read and write, and he attributed the energy of his character to the stimulus which he received from education. He made a few pounds in some humble employment, and settled at Glasgow about the year 1784. There he was fortunate in some small speculations, and by a venture in herrings, acquired five hundred pounds—an immense sum to him. He then determined to seek some new sphere, where he might exert himself; and he thought that Ireland would be the best place for him to fix in. The commercial advantages of Cork, with its noble harbour, attracted him, and he settled there. He became an export merchant, and trafficked in provisions, the staple trade of the place. In a very few years he realised twenty-five thousand pounds, and laid it out on the purchase of four-sixths of the Fermoy estate. If he had been an Irishman, he might probably have stopped there, and resolved, after the fashion of the people, "to enjoy him-

self" after having made his fortune. He would probably have got a pack of hounds, given dinners daily to hungry *squireens*, earned the reputation of a "real good fellow," by copiously diffusing whisky-punch, and living, like a "real gentleman," in vulgar ostentation. But Anderson was a man of too much energy to settle down in the rotting idleness peculiar to the gentry of the country. Bishop Cumberland's saying, "Better to wear out than to rust out," was Anderson's maxim. Instead of "giving a tone to society," he aspired to create society where it did not previously exist. He resolved to make a town at Fermoy.

'The first thing he did was to build a good hotel for the accommodation of those travelling post. He added next a few houses, built a square, and at his own expense rebuilt the bridge, which had become ruinous. He did not go with hat in hand to the lord-lieutenant, begging for a share of the public moneys. He was resolved to depend upon himself. When he had mapped out his design for a town, he learned that the government was meditating the erection of large barracks in Munster. Mr Anderson saw the advantage which the presence of a garrison would be to his rapidly-rising little town, and he at once offered government a capital site, rent free, for the barracks. He made this offer in 1797, when the country was disturbed, and when accommodation was an object to the government. His offer was accepted. Two very large and handsome barracks were built. But Anderson did not stop there. He was not of that pernicious opinion, too prevalent in Ireland, that government should be invoked to do the work of individuals. He saw that the presence of officers would be likely to make a gay neighbourhood, and accordingly he built a theatre, and some additional houses, and invited various families with more or less capital to come and settle at Fermoy. He built for himself a handsome residence, and placed himself at the head of the community which rapidly began to grow around him.

'Meantime this enterprising man had not given up his business. He established a bank, and discounted to a considerable extent. To develop the material resources of the country around him, became a leading object with him. Travelling in Ireland was very dangerous and expensive. Mr Anderson determined to reform it. He established a Mail-Coach Company, and the first coach which ran between Cork and Dublin was established by Mr Anderson. What can show the backward state of society in Ireland more than the fact, that public coaching between the two chief cities in Ireland only dates from half a century back?

'Again, what can show the neglect of opportunities by Irishmen more than the circumstance, that Anderson, a Scotchman, and Bianconi, an Italian, should have been the chief improvers of travelling in Ireland?

'In addition to his other works, he established an agricultural society. He did not neglect education, and built a large schoolhouse for the town. A military college was also built by him, which was afterwards turned into a public school, and was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Hincks. In every possible way he laboured within his sphere to civilise and improve.

'Politics he appeared to think a nuisance more than anything else. In Whigs and Tories—in Nationalists bawling about Irish glory, and Imperialists talking about civilisation, he had no faith whatever. He kept clear of their factions and intrigues, and went right on to do the work before him. He continued, however, to have great influence with the ruling powers; for such men always command influence: they have no occasion to solicit it. A minister of state counts himself fortunate when he meets with such a man as Anderson. Thus, though there was no harmony of political feeling between the Irish government and Mr Anderson, he had always great authority at Dublin Castle. His opinions were those of a rational and progressive Whig, sincerely favourable to liberty of

thinking, attached to quiet, and who estimated the good and evil of measures chiefly by their obvious utility. His sentiments, however, he rarely uttered. On one side he saw a narrow-minded oligarchy—on the other an uncultivated democracy. He witnessed the petty spirit and ridiculous airs of consequence assumed by the provincial gentry, and he beheld the mass of society half sunk in the slough of despond. He did not waste time in stooping to conciliate their prejudices, but he took good care not to offend them. While society was divided by splenetic controversy, he showed that he respected all forms of the Christian faith. Thus he gave three thousand pounds to build a church for the Protestants; but he also gave five hundred pounds, and a site rent free, for a Catholic chapel.

* It must not be understood that Anderson was a man of vast resources. He was probably never worth more than fifty thousand pounds; but he kept his capital in circulation, and allowed none of it to remain unemployed. Industry and enterprise were the sources from which he made his fortune, and by means of which he benefited all the people around him.

‘The station in society reached by such a man was of course most respectable: his friendship was courted, and his society was sought for. His manners were agreeable and courtier-like, and calculated to make friends. He had no John-Bullish self-complacency—no Hibernian ostentation—and, I will add, no Scotch niggardliness. From his manners in company, it would have been hardly possible to infer his country. He had much more enjoyability than is commonly to be found in Scotchmen, and was fond of relaxing in society.

‘He laughed carelessly over his humble origin; not, however, without feeling some justifiable pride in the success of his career. On one occasion, in the very height of his prosperity, he was entertaining a large company at his residence in Fermoy. Amongst the party were the late Earls of Kingston and Shannon, and the present Lord Riversdale. The conversation turned on Anderson’s great success in life, and Lord Kingston asked him to what he chiefly attributed his rapid rise. “To education, my lord,” replied Anderson: “every child in Scotland can easily get the means of learning to read and write. When I was a little boy, my parents sent me to school every day, and I had to walk three miles to the village school. Many a cold walk I had in the bitter winter mornings; and I assure you, my lords,” he added smiling, “*that shoes and stockings were extremely scarce in those days!*”

‘He was not only quick in conception, but very rapid in explaining a difficulty. On one occasion he was very anxious to succeed in carrying a road-presentment for a new line, which he wished to carry on a level, so as to avoid a hill. The road was traversed at the assizes, and the matter came before a jury. The case was ill-managed, the lawyers only mystified it, and the jury were very thick-witted. The object and utility of the proposed road were not made apparent. Anderson, losing patience, got upon the witness-table with his hat in hand, and said, addressing himself to the jury, “Gentlemen, I am *here* (pointing to the rim of his hat), and I want to go *there* (touching at the same time the other extremity of his hat). Whether is it better to go *thus* (describing the level circle of the hat), or go *this way* (making his finger traverse the crown of his hat)?” The jury at once understood his ideas in making the road.

‘The government so highly appreciated Mr Anderson, that a baronetcy was tendered him, which he declined. It was then offered to his son, and accepted for him, the present baronet, and well-known experimentalist in steam-coaching.’

In his latter days, Mr Anderson suffered a serious reverse of fortune, in consequence of his unfortunate connection with a Welsh mining company; but ‘he left behind him, in the handsome town of Fermoy, a noble monument of what can be accomplished by one man

possessed of energy and talent. The intellect of Mr Anderson was not very remarkable—it was probably inferior to many of his idle neighbours. His superiority lay in his moral qualities, in his determination to succeed, and his resolution never to be idle. He was no heartless adventurer bent on self-aggrandisement, no speculator upon the passions or follies of his fellow-men, using them as stepping-stones to power. He was a creator and a civiliser—a man who left behind him a splendid example of what industry and enterprise can achieve in a land where the vanity of the rich and high-born, and the slothfulness of the humble and the lowly, seek every possible excuse which their fond imaginations can invent for idleness and poverty. Ah, ye landlords! who are perpetually invoking government—and ye agitators! railing at Great Britain, why will you not take a lesson from an Anderson, and apply yourselves to the work before you of reclaiming not the land of Ireland from barrenness, but the people thereof from squalid indolence, beggarly dependance, disgusting poverty, and shameful waste of the powers and opportunities with which the God of nature has so plentifully endowed them? The value of a hundred landlords in Ireland, consuming rents, and careless of social development, I will not calculate; nor will I place the probable value upon a hundred agitators, bawling and bellowing from year’s end to year’s end. But when I look at the bright and cheerful town of Fermoy, so picturesquely seated on the Blackwater—when I think of its recent origin, and how one man, without the help of parliament or speech-makers, made that large and handsome town, I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from the scattering of a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men, self-reliant, and enterprising—free from petty prejudice, and superior to the coarse passions of the time—a hundred strong men, too proud to look to parliament for alms, too pure to seek for gain in ministering to the delusions of the people!

‘Nor is that all which such a career as Anderson’s should suggest. We are eternally told in Ireland of the evils of past times; of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and of the tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumult and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of present apathy and of contemporary indolence. But what were these horrors to a man like Anderson? Did he turn aside from his work, to melt with “patriotic” sensibility over retrospective miseries and historical woes? He never troubled himself about these ideal evils; he treated Protestants and Catholics as he found them, with honesty and plain-dealing, and all due courtesies. He never canvassed for the applauses of the mob, nor courted by small arts the favour of the provincial gentry. Never cringing to the ruling powers, he was never their factious opponent. He never cried, like certain persons, “Do this for me, or else!”

‘Such are the men that Ireland wants. May her own sons, so rich in generous and noble qualities, waken up from idle dreams and fantastic designs, and manfully apply their energies in the beautiful country where God has placed them!’

LOOK TO YOUR FEET.

Of all parts of the body, there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to direct contact with good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness of the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered state of the stomach; and yet disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce dis-

order of the stomach; and this remark does not apply only to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the feet of the young and the delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether it is summer or winter-time—no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. But this is not the whole of the evil. These same feet are frequently, at different times of the same day, differently covered as to the stoutness of the shoes and their soles, and very often likewise as to the thickness of the stockings. I have often found, on investigating into the origin of cases of disease, that it has been a common practice to go out of doors in the forenoon, the feet being protected with lambs'-wool stockings, and warm and thickly-soled boots; and to sit in the afternoon at home, only having the feet covered with silk stockings and thin satin shoes. I have so often found this to be the case, that it would hardly surprise me were the practice found to be almost universal among the females of the middle and upper ranks of society. To this common, and sufficiently inconsiderate practice, I have traced many cases of incurable disease. To this alone may be ascribed many a case of functional disturbance: this lays the foundation for many of those derangements by which the first inroad is made into the constitution, the first step taken in undermining the health; the first of that succession of changes brought about, by which the young, and the lovely, and the healthy, are converted into wasted victims of consumption, or become martyrs to other maladies as fatal, although less common. I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress; and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe, over the sole, or next to the foot. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred; if it is not to be had, or is not liked, felt may be substituted for it. The extreme lightness of the cork, the remarkable thinness to which it may be cut—its usefulness as a non-conductor not being essentially impaired thereby—and the inappreciable effect it has on the appearance of the shoe—all seem to recommend its use for this purpose in the strongest manner. I think that neither boots nor shoes should be used without this admirable provision against cold feet. There is sufficient objection to all shoes made of waterproof or impervious materials: they are apt to prove much too heating and relaxing, interfering with the due escape of the cutaneous exhalations. Thin shoes ought only to be used for the purpose of dancing, and then they ought only to be worn while dancing. The invalid or dyspeptic ought assuredly never to wear thin shoes at other times. As to the common practice of changing thin shoes for warm boots, and *vice versa*, it is a practice that is replete with danger, and therefore rash, and almost culpable.—*Dr Robertson.*

GOD'S UNIVERSE AND THE POOR MAN'S HOME.

First, I would ask you just to contemplate for a moment in your minds the outward universe, so orderly, so beautiful, so richly replenished and adorned: the fields decked with flowers, as well as laden with fruits, the heavens glittering with countless stars. Remember how these things are spoken of in Scripture. 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow,' and can you doubt that much more would God have done for man, the noblest of his creatures here below, fed, clothed, and lodged in comfort, to his own satisfaction, and to the glory of his Maker? Next, reflect what serious obstacles are presented by such poverty as I speak of, to the growth of almost every Christian grace. Let us leave the fields and flowers, the fresh air and pleasant skies, and let us enter some close tenement, some narrow lodging, perhaps a single chamber for a whole family, dark, dirty, noisome, pestilential, the occupiers in rags, and faint for want of food. I stay not to observe that the bird fares better in its nest, the bee in its hive: instead of contrasting mankind with the brute creation, I ask you to contrast this picture with the portrait of a Christian, as set before you in God's word. I ask you whether the beauties of the Christian character are likely to flourish in such an atmosphere as this? Will a man take no thought for the morrow who has no means of making provision for to-morrow's meal? Is cheerfulness or joyfulness easy of attainment under the pressure of cold and hunger? Can modesty bloom where common decency is impracticable?—*Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

BROTHERS! WE ARE MEN!

We are men—made in the image
Of the mighty One
Who hath crowned the earth with beauty,
'Neath the golden sun;
Children of a common Father,
Whose prevailing love
Is unbounded as the day-beams
Shining from above:
Highest rank in God's creation
Is our station, then;
Form divine is on our features;
Rulers o'er all meaner creatures—
Brothers! we are men!

In our souls the lamp of reason
Streams with hallowed light;
Intellectual glories round us
Shed their radiance bright.
Thus exalted in our being,
'Tis the will of Heaven
That we still go on improving
Gifts which He hath given;
Filling up our brief existence—
Threescore years and ten;
Loving virtue as a mother,
Doing good to one another—
Brothers! we are men!

We are men; but oh how often
Are our gifts despised,
And the dignity of manhood
Blindly sacrificed!
Oft is mercy's fountain frozen
In the human breast:
Millions sink beneath the tyrant,
Tearful and oppressed.
Cries of sorrow loudly echo
Over hill and glen;
Hapless thousands wildly grieving,
No kind hand their wrongs relieving—
Brothers! we are men!

Love's the lesson wisdom teaches,
Gentle are her words,
Sweeter than the brooklet's murmurs,
And the song of birds.
As we all are fellow-pilgrims
To a brighter sphere,
Why should strife attend the moments
Of our sojourn here?
For a higher purpose truly
Were we fashioned, when
Deity in fairest traces
Crowned our souls with heavenly graces—
Brothers! we are men!

Why should idle passions cheat us
Of our purest joy?
Why should pride the best emotions
Of the breast destroy?
In the heart, affection's fountain,
Sweetly welling up,
Seeks to mingle priceless blessing
Ever in life's cup:
Let its waters flow and mingle
Far as human ken,
Till with love's serene devotion
Earth be covered as the ocean—
Brothers! we are men!

Glasgow.

JAMES HENDERSON.

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*** To meet a very general wish, the volumes, during summer, will be issued every two months, instead of monthly. The next volume, therefore, will appear on the 1st of June.

EDINBURGH, April 1848.

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A WORD ON FUN.

SOME people might consider this as the age of great mechanical appliances, or great economical and political modifications—the age of steam, the age of free trade, the age of reform; and so forth. Perhaps it might be more distinctly characterised as the Age of Mirth or Comicality. Certainly joking is carried to a height which it was never known to attain in any former epoch. One may now enter a company, and never hear one word spoken in earnest during the whole evening, nothing but a rattle of 'quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,' from beginning to end. I remark of one or two young friends of mine—chiefly barristers—that throughout many years I have had to interpret their meaning in the exact reverse of their language, as they are pleased to deliver themselves only in the manner of irony. Some whom I know to be worthy and kind-hearted, assume a biting, taunting tone of speech, as if very idleness, and the easy-chair state of all things in this too-favoured country, had utterly corrupted them. It is a very unfortunate state of things for those who, like myself, continue to think and speak of things pretty nearly as they appear, and strain in general to preserve a sober and equable spirit, for now the world is wholly out of harmony with us. If we enunciate a plain, simple truth, it is sure to be taken out of our mouth, and carried off in a whirlwind of ridicule. If we sit silent, we are treated only to comical and sarcastic observations on men and things, or to language purposely cast in a mould of exaggeration and distortion, in order to turn the things to which it refers into ridicule. A few hours spent in this way leaves us with the taste of cinereal fruit upon our lips, or the sense of having wandered through a tangled wilderness, where journeying gave neither pleasure nor instruction—only fatigue.

Thus your joking people are themselves, I fear, no joke. Had I not a partiality for mild terms, I should rather be disposed to describe them as social pests. Wherever they go, they spread their disease—the habit of ridicule: it flies about like the measles or the scarlet fever; and as with the measles and the scarlet fever, the young take the disorder more easily than the mature. Those who indulge the habit are generally supposed to be very witty; but this, I again fear, is a mistake: the greater part of them are merely reckless and ill-natured. Ill-natured fun causes much more laughter than the finest wit or richest humour. A delicate stroke of genuine wit will be appreciated by few in a company; while an ill-natured imitation, or a caricature of an absent acquaintance, will set a whole host of barren spectators in a roar. The greater part of the fun that is going is thus not only not amusing to a right-spirited person—it is positively tedious and disagreeable. No-

thing can be more annoying to an enlarged and rational mind, than to be compelled to remain in contact with one of these ridicule-loving natures, that persist in seeing something funny in everything. No reverence have they for high and solemn things—no enthusiastic admiration for noble and virtuous things—no love for good and beautiful things. High, solemn, noble, and beautiful, are qualities they only appreciate on account of their susceptibility of being turned, by means of their everlasting Harlequin's wand, into burlesque. Of men who are carried away by one small idea, a few may occasionally be met with in the *lowest* walks of science or art. Of such a one the poet says, with beautiful indignation, he

'Would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave.'

What would he say of the man who should go to his mother's grave and make a joke of the quaint wording of the epitaph? The regular lover of the ridiculous is quite capable of this: nothing is sacred to him; he would burlesque Homer, and travesty 'Paradise Lost.' He would see nothing to admire in the Elgin Marbles, but a great deal to laugh at; he would paint a caricature of Raphael's 'Transfiguration;' he would jest on skulls and coffins, on life, and death, and love, and immortality. Ridicule is a greater iconoclast than Mohammed or John Knox. It throws down the statues of great men, the saints and heroes of a past age; it shivers them with its iron Harlequin truncheon, and uses the fragments as missiles against the great men of the present day. Like many a deadly destroyer, it calls itself, and persuades others to believe that it is, a reformer. A pernicious falsehood, unjustly attributed to Lord Shaftesbury, once got current in the world, and is often acted upon even now: you will find many who make ridicule the test of truth.

Miss Landon said truly in one of her novels ('Francesca Carrara,' I believe), that 'too great love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth.' It is painful to observe the mocking spirit, the *persiflage*, the satirical tone which pervades most of the youthful circles around us. Like a canker, it consumes the better part of their nature. They are incapable of deep affection for others. It has passed into a proverb that such persons 'would sacrifice their best friend for a *bon-mot*.' Vanity and frivolity of intellect must be about equal in such natures, whatever may be their cleverness in seizing and turning to account all that they observe around them. Those who seek the ridiculous in all things, can never, no, never, become artists, or appreciate art; those who are on the look-out for the ridiculous, will never discover the beautiful—they will not even see it when it is pointed out to them. They wear strange spectacles, which distort forms, and give a false colouring to objects.

They could look at the Venus de Medicis, and find something droll in it; but they could no more see its beauty than they could see it at all if they had been born blind. Neither can those who love the ridiculous before all things, love science, or search out her truths. Such love, and such seeking, demand serious and constant self-devotion to the pursuit of truth: self must be forgotten in strict investigation; and all the pomps and vanities, the pudding and the praise, the enjoyment and the fun which the world affords, must be matters of perfect indifference to the man of science. So far from loving science, the habitual ridiculer looks upon her votaries as amongst the most absurd and laughable sights under heaven.

And whence comes all this diseased love of the ridiculous? From ignorance, from idleness, from vanity. First, people are ignorant, and they laugh at what they do not understand; then they are idle, and go on laughing, because it is easier to laugh than to *try* to understand; lastly, they are vain, and keep on laughing, because others fancy they must be superior to all they laugh at, and because they half believe it themselves.

If, in what has been said above, I have not exaggerated this evil of our age, I shall rejoice to be the means of directing the reader's attention to it. Do not encourage in yourself a disposition to turn all things into a jest or a satire; resist as much as possible the influence of the surrounding spirit of mockery; keep your mind intent on high things; be earnest, be truthful, be loving, and you will never be a scoffer or an ill-natured satirist. You may, nevertheless, have a keener relish for true humour, and a finer perception of wit, than those who run wild after the ridiculous. The most delicate, the sharpest and most polished wit, does not raise a loud laugh; it awakes a bright smile of pleasure, as at the sight of a newly-created piece of beauty, and then the smile passes away into the expression of admiration. The richest, rarest, most exquisite humour, is more nearly connected with a tear than with a broad grin. These the most refined mind may intensely enjoy, without being in the least danger of falling into the slough over which I would here erect a ticket of warning.

A PASSAGE OF MEXICAN LIFE.

I HAD made up my mind, before returning to the sea-coast, to visit the presidio of Tubac, and bade my guide Anastasio to hold himself in readiness for the journey. Pressing matters of business, however, required his presence in a distant quarter; it was therefore agreed that he should conduct me to a place from which I might find my way alone, by adhering implicitly to the instructions he would give me as to the route. Having completed our preparations, we started the next morning before daybreak. Besides a small quantity of pinola in a valise, we each carried a goat-skin filled with water, as the route lay across a region entirely devoid of the precious element. Believing this to be our whole stock of provisions, I was surprised when daylight came to see a sheep's head, newly cut from the carcase, hanging to Anastasio's saddle, and inquired what he intended to do with it.

'It is our hope for to-morrow's breakfast,' he answered: 'it will be the last meal we shall eat together, and I should like you to say whether you have ever eaten anything more juicy than a sheep's head (*tatemada*)—smothered—seasoned with pimento, and basted with brandy. I carry all that we shall want in one of my *mochilas*,' he added, pointing to the leathern pouches worn by travellers.

In proportion as we advanced, the country presented a new aspect. At first a few scarcely-beaten paths had guided us into the solitudes, but these tracks ended in immense prairies, without trees or bushes, but which, covered with tall grass, that bent at the least breath of air, presented the appearance of an agitated gulf surrounded by blue hills. So extensive were these plains, that the horizon seemed always to flee before us, notwithstanding the speed of our horses; and we were still in the interminable savannas as the sun went down. We kept on, however, steering our course by the pole-star, until we reached the borders of the sandy regions, where we halted under the shelter of a little wood.

As soon as our frugal repast was over, Anastasio thought of the next morning's breakfast; the preparations for which are worthy of record. With his knife he dug a hole in the loose soil, about a foot in depth and diameter, and filled the cavity with dried leaves, which he set on fire, and threw in a handful of light branches. On this a pile of thicker sticks was placed, and covered with a layer of pebbles. As the wood burnt away, the stones became hot, and with the decrease of the fire, sank to the bottom of the hole. The sheep's head, with its woolly covering, was then thrown into this oven, and the orifice closed with green branches, over which the operator trampled several layers of earth. When this was done, Anastasio announced that we had nothing to do but to sleep until morning.

The next day, as soon as the sun appeared, Anastasio saddled our horses for the last time; he then drew the skins of water from the bushes, where they had been placed to be kept cool, and put his brandy flask within reach. The hole in which the sheep's head was baking was next to be opened; the knife had scarcely touched the covering of earth, when a savoury odour arose from the cavity. The appearance of the *tatemada*, when first drawn out, was but slightly appetising: it looked like a burnt shapeless lump; but Anastasio, removing carefully the black crust, brought into view the juicy meat beneath; and it must be confessed that our parting meal was one of the most delicious. At last the moment of separation came; always respectful, my guide advanced to hold my stirrup: I pressed his hand as that of a friend; my course lay to the north, his to the south, and we soon lost sight of each other.

Anastasio's multiplied instructions relieved me of all inquietude as to the path I was to take, and I pushed resolutely forwards. So temperate are Mexican horses, that I could count upon my animal being able to traverse the distance that separated us from a small river without drinking. My goatskin was half full: it was scarcely eight in the morning, and I had ten hours of sun before me; but the sun which lighted me on my way, at the same time burnt up the desert. As it rose higher above the horizon, a scorching reflection rose from the sandy soil; the south wind dried my lips; it seemed that I was breathing fire instead of air. I went on thus for two hours, when a strange weakness seized me, a shudder ran through my whole body, and I shivered with cold on the scorching plain. After struggling with the malady for some time, I dismounted, hoping to warm myself upon the hot sand. A devouring heat, in fact, succeeded, during which I finished my last drop of water without thinking of the future. Meantime the sun rose higher, and increased the suffocating heat. I tried to remount my horse, but fell down again in extreme lassitude, while my thirst became more ardent than ever. New attempts only served to convince me more of my inability. I was yielding to the heavy effects of a drowsy languor, when a distant noise struck my ear, similar to that of a dragoon's sword rattling against his spurs. Shortly after a horseman, well armed and mounted, stopped before me: I opened my eyes.

'Holla! friend,' he cried in a rough voice, 'what are you doing there?' My long beard, and worn and dusty garments, were perhaps an excuse for this impe-

rious and familiar inquiry. I was, however, annoyed, and replied at first bluntly, 'Do you not see I am occupied—dying of thirst!'

The stranger smiled. A distended skin hung at his saddle-bow; the sight of it, while redoubling my thirst, dispelled my pride. I spoke again, and asked the unknown rider to lend me the precious object.

'Heaven forbid that I should refuse you!' he answered in a milder tone. I stretched out my hand greedily; but the horseman, seeing me disposed to empty the skin, filled a calabash, which he held out to me. I swallowed the contents at a draught. When I had somewhat recovered, my benefactor inquired where I was going.

'To the presidio of Tubac,' was my answer.

'To the presidio of Tubac!' he repeated in astonishment. 'By San Josef, your back is towards it!'

In the bewilderment caused by my fever I had forgotten Anastasio's instructions, and mistaken the route. The path I was following, as I could see by the sun, led to the west.

'Listen,' said the stranger, as he again gave me to drink, but as parsimoniously as the first time; 'by sundown you may reach the *hacienda de la Noria*. Take my advice, and go there; you will be well received.'

I alleged my extreme weakness. He reflected for a moment, and then continued—'I cannot wait to conduct you; imperious reasons compel me to be far from here by the close of the day, and motives not less powerful ought to prevent me from going to the hacienda; but as my road passes close by, I will call, and have some water and a spare horse sent to you; for exhausted as you and your beast appear to be, you cannot arrive to-day unassisted; and in these waterless solitudes, with such a sun as this, he who does not arrive to-day, will not arrive to-morrow. Try, however, to regain a little strength, and advance slowly. If you follow, step by step, the trace of my lasso, which I will let drag upon the sand, you will not be likely to go astray again.'

I thanked him warmly for his good intentions. 'A last caution,' he said: 'do not forget to say that chance alone takes you to the hacienda.' With these words he loosened the coil of his leathern rope, and rode off at a brisk trot, leaving a slight furrow upon the sand. The hope of soon arriving at an inhabited place, and the water I had drunk, gave me a slight renewal of strength. For the first time my position appeared to me such as it really was, and I remounted my horse; but the poor animal had not, as I, been able to appease his thirst: with drooping head and ears he crawled, rather than walked, notwithstanding the persuasion of the spur. From time to time I stopped, trying to discover the scarcely-visible traces of the lasso upon the sand, and hoping to hear the voices of those sent in quest of me; but all was silent; and I then continued my way, mechanically repeating the words, 'He who does not arrive to-day, will not arrive to-morrow.' The sun was already getting low, the sand sent up a scorching heat, and the hum of insects announced the coming darkness. Physical pain again began to heighten mental anguish: I felt my tongue swell, and my throat on fire. All at once my horse neighed; and as if some mysterious communication came to him upon the wind, set off at a more rapid pace; and I, just as the sun was sinking behind a stripe of wood at the horizon, fancied that I heard the distant lowing of cattle. In another half hour I reached the trees behind which the sun had disappeared. An immense plain stretched before me, presenting a most radiant spectacle, only to be appreciated by those who have been tortured with thirst in deserts of unknown extent.

An immense carpet of bright green turf, intersected with numerous paths, covered the surface of the plain. Numerous gum-trees, thickly grouped, formed a pleasant shelter. The cool damp air which caressed my face, still inflamed with the heat of the scorching waste, announced the presence of water, fertilising the delightful oasis. In fact, a large cistern, supplied from

an abundant spring, stood under the shade of a few trees at a little distance. An enormous wheel, turned by four pairs of mules, poured a continual supply of water from the leathern buckets on its rim into the hollowed trunks of gigantic trees, where it sparkled gloriously in the beams of sunset. In these enormous troughs the numerous cattle came to drink, while at a distance a troop of horses were leaping and galloping in formidable tumult. Jackals, and other nocturnal depredators, driven by thirst, seemed to forget that the sun was yet shining, and the presence of man, and showed their lank muzzles at a distance, eager to drink of the spring, which poured out its streams for all. Such must have been the encampments of the Biblical ages, formed by the tents and dependents of the patriarchs.

In an instant, horse and rider, we began to drink as though we wished to drain the fountain. While stopping to take breath, I heard voices behind a little clump of trees, which I soon made out to be those of two men playing at cards. I learned, as they continued to converse, that one of them had been sent to my assistance; but meeting with a comrade here on the skirts of the hacienda, the unconquerable love of gaming, born with every Mexican, made him sit down to play, leaving me to take my chance. I rode round, to show that his services in my case would not now be required: the only remark he made was one of pleasure at being able to prolong his game. I left them at their cards, and leading my horse, walked down to the hacienda. It was yet at some distance, and twilight was darkening the landscape as I passed long rows of posts on either side of the path forming the cattle enclosures. One was deserted, but in the other thick clouds of dust were driven about. Approaching nearer to the fence, I saw a bull struggling furiously, with a man upon his back, armed with a knife, while another individual was holding a cord passed several times round the animal's legs. The rider seemed to be paring down the bull's horns, and sharpening their extremities; the beast, finding resistance vain, at last lay still, when the man dipped a thick bung into a calabash, and rubbed it several times up and down the horns, as though to coat them with some liquid preparation. As soon as the operation was over, the bull was released from his fastenings; and before his rage had time to vent itself, his two tormentors had reached the entrance to the enclosure, and barricaded it with strong beams on the side opposite to that where I was standing. In the rider of the animal I recognised the horseman who had relieved me in the desert some hours previously. What motive could have induced him to stay at the hacienda, fearful as he appeared to be of calling there? It was a mystery I could not explain, and my thoughts were still occupied with it as I walked into the courtyard of the building.

During my residence in this place I witnessed many remarkable incidents highly characteristic of the people and the country. The one, however, that made the most impression upon me is intimately connected with the circumstance above described. The day after my arrival was an anniversary, in which all the horsemen of the establishment vied with each other in showing their skill and dexterity in managing the half-wild animals beneath them. To a stranger, the sight was most interesting and exciting, so great appeared the hazard, and such the daring exhibited. After several hours passed in this way, one of the men came up with a bundle of short lances under his arm, and immediately a cry was raised for Cayetano, who, to my great surprise, was invested with the office of mayor-domo, or major-domo, of the establishment, and who had undertaken to break a weapon with the bull.

A single bull only remained in the spacious enclosure; it was the one I had seen thrown down the previous evening. Cayetano, whose features showed the traces of envious passion, took one of the *garrochas*, or short lances, and entered unaccompanied into the arena. The bull was released from the tether by which he had been fastened to a post, and needed no exciting to rush to

the attack. Cayetano made a few passes as an accomplished cavalier, to avoid the first assault, and waited a favourable moment for a thrust. The opportunity soon presented itself; the bull stooped to collect his strength for a new rush, and immediately the point of the garrocha was buried in his shoulder-joint, and his opponent's vigorous arm held him at bay; but as he looked round in triumph, the lance broke, and in the first moment of surprise, he was unable to escape the charge of the infuriated animal. With a sudden start Cayetano brought his hand to his thigh, where a few drops of blood stained his white linen drawers. An imprecation burst from his lips, more in rage at the humiliation than from pain; he asked for a new lance, and moved towards the opposite end of the lists.

A few minutes passed before the weapon was brought, when he again advanced to meet the bull. Cayetano's manner, however, betrayed a singular hesitation: I knew it could not arise from fear, as I had once before seen him cool and collected in more critical circumstances. An air of dejection that speedily followed the former uncertainty was still more inexplicable, for no blood had followed the first few drops upon his leg. At last, just as he was lifting his lance mechanically for another thrust at the bull, his horse reared, shrunk back, and to the general surprise, the rider offered no resistance, but suffered himself to be carried from the enclosure. Mingled yells, hisses, and hootings were lavished upon him in his flight. Cayetano, however, appeared to be insensible to the contumely; he reeled in the saddle like a drunken man, while his face assumed a death-like pallor.

'The chaplain! the chaplain!' cried several voices in an ironical tone: 'there goes a Christian in danger of death,' and another volley of hisses followed the major-domo, who appeared to be universally detested. But the chaplain, who had shown much interest in the spectacle, seemed unwilling to quit his seat, or to consider the call on his functions as serious, until at a sign from his chief he mounted his horse reluctantly, and rode after the fugitive.

The bull had profited by the tumult to make his escape to the forest, without any one offering resistance. This result was not at all to the taste of the numerous dependents of the hacienda, and they finished the day with new feats of horsemanship. Late in the evening, on returning to the house, I met the individual to whose passion for card-playing my life had nearly fallen a sacrifice the day before, and inquired what had become of Cayetano, when, to my astonishment, Juan, for that was the man's name, told me that the unlucky major-domo was dead. 'Dead!' I exclaimed; 'he was scarcely wounded.'

'True,' replied the other; 'but it appears that the bull's horns had been washed over with the juice of the *palo mulato*,* and the death of his antagonist was as horrible as it was rapid. You have not forgotten the stranger who relieved you in the desert, and called here to send you assistance; well, this man, Feliciano, is brother of one of Cayetano's former friends. This friend was acquainted with a secret, of which our major-domo would have liked to deprive him, and of his life at the same time, and had communicated it to his brother, together with his suspicions of Cayetano's character. These suspicions were but too well founded. One day Feliciano's brother went out in a boat with his treacherous enemy, and was never seen afterwards. Feliciano then suspected that his brother had been made away with, and commenced a search for the murderer. Having heard that Cayetano was living here, he started for the hacienda, and arrived just in time to see his enemy die—and without confessing.'

While we were speaking, the chaplain with another horseman came up: from their conversation, I learned that the poisoning of the bull's horns was regarded as an inexplicable mystery. The singular operation, how-

ever, of which I had been a spectator the previous evening, without being myself seen, left me no reason to doubt that Feliciano had adopted it as a ready and effectual means of satisfying his vengeance.

THE BATH POSTBOY.

It was in the early part of the last century, when the mail was transmitted from the principal towns of England in charge of a mounted postman, with holster-pistols and saddle-bags, and carried from the smaller ones by poor boys, who received a halfpenny a mile for serving the post-office in all weathers, that the postmaster of Bath informed all whom it might concern, by a printed bill in the window, that a smart active lad of fifteen or thereby was required to carry the mail between that town and Marlborough, at the above-mentioned rate of wages.

The road was long and rough; and three days had already passed, during which the mail was carried by the postmaster's own good boy, and man-of-all-work, much to his discomfort, and the manifest dissatisfaction of the good people of Marlborough, to whom their letters came several hours too late: but no candidate for the situation had yet presented himself. At length, on the fourth morning, which was that of a sultry July day, a thin, muscular, intelligent-looking boy, dressed in the habiliments of earlier years, which he had evidently outgrown, made his appearance, cap in hand, before Mr Burton the senior clerk, and inquired, 'Sir, if you please, would I be old enough to carry the Marlborough bag? I'm only fourteen yet, but I'll always be growing older and wiser I hope.'

'And maybe worse!' muttered the clerk, who happened to be out of temper that morning. 'But step in here,' he continued, pointing to another room, 'and Mr Leatham will see what you're fit for.'

Mr Leatham was a quiet elderly gentleman, who had kept the post-office for several years in the rich and gay city of Bath, which was, at the period of our story, the resort of all the fashionables of Britain, especially in the summer season, resembling in that respect what Brighton has since become. He spoke to the boy more civilly than his clerk had done; said he considered him tall enough for the business; and then inquired what was his name, where his parents lived, and if he knew any respectable person who would give him a character for honesty and sobriety, as without such a certificate the post-office could not employ him? The boy answered that his name was Ralph Allen; that his father had been a poor tradesman, but he was dead, and his mother supported herself by taking in washing; and 'I wasn't brought up here, sir; but my mother came in hopes of getting fine work from the gentry; and here's a certificate from a kind gentleman, the vicar of our parish: I used to run errands for him, and he said it might be useful to me.'

'This is to certify that Ralph Allen is a sensible, honest, industrious boy, and I hope will continue to be so.—William Warburton,' said the postmaster, reading aloud. 'Well, that's a good certificate, though the writer is unknown to me; but we will let it pass for this time, and take you on trial.'

After several exhortations to be careful of the mail, and walk fast, that he might arrive in time, Ralph Allen was duly equipped with a leathern bag, suspended by a strap over his shoulder, containing all the letters and newspapers in those days transmitted to Marlborough, and sent forth to earn the halfpenny per mile.

Day after day he performed that appointed journey, through sun and shower, going and coming to the entire satisfaction of the postmasters of Bath and Marlborough. Roads were not then so convenient for travellers, nor time so precious with the public, as at present; but Ralph was never known to loiter by the way, nor arrive an hour too late, which could seldom be said of other postboys. Travellers between the

* A species of poisonous sumach.

towns soon began to know him on the road, and remarked from stage-coach, wagon, or saddle—the only modes of conveyance in those days—that his conduct was always careful and steady; and people who did not travel trusted him with small messages in consequence of their reports. If a lady wanted a fashionable cap from Bath, or a notable housekeeper some trifle which could be bought cheaper in Marlborough, Ralph Allen was known to be a soberer and less exorbitant carrier than either the coachman or wagoner, and he was preferred accordingly. This was a source of additional gain, which increased every day, till the boy generally reached his destination in either town laden with parcels of all sorts and sizes, for the carriage of which he received from twopence to a farthing, as the case might be, or the liberality of his employers dictated. How the short time allowed between the close of his daily duty and his nightly rest was usually spent in his mother's poor but clean garret, nobody could tell; till Mr Leatham, who had by this time a high opinion of his postboy for general good conduct and correctness in his station, inquired one morning, while Ralph waited for the mail, what book was that protruding from his pocket?

'It's the "Universal Spelling-Book," sir,' said Ralph, reddening as he pulled out the well-worn volume. 'I try to learn at home in the little time I have, and can now nearly read.'

'That's well, my boy,' said Mr Leatham: 'I wish the rest of our boys would spend their leisure time so.'

'And, sir,' continued Ralph, now encouraged to speak out, 'I'm trying to write too, and have got the master of the Blue-Coat School to give me a lesson sometimes for doing his messages, sir.'

'You'll be a clerk yet, Ralph,' said the postmaster laughing. 'But it is a good endeavour, and I hope you'll succeed; but mind be careful of the mail.'

His employer's words turned out true, though spoken half in jest. Ralph continued to earn, by every honest though small way within his reach: his earnings were saved to purchase an old book when he could not borrow it, or supply himself with pens, ink, and paper; by which he at once amused and improved his few leisure hours in reading, or even spelling, to his mother, when her day's toil was also done, and practising the chance lessons he could obtain from the schoolmaster. Reading was at that period a rare thing in his class, and cheap books of instruction were equally so; but from the spelling-book, Ralph Allen advanced to the dictionary and grammar; from 'strokes,' to writing a good fair hand. His savings also increased by slow degrees, for both he and his mother were prudent; and Ralph only wished for the time when he might aspire to some better situation, and be enabled to add to her rest and comfort. Five years had thus passed away; Ralph Allen had grown almost a man, when all the message-senders of Bath, amongst whom he was well known, rejoiced, even amid their regrets that they must look out for another carrier, to hear that Ralph Allen had been promoted, through the kindness of Mr Leatham, to a clerkship in the Bath post-office, and was actually seen in a new suit of clothes performing his new duties at the post-office window. After this his mother washed nothing but lace and cambric, and Ralph was as steady and obliging in the post-office as he had been with the mail on his back. His salary was comparatively small, but his prudence was great; and in another year or two, people discovered that Ralph had something in the bank. His habits of reading and thought also gave him an ability to invent needful improvements in the post-office, which was then very imperfectly managed. These were modestly proposed; and as their necessity was seen, they soon obtained the sanction of the superior authorities, and raised the young clerk not only in their estimation, but in office also, as in three years after his entrance he succeeded the senior clerk, Mr Burton, by whom his application for the carriage of the Marlborough bag had been so ungraciously received, and who now retired to a

small property he had purchased in the country. Two years more, and Ralph himself began to think of purchasing property also. There was a large sterile farm called Coome Down in the neighbourhood of the city, which the last three tenants had successively left in disgust and weariness, declaring that their labour and money both were lost on such an unprofitable spot, and the landlord offered it for sheep-grazing on the very lowest terms. Great was the astonishment of all who knew him, when Ralph Allen became the purchaser of these poor and barren acres. Some said the young man's brain was turned with the books he read, and even his mother shook her head, and hoped it would turn out for the best; but Ralph gave up his situation in the post-office, collected round him workmen and tools, and commenced, not without creating much wonder and many surmises, to break up the ground in all directions, as if in search of a mine.

'Neighbour, do you expect to find a pot of gold in that farm?' said an old farmer to him over the fence one morning, where he and his men were delving at a rocky spot that never could be cultivated.

'No,' said Ralph; 'but I expected, and, thank Providence, I have found, a good stone quarry, which will repay me, and be useful to you good town; and he pointed to the spires of Bath.

'My stars!' cried the farmer, 'he's not mad after all!' And so thought all Ralph's neighbours, when buyers came and workmen thronged to the new quarry; and scarcely a gentleman's house or public building of any description could be commenced in Bath without a supply of stone from Mr Allen, as the Bath postboy was now deservedly called.

Mrs Allen had long given up washing, and gone to reside in a neat cottage which her son built out of the first produce of his quarry; and many of her former employers saluted the good woman as she passed to St Mary's church in her black sarsenet sac, high-heeled shoes, and velvet hood, like a respectable old lady of the period. About this time the works of the great Dr Warburton were attracting public attention, and much talked of in the best society of Bath. Ralph Allen brought the latest published volume home one day, and found his mother seated in the small parlour with his old friend Mr Leatham, who was about to retire from public business, and had called to see him. 'What books you do buy, Ralph!' said the old woman, who had always a suspicion of her son's extravagance on this point; and she pointed to a large book-case, where Dryden, Tillotson, and all the best authors of the preceding age might be seen in their works, closely ranged together. 'It was only last week,' continued the good dame, 'that you brought home that book about fame, written by one Mr Pope.'

'And don't you know, mother, who is the writer of this volume?' said Ralph. 'Don't you remember Mr Warburton, the parson of our own Greasley, in Nottinghamshire, who gave me the certificate which I presented to you, Mr Leatham, ten years ago, when I wished to be postboy to Marlborough?'

This was true; the vicar of Greasley became the celebrated Dr Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester; and it was said Mr Leatham's family kept that certificate like a sort of relic.

'Ralph Allen's making his fortune' was the usual remark of everybody about Bath when the quarry was mentioned; and it had now grown an important matter, as the whole property of Coome Down, which so many farmers had called a dead loss, was found to be one vast bed of the best building stone.

Ralph was making money fast, and his deposits in the bank increased every year; but his aims did not end there—the experience of his former situation in the post-office was at length employed to some purpose. Sundry useful arrangements and inventions had long ago made his name and abilities known to the authorities of that department. At the period of our story, the post-office in almost every county was farmed by

some wealthy or enterprising person, who took its whole revenue and expenses in his own hands, paying to the government a certain sum annually, according to his contract. Ralph, who had acquired a considerable acquaintance with all the details of the business, and had, besides, the good opinion of the most influential functionaries, proposed to vest the small fortune already gained by the Coome Down quarry in a post-office contract for all England; and his proposal was accepted. From this period the career of Ralph Allen was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Under his administration, the post-office revenue, even in that age of comparatively little letter-writing, was almost doubled in a few years, owing to the better arrangements introduced by him in the transmission of mails, and various postage regulations, which have made his name celebrated as one of the few who have conferred benefits of a lasting kind on their native country. But Ralph Allen was destined to become, if possible, still more honourably known to fame. From his earliest youth he had cultivated his mind, as well as improved his fortune; as without the former endeavour, the latter would have been but half success, though wealth had been gathered like the sand. His post-office contract in a short time realised such an income, as made the proprietor one of the richest men in the neighbourhood of Bath.

Mrs Allen had lived to see her son's prudent conduct and perseverance rewarded to an extent of which she had never dreamt; and the good dame closed her days in peace and comfort in the pleasant cottage at Coome Down, having nothing to regret, and no annoyance, but a shadowy fear, which at times slightly agitated the calm current of her latter-day thoughts, that Ralph was buying too many books. But having gained the summit of his early ambition—a well and honourably-won fortune—he determined to enjoy it agreeably to his own refined taste, in the munificent encouragement of arts and literature. He had acquired general respect as well as riches; and as his fortune raised him gradually in the scale of society, had won the esteem, and formed the acquaintance, of men celebrated for their talents, and still famous through their works. Pope, Fielding, Swift, and Goldsmith, were among the number of his friends; and the titled and fashionable paid a natural tribute to merit and success, by including Mr Allen in their most select society.

The country round Bath is one of the finest districts in England, being diversified with beautiful wood-crowned hills and broad green meadows: one property, in particular, popularly called Prior Park, had long attracted Ralph Allen's eye from the barren slopes of Coome Down, and there, he often said, he should wish, if fortune permitted him, to build a mansion worthy of the scene. This project was at last put in execution. The possessor of the estate ruined his affairs by carelessness and extravagance in London: it was, in consequence, offered for sale, and Ralph Allen, Esq. became the purchaser of Prior Park. Here, on the slope of one of those wood-covered hills which he had often admired, a splendid mansion was erected under his own superintendence, whose beautiful Corinthian portico and tasteful decorations were the theme of praise among all the lovers of art; the former especially being still regarded as unrivalled in English architecture. Here Ralph retired about middle life, leaving the field of active industry to younger and more needy aspirants: here also he gathered round him the most polished society of that fashionable neighbourhood, and many of the authors, the purchase of whose works had once astonished his mother. Mr Allen is well known to all conversant with the literature of those times as its judicious and munificent patron, and, in particular, as the attached friend of the somewhat irritable poet, Alexander Pope, and the philosophic Bishop Warburton.

The facts of his story, though not so generally known, belong to real life, and are verified by his contemporaries.

Prior Park has now become a Catholic college; but its romantic situation and fine Corinthian columns are still reckoned among the attractions of the district; and they offer a lesson of how much may be achieved by well-directed energy and persevering prudence.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DRAGON.

THE fate of the dragon is curious. Used as a figure by the Jewish prophets, and by one of the evangelists; celebrated by the poets of profane antiquity; assumed by the mediæval romancers as their chief stock villain; condemned by the wisdom of the moderns to one grave with the 'Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire;' then risen anew in the present day, out of the bowels of the earth, to vindicate his own existence, and verify the wildest nightmare of poetry! 'There was a time,' says the author of the *Bridgewater Treatise*, 'when reptiles not only constituted the chief tenants and most powerful possessors of the earth, but extended their dominion also over the waters of the seas; and the annals of their history may be traced back through thousands of years antecedent to that latest point in the progressive stages of animal creation, when the first parents of the human race were called into existence.' . . . 'Persons to whom this subject may now be presented for the first time, will receive with much surprise, perhaps almost with incredulity, such statements as are here advanced. It must be admitted that they at first seem much more like the dreams of fiction and romance, than the sober results of calm and deliberate investigation; but to those who will examine the evidence of facts upon which our conclusions rest, there can remain no more reasonable doubt of the former existence of these strange and curious creatures in the times and places we assign to them, than is felt by the antiquary, who, finding the catacombs of Egypt stored with the mummies of men, and apes, and crocodiles, concludes them to be remains of mammalia and reptiles that have formed part of an ancient population on the banks of the Nile.'

These strange and curious creatures might be called dragons. 'Yes, dragons,' says the author from whose quotation we take the above sentences of Dr Buckland: 'not such as the small, living, winged reptiles that skim from place to place in search of their insect food, relying on their natural parachutes, constructed upon a somewhat safer principle than that of poor Mr Cocking, and rejoicing in the generic name of *Draco*, but downright enormous dragons, with bellies as big as tuns, and bigger—creatures that would not have cared much for Bevis's sword "Morglaye," nor that of the Rhodian Draconicide, nor St George's "Askalon," no, nor the "nothing-at-all" of More of More Hall, even if those worthies could have existed in the pestiferous region in which the said dragons revelled. For in a slough where *calamites* and other gigantic marsh plants, now extinct also, rooted themselves at ease, and reared themselves into a damp jungle; in a dreary bog, to which the undrained Pontine marshes would have been the land of health, was their lair. In such a nauseous quag, wholesome to them, these monsters roared and wallowed: there they growled their horrid loves, and there they made war upon each other—the strong devouring the weak, and the carnivorous "chawing up" the herbivorous in the midst of the wildest convulsions of a nascent world. While this was going on upon what then passed for dry land, great sea-dragons rushed through the waves, or sported on the surface of an ocean, not unlike, as far as the waters were concerned, our own; while flying-dragons

hovered, like Shakspeare's *witches*, through the fog and the filthy air.*

Amongst dragons, those of the sea deserve the precedence, for in all probability they existed first. There are two types well known to geologists—the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus; the former of which was sometimes thirty feet in length, with an eye larger than a man's head. This creature must have presented the appearance of a large predatory abdominal fish, with a head occasionally six feet long, jaws of corresponding size, armed with shark-like teeth, a short neck, and a long lizard tail. The eye, by means of a movable circle of plates with which it was provided, became a telescope or a microscope, just as the animal desired, and lighted its career amidst tyrannies and dangers by night and by day. The plesiosaurus was a worthy comrade of this original. 'To the head of the lizard,' says Dr Buckland, 'it united the teeth of the crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a chameleon; and the paddles of a whale.' The great length of the former dragon was in the tail: in this it was in the neck. 'That it was aquatic,' reasons the Rev. W. Conybeare, 'is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine, is almost equally so from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture: its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organisation which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not, therefore, be concluded (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air), that it swam upon, or near the surface, arching back its long neck like a swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach? It may perhaps have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the sea-weed; and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assault of dangerous enemies; while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water, by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal fitted for its prey which came within its reach.' Besides these denizens of the deep, there was the prototype of the *Monitor*, a gigantic lizard—sometimes five feet in length—which haunts the marshes and river-sides of warm countries. The marine ancestor of this creature must have reached the length of twenty-five feet, with a head four feet long. It was of the size of a grampus, with four paddles instead of legs, a great oar-like tail, and jaws and teeth entirely draconian.

Such were the sea-dragons in those ages of the world compared with which the antiquity of recorded time is but as yesterday. The dry land, or what passed for such, had quite as interesting a population. 'If, with the eyes of the imagination,' says Mr Broderip, 'aided by the lights afforded by the strata and the ancient inhabitants buried therein, we look back upon our earth when the forms of crocodilian reptiles first came upon it, we may picture to ourselves an oozy, spongy, reeky land, watered with wild rivers, and largely overspread by a vast expanse of lakes, on whose dreary, slimy banks gigantic crocodiles reposed amid enormous extinct bog-plants, or floated, log-like, in the fenny sunshine on their waters, while the silence of the desolate

scene was broken by the clank of their monstrous jaws, as they ever and anon closed upon the bygone generations of fishes, or by the growlings and explosions of the distant volcano.' Of the land monsters, the iguanodon was an elephantine reptile, twenty-eight feet long—a sort of innocent dragon, who made use of his grinders in the mere mastication of vegetable food; while his brother, the megalosaurus, a little larger, and a little more tun-like in form, crushed crocodiles and tortoises within his horrid jaws. The two tribes of herbivorous and carnivorous Titans must have fought bitterly for the championship.

While such creatures as these enjoyed the dominion of the land and sea, another class floated heavily through the foggy air. The fossil remains of the pterodactyle formed for some time a puzzle for geologists, who perhaps considered that the announcement of flying-dragons would be carrying their wonders a little too far. Cuvier, however, settled the question; and Dr Buckland accounts for the difference of opinion that prevailed by the presence of characters in the fossil, apparently belonging to each of the three classes to which it was referred. These characters are indicated by the bird-like head and neck—the wing like that of the bat—and the body and tail approaching to those of the mammal. 'These characters,' says Dr Buckland, 'connected with the small skull, as is usual among reptiles, and a beak furnished with not less than sixty pointed teeth, presented a combination of apparent anomalies which it was reserved for the genius of Cuvier to reconcile. In his hands, this apparently monstrous production of the ancient world has been converted into one of the most beautiful examples ever afforded by comparative anatomy of the harmony that pervades all nature in the adaptation of the same parts of the animal frame to infinitely-varied conditions of existence.' Mr Broderip supposes this chimera to have shuffled along the ground after the manner of a bat, and scuttled through the water when it had occasion to swim. When rising into the heavy air, the membranous wing was expanded by the bones of the fore-foot; and when tired, it perhaps suspended itself by the hind-legs. 'The general hue of the body was probably lurid, and the texture of the skin shagreen-like, resembling in some degree the external tegument of a chameleon or guana, excepting the smooth membrane of the wing.'

Such were the dragons of the primeval world; and one could almost suppose that among the buried learning of the earlier nations there lurked some knowledge of geology, seeing how their ideas about dragons come to such a conformity in some respects with the realities of these pre-Adamite reptiles. It is strange that the poets, in their descriptions of the leviathan, which is concluded to have been the crocodile, should approach nearer to the real dragon-type than the crocodile itself! They have been ultra-liberal, it is true, in the articles of heads, crests, manes, and beards; but in all essential particulars they were as correct as a modern professor, who can not only number their bones, but measure their muscular development, describe their organs of sense and motion, and ascertain even the colour and quantity of their blood. The Lernean hydra, slain by Hercules, is placed by the ancients in its proper habitat—the mud and quagmires consequent on Deucalion's deluge: for the sake of this *fact*, its heads, varying in number, according to different authorities, from seven to a hundred, may be pardoned. These modern dragons are represented to have fed on vipers and scorpions, thus increasing their natural venom at every meal. A peculiar species of dragon kindled the air it breathed into flames; and the crowned basilisk, the terror of both men and dragons, destroyed animal life with a glance of its eye. The dragons of the marshes were said to be so large, that they killed elephants with ease. One that haunted the neighbourhood of Damascus was 140 feet long; and the intestines of another, 120 feet long, were preserved in the library of Constantinople, with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* written upon it in letters of gold!

* Zoological Recreations. By W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S. Colburn. 1847.

The scalds of the north, and romancers of the south, vied with each other in illustrating the popular idea; and in our own country more especially, 'nobody was anybody,' as Mr Broderip says, 'who had not slain his dragon.' The following is a portrait of the monster in Syr Bevis of Hampton:—

'When the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,
He cast up a loud cry,
As it had thundered in the sky:
He turned his body towards the son;
It was greater than any tonne;
His scales were brighter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras:
Betwene his shoulder and his tayle,
Was forty fote without fayle.'

The combat of Syr Bevis and this wonderful wildfowl is supposed to be the prototype of that of St George and the Dragon.

Turning from the dragon of the old romance, we come to that of Spenser's Faery Queen, 'with its "wynges-like sayls, cruel-rending claws, yron teeth, and breath of smothering smoke and sulphur;" and then to that most striking passage in the Pilgrim's Progress, descriptive of the battle between Christian and Apollyon, who spake like a dragon, and when at last, says Bunyan in his dream, Christian gave him a deadly thrust, "spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away that I saw him no more."

Dragons, however, at length met the fate of the knights that slew them, and were put out of countenance by ridicule. The Dragon of Wantley was more fatal to them than the basilisk; and after the exploit of More of More Hall, the whole brood appears to sink into the earth, and disappear, like their ancestors of the pre-Adamite world.

'The Dragon of Wantley churches ate
(He used to come of a Sunday),
Whole congregations were to him
A dish of Salmagundi.
Parsons were his black puddings, and
Fat aldermen his capons,
And his tit-bit the collection plate,
Brimful of Birmingham halfe-pence.
The corporation worshipful
He valued not an ace;
But swallowed the mayor, asleep in his chair,
And picked his teeth with the mace!'

The pre-Adamite reptiles, although extinct in their species, are not wholly so in their genera. There is still a lizard called the amblyrhynchus, which may be said to represent, however poorly and inadequately, the sea-dragons of the primeval world. It is a hideous-looking creature, as described by Darwin, from three to four feet long, of a dirty black colour, stupid and sluggish in its movements. 'When in the water, the animal swims, with perfect ease and quickness, by a serpentine movement of its body and flattened tail, the legs, during this time, being motionless, and closely collapsed on its sides. A seaman on board sank one with a heavy weight attached to it, thinking thus to kill it directly; but when, an hour afterwards, he drew up the line, the lizard was quite active. Their limbs and strong claws are admirably adapted for crawling over the rugged and fissured masses of lava which everywhere form the coast. In such situations, a group of six or seven of these hideous reptiles may oftentimes be seen on the black rocks, a few feet above the surf, basking in the sun with outstretched legs.'

We must not forget, however, another claimant—though Mr Broderip does—the sea-serpent—which grows more and more importunate every day. The last affidavit on the subject, given in the March number of the 'Zoologist,' is from a certain Joseph Woodward, captain of the Adamant schooner of Hingham, who states that he fired one of the ship's guns, loaded with a cannon-ball and musket-bullets, at the monster, himself and crew hearing the shot strike against his body, from which they rebounded as if it had been a rock. Cap-

tain Woodward reports the creature to have been about 130 feet in length, of a blackish colour, and with ear-holes about twelve feet from the extremity of his head. Another 'well-authenticated' report was made in 1833 by five gentlemen of Halifax, Nova Scotia, chiefly officers of the rifle brigade. The creature they saw was between 80 and 100 feet long; the neck was equal in girth to a moderate-sized tree; and that and the head of a dark-brown, or nearly black colour, streaked irregularly with white. In 1845 and 1846, the serpent-seers of the fiords of Norway describe the animal as being from 40 to 100 feet long; and what is very curious, he is invariably provided with a mane like a horse. This mane is a remarkable feature in the *fabulous* dragons of the middle ages! Dr Cogswell, in the 'Zoologist,' points out a strong resemblance between the extinct plesiosaurus, and the descriptions of the sea-serpent as given by unlettered persons; and he concludes that the argument *pro* and *contra* is satisfactory in favour of at least a suspension of judgment on the subject.

The great crocodile of the Ganges represents in some degree the amphibious dragons; but the iguanodon (the herbivorous dragon) has dwindled into the small iguana, five feet in length. 'The geographical distribution of the guanas extends over a great part of South America and the West India islands. Although they occasionally eat eggs and insects in a wild state, and in captivity have been known to feed on the entrails of fowls, their ordinary food consists of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruits, for the cropping of which their numerous teeth, which may be compared to small lancets, terminating in broad blades, with minutely-serrated edges, are admirably adapted. As this diet leads the guana to the trees, both form and colour conjoin to aid in securing its safety; the first enabling it to climb and stand firm on the branches, and the second going far towards concealing it in its leafy haunt. The long, slender, serrated, sharp-clawed toes, and lengthened flexible tail, here come into play; and the green, bluish, or slaty hue of the upper part of the body, together with the yellowish-green or brownish of the under parts, harmonise with its situation. Sometimes there are brown stripes or yellow-edged zig-zags on the sides of the body; sometimes there is an oblique yellow line on the forepart of the shoulder; some are dotted with brown, the limbs of others are mottled with brown on a blackish ground, and the tail is generally annulated with alternate large brown and green or yellowish rings. These variations are, however, in strict keeping with its sylvan habits. . . . These animals are oviparous: their eggs are round, with a thinner shell, or rather tegument—for it is tough, not brittle—than that of those of the common poultry, but with a white and yolk resembling that of a hen's egg in flavour. Nor is this the only delicacy supplied by the uncouth-looking guanas. They become very fat upon their wholesome diet, and are much sought after for their flesh, which is as white as that of a chicken, and equal, if not superior to it, when properly offered to the palate. The old authors confine their cookery to boiling and frying: thus Piso says that they love to feed on fruits and eggs, whence they derive much fat, and the whitish flesh "*quæ elixa vel frigida inter delicias expetita, nec gallinaceis pullis cedit.*" Dr Patrick Brown relates in his history of Jamaica, that he kept a guana about the house for two months without ever having observed it eat.

As for the flying-dragons, they have passed utterly away, for it can scarcely be said that they are represented in the little insect-eating parachuted reptile which bears this name. 'Pterodactyles have been succeeded by birds—ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, mosasaurs, and the like, by whales, dolphins, and great fishes. Where the herbivorous iguanodon revelled, the ox, the deer, and the sheep quietly crop the fragrant herbage; whilst in place of the destructive megalosaur, the carnivorous mammalia keep down the excessive multiplication of the ruminants; and MAN has a dominion over all. In future ages, *his* remains will fill the bosom of

the earth; and the traveller in some far distant century will feel the full force of Byron's lines wherever he sets his foot:—

'Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!'

THE ENGLISH IN BORNEO.

SINCE the publication of Captain Keppel's late work, an outline of the contents of which we presented to our readers in Nos. 116 and 117, we have looked forward with much interest to the appearance of other portions of Mr Brooke's Journals. We have them now before us;* and a brief digest of the varied matter contained in the volumes may perhaps prove not uninteresting.

In January 1840, Mr Brooke visited the great and unexplored island of Celebes, for the purpose of collecting information concerning its strange laws, its almost everlasting internal dissensions, its populous and wealthy cities, its great rivers, its fertile and untraversed plains and unascended hills, and its huge natural caverns. He had much to contend with, but also much to gain. Rumours of his proceedings in another part of the Twelve Thousand Islands had no doubt reached the ears of the rulers, and the people of Celebes. It was a good thing, therefore, for him to show himself to them. A taste for European manners and European civilisation may hereafter spring up there; and if such prove to be the case, we shall attribute the sowing of the first seeds to the visit of the adventurous English traveller.

The Bugis or natives of Celebes are a strange race. Though those continually dwelling on shore are, on the whole, somewhat addicted to laziness, the traders are among the most adventurous and spirited of the inhabitants of the Archipelago. Their mercantile pursuits necessarily bring them into contact with almost all the other islanders; and while distributing the commodities of trade among the various islands, they must at the same time disseminate ideas; and if those ideas were the fruit of an intercourse with the civilised races of the West, the effect could not fail to prove beneficial. But treachery and avarice, those debasing qualities common to almost all nations in the dark stages of their existence, but more especially at the period when the first dim dawn of a better state of things is breaking upon them, are widely diffused. An instance of the atrocious extent to which kidnapping is carried in Celebes is related. 'A follower of the Rajah Kerain, who had assumed the character of a physician, came to the house of a relative of the nahodah; and after sitting some time in converse with the lady of the house, said, "I wish you would let some one carry my bundle to Nepoh, whither I am going." (Nepoh was three miles off.) The poor woman immediately said, "My nephew shall do it for you;" and the boy (about ten years of age) went with the pretended physician, as was thought, to Nepoh. Some days, however, elapsing, and the boy not coming back, his aunt grew uneasy; and setting some inquiries on foot, found that the man whom he had gone with was at Tempè. On being applied to, the miscreant coolly replied that the boy came back the same evening; the real fact being, that he had sold him as a slave, no one knew where. Under these circumstances, the nahodah applied to me to use my influence with the datu lampola, in order to recover the boy;

and I immediately applied to him, and received the fullest assurance that, if the boy was alive, he should be found. A week, however, passing, and no news being obtained, I renewed my instances more warmly; and urged that if the man would not disclose what he had done with the boy, he ought to be put in confinement. Such plain-dealing appeared, however, to be altogether out of the question, for he was a follower of the Arn Kerain! On farther inquiry, I learned that the *very rascal* who had stolen and sold the boy, had been sent to repurchase him with twenty-five reals of the datu's money.'

The boy was thus restored to his friends at the cost of L.4, 3s. 4d., which came out of the magistrate's pocket. The anecdote speaks expressively of the present state of affairs in Celebes, where a criminal must be bribed to make restitution for the wrongs he has done.

In an excursion which Mr Brooke undertook shortly after, in company with several rajahs and other important personages, he fell in with what he terms 'a cynical king, and his no less cynical mistress.' These were the king and queen of Akutaingan. Invested with all the power and dignity of royalty, his highness's fondness for the chase led him to despise all other occupations. He, therefore, abandoning his palace, delighted to dwell in forest or jungle, hunting the wild deer on horseback, with his young and beautiful wife constantly at his side. This lady appears to have been quite in her proper element when thus employed. Horses, dogs, and fighting cocks were her most familiar pets, and with them she loved to scour the woods and plains, along with her husband, whom Mr Brooke describes as partaking of the generosity of the horse and the sagacity of the dog. Our countryman says he is sure the pretty huntress of Akutaingan was intended for a better and a happier fate. We doubt whether she could have been happier. She had a kind lord, and was never in want of an agreeable pipe of opium. Furthermore, she had no idea of any other life, and therefore wished not for any change. How could her domestic felicity have been greater?

Here, in company with this hunting chief, Mr Brooke partook of the 'Feast of the Bloody Heart,' which to us seems, to say the least of it, a wild and barbarous custom, though the English traveller declares there is nothing revolting in it, not so much as in the practice of devouring oysters. Our readers shall judge. 'The game being killed, chillies, salt, and limes (always carried to the field) are brought, the heart taken out, and with portions of the liver and inside of the thigh, is minced and eaten raw with these ingredients, the sauce being blood!'

Having heard many extraordinary accounts of the great cave of Mampo, which the natives declared to have been the work of a dynasty of kings long in the grave, Mr Brooke underwent many fatigues in order to inspect it. As might have been foretold, however, it proved to be no artificial production. The first glimpse of the interior showed that time, and the accidents of nature, had been the only architects of the wonderful cavern of Mampo. It was not at all extraordinary, however, that the ignorant and credulous inhabitants should have believed it to have been the vestige of an ancient religion, since Mr Brooke compares it with the far-famed halls of Alhambra. On entering, a vast chamber, adorned with countless pillars of the most dazzling white material, presented itself to his gaze. The roof glittered with pendent stalactites of all shapes and sizes, sometimes connected by exquisitely-delicate fretwork, while here and there, where crevices in the rocky flooring afforded earth and moisture, groups of young trees sprung up, and received on their heads the weight of innumerable green creepers falling in from holes in the roof, and twining in every direction

* Narrative of Events in Borneo, from the Private Journals of James Brooke, Esq., with a Narrative of Operations in H.M.S. Iris. By Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N. London: Murray.

about the cavern, which runs deep into the bowels of the mountain. We can scarcely imagine a more striking spectacle than that which must have presented itself at the time of Mr Brooke's visit. The hundreds of dusky figures with flaming torches, the mass of green creepers, whose dark, rich foliage contrasted admirably with the pure whiteness of the rest, and the varied and fantastic forms which the hand of nature had there moulded, combined to produce a picture in the highest degree exciting to the imagination.

On our countryman's return to Sarāwak, he found the province in so distracted a condition, with no probability of any termination of the period of anarchy, that thoughts of throwing up his schemes for the regeneration of the Archipelago, in utter despair, more than once occurred to his mind. The natural vigour of his character, however, triumphed over despondency, and he resolved to persevere. Soon after this, the rebellion occurred, which he assisted in putting down. The details, however, have been given to the public some months ago, and we have therefore no need to repeat them here.

Having seen much of the island of Borneo, its cities, its rivers, its productions, vegetable and mineral, its animals of all kinds, from the ponderous elephant to the creeping lizard; and hearing of its ancient trade in camphor, tortoiseshell, sandal-wood, cloves, bark, birds'-nests, and trepang, Mr Brooke determined at all hazards to make an effort to open its inestimable riches to the enterprise of the merchant. Convinced that every province, and Sarāwak in particular, might prove a mine of wealth, if properly worked, he thought no pains too great to be bestowed on the attempt, and therefore set about examining the materials with which he was to commence the gigantic labour.

He found the inhabitants uncivilised and ignorant. They had been accustomed, since time forgotten, to bloody and barbarous practices—murder, robbery, treachery, and almost every other vice. Yet they possess a religion, dark and imperfect though it be, founded on the original bases of all faith; one great God dwelling above the clouds, a future state of bliss for the good—the happy hunting-ground of the American Indians—and a place of punishment for the wicked.

Their religion, however, did not teach them to avoid the shedding of blood. Until very recently, the Dyaks of Sarāwak indulged in the propensity of head-taking, which depopulated the land, interfered with the cultivation of the soil, and precluded the possibility of the different tribes living in amity one with another. The custom, however, has withered before the breath of European civilisation. No one now thinks of appropriating the heads of his neighbours, since Mr Brooke has declared that life for life shall be the law of Sarāwak, and has caused it to be felt that he will be obeyed.

Piracy, however, has always been the greatest bane of progress in the Indian islands. Mr Brooke has devoted himself with unwearying energy to assist in its suppression, and we hope soon to see the fruits of his labours. The first active affair of very great consequence related in the present work, is the triumph over a notorious piratical chief, one Budrudeen. To prevent unnecessary loss of life, it was resolved to seize him by stratagem. He had long ago, by innumerable atrocities, repeated in the very teeth of warning, forfeited the right of being treated as an honourable enemy. Brooke's ally arrived at Singè; I found the patinge (Mr Brooke's ally) waiting till the pangeran (Budrudeen) and the Illanun panglima (his partner in crime) came to the beach; and to prevent suspicion, my party kept close in the boat, whence I could observe what was passing without. The pangeran and Illanun walked down, both well armed, and the latter dressed out with a variety of charms. Once on the beach, retreat was impossible; for our people surrounded them, though without committing any hostile act. The suspicion of the two was, however, roused; and it was curious to

observe their different demeanour. The Borneo pangeran remained quiet, silent, and motionless—a child might have taken him; the Magindanas Illanun lashed himself to desperation. Flourishing his spear in one hand, and with the other on the handle of his sword, he defied those collected about him. He danced his war-dance on the sand; his face became deadly pale; his wild eyes glared; he was ready to die, but not to die alone. His time was come, for he was dangerous, and to catch him was impossible; and accordingly Patirgiali, walking past, leaped forward, and struck a spear through his back far between his shoulders, half a foot out at his breast. I had no idea that, after such a thrust, a man could even for a few instants exert himself; but the Illanun, after receiving his mortal wound, dashed forward with his spear, and thrust it at the breast of another man; but strength and life failed, and the weapon did not enter.

Among the varied and novel matters contained in this volume, we have a history of Borneo, a description of all its known provinces, towns, rivers, and natural peculiarities; its various tribes, piratical and peaceful; the extent of its capabilities of producing articles of commerce; its gold, diamond, antimony, silver, and other mines; the manners, customs, religion, &c. of its people; and indeed a collection of useful and interesting facts, such as seldom come within the scope of one work. If our readers would learn all that is told in Mr Brooke's Journals, they must read them in their complete form. It is, however, wonderful that the English rajah could have devoted so much time to the collecting of information, multifarious and fatiguing as must have been his duties. Here is a slight sketch of his routine of daily life when at Sarāwak:—‘My spare hours are devoted to the studying of languages, reading, and chart-making; and my companions are constantly employed—some stuffing animals and birds, others in teaching our young Bugis and Dyak youths their letters, and instructing them in copying my vocabularies. Nine is the breakfast hour; four the time for dinner; after which we stroll out till dark, and drink tea at eight. Of wine and grog we have none, and I believe we are all the better without it, retiring happily to our beds about ten, ready for that repose which will fit us for the labour of to-morrow. I have also been engaged in watching some of the head men amusing themselves at chess, which is a favourite game among them.’

But Mr Brooke has also his country-house, situated on the border of a beautiful river, rattling through a stony channel, and overhung with the boughs of magnificent trees, whose dark foliage, meeting at top, only admits a few subdued sun-rays, thus preserving coolness and shade on the waters even in the heat of a tropical day. On every side extends a sweep of richly-cultivated country, across which the stream meanders, its course marked now by a barrier of low rocks, and now by banks covered with extra-luxuriant vegetation. Santah Cottage stands on a moderately lofty eminence on the river's edge. It consists of two storeys built with logs, entwined with split bamboo. A small farm of three acres lies behind it, which Mr Brooke has cleared of wood and jungle, and planted with a thousand nutmeg-trees, with some figs, to which he intends to add the coffee-tree and the betel nut.

Half a mile from this beautiful retreat another cottage is to be built, on a spot called the Fairy Knoll. Here a diamond mine is to be worked, the Santah river abounding in these precious stones. ‘The diamonds are found mixed in the gravelly substratum, and there is likewise a small quantity of gold to be obtained. The earth is washed at the water's edge in large, round, wooden pans, shaped like shields; the diamonds are picked out, and there remains a residue of black sand like gunpowder and gold particles; of course a good deal of neatness and attention is requisite, and the workers seem jealous and superstitious, dislike noise, particularly laughter or merriment, as it is highly

offensive to the spirit who presides over the diamonds; and what is perhaps more important in their eyes, the diamonds cannot be found if the abode of quiet is disturbed by unholy mirth. It is surprising to see people calling themselves Mohammedans yielding to Pagan rites of presenting offerings to the spirit of the mine—the gnome king: fowls, rice, *ciri*, are weekly offered; but I was pleased to hear that they are sensible enough to eat up these good things after they have been offered. Hajji Ibrahim, with a solemn face, requested me to give him an old letter, and he engraved thereon some Chinese characters two inches long, which, being translated, signify, “Rajah Muda Hassim, James Brooke, and Hajji Ibrahim, present their compliments to the spirit, and request his permission to work at the mine.”

Such are Mr Brooke's rural residences, whither he retires when weary of the bustle and activity of his capital. His bungalow at Sarāwak* is of a more imposing character. Built upon piles in the native style, and thatched with *nipa*, with a large veranda embracing the four sides, its interior yet presents all the characteristic comforts of an English dwelling. Landing at a little boat-house on the bank, you proceed up a broad gravelled walk, bordered by dense hedgerows of jessamine, to the porch; you then ascend a short flight of steps, cross the broad veranda, and enter a spacious saloon, or hall of reception, forty feet long. Adjoining this is a library, stocked with a choice assortment of the literature of various countries, and supplied also from time to time with the latest publications, periodical and others, on geographical and scientific subjects. Two bedrooms complete the interior arrangements of this curious mansion—half European and half Eastern. A kitchen, various offices, and bath-rooms, constitute detached buildings, at a very few yards' distance, while in close proximity stands a neat cottage, devoted to the purposes of hospitality.

Sarāwak town is situated on the river of the same name, in a picturesque and fertile country. The native houses are built on either side of two beautiful reaches, while the Chinese occupy a distinct quarter on the right bank, opposite the English residences, which stand on eminences on the left.

The military defences of Sarāwak consist of a fort or battery mounting six guns, and garrisoned by twenty-five Malay soldiers! This formidable detachment is quartered in barracks adjoining the fort. Each man receives six Spanish dollars per month, with a certain ration of provisions per diem.

With this imposing force Mr Brooke reigns over an extensive territory, whose capital contains a population of 14,000 inhabitants. This might not appear so extraordinary, were the people a meek, submissive, and domestic race, nurtured for generations in the lap of peace, and accustomed to the varied arts of industry. On the contrary, anarchy has been for ages the normal state of the country; strife, and consequent bloodshed, have unremittingly urged on the work of depopulation; every man's hand has been against every man; destruction and pillage were the constant employments of the people; and no one knew or thought of peace. But a change has been wrought in the condition of affairs—a change which we should have considered incredible, had it been prophesied five years ago. What the next five years may bring forth it is impossible to foresee. If events, however, advance as steadily as they have done, and in the same direction, we hope to see a colony flourishing at Sarāwak, factories in busy operation, steam-engines in full play, houses and streets built, and gardens laid out, and also an English church for those Europeans and natives who are inclined to attend it. This may or may not happen. The future is the future, and none may read it. If, however, any colony founded by an individual possessed of the requisite energy and ability ever flourished, Sarāwak ought to

flourish. Mr Brooke, we feel assured, will prove true to the task he has undertaken, and we therefore entertain brilliant hopes of the onward progress of the English in Sarāwak.

THE OPPOSITE HOUSE.

A DWELLER in one of the prettiest districts of suburban London, but often yearning for the freedom and retirement of the country, I yet endeavour, as the common saying runs, ‘to make the best of things in general’—that is, by living as much apart as propriety will admit from the gossiping society usually found to preponderate in such places, and also by being intimately acquainted with all the hidden nooks, odd corners, and green dells within reach, where the early primrose and violets hide, and where the latest acorn drops.

The changes which have taken place in the ‘opposite house’ have often afforded me matter for contemplation during the past seven years, the more so, perhaps, because I visited there a long time ago, when, as an only and spoiled child, I was taken about everywhere with one who is now a saint in heaven; for which reason the memories and ideas thus associated assume with me somewhat of a sad and touching character.

The two elderly maiden sisters who were then the occupants I shall designate as the Misses Ramsay. They were rather aristocratic in their connections and pretensions; and it was considered something desirable to be admitted into the exclusive, but exquisitely dull circle, occasionally assembled in their prim drawing-room. I believe nothing save old friendship and family ties would have induced them to tolerate me in this model sanctuary, ‘children and dogs’ being especially prohibited, and objects of their supreme dread and aversion.

There was nothing I disliked so much as a visit to the Misses Ramsay; yet rather than be left out, or separated from my mother's side, I preferred encountering the heavy penance; and truth to tell, they were very kind in their way, fondly stroked my flowing curls as I sat on the huge foot-stool at their feet, while in gentle whispers they courteously hinted that I must be careful not to run up against the tiny tables, with their spider legs, on which rested the antique fairy cups and saucers of peerless china. Their establishment consisted of five domestics, all old retainers, and as precise and orderly as their ladies. First in importance, as major-domo of the establishment, came Benjamin the footman, a tall, gaunt man, with gray hairs, and a long solemn visage, who always appeared habited in an immaculate black suit, with silver shoe-buckles. A thoroughly respectable, though stern-looking domestic was Benjamin; and when, with staid and important demeanour, he came from beneath the porch (where bowring clematis and honeysuckle were kept within strict bounds) to unlock the little green gate through which alone visitors were admitted, wo to the careless individuals who failed to duly scrape and brush their shoes if polluted by contact with mother earth! The vinegar aspect became sourer and harsher, and unquestionable demonstrations of displeasure peculiar to himself, but well understood by those who knew him, evinced the wrath of the worthy Benjamin, and rendered it no pleasant matter to provoke it. The housemaid was his sister, and distinguished by the same undeviating severity of attire and bearing; though certainly, to judge from the neatness and shining cleanliness of the house (which, however, was far too neat and minutely arranged to afford an idea of use or comfort), she was the perfection of good housemaids, not to be had now-a-days for love or money.

The ladies each kept her own peculiar attendant—*fac-similes* of themselves. The cook of this clockwork establishment was of course invisible; and I never knew more than one person who had dined there, the entertainment being always limited to what is vulgarly termed ‘tea and turn-out.’ The dinner-hour was at

* For a representation and description of this place, see ‘Views in the Indian Archipelago,’ by James Augustus St John.

four o'clock to a moment; and our poor friend, who came from a distance, and was unavoidably asked to remain and partake of the repast, whispered to my mother, at our hospitable though far rougher board, 'that if dining off silver and porcelain was enough for satisfaction, there was a profusion of *that* at the Misses Ramsay's, and to spare; but in other respects it was a Barmecide's feast.'

Tea was handed round at seven precisely—visitors being never waited for. *Tea* did I say? it was an anomaly in the state of things—old maids being proverbially famed for their renovating hyson; but with the Misses Ramsay it was literally *wash*—never made in the room, but handed about to the guests on massive silver salvers, together with a very small portion of delicately-sliced bread and butter. I never dared to partake of the untempting beverage; for Benjamin and his worthy sister, Mrs Deborah, looked down so awfully upon me, that I usually felt paralysed, sat demurely still, and was thankful to be pronounced 'a well-behaved young lady now.' Little did our entertainers guess the outrageous romp I was privately contemplating for the next morning, as an indemnification for present thralldom.

A card-table was then put out, and a whist party formed, the remainder of the guests being left to their own discretion. At half-past nine enter Benjamin and Mrs Deborah again, with the silver salvers *now* supporting tiny but superbly-cut wine-glasses, each containing a drop or two of wine, while a golden basket held the small modicum of rich cake, divided into minute portions. By this time I was perfectly ravenous, not daring to cast my eyes on the tempting mouthfuls, but eagerly listening for the welcome announcement, at ten minutes to ten, of 'Your chair is waiting, madam.'

Yet strange to say, people always went to the Misses Ramsay's when they were asked; and one redeeming point there was—at all seasons, and at all times, a small but rare collection of the fairest and daintiest flowers shed their perfumed loveliness over the inhospitable stiffness of that cold drawing-room: their scent still haunts me with the associations of my childhood.

The Misses Ramsay gave large sums unostentatiously away in charities both public and private; and many poor of the neighbourhood had cause to lament their decease, which took place within a few months of each other, and a year or two previously to our being domiciled in our present residence.

How changed the outward aspect now of the 'opposite house'—even as changed as its hidden domesticity! A merchant, reputed to be prosperous, had taken the lease, and brought thither his wife, a lady of Swiss extraction, and a large family of children, of all ages, from twelve downwards.

These children were singularly beautiful, though formed on a large scale of robust healthfulness; their free springing step, agile frames, and well-proportioned figures, betokened pure mountain descent; while their fanciful costume (the talk and wonder of the amazed neighbourhood), as Swiss peasant boys and girls, with fancy-looking caps and gay streamers, bright jackets, laced bodices, and such short petticoats, &c. all combined to make the illusion so perfect, that, as I watched them sporting under the old trees, I often fancied a scene in some theatrical representation was before me. I had never entered the interior of the house since the days of my childhood, when the Misses Ramsay occupied it; but if the *exterior* was a true index as to its condition, report spoke truly when it said, that on the departure of the Swiss family it was found to be literally torn to pieces. The clematis and honeysuckle have never been visible again; all the carriages were trampled down; for the children's little carriages, drawn by pet goats, completed their destruction.

Carpenters appeared to be in constant requisition; broken chairs and tables were observed to be carried out for repairs; dilapidated blinds and smashed panes of glass afforded continual employment to glaziers and Venetian shade manufacturers. The foreign mother

appeared to be entirely devoted to the whims and caprices of her offspring, to the utter shutting out of all other human sympathies; indeed the scandal-mongers of the neighbourhood hinted, that had his home been better regulated, and more comfortably managed, the merchant would not so frequently have absented himself from it: hence disagreements arose; misfortunes in business came; and at length there was a total 'break up.' The elder children were sent by their English relatives to school, prior to their mother's returning to Switzerland with the younger ones, until arrangements could be made, or unanimity restored. The parting appeared to be a terrific one, and finished at the gate, and *outside* of it, as the carriage stood ready to convey the weeping children from the home they were never to return to again. The girls were dressed in plain English habiliments, and their close cottage-bonnets scarcely permitted the ruddy cheeks, now bedewed with tears, to be visible; the large hands clasped their frantic mother's neck, and the huge feet fondly lingered on that beloved threshold where so many happy memories twined around their young hearts. I never heard what became of them; but a kind of desolation appeared to reign on the final departure of the family.

The shut-up house, its ruinous condition, and its garden choked with weeds, rendered it a melancholy object from our windows; and we were heartily wishing that some eligible housekeeper would take a fancy to it, ere the winter set in, when one morning an array of bricklayers, painters, and paper-hangers made their appearance, and in a short time the 'opposite house' looked habitable once more; but still its general aspect was not cheerful, for the blinds were all sad-coloured, the paint was dark and dingy-looking, and the fore-court was entirely covered with gravel, all intruding branches being mercilessly lopped. A lady and gentleman in sad-coloured garments became the owners; and though, altogether, things looked as cold and prim as they did in the Misses Ramsay's time, yet they wanted a certain relief and elegance which reigned *then*, and which is not definable.

The gentleman was a dissenting minister, who, having a handsome private fortune, conducted his ministrations from a sense of duty. He and his wife were benevolence personified. They were never done admonishing, instructing, cheering; they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and they were never known to make any difference in their charities on the score of religious distinction. A time came when these excellent persons also removed from the 'opposite house,' much to the grief of the neighbourhood. They emigrated to New Zealand, possibly for the sake of labouring in a wider field of usefulness—carrying tidings of the blessed Gospel to scenes of heathen barbarism. If such really were their object, what an example of self-devotedness! I wonder if their thoughts ever revert to the neat English cottage, with its suburban accessories!

Once again the 'opposite house' was inhabited, and this time by a perfect colony of busy bees. A rich and pious lady of the vicinity purchased it for her charity school; and thirty orphan girls, in their pretty uniforms, here found a refuge from the present ills of life, and help and instruction to enable them to combat with those in store for their maturer years. Busy, clean, and happy creatures they appeared to be; and though it was pronounced, by many of the neighbours, to be shameful and impertinent of Lady M—to put so genteel a cottage villa to such an unseemly use, yet there were some who deemed it far otherwise. The school-room was that which had formerly been the Misses Ramsay's drawing-room. Poor ladies! how impossible it would have been for them to have imagined that no less than thirty of their forbidden torments, in the guise of robust charity girls, would one day be daily assembled there—that battledoors and skipping-ropes would usurp the place of the delicate embroidery frame—while numberless torn and well-thumbed spelling-

books, and 'readings-made-easy,' would take the place of 'Harvey's Meditations' and 'Blair's Sermons,' in their richly-embossed morocco covers and un tarnished gilt-edged brightness. For not quite twelve months did the orphan girls enjoy their pleasant home. Lady M—— died suddenly, the school was broken up, and the house has been empty for more than a year.

Such are the chances and changes I have witnessed, up to the present moment, in the 'opposite house.' But all of us have opposite houses, in whose stones we may read sermons if we choose—and sometimes romances; for human nature, when properly viewed, is never uninteresting or uninteresting. Mere empty curiosity, no doubt, is either hateful or absurd; but it is good, for all that, to turn away sometimes from the interior of our hearts and homes, and inquire, in a kindly yet observant spirit, into what is going on in the 'opposite house.'

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

MONEY, in some form or other, has in all time been so intimately associated with the business and pleasure of the world, with the public and private policy of nations and of individuals, as to have engaged the attention of philosophers and legislators, poets and philanthropists, as well as the votaries of the giddy goddess who regard it merely as the vehicle of enjoyment. Whatever the material of which the circulating medium is composed, its potency has varied but little, if at all, from the universal standard. Some people have considered that there was 'nothing like leather,' and impressed a stamp upon bits of hide; others have declared in favour of iron, brass, bronze; in short, all the metals, as they were known, have been legitimatised into currency. In some countries yet unvisited by the schoolmaster, we are told that the natives use bullocks instead of bank-notes, with sheep by way of small change; others, again, recognise only lumps of salt, or shells. Still, as before observed, whatever the material, the conventional currency appears to be everywhere pretty much the same as among our day-book and ledger communities:

— 'The only power
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things.'

By common consent of all nations who have been able to obtain the precious metals, gold and silver have superseded all other materials of currency—always excepting paper. These occupy so small a space, admitting of being conveniently hoarded and preserved, as to have commended themselves especially to popular instinct in remote and unsettled ages. At the time of the conquest of Persia by the Greeks, the gold accumulated by successive monarchs of that country amounted to about L.80,000,000 sterling. The whole or greater portion of this large sum was transferred to Greece by the victories of Alexander, besides which there were several mines of gold and silver within the Grecian territory. The influx of such enormous wealth would necessarily tell on the manners of the people, and on prices; and accordingly, in the days of Demosthenes, gold and silver were five times less valuable than under Solon. Whatever be the amount circulating in a country, there is a constant tendency towards diminution; the immense accumulations would be widely scattered in foreign wars or intestine convulsions. How great must have been the dispersion of precious metals on the downfall of Rome, and afterwards of Byzantium! From the date of the latter event, down through the middle ages, and even to the present century, large sums have been totally lost, from the practice of burying money for safe keeping, as in many instances the owners died, and carried the secret with them to the tomb. When to these causes is added the loss by shipwreck, and other casualties, the result appears in the magnitude of the diminution. Just before the discovery of America, gold

was at an enormous value, but subject to great and frequent fluctuations.

The amount of coined money circulating in the whole of Europe at the close of the fifteenth century has been estimated at L.34,000,000 sterling. The quantity coined in England in 237 years ending in 1509, was equal to nearly L.7000 annually, present value; but from 1603 to 1829, the average was L.819,415, or 122 times greater than before the supply from the mines of the new world. In addition to the causes of diminution above described, there is the mechanical wear of the money in passing from hand to hand. This loss has been variously estimated: according to Mr M'Culloch, it is 1 per cent. per annum. If this be correct, L.40,000,000 coined at the beginning of a century, would be reduced to L.15,000,000 at the end; in two centuries, L.6,000,000 would remain; and in five centuries, about L.300,000 only. Taking Mr Jacob's estimate of the annual wear at 1-360th part, what was L.200,000,000 under Constantine, would be reduced to L.12,000,000 in the time of Edward I.

The discovery of the mines of Potosi, above all other acquisitions made by Europeans in South America, effected an important change in the commercial relations of the old world. Purchasers found it necessary to go to market with more and more money in their hand, such was the progressive increase of prices. To many persons the rise was a source of exultation, but the greater part regarded it with suspicion and discontent: they could not understand why wheat should be doubled, and in some instances quadrupled, in price in the course of a few years. The dissatisfaction was not confined to the poorer classes—it excited attention in higher quarters; and Latimer, in one of his sermons preached before Edward VI. and the court, animadverted upon the change in no very mild terms. In reality, mankind were benefited, not injured, by having more gold than they had before, just as they would be benefited by an increase in the amount of their wardrobes, or growing timber, or any other tangible possession.

The present importations of silver into Europe are about 40 to 1 compared to those of gold. According to all the accounts, we are to see greater changes in the course of a few years, from the influx of the precious metals, than any that have yet been produced. The application of European science and industry to the exploration of the hitherto imperfectly-worked mines of the South American States, will doubtless effect some notable difference in the proceeds. In those countries, wheelbarrows and vehicles for transport are scarcely known, and in most cases mule tracks are the only roads. The workmen generally employed in mining operations possess no other tools or machinery than their ten fingers, a lasso, and a knife. The loss and waste consequent upon such a state of things may be easily imagined. Mercury, as is well known, is an essential element in amalgamations of gold and silver, and in their separation from the ore; the quantity annually required for these purposes by the American mines is about 3,000,000 of pounds. Of this the greater portion is imported; and its transmission into the interior of the country is in the hands of monopolists, by whom the price is raised to so excessive an amount, as to leave but little room for profit to the miner. Various attempts have from time to time been made to effect the operations in which mercury is employed by other methods: at Freyberg, in Saxony, the amalgamation is accomplished in revolving cylinders, which complete the process in fewer hours than the days consumed in the operation in Mexico and Peru, with a much smaller consumption of the quicksilver. In Europe, mercury is used to recombine the silver after its separation from the ore, while the American miners employ it to effect the separation.

Recent and present researches in electro-chemistry render it certain that before long this resistless agency will supersede the use of quicksilver in the working of metals: its power over the elements of the most intimate combinations of metallic and other bodies is

well known. The experiments of M. Becquerel in this branch of science have as yet been the most successful, and although not so effective as is to be desired, they have acquired an industrial character. Some of the experiments undertaken in Paris were tried upon nearly 10,000 pounds of silver ore from Mexico, and with a favourable result. A method of amalgamation has also been discovered, by means of which five-sixths of the mercury now considered essential to the process will be saved. About forty ounces of silver are obtained from 1000 pounds of ore; the pulverisation or trituration of the latter is effected in South America by the feet of men and mules, instead of water or other power. Human skill, in fact, seems to be deficient in proportion to the riches of nature. A machine somewhat similar to a mortar-cruiser was introduced at Potosi to supply the place of animal labour by a European. With this instrument, one man and a mule, costing five shillings per day, could do as much work as twenty Indians, for whom the charge was three pounds. Although this machine was constructed more than twelve years ago, not one of the labourers or workmen employed at the mines has attempted to imitate it: they leave the owner in undisturbed possession of his advantage, and plod on in their old way. This fact alone will suffice to show the waste of capabilities in the search for metals, and the increased return that may be looked for under a more efficient system of management. The conquest of Mexico by the people of the United States may be regarded as a preliminary step in the development of those hitherto neglected resources. With their restless enterprising spirit, roads, canals, and railways will soon be constructed, and the mining returns will reach their maximum.

Baron Humboldt has expressed himself in most positive terms on the subject of the future production of the precious metals. Confining himself to the Mexican states alone, he says—'When we consider the vast extent of surface occupied by the Cordilleras, and the immense number of mineral deposits which have not yet been attacked, we shall understand that New Spain, when better governed, and inhabited by an industrious population, will yield for her own share the seven millions now furnished by the whole of America. In the space of one hundred years, the annual produce of the Mexican mines was raised from 1,000,000 to nearly 5,000,000 of pounds.' In another place he writes—'Europe would be inundated with precious metals if simultaneous labours were commenced, with all the improvements in mining machinery, upon the deposits at Balanos, Batopilas, Sombrerete, Rosario, Pachuca, Sultepec, Chihuahua, and many others long and justly celebrated. . . . There is no doubt that the produce of the mines of Mexico might be doubled or tripled in the space of a century. . . . In general, the abundance of silver is such in the chain of the Andes, that taking into consideration the beds yet left intact, or which have been but superficially worked, we should be tempted to believe that Europeans have scarcely begun to comprehend the inexhaustible fund of riches shut up in the new world.' With the proverbial celerity of the United States' population, much of the work here calculated for one hundred years is likely to be achieved in a quarter of that time: the effect on rates of exchange and prices all over the world will be very remarkable. Silver, it is calculated, will be reduced at least one-half in value; and those countries in which the greatest amount of this metal is in circulation will be most exposed to loss. The silver coin circulating in Europe is commonly estimated at £320,000,000, of which France holds three-eighths: according to some authorities, the contingency to be provided for is only a question of time.

'A phenomenon will be exhibited similar to that which complicated prices and transformed so many social positions three centuries ago. The crisis, however, will be much less rapid and less violent; because the mass of silver already acquired by the old continent being

enormous, the influence of even a considerable quantity thrown into the market will make itself felt more slowly. The level between different centres of commerce is more easily established than formerly; a glut upon one isolated point is therefore little to be feared. After some time, the value of silver would be regulated everywhere by the cost price; and if the expenses of production are reduced one half, any country at present in possession of a currency worth £30,000,000, would be the poorer to the amount of £15,000,000, since the quantity of labour and of profit which a shilling would then represent would be diminished by one half.'

Mines of gold and silver are, however, not exclusively confined to America: with the exception of England, there are several in nearly every other country of Europe, and the return from some of these is increasing every year, a cause which will naturally accelerate the effects contemplated. An accurate annual statement is published of the produce of the mines of Russia. In that empire, the metalliferous deposits extend over a region stretching from Kamtchatka to Peru—one half of the earth's circle in length, with an average breadth of 8 degrees of latitude. The presence of gold under this portion of the world's surface was early known, and recorded by Herodotus, but was subsequently lost sight of for two thousand years. In 1774, the re-discovery of auriferous sand was made during some repairs to the machinery at the Klutchevsk mines; further discoveries followed, and in 1823, the present system of working was commenced. The richest deposits are found in the Ural and Altai mountains: in 1836, the produce of gold was 13,000 pounds weight; in 1845, it had increased to 45,000 pounds; and as far as ascertained, the returns for 1846 were still augmenting. The gold furnished by Russia is to that of America as 144 to 100. 'So great is the quantity of gold at present existing among civilised nations, that an annual addition of 45,000 pounds would not for a long time cause any sensible difference.'

For some of the facts and conclusions in the foregoing paper, we are indebted to an elaborate article on the subject in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' by M. Chevalier.

NIMROD.*

A DRAMATIC poem entitled 'Nimrod' has been exciting some attention; but it is no easy matter for critic or common reader to give any account of it. The reason is, that 'Nimrod' is difficult to read, and the age of earnest laborious readers has gone by. When the men of the present day meet such a work, they peep at it. The critic may write 'a notice;' but it is such notice as a gentleman gives in passing to his unpaid tailor.

The reason why 'Nimrod' is difficult to read is, that its author's unquestionable power is unguided by tact. There are materials in the volume for a good, perhaps a great poem; but these are thrown together into a formless, inartificial heap, which shocks the tasteful, and appeals the timid reader. The Greek tragedy, the mediæval mystery, and the melodrama of these last days, all contribute something to the plan, which is therefore alike unsatisfactory to the classical and romantic reader.

Still, even taken as a whole, there is something grand and majestic in the idea of 'Nimrod.' The hero, from a slayer of wild beasts, becomes, in quick gradation, a soldier—a conqueror—a king—the master of the world, and the adopted son of the god Baal. His love for the humble Nahmah lives throughout his exaltation, and he despatches envoys to bring her to be the companion of his throne, binding himself by an irrevocable oath to grant any request she may make. The priests, however, desire to convert the demigod into their tool, and contrive that Nimrod shall appear guilty of impious

* Nimrod, a Dramatic Poem. London: William Pickering, 1848.

neglect of his parents; and when Nahmah betakes herself to his capital, it is with a willing step but a foreboding heart. The prophecies of her spirit are realised. The priests, who have already brought about the death of his parents, have bound him in a tremendous vow to give what he prizes most to Baal; and Nahmah, exacting the equally binding promise he had made to her, acquires the right of perishing on the funeral pile, a sacrifice for her beloved. Such is the really fine conception of a poem the greatest want of which is—a little ordinary tact.

With regard to the execution, a favourable idea will be formed of it from the following dream of Nahmah:—

—‘Methought I stood

Waiting for Nimrod; the slow sinking sun
Made golden pillow of the glowing sword
Whereon his slant beams rested. Sudden a change—
The beams were gone, and yet there was no shade—
No light, and yet all visible. I raised
My wondering eyes, and, mother, there ‘mid cloud
Hiding the darkened west, yet glittering
With some dread foreign splendour, all unknown
To our mild rainbow’s tints, a woman stood:
I see her now—even now, with her white hands
Crossed, pressed upon a bosom which despair
Had made an aching void; her features wan,
As moonbeams on new snow, and fixed and sad.
Her gaze pierced through even to the inner soul,
Where thought in thought makes being, and finds there
Its essence—mingling there with thought and self—
Till she grew part of me, as I of her,
Our past, our present, knowing, sharing all:
I felt she loved and she despaired, yet clung
To love and peace refused; though endless were
The love despairing. Mother, I then was taught
Such love may linger through an endless woe,
Yet no repenting weakness e’er disturb
The calmness of the grief which love endears.’

A fine idea on a hackneyed subject:—

‘I know now whence it comes—yes, there is hope—
Not in this false and mocking world, not here,
But in hereafter—hope—ay, even for him:
The rainbow arches o’er all men alike,
But they alone who raise their swelling eyes
Feast on its wondrous beauty.’

The following is the death of the mother, struck down by the insulting neglect of the son on whom she had doted:—

—‘As Admah heard these bitter words,

She veiled with shivering hands her burning eyes;
Then fell the helpless hands back to her side,
One look intense at thee—but none at him:
The father outraged by unnatural son
The mother feared to gaze on; then erect,
Unbending, with a queenly step, as if
A towering port alone could bear the weight
Of grief, which else had crushed her to the earth,
She passed away. I followed, yet dared not
Approach that awful image of lone woe,
Till at yon height from whence the torrent comes,
Mad, eager rushing with a wild delight
To dash and churn itself among the rocks,
She stood—one long gaze gave the south—then, turning
To this dear home, she shuddered—raised her eyes
To the blue heaven (a lark was singing there,
With joyous trill piercing the water’s roar),
And tottering fell: it might be chance, not purpose,
But the fierce waters with an added shout
Closed round her shrieking not: all help was vain—
And I am here the miserable tale
To tell; more woe to heap on utmost woe.’

This is sufficient to show, that even setting aside the general conception, which we have shown to be fine, there is matter in this volume to repay the adventurous reader.

GOVERNESSES’ BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

In a former paper we described the nature of the benevolent institution which has been formed, and some time in operation, in London; and we again refer to the subject, for the purpose of mentioning that it is now proposed to add to the institution an Asylum or Permanent Home for Aged Governesses. The directors appear to be encouraged to carry out this object by the success which has attended the other departments of the establishment. Already there is a Provident Fund, by paying into which ladies

connected with education may secure annuities; and also an Annuity Fund, from which aged governesses in depressed circumstances may, by election, obtain annuities of small amount. It is distressing to read of the applications for the benefit of this fund. At the last election there were eighty-four candidates for three annuities of L15 each—‘Eighty-four ladies,’ says the Report before us, ‘many reared in affluence, and all accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of at least our middle ranks, seeking an annuity of L15! Of these, seventy were unmarried, and out of this number seven had incomes above L20—two derived from public institutions; sixteen had incomes varying from L1, 16s. to L14; and forty-seven had absolutely nothing! It will be recollected that all these ladies are above fifty years of age; and of the utterly destitute, eighteen were above sixty. It is sometimes asked, Could they not have averted this lamentable condition? The committee would fain hope that all who have received a polling-paper have read the cases to which they refer, to see that out of these seventy ladies no less than fifty-four had not provided for themselves, because they had devoted their salaries or their savings, legacies from relations, and all their earnings, more or less to their families; from the “support of one or both parents for many years,” to the educating younger sisters, helping brothers in their onward path, and protecting and educating orphan nephews and nieces.’

It is impossible to peruse this melancholy record without turning round on those to whose negligence and selfishness, in the first instance, governesses too frequently owe their destitution. With every proper allowance for the misfortunes which prevent parents from making provision for their daughters, we must speak emphatically of the injustice and cruelty of rearing them in affluence, and afterwards leaving them to struggle with the stern realities of the world. It would be interesting and useful to know in what condition the parents of the above eighty-four governesses lived, and whether it was absolutely beyond their power, at any time, to provide, by life-assurance, against utter destitution. In the present, as in many similar appeals, we fear that heedlessness, and some degree of selfishness, were concerned; and that to the public is left the performance of duties which it ought to have been the joy of private parties to fulfil. Be this, however, as it may, compassion cannot leave the unfortunate to perish. The efforts, therefore, now making to provide a home for poor and aged governesses, whose cases merit consideration, have our hearty commendation; and we unite with Mrs S. C. Hall—the friend of the friendless—in her eloquent appeal to the charitably-disposed in a late number of the ‘Art Union.’ ‘Are we to suffer those ladies, who, from the poverty of pocket, or poverty of mind of their employers, or from circumstances over which they have no control—who have laboured so honourably and so profitably for us—to find their last resting-place in a lonely garret, or the still more wretched workhouse? We appeal to mothers of families to look back to their own early days, and in reverence to those who taught them, who had patience with them, who made them what they are, to aid us in the erection of a shelter for aged governesses; we appeal to the young to devote their spare time, between this and May, in employments for them, so that if they have not money to bestow, their labour may be converted into money at the bazaar which is to be held early in June on behalf of this great object.’

The bazaar here alluded to is, we understand, to be a species of fancy fair, to be held in the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, in the first week in June. For every L150 realised by sale or donation, apartments will be found for two aged governesses.

HOW TO ACT IN A MOB.

A mob is a riotous assemblage of persons. Every individual, therefore, who remains in the neighbourhood of it, even from curiosity, helps to constitute that mob. Every one who goes away helps to dissipate it. If, therefore, you are a good citizen, and find yourself in the neighbourhood of persons destroying property, or acting riotously, you should at once range yourself on the side of those who are appointed to keep the peace; or, if there be none at hand, immediately get away from such dangerous and disreputable companions. If you do not, remember that, as a mob is made up of individuals, every respectable person who remains in it helps to encourage the disturbers of the

peace, and to discourage, as far as numbers is concerned, those who are bound to maintain it. The civil and military authorities cannot well discriminate idle onlookers in a mob from more guilty promoters. They are opposed by a mob from assemblage, which it is their duty to disperse; and if you will remain in bad company, you must take the consequences. To stand at the entry of narrow streets and closes is also dangerous. The civil and military authorities are frequently assaulted from such places, which they regard with jealousy, and for their own safety are obliged to clear them. In a free country like this, where the greatest possible liberty is given to the press, and where the right of peaceably meeting to petition our rulers on any subject is fully secured to the poor, all riotous assemblages are without excuse, and must, and will be put down by the lawful authorities, aided by all good citizens. In a sentence, then, the way to act in a mob is, to range yourself on the side of the peace authorities, or at least to get out of the company of riotous persons without delay.—*Industrial Magazine*. [We are glad of an opportunity of enforcing these useful and proper advices, and of deprecating the too common practice of swelling the numbers in a mob from motives of idle and silly curiosity.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

INJUDICIOUS PATRONAGE.

It is very well to encourage young artists and young poets, provided that the encouragement be judiciously and temperately rendered; but knowingly to raise hopes which can never be realised is, at the best, wanton mockery. To extol beyond reason is often, in effect, to weaken the motives for improvement. How frequently are men spoiled by a false estimation of their own abilities! We could point out instances in the present day of persons refusing to work because they have been dubbed poets; we have known men who would never handle the hoe, nor wield the hammer, nor throw the shuttle, because they could spin rhymes; and we have seen the hand that could pen a sonnet withheld in contempt from the recording of a transaction in business. These individuals revile the world for troubles which they bring upon themselves; and their own drivelling conduct entirely hinders their advancement. They are not alone to blame for their unfortunate position; for they have each in turn been injured by adulation. To versify with facility is an elegant accomplishment; to try to be a true poet is a noble ambition; but the sweetest songs, and the loftiest imaginings, are not incompatible with hard work performed by either hands or brains. As a recreation, literature adds grace and dignity to honest, independent industry; and as a profession, it offers a career which may be successfully pursued by those who have the requisite intellectual aptitude and untiring perseverance. But to make the love of literature a pretext for eating the bread of idleness, is a moral wrong, which deserves unsparing censure.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

PEDLARS AND POETS.

How vastly more strange and extravagant-looking truth is than fiction! Our Edinburgh reviewers deemed it one of the gravest among the many grave offences of Wordsworth, that he should have made the hero of the 'Excursion' a pedlar. 'What,' they ask, 'but the most wretched and provoking perversity of taste and judgment could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastic a condition? Did Mr Wordsworth really imagine that his favourite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgie about tape or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers, its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity, and utter disregard of probability or nature?' If the critics be thus severe on the mere choice of so humble a hero, what would they not have said had the poet ventured to represent his pedlar not only as a wise and meditative man, but also as an accomplished writer, and a successful cultivator of natural science—the author of a great national work, eloquent as that of Buffon, and incomparably more true in its facts and observations? Nay, what would they have said if, rising to the extreme of extravagance, he had ventured to relate that the pedlar, having left the magnificent work unfinished at his death, an accomplished prince—the nephew of by far the most puissant monarch of modern times—took it up, and com-

pleted it in a volume, bearing honourable reference and testimony, in almost every page, to the ability and singular faithfulness of his humbler predecessor, the 'Wanderer.' And yet this strange story, so full of 'revolting incongruity and utter disregard of probability or nature,' would be exactly that of the Paisley pedlar, Alexander Wilson, the author of the 'American Ornithology'—a work completed by a fervent admirer of the pedlar's genius, Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte.—*Bass Rock*.

DANCING AS AN EXERCISE.

A few words may be offered in this place in favour of dancing as an exercise, and as a school-room recreation. Exercising so many muscles otherwise little used—exercising them fully and duly, and without violence—exercising them to the cheering influence of music—exercising them in forms of grace and beauty—dancing may be made an important and valuable part of the physical education, and as such should be spoken of, and promoted by, the powerful voice of the medical public. The balanced action of the opposing muscles, the active use of the different articulations, the extensive and varied action of the spinal muscles, effected by dancing, and the degree to which the mental excitement produced by it enables the exercise to be made use of without undue fatigue, are strong reasons for so decided and favourable an opinion; and this, without obtrusive interference with opinions as to the propriety, or otherwise, of carrying the practice of dancing to an excess in the after-life, and making it the plea for late hours, &c. Let people think as they will of public balls, or even of private balls; with the conscientious opinions of others it is not my wish, nor intention, to interfere; but to dancing in the school-room, or among the members of the family circle, few will object; and it is not too much to say that if dancing could be made a daily, not nightly, exercise among the people of all classes, the healthiness and the expectation of life, as well as its happiness, would be increased.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen*.

RAILWAYS.

The following table relative to the capital invested in railways is peculiarly interesting at the present period:—

	Capital and Loans Authorised.
1. Railways sanctioned during twenty years, from 1826 to 1845 inclusive, comprehending stock and loans authorised according to Mr Ker Porter's table. (See 'Progress of the Nation,' last edition, p. 332),	L.153,455,837
2. Railways begun or projected under acts passed in 1846 (272 acts), per parliamentary return of stock and loans authorised,	132,617,360
3. Ditto ditto under acts passed in 1847 (18 acts), stock and loans, enumerated in 'Companion to the Almanac' for 1848, p. 42, et seq., just published,	35,053,324
	L.321,126,529

These enormous sums exceed by *threefold* the amount of foreign loans and joint-stock bubbles which in 1826 brought the commercial and landed interest of this empire to the brink of ruin; and the railway projects for the last two years exceed our national expenditure in the years of Leipsic and Waterloo.

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THE NEW LAIRD OF BALDRIDDLE.

A FEW years ago, a lounge in the Outer-House—as our Scotch Westminster Hall is termed—might have heard, booming above the general din, the sonorous cry of 'Miss Peney Glendinning *versus* the Laird of Baldriddle,' at which certain gentlemen in gowns and wigs might have been seen hurrying away to attend 'a hearing' in an adjoining court-room. It is certainly, as Peter Peebles observed, a very grand thing to have a law-plea, but occasionally it is more grand than profitable; and in these degenerate days, when a shilling is looked at on both sides before it is parted with, people may be heard pensively and candidly confessing 'that they would put up with a good deal before they went to law'—the whole thing of course being looked upon very properly as a game of chance, all statutory enactments to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our old friend Miss Peney Glendinning was pretty much of this mind when, by a conjuncture of circumstances, she hauled her landlord before the Court of Session—a step, be it known, she did not adopt till she had been hauled up by the said landlord in the first instance; so that it was a kind of litigation vindicatory in which she found herself engaged—an account per contra opened in favour of herself, and chargeable with interest to the Laird of Baldriddle. How Peney sped in this affair is now our business to relate.

Peney Glendinning, it will be remembered by the reader of these pages, was a rustic heroine; a farmer on her own account, who, by extraordinary energy of character, and unceasing industry, reclaimed a wretched piece of land in one of the northern counties of Scotland, and made it bloom like a garden—vastly to her own advantage. Peney's history we had thought was concluded when we dropped it,* but a new incident was added in the form of her law-plea, and without a proper notice of this, her biography would necessarily be incomplete. But how, in the name of wonder, did Peney provoke this stirring incident; for she was a miracle of sound sense, and desired to live at peace with all, her landlord included? Thereby hangs a tale.

It is very true that Peney lived at peace with her landlord, paid her rent regularly, and fulfilled all her other territorial obligations: but this was her first landlord—old Cacanny of Baldriddle, a worthy, decent man, who would not have harmed a fly, whose word was his bond, and who in all things did as he would be done by. It was sad news to Peney and the other tenants when old Cacanny found it necessary to dispose of the Baldriddle estate, and retire to a distant part of the country. It was acknowledged to be the

greatest loss the district had sustained for many a day. What the precise calamity was which brought the Cacanny family, in which the property had been for a hundred years, to this lamentable crisis, is of little consequence. Landlords are exposed to a number of vicissitudes. They are liable to build and improve themselves out of house and home. From spending over-much, and taking matters too easily, they occasionally have to sell all, or at least go under trust. Making a provision for daughters is another serious affair, which sometimes ends badly; though it is not generally half so bad as buying commissions for sons in the army, and paying their debts to keep them out of prison. What heart-rending tales could be told of sons—brilliant, dashing dogs!—ruining fathers, and getting them turned out of their ancestral domains!

In, whichsoever way the thing happened, old Cacanny was obliged to part with Baldriddle, and a terrible parting it was. For a week previous to departure, he sat in an old arm-chair—the domestic throne of three generations—sunk in a stupor of grief; and not till in some measure soothed and exhilarated by the pious counsels of the clergyman of the parish, could he be persuaded to put his foot in the postchaise which was to drive him for ever from the halls of Baldriddle.

It was known that Baldriddle was sold; but nobody knew anything of the new laird, and his coming to the country was looked forward to with a reasonable degree of interest. The gentry wondered whether he would reside amongst them, and give dinners; the farmers wondered if he would turn out an exhibitor at agricultural shows; and the shopkeepers of the neighbouring town wondered whether he would encourage local trade, or import his groceries from the metropolis. One thing seemed of doubtful portent: his name, M'Cosh, sounded harshly, and indicated a plebeian origin. Besides, he had realised a fortune by commerce—a mode of getting rich which is not highly appreciated in rural districts. Yet M'Cosh was not a bad sort of man; he considered himself to be very sagacious, and had bought Baldriddle for two special reasons: first, because it was a good investment. Everybody declared it went far beyond its price when it was knocked down at Fraser's sale-rooms for £74,000. But Mr M'Cosh knew perfectly well what he was about. The property was improvable in the way of rent. This, however, was not the sole consideration. On the estate there were fourteen tenants, with *bonâ fide* votes, every one of which, as a matter of course, could be counted on. There could, besides, be fixed on the estate forty-five fictitious, yet valid claims—making altogether fifty-nine votes at the beck of the Laird of Baldriddle in the event of a county election. With such a weight of influence—the just and sacred influence of property—if Andrew M'Cosh could not screw places out of government for

* See Journal, No. 565, old series.

all his kith and kin, he would allow himself to be called ass.

So much as regards one reason for purchasing Baldriddle at so high a figure. Another, somewhat less substantial, yet by no means illusory, was the sound of the name. In Scotland, a man is usually called by the name of his estate; and a purchaser therefore does not like to saddle himself with a horrible appellation for the remainder of his existence. 'How do you do, Drunkie?'—Could anybody stand that? 'Skreigh, I'll trouble you to hand me a leg of that fowl!'—Worse and worse! 'I beg leave to propose the health of Glenyeukie!'—The thing is too ridiculous! M'Cosh, like a wise man, thought over all this. He had been diligently watching the advertisements of estates for several years, with the view of snapping up the first that came into the market of a proper size, and which had a finely-sounding title.

'Baldriddle—Baldriddle! that will do,' said M'Cosh to himself on looking over the North British Advertiser one day in the Glasgow Exchange. 'Andrew M'Cosh of Baldriddle, Esq. Yes, that will do. The name is ancient. Bal is Celtic for town. I see how it is; the town or seat on the Driddle—a fine trouting river I daresay. And so many recommendations besides:—"Vast extent of dry hill pasture—shooting over ten thousand acres—grouse, blackcock, and deer—highly-improvable rent-roll—can command nearly sixty votes for the county—fine old mansion-house—genteel neighbourhood—mail-coach passes the lodge daily," &c. Admirable! Baldriddle is mine: I would not lose it for the world.' And true enough M'Cosh purchased Baldriddle, as we have intimated, for L.74,000, cash down. On the evening following the acquisition, what a carouse at Carrick's to congratulate the new Laird of Baldriddle!

But we must hurry through our preliminaries. The delight of Mrs M'Cosh and the three Misses M'Cosh on quitting the amenities of the Cowcaddens, and their still greater delight in telling everybody they were going to their country seat, need not be particularised. It is enough to say that the family reached, and were installed in, their new mansion without losing their senses; that the neighbourhood—the scenery of the Driddle—was pronounced charming; and that the view from the drawing-room window was declared to be very much superior in every way to any prospect on the 'Saughieha' road.

When all things were settled, and the new laird had got his business-room in order, he began to look about him. The time was come for seeing how the rent-roll could be improved. 'No doubt things had been left in a confused and backward state by that stupid, well-meaning idiot, old Cacanny. But I shall set them to rights.'

Inspired with these high hopes, Baldriddle made a round of calls on his tenantry, and at length alighted at the door of our heroine.

'Happy to see you, Mrs Glendinning. I have taken the liberty of calling to ask for you, and make a few inquiries about your farm.'

'I am much obliged to you for calling, sir, and beg to wish you happiness in the property. Please to step in and take some refreshment after your ride.'

'Thank you,' replied Baldriddle, entering the dwelling; 'I would rather be excused eating anything at present. My chief object in calling was to ask how long you have been in the occupation of your farm.'

'I have a lease for nineteen years, and I am now in the eighth year.'

'You mean seven years have run?'

'Yes.'

'And what is your yearly rent?'

'Two pounds an acre.'

Baldriddle knew this fact previously, but he affected surprise.

'Two pounds an acre only; and such crops! I have seen nothing like them north of the Carse of Gowrie.'

'I would be bauld to complain: the crops are no that bad; but I should tell you that when I entered into possession, the farm was little better than a wilderness, not worth five shillings an acre. I have drained it, manured it, sheltered it, and made it what it is.'

'That may be all true; and yet I think you have too good a bargain of the farm. Would you show me your lease?'

Peney candidly acknowledged that she had no formal lease. Baldriddle then requested to see her minute of lease, or missive; but neither had she anything of that kind. All she possessed was a scrap of paper on which old Cacanny had noted the proposed rent until the lease could be extended.

'Mrs Glendinning, I am very sorry, but this will not do. You have positively no lease; you are a tenant at will.'

In vain Peney remonstrated against this cruel supposition. She said she could easily get a certificate from the late landlord avowing the nature of the lease.

'That would serve nothing,' said Baldriddle; 'the former proprietor is what the lawyers call *functus*: he is no longer clothed with any authority in the matter.'

'Weel, weel,' replied Peney; 'functus here, functus there, a' I ken about it is, that I will maintain my rights if there be justice in Britain.'

The new laird withdrew. War had been as good as declared between the parties.

'A pretty thing truly,' said Baldriddle to himself as he rode home; 'a pretty thing that this jade should do me out of a pound an acre per annum. The land is worth three pounds if it's worth a farthing. And now that I think o'it, she is not a voter. This comes of having female tenants. I must get rid of her, and so not only raise the rent, but make up the voters on the estate to the neat sixty.'

Animated with these brilliant ideas, Baldriddle sent a letter to Peney next morning to intimate that she would require to vacate at Martinmas.

The blood went and came repeatedly in Peney's face as she read and reflected upon this document; and though she sat down to breakfast as usual, she certainly did not breakfast that day. She could only read and re-read that letter. With her usual good sense and decision, she resolved, as a first measure, to see some professional man; and of all men, she thought the likeliest to serve her would be an old friend, Sandy M'Turk. Dressing herself, therefore, as for an ordinary journey—that is to say, in silence, and with all the composure she could assume—she had her curriole brought to the door, and set out to visit this rural attorney. She fortunately found him at home, scrawling away at a great rate, a sheriff's officer being closeted with him, and two concurrents at the door. Having dismissed them, and for some time exercised the remainder of a poker in clearing the ribs of a diminutive grate, as if to get time to clear up his own thoughts at the same time, he said, 'Now, ma'am, what may be your commands?'

Peney told her story, apologising with great humility for her excessive stupidity in not having obtained a lease from her late landlord, whose situation he now knew.

'Stupidity, ma'am!' said Sandy, who was a dry humorist, and possessed considerable versatility of talent; 'don't abuse stupidity: there is nothing so useful as a certain degree of stupidity. The stupidity of one half of the world makes the other half live. It is only when stupidity is so excessive as to render the possessor useless, that it becomes offensive; for

then it can do nothing for itself or anybody else. But a decent degree of stupidity is an absolute necessity of society. Without a certain amount of it in the world, I don't know how many might shut their shops. The end of stupidity would be the end of society, as at present constituted; therefore speak respectfully of stupidity. But stupidity is not your failing; it is too much trust, and that came into the world with original sin. Women *will trust* to the end of the chapter! But you'll have a *missive* of lease?'

'No.'

'Nor an offer followed by possession?'

'No.'

'What have you then?'

'Nothing!'

'Nothing like doing a thing out and out when you are at it! Have you a receipt for your rent?'

'Yes.'

'It's a mercy! Let's ha'e a look o't.'

Peney gave the paper, and while he was perusing it, watched every look, as if he had been a physician reading her case, and making up his opinion for life or death; soundly rating herself at the same time internally that she had been so foolish as to place herself in such a predicament.

'This says nothing good,' said Sandy; 'but fortunately it says nothing ill. But how you contrived to settle such a transaction without *some* scrap of writing or other'—

'There was a trifling note,' said Peney; 'but it says nothing; merely states the rent I was to pay.'

'And is that enough, you taupie?' and he eagerly seized the note.

He looked at the note on both sides, and endwise also, lest there might be in any corner a latent word; and placing his foot against the chimney-jamb, looked to the ceiling for some time.

'This is in the handwriting of the landlord of course, or of his clerk, or factor?'

'It is in the handwriting of the landlord.'

'And there was no other writing?'

'Nothing else whatever; except, I think, his copying that into his book when he again returned it to me; and giving his hand, wished me prosperity, and we parted.'

'Oh,' said the legal adviser, 'in *that* case, and under all *these* circumstances, if they could be proved, you have as good a lease as need be, at least I think so: only, to do you justice, it is through no merit of yours: all pure accident: but no matter. And now, do you wish to punish the scamp? Because, if you do, I'm your man.'

'He certainly has not been very kind to me,' said Peney.

'You don't know half the kindness he intends you,' said Sandy. 'If you wish to see it, I will show it you; and if you don't then punish him, the world will owe you a grudge, particularly as it will be necessary to do so merely to do yourself justice. Therefore I'll tell you what you are to do—that is, if you are to be guided by me.'

Peney declared she would be guided wholly and solely by him, and by him only.

'You had better,' said Sandy, 'or I sincerely believe that in a very few months you'll be a beggar, as surely as the king's a gentleman.'

Peney repeated her vows of obedience, only begging he would say what she was to do.

'Then here are my directions: Go home as if nothing had happened; say nothing of your having been here; take no notice of your landlord's letter, nor of anything he may do, but keep me advised; and don't do that openly, but slip a letter into the post-office with your own hand, and not sealed with your thimble, if you please, for anybody has a thimble; and though I am a lawyer, I have a *character*.'

Peney bowed assent.

'Above all, no gossiping on the subject with your

neighbours, either male or female; nor even with your sweetheart, if you have one; for they would *burst* if they could not tell how you mean to tickle the laird. Ah how nicely I shall wind him a pin!'

Peney again bowed in token of obedience.

'Now I'll tell you what you are to expect,' said the oracle. 'You'll see your farm let over your head, if any one be bad enough to take it; absolutely, if you do not frighten your landlord, that will be pickle the first; but if you do anything to alarm him, he will take care to preserve a loophole, and so you will miss fire. In due time he'll eject you!'

'Eject me!' said Peney. 'What is that?'

'Turn you out of house and home to be sure, without mercy and without remorse; at least I'll try that he shall!'

Peney looked bewildered.

'Because,' added Sandy, slapping the table, 'that's the cream of the jest!'

Peney still looked ignorant.

'That's to be the foundation of our action of damages!'

But Peney didn't want any damages; only the possession of her farm, or at least payment for the improvement of the land and fences, and for her drain-tiles, as had been promised: all her toil and anxiety she expected to see go for nothing.

'You shall lose *nothing*,' said Sandy firmly; 'that is, if you can keep your own counsel, and be guided by me: and by the bye, you are to remember this as a first thing: they'll be coming about you with papers—*sign nothing*, and *say nothing*. They may ask you to acknowledge that you have received a summons, and turn it into an agreement to remove, without legal proceedings; in which case you are done for, if you were the only woman on earth.' Peney promised she would neither write nor speak in reference to this matter.

'You had better not,' said the lawyer, 'or don't come near me: your life would not be safe. But in the hope that you are not to be an idiot, but a good and obedient client, I'll give you a glass of wine, and give it you with my own hand, in case the servants even of this house might blab, and spoil as good-a-looking case as a gentleman need wish to have.' With this he did as he proposed, and having joined in drinking confusion to all bad landlords, Peney returned home much comforted.

Everything happened as Sandy had predicted, which, though but in the usual course, raised him almost into a prophet in his client's eyes. The lands were let to a Mr Snoove, who had become rich by a legacy, and, having purchased Mount-Hooly for his heir, wanted this comfortable farm for a younger son. They came and looked over everything, and even arranged their plans of improvement in Peney's sight and hearing. She considered it prudent to show *some* feeling upon the occasion, and observed that they were about to receive the benefit of all her labours for years, while she might be turned upon the world penniless. Mr Snoove knew nothing about that, but observed what a pity it was that she had not had a lease. 'With honest men and gentlemen,' Peney was beginning, and meant to conclude by saying the justice of her case would have been sufficient, when Mr Snoove asked his son if he thought the house would suit, or if it must be wholly pulled down. This was a sore trial to Peney's spleen. She could have said something very edifying upon the ups and downs of life, upon the circumstances that had made him for the present great, and her for the present small, and particularly as to the excellence of the precept, 'not to gut fish till one gets them;' but she restrained herself, and merely said that she would permit no alterations while she remained there; and they parted with no very kindly feelings.

At last the day for removal or ejection came; and though Peney had been comforted the very night before by an assurance that her agent would be with her in due time, she arose and dressed herself that morning with something of the feelings of one dressing for exe-

cution, and mainly comforting herself indeed with the reflection that it was not so.

Just as the hour was up, a person made his appearance, but seemingly so stricken in drink, that Peney plainly told him she could not then hear anything he might have to say, as she was very anxiously expecting some gentlemen upon business.

'No,' said the other, 'not gentlemen, only a gen'lman; and I am from that individual;' and taking out a great vulgar mull, he finished with an enormous pinch of snuff. The man's clothes were coarse, and all puckered, as if by sitting on them while wet; they were ill made, and seemed too small. He wore a brown wig, which was awry. His nose was red and fiery, as if it had lived for years on snuff and whisky; and his thumb-nail was never tired of tapping, with drunken gravity, against the lid of his mull, from which he perseveringly regaled himself. He was more like a drover's servant than any one acquainted with business, and Peney was quite appalled.

At that moment the messengers made their appearance coming to dispossess her. She was almost heart-broken while she asked if Mr M'Turk would not be there himself.

'Nobody but me, ma'am,' said the inveterate snuffer; 'but you'll see how I'll—I'll tickle the villains. Remain you to receive the gen'lmen; and do it with all civility: no deforcing—deforcing is dangerous. But before they have quite completed their business, call me!' and he staggered off, as if to lie down to sleep. Peney almost inclined to go also, and he saw it, when, patting her on the shoulder, and almost missing the shoulder occasionally in the operation, he said as she was so overcome, he would stand by her—he would stay and receive the gen'lmen *himself*; and he did so accordingly.

They came, and after some civil words, to which Peney made no answer, they read the warrant for ejectment, which our drunken friend pronounced all right, quite right, nothing could be more so; but he added that he had a little bit of a paper about him somewhere; and with that he contrived to draw from his pocket a letter, which he opened with some difficulty, it being very much crumpled, and handing it to the officer, asked him to 'read that: quite a simple thing, only it does the business; and I suppose when you have duly considered it, you'll pack up your traps and toddle?'

The officer said it seemed to be a copy of a *sist*; but it was in noway authenticated, nor notoriously intimidated, and so they must proceed.

'Seems a sist!' said the apparent drunkard; 'and not intimidated! Have you no eyes: can you not hear? Have you no ears: can you not read? But, however, you, Joseph Jaap, and Charles Scowther, Esquires! listen to what I shall read:—"To see and answer within fourteen days, and in the meantime sists procedure"—signed "Caleb Maunder," whom everybody knows to be a senator of the College of Justice, under the style and title of Lord Balcrabbit, and an excellent judge he is; and attested, as a true copy, by Cosmo Balderstone, S.S.C. As to the person that intimates the sist, that is of no consequence; that is the document, and any one contravening it proceeds at his peril—in *my* opinion.'

The officers proceeded, however, to the seeming astonishment of our drunken friend, who informed his hearers, that as the document he had had the honour to intimate proceeded *ex deliberatione concilii et sessis** they, in his person, defied the whole Court of Session, and through that the king and all his forces! Still they proceeded, and took a pot from the kitchen fire and placed it on the green, as a symbol of the furniture being ejected.

'I take instruments in your hands, Joseph Jaap,' quoth the tipsy man, 'that here has been a violent

intromitting with one of his majesty's kail-pots! or at least with the kail-pot of a lady under his majesty's protection.'

They next removed the fire from the hearth, led poor Peney from her domicile, her servants accompanying her; our drunken friend all the time exhibiting an immensity of Bardolphian astonishment, and snuffing violently; and finally the officer locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'Well, that's complete anyway,' said the drunken envoy; 'very. Will you favour me with the name of the gen'lman who has done all these fine things, and a schedule of your execution as soon as may be?'

'Presently,' said the officer, and immediately drew it out.

'Insert—I say, insert—that a sist was intimidated; will you?'

But the officer declined, as it had not been *regularly* intimidated.

'Then I must preserve the fact in my own way. What is your exact profession if you please, for I am not sure what these hieroglyphics may mean?'

'I am a messenger-at-arms,' said the officer, drawing himself up with dignity, 'as my signature clearly shows.'

'And I,' said our friend, 'am Alexander M'Turk, solicitor at law, as that signature more clearly shows,' and with that he handed him a copy schedule of protest.

'Mr M'Turk,' said Peney, seizing him with both her hands, 'how could you torment one so?'

'All for your good, as the Spaniard said when he went to hang the prince.'

'Mr M'Turk,' said the officer, stammering, and looking very pale, 'you'll remember that, in intimating that sist, you did not announce yourself as an official person.'

'Neither do I now,' said the audacious Sandy, quite recovered from his pretended drunkenness. 'I wish to try the point whether the orders of the Court of Session may not be intimidated by a colley dog!'

'And so you mean to oppose this removal?'

'Yes—everything. I'll floor this fellow, and I'll floor you! I'll have your very concurrents up for meddling with this lady's kail-pot, for they at least held no warrant for their impudence. A sheriff's officer has no right to act in such a matter by another hand.'

'I am willing to restore possession upon caution,' said the officer.

'But we wont accept it,' said the lawyer, 'even without caution. You will be glad to give it upon any terms; and in the meantime, you are answerable for this property, and for all damages and expenses; and Miss Glendinning and her family must go and live at an inn.' So saying, he made his bow, and walked off arm in arm with his client, the servants bringing up the rear, and those left behind looking very disconsolate upon their ejected kail-pot.

We may pause to mention that a sist is an order issuing from a judge of the Supreme Court to stay proceedings in a cause upon allegation of error, until there is time to inquire into the truth and effect of the allegations; and though it often vexes an eager or vindictive litigant to be stopped in mid-volley, and within sight of his prey, it as often serves the ends of justice, and even betters the position of the pursuer; for if the grounds of sist appear at all doubtful, security to abide all consequences must be found, and still the suspension may be quashed at the end of the fourteen days.

In consequence of having proceeded to eject in the face of this important injunction, Baldriddle was placed in a most unpleasant dilemma; for his agent had committed an illegal act, and exposed him to an action of damages. A somewhat complicated law-plea now ensued, in which the whole question as to the validity of the lease was debated. With the per contra plea for wrongous ejectment, it was considered one of the prettiest cases that had for some years been before the courts. Sandy M'Turk's prognostications proved to be

* The abbreviations of *ex deliberatione dominorum concilii et sessis*, but spoken by ignorant persons as written.

well-founded. It was finally decided that the slip declaring the rent of the farm, in the handwriting of the landlord (and it would have been the same if by any one authorised by him), followed as it had been by possession, and the payment and receipt of rent, was evidence sufficient of 'an agreement for a lease'—the usual and therefore legal period of lease being nineteen years.

Peney therefore triumphed in the question as to the lease, and not being vindictive, she accepted a compromise for the indignity of ejection, all her expenses of course being paid. The result added much to the fame of Peney's solicitor, and in like proportion damaged the character of her landlord. Baldriddle was thenceforth a marked man; other landlords were shy of his acquaintance; and to increase his humiliation, his wife and daughters, notwithstanding many efforts, were unable to cultivate a visiting acquaintance with the ladies of the county. All heartily wished themselves back to the Cowcaddens; and Andrew was heard to confess that he had never anywhere been so happy as when 'makin' siller in his small office in Miller Street.'

The object of Baldriddle's oppressive measures was, on the contrary, quite at her ease. She might have continued in the possession of her greatly-improved farm till the end of her period; but from what had passed, she was anxious to cede possession; and fortunately, her proposed successor remained anxious to obtain it. Peney therefore retired on an agreement to receive the surplus rent for the remainder of the lease.

This true story is not without its moral. It has shown that the law of landlord and tenant in Scotland is mixed up with justice, and 'leans to virtue's side.' It constantly sides with honesty of intention against attempted roguery; and aims at substantial justice in disregard of pure law; and though the safety of this may be questioned by sticklers, it is only by at the same time questioning human integrity. It is the only species of law by which society can be made happy or prosperous; and Scotland is an example of its efficacy, as countries not far remote are of the miseries flowing from a different system. In these countries triumph would have crowned the miserable doings of the NEW LAIRD, OF BALDRIDDLE.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written on the subject of Australia, public attention is still called to the subject from time to time by the reports of new enterprises or new discoveries in that remarkable country. A further contribution to our stock of information on the subject has just been made by Sir T. L. Mitchell, surveyor-general of the southern colony, in a work which presents several claims to notice.* This gentleman is already favourably known as an active explorer. The object of the late expedition was to discover, if possible, a direct overland route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria; a route the more necessary, in consequence of the increasing trade with India, for which the only channel at present is the dangerous passage of Torres' Straits. A glance at the map of Australia will show the extent of this journey—from twelve to fifteen hundred miles—the greater portion over a country never previously visited by civilised man. Such an expedition, combining the promise of a beneficial commercial result with the excitement of adventure, commands itself especially to the feelings of Englishmen; and it is not surprising that the convicts on good be-

haviour, twenty-three of whom were selected for the working division, should have volunteered to join the expedition. The expenses of the journey were provided for by a grant of £2000 from the colonial legislature; provisions were laid in for a year, with drays and bullocks for transport, and 250 sheep, besides carts and horses. The party left Sydney in November 1845.

Approaching the confines of the settled districts, Sir T. Mitchell draws a very unfavourable picture of the squatters, the outliers of civilisation, but possessing apparently none of its virtues. To their brutal recklessness much of the hostility of the natives is to be attributed. As soon as the white man makes his appearance with his herds of cattle, the beauty of the grassy plains and valleys disappears, and the clear ponds, which have long supplied the tribes with water, are trampled into mud-holes. It is easy to conceive the effect of such an intrusion on the mind of the aborigines.

The condition of some of these pioneers of colonisation does not appear to be promising. Sir T. Mitchell gives us a specimen:—'Calling,' he writes, 'at a shepherd's hut to ask the way, an Irishwoman appeared, with a child at her breast, and another by her side: she was hut-keeper. She had been there two years, and only complained that they had never been able to get any potatoes to plant. She and her husband were about to leave the place next day, and they seemed uncertain as to where they should go. Two miles further on, a shoemaker came to the door of a hut, and accompanied me to set me on the right road. I inquired how he found work in these wild parts. He said he could get plenty of work, but very little money; that it was chiefly contract work he lived by: he supplied sheep-owners with shoes for their men, at so much per pair. His conversation was about the difficulty a poor man had in providing for his family. He had once possessed about forty cows, which he had been obliged to intrust to the care of another man at 5s. per head. This man neglected them: they were impounded, and sold as unlicensed cattle under the new regulations.

"So you saw no more of them?"

"Oh yes, your honour, I saw some of them *after they had been sold at the pound!* I wanted to have had something provided for a small family of children; and if I had only had a few acres of ground, I could have kept my cows."

'This was merely a passing remark, made with a laugh, as we walked along. But the fate of a poor man's family was a serious subject. Such was the hopeless condition of a useful mechanic, ready for work even in the desolate forests skirting the haunts of the savage. So fares it with the *disjecta membra* of towns and villages, when such arrangements are left to the people themselves in a new colony.'

The great difficulty in penetrating into the interior of Australia is want of water, aggravated by intense heat. We read of 'hot winds that blew like a furnace,' with a temperature of 129 degrees, and inside the tent 117 degrees. At times, the party, after toiling in the fierce heat all day, were compelled to pass the night without water; the distress and anxiety on such occasions are indescribable. Cattle died, and men were nearly going mad for want of water; in addition to which, several of the number, including the leader, were attacked by ophthalmia. It was after crossing the Bogan, and while traversing the arid district between that river and the Macquarrie, that the worst of these disastrous effects were experienced. Near the dry bed

* Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia, in Search of a Route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria. By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir T. L. Mitchell, &c. London: Longmans. 1846.

of the latter stream, a halt of some days was made, to enable the party to recruit and repair the vehicles. Here they heard from some passing horsemen of a flood coming down from the eastward, caused by rain having fallen in the Turon mountains; and towards the close of the day, two of the men, who had been walking several miles up the dry channel, came in and reported their surprise and narrow escape from the descending stream. Night came on, and still it had not made its appearance; but a few hours later, a distant crashing roar drew many of the party from their repose in the camp to the bank. Not one among them had ever witnessed such a sight before. 'At length,' pursues the narrative, 'it rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonbeams, a moving cataract, tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks. It was preceded by a point of meandering water, picking its way, like a thing of life, through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed, of what thus again became a flowing river. By my party, situated as we were at that time, beating about the country, and impeding in our journey solely by the almost total absence of water—suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat—I am convinced the scene can never be forgotten. Here came at once abundance, the product of storms in the far-off mountains that overlooked our homes. My first impulse was to have welcomed this flood on my knees, for the scene was sublime in itself, while the subject—an abundance of water sent to us in a desert—greatly heightened the effect to our eyes. Suffice it to say, I had witnessed nothing of such interest in all my Australian travels.' A fortnight afterwards, the travellers reached the final outlet of the Macquarrie, which stream, in common with other Australian rivers, and contrary to what takes place in other parts of the world, diminishes in volume the farther it extends from its source. In this place the Macquarrie had dwindled down to a muddy ditch, which any one might step across. 'The flood had gone to fill thousands of lagoons, without which supply, those vast regions had been unfit for animal existence. Here,' adds Sir T. Mitchell, 'we discover another instance of that wonderful wisdom which becomes more and more apparent to man, when he either looks as far as he can into space, or attentively examines the arrangement of any matter more accessible to him. The very slight inclination of the surface of these extensive plains seems finely adapted to the extremely dry and warm climate over this part of the earth. The slope is so gentle, that the waters spread into a network of reservoirs, that serve to irrigate vast plains, and fill lagoons with those floods that, when confined in any one continuous channel, would at once run off into the ocean.' As the party advance, the fertility of the soil appears in the luxuriant vegetation. A species of grass, *Panicum lavinode*, is described as reaching up to the saddle-girths during many miles of the route. The seeds of this plant, when pounded, are made into a sort of bread, and eaten by the natives; in some places the grass was found pulled up over a large extent of ground, and laid in heaps to dry. In connection with this part of the subject, we may mention that wherever a sheep or cattle station is established, the hoarhound plant is sure to spring up in great abundance; and no sooner does the white man take up his quarters in any part of the country, than the couch, or dog's-tooth grass, although previously unknown, immediately makes its appearance. These phenomena, which are difficult of explanation, have a parallel in the animal kingdom in the appearance of the turnip-fly, in whatever part of the world English turnip seed may be sown.

A division took place on arrival at the Balonne river. Sir T. Mitchell pushed forward with a detachment, leaving the heavy baggage to follow, under charge of the second in command. They were now approaching what is comparatively rare in Australia—a hilly district, on the northern slopes of which they hoped to find a water-shed and river flowing towards the gulf. Height

after height was ascended by the indefatigable leader with his theodolite, so as to be able to lay down a correct map of the route by trigonometrical survey. These eminences commanded a broad expanse of country; 'but the most interesting sight to me,' he observes, 'was that of "blue pics" at a great distance to the north-west—the object of all my dreams of discovery for years. No white man had ever before seen these. There we might hope to find the *divisio aquarum* still undiscovered, the pass to Carpentaria still unexplored.'

In June 1846, an encampment was made on the banks of the Maranoa, where the majority of the party were to remain, while Sir T. Mitchell and a few men advanced rapidly towards the point on which all their hopes were fixed. This part of the journey, which occupied several months, embraced a region of great natural beauty and amazing fertility. Among the hills all apprehensions were removed as to finding water; the blue pics were successively passed, and named after the first living *savans* of England; and the party were rewarded by the sight of scenery whose sublime features will one day inspire the painters of the southern hemisphere. In fact, the author's expression of his feelings, the unbounded sense of freedom and delight awakened by the limitless landscape, can hardly be appreciated by those who dwell in a land laid out by acts of parliament. Something new met the explorers at almost every step—new birds, new plants. Bees were found scarcely larger in size than gnats or mosquitoes, whose deposits of honey in hollow trees often furnished the travellers with an agreeable regale. The honey is described as transparent and slightly acid; but the wax in which it is enclosed, 'in appearance and taste much resembled fine gingerbread.' There were trees, too, 'of a very droll form. . . . The trunk bulged out in the middle like a barrel to nearly twice the diameter at the ground, or of that at the first springing of the branches above.' A huge pear growing out of the ground, with the small end downwards, and a head of graceful branches spreading from the top, would convey a fair idea of one of these singular objects. Sir T. Mitchell saw one which was thirty feet girth in the swell, and not more than sixteen at the base; he named the tree *Delabechea*, in honour of an eminent geologist. 'Of its quality,' he writes, 'much remains to be said when it becomes better known; the wood being so light, moist, and full of gum, that a man, having a knife or tomahawk, might live by the side of one without other food or water; as if nature, in pity for the most distressed of mortals, hiding in solitary places, had planted even there this tree of abundance. The wood must contain a great portion of mucilage, for on chewing it, it seems to contain as much nutritious matter as fibre.' As these trees throw out seed pods, we doubt not that ere long some of our enterprising collectors will have specimens growing in their nurseries.

Unfortunately, the main object of the expedition was not realised: on the 25th September the party, through want of provisions, were compelled to retrace their steps, just at the time that the prospect of success was most promising; for they had discovered a magnificent river, four hundred yards wide, which they named the Victoria, running to all appearance in a direct line for the head of the gulf. By the end of the year the band of explorers had returned to Sydney, when the remainder of the cattle and vehicles, &c. was sold for £500. With this sum a second expedition was equipped, and placed in charge of Mr Kennedy, Sir T. Mitchell's second. The fatal encumbrance of drays and oxen in this case will present no obstacle; the party consists of eight men mounted, and the baggage is conveyed in light carts. They started in January 1847, to resume the exploration at the point where it had been left off on the former journey, and follow down the Victoria, which in all probability will bring them to Carpentaria. Looking at the benefits, immediate and prospective,

likely to result from this new attempt to solve the problem of an overland route to meet a line of steamers from Singapore, it is impossible not to wish prosperity and complete success to the enterprise.

CHEMISTRY OF SUMMER.

THE seed, weighing only a few grains, which we threw into the earth in spring, has now become a plant of several ounces weight. Whence comes the additional bulk, and of what does it consist? The pale vernal flowers of a month or two ago have now given place to others of rich and glowing hue. What causes the change? Has the flushed petal some mystic sympathy with the ruddy cheek? And if so, on what principle do men and plants alike draw health and beauty from the influences of summer? Such questions cannot fail to suggest themselves at the present season; and they are answered in a very agreeable manner in a volume to which we wish to draw our readers' attention, treating of those natural phenomena of the year which admit of interpretation by chemical science.*

A vegetable, and the generality of vegetable products, such as lignin or woody fibre, sugar, and starch, are found, on analysis, to be composed, one-half of carbon, and one-half of the constituents of water—oxygen and hydrogen. An average-sized oak, therefore, weighing about sixty tons, contains thirty tons of carbon; and the half million tons of sugar consumed annually by the population of Europe, contain a quarter of a million tons of carbon. One's first idea is, that this enormous quantity of a solid element must be derived from the solid earth; but chemistry demonstrates that the earth loses no considerable weight through the growth of plants. The following experiment is conclusive:—'Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow-tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, and about three ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin or woody fibre, bark, roots, &c. were certainly produced—but from what source?'

Ay, from what source? The chemist who made this remarkable experiment concluded, almost as a matter of course, that the tree derived the increase in its contents from water, the only obvious source; and it was left to succeeding inquirers to ascertain that it is from the thin air we breathe that the solid element is obtained which enters into the structure of the vegetable kingdom. That this element exists in the atmosphere, the chemist knows, because he is able to decompose its carbonic acid, and produce the solid carbon; but he likewise knows that the same process is performed by the leaves of the trees, in so admirably perfect a manner, as to shame his highest skill.

The enormous supply of carbon existing in the air is constantly kept up by the respiration of man and animals, and various other processes. 'The volume or bulk of carbonic acid produced by a healthy adult individual in twenty-four hours, amounts to about 15,000

cubic inches, containing about 2600 grains of carbon, or about six ounces, or to between 37 and 38 pounds, from every hundred persons; so that assuming 37 pounds as the average, one million of human beings would thus exhale into the surrounding air a compound containing no less than 370,000 pounds, or upwards of 165 tons of carbon!' The carbonic acid so exhaled is in itself poisonous, but its bad effects are neutralised to a certain extent by its diffusion through the atmosphere (constituting not more than 1-2000th part of any given amount of atmospheric air), while it is continually decomposed by the plants, which absorb it into their systems as food, retaining the carbon, and emitting again the oxygen, so as to purify the atmosphere while sustaining themselves. This was demonstrated long ago by experiment. Insert a lighted wax taper in a bottle, and keep it there till the flame dies for want of nourishment; withdraw the extinguished taper, introducing instantly in its stead a sprig or two of growing mint, and putting the stopper in the bottle, place it in the sunshine. 'The combustion of the taper in the confined portion of the air has withdrawn the greater portion of its oxygen, and formed carbonic acid, and liberated nitrogen; the rays of the sun will excite the leaves of the mint to decompose the carbonic acid, to secrete its carbon, and to liberate oxygen, which, blending with the unaltered nitrogen, will restore the contents of the bottle to their original condition: this fact is proved by removing the stopper after a few days, and again introducing the lighted taper; it will then burn, as it did at the outset of the experiment.' Thus it appears to be the task of the vegetable kingdom to sustain the uniform balance of the constituents of the atmosphere. 'From these discoveries, we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleanses and purifies the atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air for our relief and their nourishment.'

We have said that the bottle must be placed in the sunshine; and without this, the mint could not receive the necessary stimulus for the performance of its functions. Shut up a plant in darkness for a few days, and although enjoying its usual share of heat, air, and water, it becomes languid and pale; restore it to the sunshine, and in a few hours it will regain health and verdancy. But the nature of the agency of solar light is not understood. 'Thus some leaves are acid in the morning, tasteless at noon, and bitter at night; some flowers are white or blue, according to the intensity of the light; many fruits are more acid in the morning than in the evening; some flowers expand their petals to meet the sunshine, others close them against its power.' The portion of a peach which is fully exposed to the light is of a crimson hue, while the rest is pale-green and yellow. The taste of the former is the more luscious, because light has there stimulated the elaboration of most sugar; and on this principle we can account for the extreme sweetness of the fruits of a southern climate.

Some plants, however, are rendered less fit for food by having too much light when growing. The stem of celery, for instance, must be covered with earth, in order to become blanched and aromatic; and lettuces must be tied, to insure a white and wholesome heart. The portion of the celery that remains above ground, and the exterior leaves of the lettuce, are green, bitter, and unwholesome.

A striking analogy, as regards the influence of light, may be traced between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A ruddy mountaineer, if immured in a dungeon, becomes pale and sickly even with a proper supply of food; while the usual pallor of the miner is partially

* Chemistry of the Four Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. By T. Griffiths, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of St Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. Churchill, London.

removed by occasional excursions into the light of day. Neither men nor plants flourish in murky situations or impure air: in the immediate neighbourhood of large cities, we find more commonly than otherwise pale faces and withered leaves. The analogy between animal and vegetable life goes still farther; for the poisons that destroy a man will destroy a plant. If we take white arsenic, corrosive sublimate, blue vitriol, prussic acid, or opium, and dissolve them in water, the solution applied to the roots of a plant will cause it to droop and die. Beans so treated with white arsenic faded in a few hours, then became yellow, and were dead in three days. A lilac was killed by the introduction of some of the solid poison into a cut made in one of its branches. Prussic acid was fatal to a succulent plant in a single day, and spirits of wine in a few hours. That these substances really act as poisons, by entering into the circulation of the plant, is demonstrable in the case of blue vitriol. Cut through the stem of the plant that has been killed by this sulphate of copper with a clean steel knife, and you will see bright metallic copper revived on the blade.

The circulation of vegetable blood, termed sap, is involved in obscurity; and the substance itself cannot be accurately analysed, as it seems impossible to obtain it in its normal state. Its evaporation from the leaves, after it has traversed the stem and branches, is enormous. A large sun-flower was discovered to have lost one pound four ounces, and a cabbage one pound three ounces, in twenty-four hours. The drooping of a plant in a hot day is caused by this evaporation from the leaves being greater in proportion than the suction of water by the roots. Supply the moisture for which it faints, and the patient will revive.

The radicles which drink from the earth that vivifying water which is to be elaborated into sap are so minute in their terminal fibres, as to be difficult of detection, even by a microscope. If injured in transplanting, their functions are proportionably impaired. It might be supposed that, on a very dry dusty day, these functions would be completely suspended; but in fact the earth is so bad a conductor of heat, that extreme aridity prevails only on the surface. On the hottest day, if you remove a few inches of the dry and sandy soil, you arrive at moisture. In like manner the atmosphere is never anhydrous, or entirely devoid of watery vapour; although occasionally it may be dry enough to have a distressing effect both upon animals and vegetables. The vapour, partially withdrawn from particular localities, is collected elsewhere in clouds, which, floating between the sun and the earth, prevent the direct transmission of solar heat. When these aggregates complete the genial work by falling in showers, it is curious to remark the burst of perfume that comes from the fainting plants.

That the earth is a bad conductor of heat, is shown by the comparative coolness of a draught of water drawn from a deep spring in summer, and the comparative warmth of water from the same source in winter. The temperature of the water, in point of fact, is nearly the same at both seasons; and at a depth of 100 feet, that of the earth is the average temperature of the climate, differing of course with the latitude. At Wadso, in Lapland, the average is 36°, at St Petersburg 40°, in England 52°, at Paris 54°, at Rome 61°, and at Cairo 70°. The reception of heat by the earth is the cause of a phenomenon which is often regarded with surprise. This is the tremulous motion of objects regarded across a tract of dark-coloured land on a hot summer day. 'The land becomes exceedingly hot by absorbing the solar rays, and imparts heat to the air incumbent on its surface; the air so heated becomes lighter, and ascends, whilst a colder and heavier portion descends, so that the solar light, in traversing a medium of such unequal density, does not pass through with steadiness, but is distorted, or broken, or refracted, and the rays coming to the eye of the observer with irregularity, the objects consequently appear distorted.'

The formation of clouds, and the fall of rain, have not been explained; but chemistry comes to the conclusion that rain does not consist of solid globules, but of myriads of hollow vesicles of water, like soap-bubbles. Were it otherwise, the clouds could not hover above our heads as they do; for a drop with a diameter of a thousandth part of an inch would acquire, from attraction of gravitation, a velocity of nine or ten feet per second. And the clouds, we know, do not merely hover, but are carried from the lake or sea which gives them birth into the inland country, or to the tops of mountains.

The air, however, always contains the vapour of water in suspension; and this invisible vapour, when its temperature falls, either by sudden local rarefaction, or by contact with cold surfaces of the earth and waters, becomes visible in the minute drops of water termed mist. The heat requisite to raise and sustain this vapour is not equally dense throughout the atmosphere, because the atmosphere becomes thinner as its distance from the earth increases. 'Suppose a cubic foot of air contain a certain amount of heat, equally diffused throughout its elementary and compound constituents, and capable of affecting the thermometer to a given degree; if this volume of air be compressed to one-tenth of a cubic foot, of course there will be ten times as much heat concentrated into that tenth as there was, and the thermometer would indicate a rise of temperature. On the other hand, suppose the cubic foot of air to be expanded to ten cubic feet, the heat would be so diffused throughout such volume, that the thermometer would indicate depression of temperature, or, in other words, the air would feel cold.' The cause of the air being denser, and therefore warmer, as it approaches the earth, is simply that it bears the superincumbent load of the rest of the atmosphere, and is pressed, as it were, into smaller compass.

This explains the diminution of heat as we ascend a lofty mountain; the air becoming rarer and rarer, or, in other words, more expanded, till not unfrequently the watery vapour it contains condenses in mist, or congeals as snow. 'Air, in rising from the level of the sea, becomes nearly 1 degree colder for the first two hundred feet of ascent, and altogether about 50 degrees colder in rising fifteen thousand feet; thus water would freeze at this elevation even near the equator, where the temperature of the low plains is at least 80 degrees. This is the reason why the summits of lofty mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and the height at which it occurs is called the "snow line," or "line of perpetual congelation."'

The conversion of water into vapour—that is to say, the process of evaporation—requires heat; and the substances by which this heat is imparted of course become cold. Thus in India they have sometimes curtains instead of windows; and these being sprinkled with water, a rapid evaporation reduces the temperature ten or even fifteen degrees. Even in England, in very hot weather, relief is sought and obtained by sprinkling water on the pavement before our houses. Porous earthenware vessels are used for wine-coolers on the same principle. Being dipped in water, they imbibe a considerable quantity by capillary attraction; and as this gradually evaporates on the vessel being removed into the air, the wine-bottle within contributes a portion of heat towards the process, and becomes cool itself in the same ratio. For the same reason, it is dangerous to remain in wet clothes, the evaporation lowering the animal heat of the body below its natural standard. Exercise, on the other hand, by inciting the evolution of animal heat, supplies the unusual demand, and diminishes the risk in proportion. When too much heat is produced by exercise, the evaporation from the body is condensed in sweat; and when this is checked by a cold draught of air, waterproof clothing, or other causes, the most serious consequences ensue. A fine cambric handkerchief applied to the brow gives great relief, because its fine fibres are at once a good conductor of heat, and

have a strong capillary attraction for moisture; whereas a cotton handkerchief, having neither of these advantages, produces rather a sensation of heat. 'Accurate experiments appear to justify the conclusion, that the annual evaporation of water averages thirty inches; meaning that the vapour, if reconverted into water, would cover the surface from which it ascended to a depth of thirty inches; then the surface of all the waters of the globe being assumed at one hundred and twenty-eight millions of geographical miles, nearly thirty thousand cubic miles of water would be annually changed into vapour.'

The winds, which are so important to our comfort in summer, are caused by the incessant disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere by heat. The phenomena of land and sea-breezes are thus explained by the chemist. 'The solar beams are incapable of elevating the temperature of the transparent water of the ocean, or the transparent volume of the atmosphere, but they heat the surface of the opaque earth with great facility; therefore an island exposed to the tropical sun has its soil greatly elevated in temperature, and communicating heat to the air, a strong ascending current is produced, whilst other portions of air from the cooler surface of the ocean immediately glide inland to restore the equilibrium, and this constitutes the sea-breeze. During the night, the surface of the island, no longer subject to the direct influence of the sun, becomes much cooler than the superincumbent air, and causes it to contract in volume, to become heavier, therefore it sinks down, and spreads on all sides, producing the land-breeze; this is frequently loaded with unhealthy exhalations from decomposing vegetation, whilst the sea-breeze is salubrious and fresh.'

Such are only a few of the inquiries prompted by the beautiful season on which we are entering; but they are sufficient to show that the laborious chemist is introduced by his ceaseless experiments into at least some acquaintance with the sublime laboratory of nature; and that he is led, by this examination, on a minor scale, of the properties of bodies, to reason upon the phenomena of the seasons, and to act in some degree as an expounder to mankind of the physical plan and government of the earth. There is no department of science better adapted than chemistry to plant in the mind a firm belief in the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

LINZ TO VIENNA.

ON opening the jalousies of our windows on the morning after our arrival at Linz, we observed that in the long and handsome street below all business was suspended; and although still early, long processions of little girls, dressed in white frocks, and with ribbons and wreaths of flowers in their hair, were seen pouring to the churches. Occasionally, also, a school of boys, in their best attire, was seen parading along the street, too happy in the prospect of a holiday, to be kept perfectly in order by the preceptor. Countrymen in red waistcoats were also coming pretty thickly into town; and in the crowds which passed might be noticed gaily-attired females, with head-dresses of cloth of gold, and rosaries of less or more value in their hands. It was evident they were going to make a day of it; and so we hurried over breakfast, and got down to the streets just as matters were waxing to a crisis.

The day was the 3d of June—this year, Corpus Christi, but better known on the continent as the *fête Dieu*. Fortunately, the weather was beautiful, and when that is the case, a holiday is acceptable on any pretence. I was delighted to see the people enjoying themselves, albeit the affair which called them together was somewhat unintelligible. Hurrying to

the great central Platz, we found it crammed, a part in the middle, however, being kept clear by soldiers; and we had scarcely procured a good point of sight, when a grand procession of clergy of all orders, nobility, gentry, and others, commenced, every one carrying an unlighted candle in his hand about six feet in length. At the head of the long line of dignitaries walked an aged priest with long white hair, and by this venerable personage mass was performed at several places in the open street—the altars for the occasion, gorgeously overhung with crimson velvet and gold, and embellished with the richest plate, being erected against the face of a house. Each mass occupied about a quarter of an hour, and at its conclusion, the whole troops fired a volley in the air, which was replied to by the firing of cannon from one of the forts in the neighbourhood. The last mass was performed at a high altar erected in the centre of the Platz; and when all was over, the procession was dissolved in an adjoining church. The devotion manifested by the vast crowds of persons of all ranks was apparently sincere; and one thing seemed to me praiseworthy beyond controversy, that when the religious duties of the day were finished, there was no disorderliness, no drunkenness, nor any of the other abominations which usually shock propriety in the streets of Scottish cities on holiday evenings. At Vienna, the *fête Dieu* is conducted with great magnificence, the emperor in his robes not disdaining to carry a candle; yet I was not sorry to have seen the spectacle on a smaller scale, for I was afterwards told that we could not possibly have obtained accommodation in the capital.

In the after-part of the day I walked through the town in all directions, and then ascended to the higher ground in the environs, whence a good view is to be obtained of the valley of the Danube and surrounding country. Linz is large and well built, and occupies a pleasant situation on the left bank of the Danube, which is here a stream of a very different size from what I had seen at Ulm. Augmented by the Iser, the Inn, the Salza, and other considerable rivers, it rolls past Linz a mighty flood, the volume of water being apparently equal in bulk to that of the Rhine. By going round by Salzburg, I had unfortunately lost some of the best bits of scenery on the Danube—the very best being near Passau; but there was consolation in thinking that we had enjoyed an equivalent, and that a day's steaming, which still awaited us, was better than nothing. Neither in Linz nor its neighbourhood is there a single thing to detain travellers, unless, indeed, they have a fancy for inspecting fortifications. At different salient points around the town, on both sides of the Danube, are erected thirty-two detached forts, each looking like a low martello tower, and mounted with guns; they have been planted in this quarter with the design of retarding and vexing the progress of any future Napoleon who may think of visiting Vienna *via* the vale of the Danube. These forts, which are new, and untried in strategy, and therefore not militarily orthodox, are the invention of Prince Maximilian of Este. I did deem them worthy of a visit.

Before a traveller can leave any town in Austria, he must not only have his passport *visé*, but procure a bit of badly-printed paper from the police, called a *Passer Shien*, and this he is called on to give up to a sentinel when he departs. Not till going to bed did I remember I had not got my *shien*; and it was only after a good deal of trouble that it could be negotiated so late at night. When this giant was slain, another appeared. The hotel was full of guests, and, as usual, our room was separated only by a thin door from the adjoining apartment in the suite. Our neighbours were Germans, and their noisy talking was intolerable. They spoke as

loudly as if they had been hailing each other across the street. Repose was out of the question. It was no use our talking in a moderate key, in the hope of shaming them into silence. A severe malady requires a severe remedy. Lighting a candle, I took up Mrs C.'s crotchet book, and gave them an example of reading in English which astonished them. The effect was magical. My harangue on crotchet working in an instant drowned their horrible jargon, and their voices sunk to a whisper. They listened, and whispered again. The phenomenon of English was dumfounding—perhaps I was an English maniac? Whatever were their conjectures, the reading settled them; for we were no more troubled with their screeching, and gladly went to sleep, preparatory to an early start for Vienna. As daylight came in, our loquacious neighbours broke out, as if from a moment's forgetfulness; but a few sentences from the crotchet book, as we made our toilet, brought them to their senses, and we heard them no more. Our own aristocracy—the real as well as the vulgar counterfeit—affected loud talking, to the annoyance of all who are near them: might not some plan, such as I happily thought of, be tried in order to teach them good manners?

The morning was beautiful, and at seven o'clock we were on board the steamer, which lay hissing at the quay. The vessel was large and commodious, seemingly under careful management, and on the deck there mustered nearly a hundred passengers of various nations—artists in mustaches and gray fancy hats from Munich; Hungarians returning from a distant excursion; no English but ourselves; one or two French; and a good many Germans of miscellaneous ages and appearance—a vastly respectable company, as the steward most likely thought, in making his calculations as to how many were likely to figure at the table-d'hôte. Off we went down the broad bosom of the Danube, all looking forward to a pleasant run of nine or ten hours. At first there was little to excite interest. The banks were generally level, and here and there muddy islands, covered with willows, divided the channel, and closed up the scene. By and by the hills approached the stream, and villages nestling at their base, and castles or monasteries crowning their summits, reminded us somewhat of the Rhine; but with a few exceptions, the main features of the landscape were totally different. On the Rhine all is ancient; the universal ruin of the castles, which are perched on the tops of the crags, speaks of a bypast age—a period of rapine and insecurity. On the Danube, almost every building is comparatively modern and inhabited. The grandest edifices are the monasteries. Half way between Linz and Vienna, on our right, we came to a short pause below the loftily-perched and palace-like convent of Molk. Good times, it may be said, for the monks; but the monks are Benedictines, which is equivalent to saying they are scholars and gentlemen; and their spacious mansion is as much an educational as a religious establishment; in this respect, the social condition of Austria being analogous to what it was in our own country previous to the convulsions of the sixteenth century.

About and below Molk, the banks of the Danube increase in picturesque beauty; and on the left side the vine makes its appearance, though on a scale not to be compared with what is seen on the Rhine. Austria is not a wine-producing country to an extent worth mentioning; yet some of the Hungarian wines are good. In descending the river from Molk, we soon came in sight of a spot of more than ordinary interest. The banks, which here rise to a considerable height, and are covered with wood, press close upon the stream, which seems to have cut its way through the ridges that strive to intercept its passage. On the summit of the lofty crags on the right bank stand the remains of Aggstein, a feudal fortress long since dismantled; and on the face of the arid cliffs on the left is seen the ruined castle of Durrenstein, which had been of con-

siderable size. Within these walls, now shattered, and open to the gaze of the passing tourist, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was confined for upwards of twelve months (1192-3) by Leopold, Duke of Austria, the unfortunate king having been treacherously seized at Vienna, in returning homewards as a pilgrim from the Holy Land. Immediately on passing the ridge on which Durrenstein is placed, the scenery altogether changes: the river, emerging from its lofty banks, rolls through a great plain, dotted over with woods; here and there a large and elegant building is observed; and beyond all, the hills far distant bounding the horizon. We have, in short, left the mountainous region, and entered on the plains of the lower Danube. From the midst of the green plain which first meets the eye rise the spires of Vienna; and landing at Nussdorf, a village on the right, where a number of carriages are in attendance, we reach in a quarter of an hour the capital of the Austrian empire.

In approaching Vienna, we lose sight of the Danube, which disappears from view between willow-clad banks and islands, the city proper being built on a small tributary—the Wien—which, from anything I saw, is little better than a foul and stagnant drain. Advancing towards the town, we pass through extensive suburbs, and finally emerge into an open space, grassy, and ornamented with trees, of the third of a mile in width; and on the opposite side of which stands Vienna, seemingly squeezed so hard within a high wall, that the houses look as if they were engaged in a desperate elbowing of each other, and about to burst their too tightly-drawn boundary. By a cavernous tunnel, which perforates the lofty wall and rampart, we reach the interior, and then find ourselves in streets narrow and winding, and lined with stone houses as high and spacious as those of Paris. We procured accommodation at the 'Archduke Charles'—a first-class hotel, according to the guide-books, but deficient in various accommodations. However, we had no great reason to complain, and remained in the town about a week; not time enough to do the sights justice, but as much as I could spare.

I have never been so fairly baffled by any city as I was by Vienna: such is its extraordinary jumble of streets, and so like are they to each other, that, till the last, I had considerable difficulty in finding my way. And yet there is a sort of plan by which the main thoroughfares are arranged. At the centre of the town stands the cathedral of St Stephens, an ancient and imposing edifice, with a lofty spire; and from this point the principal streets radiate to different portals in the bastions, whence they stretch far into the suburbs. There are, however, many cross and circuitous streets, a number of open places, and many closely-packed lanes and passages, forming short cuts from one great thoroughfare to another. The houses in the best streets are of enormous dimensions, all with inner courtyards, and of handsome and solid architecture. Excepting first-class mansions, the houses are occupied in floors by different families, the access being usually by common-stairs from the courtyards. A nobleman and man of literary distinction on whom I called lived on a second floor in a building of this kind; and a banking company with whom I did some business had their office on a floor higher up. The number of separate dwellings in some of these huge edifices astonishes those who are unacquainted with the common-stair system. From four to five hundred inhabitants, occupying floors, or parts of floors, in one building, is not unusual—a number, however, which can be matched in the more ancient parts of Edinburgh. Like all ancient cities, Vienna is ill provided with sewerage; and yet, strange to say, it is a remarkably cleanly town in external appearance—the generally light colour of the houses, and the absence of smoke, imparting a lively effect. That which is most seriously defective is the general want of side pavement for foot-passengers. The streets are well paved with square stones from side to side, the part near the houses and shops being very slightly in-

clined upwards, so that there is nothing to prevent carriages from crushing you up to the wall, or running you down—a misfortune the more likely to occur from the excessive narrowness of the thoroughfares. All this of course suggests that Vienna was built for that portion of mankind who ride in carriages, not for those whose inclination or means lead them to walk on foot. Nevertheless, much seems to be done to render the streets comfortable to poor as well as rich. Great expense is incurred for the stones with which they are laid. These stones are brought from the rocky banks of the Danube, below Linz, and I was informed that each costs a zwanziger, or twentypence.

Whatever be the general incommodiousness of the streets, neither that nor anything else prevents them from being a scene of bustle and gaiety from morning till night. Well-dressed people are seen pouring along to enjoy themselves in the restaurants, or in the public gardens; equipages of the most splendid set-out dash past on airing excursions; and to add to the liveliness of the thoroughfares, many of the shops are distinguished by paintings outside representing some eminent personage—as the Queen of England, Prince Metternich, or the Archduke Charles. These portraits, which are full length, and well executed, are painted on shutters, which are open only during the day. No city is better provided with gardens, pleasure-grounds, and walks open to the people. Around the glacis, or rampart, there is a delightful promenade with seats, commanding fine views of the Vorstädte, or suburban new town, which rivals in elegance of architecture the best houses in Paris. The Volksgarten, situated close upon the city, is a spacious piece of ground, decorated with trees, shrubs, and flowers, laid out in agreeable walks, and furnished with coffee-houses, and arenas for bands of music. This garden was given to the people by the late emperor; and here, in the fine summer evenings, Strauss's band performs for hours. Nothing is paid for admittance. For lengthened promenading and driving there are the roads environing the suburbs; but besides these, and the cross paths leading to them, the Viennese have the Prater, a park on the north-east, which is several square miles in extent, richly wooded, and partly tenanted with deer. Parties of pleasure who desire a still wider range proceed to Schönbrunn, the seat of the emperor, at two or three miles distance. We spent a day in rambling through the grounds, and seeing the gaieties and curiosities of Schönbrunn, every place, the palace excepted, being open for the inspection and recreation of all comers. From a lofty ornamental structure on an eminence within the grounds, we had an excellent view of Vienna and its environs, and had the satisfaction of having pointed out by our guide the spots rendered historically interesting in the last siege of Vienna by the Turks (1683), when not alone Austria, but Christendom, was saved by the gallant John Sobieski. The spot occupied by the tent of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish general, is now marked by a church. Next day, in a large collection of antiquities in Vienna, we were shown the horse-tail standard and tent apparatus of Mustapha, who, it will be remembered, was strangled, by orders of the sultan, for not winning the battle.

In the course of our stay we visited a number of collections of pictures, museums, and other public show-places; but any notice of these would only tire the patience of the reader; and in truth the sight of them was tiring to myself, for one may be surfeited with pictures as with anything else. On Sunday we went to the chapel connected with the imperial palace, not to hear the music, finely as that was performed by a vocal and instrumental band, but to have a glimpse of the great nominal ruler of the nation: nor were we disappointed. The emperor entered about the middle of the service, and took his place in a small gallery without any fuss. He is a little man, with an unnaturally large forehead, diffident and mild in demeanour, and with the reputation of being one of the kindest-disposed

creatures in the world. He is generally in bad health, and takes little or no part in public affairs. The actual government, as is well known, has for many years been in the hands of Prince Metternich, a man of consummate abilities, though, like many statesmen, ignorant of the true foundations on which power can alone safely repose. The next place we visited was that to which the imperial family, after the splendours of the giddy and false world have passed away, are pompously carried to 'rot in state.' It is a spacious vault, situated beneath the church of a convent of capuchin friars; and under the guidance of one of the brotherhood, clothed in a brown tunic, with a rope round his waist, and a lamp in his hand, we descended a long flight of steps to this remarkable mausoleum. The apartment, which receives a little light and air from gratings, consists of several vaulted chambers, dry, and not unpleasant to the senses. What a melancholy spectacle! Rows of large sarcophagi of lead or zinc are ranged along the paved floor, and by the lamp of the monk we are enabled to read the inscriptions, which tell us that within repose the bodies of kings, queens, archdukes, emperors, and empresses. The largest and handsomest of these metal boxes is that which contains the remains of Maria Theresa, the greatest of all the Austrian rulers; but it is surpassed in value by the sarcophagus of Joseph I., which is of pure silver. We noticed also some small sarcophagi containing the remains of baby archdukes; and for a few moments, the lamp of the capuchin was held over the plain and unnoticeable sarcophagus in which reposes the body of the youthful and unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon. What an end to the hopes of a dynasty which was to rule half the world! The being ushered into existence with the firing of a hundred cannons successively at the Invalids, at the sound of which all Paris was frantic with joy—or pretended to be so—lies decomposing in a metal chest at Vienna, the groom of his chamber a nameless capuchin monk! We had better not ask what France now thinks of the Bonaparte family!

I did not quit Vienna without making some inquiries into the state of elementary instruction. In this matter it is but justice to say that Austria, with all its religious and political intolerance, is much in advance of nations possessing greater freedom. Education in its primary branches is universally established, and as far as I saw, is conducted on a liberal footing. I visited an academy which serves as a model for provincial seminaries. It is accommodated in a building of considerable size, each floor being divided into several spacious halls, opening on corridors. The resident director, an aged gentleman, to whom I introduced myself, politely conducted me through the establishment, explaining everything as it occurred. The method of teaching is explanatory, with the use of the black board. The number of children attending this school was fifteen hundred, all boys, divided into juvenile and advanced classes, each class under one master, and occupying a separate apartment. The routine of instruction embraced reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and mathematics. It was pleasing to observe the decorum and quietness which prevailed throughout the establishment. On our entering and retiring from each class-room, all the pupils rose and bowed: and this was no sham reverence. On the dismissal of one of the classes, the pupils crowded around my venerable conductor, and with terms of endearment covered his hand with kisses.

It is absurd and presumptuous for a traveller who rushes through a country to philosophise very deeply on its social condition; yet a man is entitled to at least use his eyes and ears wherever his destiny carries him, and to form his impressions accordingly. My notion, then, from all I saw in Vienna and elsewhere, is, that Austria, though under a pure despotism, is not uncared for morally, physically, or intellectually. I saw, however, only the best part of the empire—that in which the land is owned in portions of reasonable extent, and below which portions it is not allowed to be

divided. In Hungary, the form of society and territorial possession is very different. Admitting much that was presented to our view to be far from unpleasant, I felt that the entire system was hollow and unnatural, and could not last. Mankind are not destined to be for ever managed as if they were children. Passing circumstances prove that Austria has been under a gross mistake in imagining that it is either safe or just to keep its people in tutelage an instant beyond the time they can think and act for themselves. For the military and police oppressions in the conquered provinces—for the heartless proscriptions and imprisonments at Venice and Spielberg—the day of reckoning has already to all appearance arrived.*

W. C.

L'HOMME CHARMANT.

So accessible were the ancient Greeks to visual impressions, and so enthusiastic in their admiration of beauty, as well as of gracefulness of form and movement, that even the sage Areopagites were obliged to listen in obscurity to the pleadings of their celebrated orators, lest, unwittingly, their judgments might receive a favourable bias towards some handsome speaker; or, on the other hand, lest they might prejudice the cause of one less happily endowed with personal attractions.

The love of the beautiful is not less instinctive in humanity than the appreciation of goodness, or the reverence for truth; and when found in harmonious combination with these—its kindred faculties—we can scarcely estimate too highly the blessing of having an eye and a heart open to delight in all that is graceful and lovely, whether in animate or inanimate creation. Even where this admiration of Beauty seems to exist a little out of its due proportion, we would gladly excuse the error, knowing how mighty and how magic is its sway; and also how vain it is to expect a perfect development of every good and noble faculty in the same human soul.

Among no modern people is the homage rendered to beauty more enthusiastic than among the Parisians, who have often been compared in this and other respects to the Athenians of old; and truly in many points the resemblance seems complete, though we stay not here to trace it out: we have at present to do only with their admiration of beauty, which they are wont to express by a single word—*charmant*—a dissyllable significant not only of beauty, but of a thousand nameless attractions, which, clustering around personal grace of form, make it tenfold more lovely and beloved. It is a word not altogether unknown to our own language, although in its insular rendering it is perhaps less refined in its shade of popular meaning than in the French language. It is somewhat singular, too, that among us the word is more frequently applied to man than to the gentler sex. Which of us have not known among the circle of our acquaintance a 'charming man?' Whether it be the literary coterie, the fashionable world, or the professedly-religious circle, each society can boast of its charming man—one who is handsome, clever, and agreeable; who is usually more plausible than profound; more commonly the admired acquaintance of all, than the tried and trusted friend of any. The career of the charming man is not always a satisfactory one, inasmuch as popularity has its appointed limits; and the idol of to-day is too often the outcast of to-morrow. Nor is dame Fortune less capricious in her favours than the giddy multitude; for occasionally she delights to snap asunder the golden threads of some brilliant destiny, and show how frail at best are the bonds by which happiness and humanity are linked together in this our lower world.

Such was the case with a personage whom we are about to introduce to our readers as a most perfect spec-

cimen—not of a 'charming man,' but of '*un homme charmant*;' one who, about seventy years ago, was idolised in that character by the fastidious people of the French capital.

Although Monsieur de Létorières (the person of whom we speak) was simply a French gentleman of Xaintonge, whose only wealth on setting out in life was his trusty sword, yet in the eyes of an English reader his history may derive additional interest from the circumstance of his relationship with the House of Hanover, through the marriage of his aunt, Made-moiselle D'Olbreuse, with George William, Duke of Brunswick, whose only daughter became the unhappy wife of George, Elector of Hanover, and was thus the ancestress of our present royal family.

The early youth of Lancelot-Joseph de Létorières was passed at the college of Plessis, where he had been placed by his uncle, the Abbé du Vighan; but finding his vacations too short, and his studies too long, the impatient youth escaped from college, and hastened to the capital, where he found himself as free as air, but dwelling in an empty garret. Whenever he suffered from cold or hunger, he left his solitary apartment, and descending into the gay and crowded streets of Paris, forgot his wants, and thought himself, for a while, the happiest being in existence.

One of his early friends used to relate that M. de Létorières having left his lodging one cold winter's day, to recreate himself among the busy haunts of men, he was overtaken by a pelting shower of rain, and took refuge from the storm beneath an archway. Meanwhile a hackney-coach passes slowly along, and the driver looking earnestly at him, inquires—'Shall I drive you, sir, across this stream of water?'

'No, thank you,' replies the handsome youth, looking somewhat sad.

'If you want to go farther, sir, I can take you to any part of the city you please.'

'I was only going to walk in the Galleries of the Palais de Justice, but I mean to wait here until the rain is over.'

'What! under that cold archway?'

'I have no money to throw away in coach-hire, so go away, and leave me in peace.'

'Sir,' replied the coachman, jumping off his box, and opening the carriage door, 'it shall never be said that I allowed so handsome a young gentleman as you are to *ennuyer* yourself here, and to catch cold into the bargain, for the sake of twenty-four sous. It is all on my way to pass by the Palais Marchand, so, if you please, I will set you down there, close to the image of St Pierre.' The gracious offer was accepted.

On opening the carriage door at the entrance to this celebrated *traiteur's*, the coachman respectfully took off his felt hat, and begging of the youth to accept a *louis-d'or* from him, said, 'You may have occasion for it in there, sir, and you can find me out any time you please, and repay me at your convenience. The number of my coach is 144.'

The name of this good-natured man was Sicard. He was an honest, worthy fellow, and through the recommendation of M. de Létorières, ended by being coachman to the Princess Sophia of France. Whenever any one alluded to his liberal conduct towards M. de Létorières, he was wont to answer, that any one else in his place would have done just the same; 'for,' added he, 'he was so charming a young gentleman, that one might almost have mistaken him for an angel.'

Another time his tailor's wife, growing impatient about a debt of four hundred francs, which he had owed for a considerable time, rated her husband soundly for not insisting on his rights. 'What a chicken-hearted being thou art!' exclaimed she, 'and all, forsooth, out of complaisance to Monsieur le Charmant!' (for so was he nicknamed in the family). 'As for thee, thou hast not courage to show him thy teeth; but I will soon settle the matter with him. I am going forthwith to his lodging, and you shall see if I come away empty-

* This article was written some weeks previous to the late overthrow of affairs in Vienna.

handed. Charming as he is, I will manage him properly. Let me alone for that.'

No sooner had this resolute woman returned home, than her husband, perceiving that she looked rather crestfallen, inquired where was the money which had been paid to her by M. de Létorières.

'Come, come, you must not worry me; but the truth of the matter is, that on going into his room, I found him playing the guitar, and he looked so sweet and gentle, that I could not find it in my heart to annoy him in any way.'

'And the four hundred francs?' resumed the tailor, looking at her rather sarcastically.

'My good friend,' replied his imperious spouse in the meekest tone imaginable, 'you must only enter them on your books; and you may as well at the same time add three hundred more to the account, for there was something so melancholy, so—I don't know what to call it—about him, that I could not help taking one hundred crowns out of my pocket, and in spite of his refusal, I left them on his chimney-piece.'

As soon as M. de Létorières had completed his twenty-first year, he brought his family papers to M. Chérin,* from whom he speedily obtained the certificate necessary for his presentation at court. When walking one day in the gardens at Versailles, the king took notice of him, and having learned from his courtiers who the handsome gentleman was, he inquired of his counsellor Chérin, 'Of what family, pray, is the Poitou gentleman, named Létorières, whom I see about here?'

Chérin replied that the young man's pedigree, although noble, was not such as to entitle him to ride in the king's carriages, for his proofs were not altogether'—

'But,' interrupted the king, 'he is *charmant; vraiment charmant*; and I desire that he may be presented to me with the title of vicomte.'

So Chérin inscribed him on his register as having a certificate *by command*; and the Vicomte de Létorières shared at once all the honours of the court.

Whenever he was concerned in any appeals to the tribunal of the point of honour,† his adversaries were sure to be obliged to offer their apology to him, and to make exorbitant reparations, which was attributed to the gracious and fascinating manner in which he had solicited *Noseigneurs les Maréchaux*. He gained every lawsuit in which he was interested, among others an important one against the Dukes of Brunswick-Oëls, on the subject of some property which had belonged to his grandaunt and their grandmother D'Olbreuse, to whom we have already made allusion.

'He is like the serpent of Paradise,' observed Monsieur de Beaumont, the archbishop of Paris; 'and if ever he has an affair with the officiality‡ of Paris, I will take care to have him masked with a monk's cowl and frock, lest he should beguile his judges.'

The feeling of admiration and interest excited by M. de Létorières became at length so universal, that sometimes on his appearing in public he was greeted with acclamations by the multitude. An eye-witness thus describes his reception at a sacred concert which was given in the theatre on Shrove Tuesday 1772:—'M. de Létorières was only just recovering from a sword-wound received in a duel with the Comte de Melun. When he heard the popular acclamations, he rose in his box, and looked around him on the house with an air

of perplexity and surprise, as if it were impossible for him to suppose that *he* could be the object of applause, which is usually reserved for favourite actors or for royal personages. This inquiring gaze was full of the easy and simple gracefulness which characterised his every movement, and it drew forth still livelier demonstrations of pleasure from the multitude. He wore on that evening a suit of rich *moiré* straw-coloured silk, with facings of golden tissue, shot with emerald green. The knotted band on his shoulder was green and gold, and his Steinkerque belt was clasped with emeralds. The buttons of his coat were formed of opals set in brilliants, and the handle of his sword was similarly ornamented. Moreover, his coiffure consisted of two tufts of waving curls, sprinkled with light-coloured powder, and falling gracefully upon the collar of his dress. A soft and humid brilliancy sparkled in his eyes, which were a thousand times brighter than the costly jewels which he wore. In short, I was obliged to confess that I had never before seen a being who was so truly charming.'

It is almost needless to say that M. de Létorières, so popular among all classes and conditions of people, was a favourite with the *beau sexe*. Among the court beauties was one, however, who more especially won his attentions, and who returned his love with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. Victoire-Julie de Savoie-Carignan was a naïve and lovely young creature, whose princely family being suspicious of her attachment to the charming vicomte, and conceiving that an alliance with him would be unsuitable to her rank, obliged her to become an inmate of the Abbaye de Montmartre, where she was virtually a prisoner; for although treated with the utmost deference and respect, all her movements were under the surveillance of a guard of the provost-marshal's office. In spite of these precautions, she attempted to maintain a correspondence with her lover; but their communications were discovered, and the result was a challenge to the vicomte from one of her relations, the Baron d'Ugeon. Just at this time Louis XV. was attacked by the smallpox in its most virulent form, and our Galaor of Xaintonge had obtained leave to shut himself up with his royal master, and tend him during his illness. The permission thus granted gave great offence to the courtiers, who carried their absurd passion for etiquette even to the very gates of the grave, and were displeased at this close attendance upon royalty by one who had not previously enjoyed the *entrée* into the king's chamber. Louis XV. died, and M. de Létorières came out of the infected palace only to meet his challenger in single combat. The Baron d'Ugeon inflicted on him two severe wounds in the right side, and he was carried home in a precarious state. He was, however, carefully tended by a friendly surgeon, who gave out that his patient was suffering from smallpox, and could not therefore receive any visits. After a while, there seemed to be every prospect of M. de Létorières's recovery, when through his impatience to seek an interview with Mademoiselle de Soissons, he left his house before his wounds were thoroughly healed; and having, by means of liberal bribes, obtained admittance within the walls of Montmartre, he met his betrothed under the arched arcade which led from the cloister to the cemetery. Their interview was brief. She hastened back to her honourable prison, little dreaming that she had for the last time beheld her charming friend, who was found a few hours afterwards, stiff and cold, upon the pavement of the cloister. It seems that the emotion excited by meeting Mademoiselle de Soissons after so long a separation had opened his wounds afresh, and he died alone on this gloomy spot, unassisted and unseen by any human being.

Thus perished, in the prime of life, he who was confessedly the most exquisite model of *un homme charmant* that had ever been beheld in the Parisian world. Already had he not only won the good graces of a fastidious public, and subdued the heart of a high-born

* Monsieur Bernard Chérin was a very important personage at the French court, as it belonged to him, in his capacity of genealogist of the king's house and of the court of France, to investigate the proofs of nobility of all those who desired to be presented at court, and also the higher pretensions of others, whose ancient and exalted ancestry entitled them to the honour of a seat in the king's carriages.

† In the reign of Louis XIV., duels had become so prevalent among the young noblesse of Paris, that a special tribunal was appointed to take cognizance of offences which did not fall under the rule of ordinary courts of law, and for a time it was effectual in restraining the rage for this species of single combat.

‡ An ecclesiastical tribunal.

beauty, but he had likewise acquired, with almost unparalleled rapidity, wealth and honours which might have satisfied his utmost cupidity and ambition.

Just before the demise of Louis XV., he had been created by that monarch Marquis de Létorières and D'Olbreuse. He was also appointed *Mestre de camp* of cavalry, Commander of the united orders of Saint Lazarus and N. D. du Mont Carmel, Grand Sénéchal d'Aunis, &c. &c. He had, moreover, become the proprietor of millions of francs. But his titles perished with him; his wealth was swallowed up by creditors and lawyers; and the princess, whose favour had proved so fatal to him, before the expiration of many years, had wedded into the ducal House of Cobourg.

Thus brief and evanescent was the brilliant career of this fascinating Parisian.

MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

THE Chinese tell us that the heart, after trying in vain to express its emotions, first by words, and then by sighs, bursts at length into song. This is not only poetical, but likewise philosophically true. Music undoubtedly is, in its elements, a natural means of expressing feelings, and even ideas—in short, a kind of language. Yet, while springing essentially from inherent powers of the mind, it quickly becomes an art, and one capable of exercising no small influence over human beings. As an art, it ranks with rhetoric and painting, and it is thus identified with civilising and refining agencies. It is nevertheless remarkable that, in certain stages of society, these processes are balked of their true purpose and effect. Artists become enervated as they advance; musicians, poets, painters, sink into idleness and dissipation; and their divine art, through the weakness of its professors, falls into reprobation or contempt. This is not confined to our country. In China, India, Persia, the very same revolution has occurred that we have ourselves witnessed in northern Europe. In England and Scotland, the resulting prejudice appears to have continued after the cause has given way before the general advancement of civilisation; but in the latter country, it is strengthened by the sectarianism which was engendered amid the struggles of the Reformation, and which retains to this day a portion of the old iconoclastic spirit. Here all kinds of music but psalm tunes are regarded by a considerable class of the people with coldness, if not suspicion; and the art has consequently sunk into a state of degradation not known at a much earlier period of our history. A change, however, appears now to be in progress; and it begins where it ought—among the young; who will grow up, it is to be supposed, not worse Christians for having imbibed in their early years a taste for music, and a feeling of its beauty and power. In Edinburgh, many hundred children, under the direction of Dr Mainzer, are daily familiarised with the choral strains of the best masters of the art; and these children will operate like so many ducts, spreading the holy influence of music throughout the whole bosom of society.

We are led into this train of reflection by a work just published by the gentleman whose name we have mentioned, and which we think is deserving of the attention of our readers. It is an examination of the merits of music as a branch of education, and contains an interesting sketch of the history of the art.*

Dr Mainzer repeats various stories of the effect of musical sounds, such as that of the lady known by Rousseau, who could not hear any kind of music without involuntary and convulsive laughter. This, however, was probably owing to nothing more than a morbid condition of the nerves; such as made Mozart, when a violent blast of a trumpet struck upon his delicate ear, fall senseless to the ground. The effect on animals is popularly known; although we may mention the dog referred to in the *Musical Gazette* of Leipzig, who was so much excited by a composition in E major, that on

an occasion when the experiment was continued too long, he became furious, and died in convulsions. Inanimate objects are likewise moved, in some mysterious way, by sound. Glasses, mirrors, china, are said to vibrate and break at certain notes of the flute, or of the human voice; and some pipes of the organ make the windows, walls, and pillars of a cathedral shake.

The most powerful effect of music, however, is due to its adjuncts and associations. The call which accompanies the heaving of the lead is extremely simple; but when heard at midnight on the sea, it is indescribably solemn. The bell of a village church is laden with beautiful and touching recollections. A melody familiar to us in childhood, is for ever after linked in our imagination with the things and persons most dear to our memory. The 'Ranz des Vaches' is little more than a signal played by a shepherd on a cow's horn; and 'Erin go bragh,' and 'Lochaber no more,' would have but slight effect upon the ear, if their associations did not touch the heart. Still, the air being born of the feeling, must be adapted for its expression; and hence the simplicity of national songs as music, and their powerful influence upon the affections. 'If we examine,' says Dr Mainzer, 'all those melodies which have produced extraordinary effects upon individuals, upon multitudes or nations, and thus have acquired historical importance, we shall find that their power is not derived from science or artistical combination, but is founded in truth, nature, and simplicity. These are the great engines of influence in musical composition and performance. It is a power more frequently found in melodies of popular and instinctive origin than in works of art; or, if met with in the latter, it is because those same qualities are predominant. In the scientific and difficult, the musician, the composer, as well as the performer, will be admired; but it is by his simplest strains that he will captivate and subdue his hearer, that he will reach his deeper affections. Whenever we find a melody in the mouth of a whole nation, whenever an air is heard that produces strong feelings of excitement or despondency, we may be certain that it stands away from the refinements of art, and is powerful in its effects in proportion to its simplicity.'

To this he adds the association of the two sister arts; poetry giving vigour and distinctness to the language of music. 'What music wanted in thought, it received from the poet; what to poetry was unattainable in feeling, charm, and transport, the musician supplied in his turn.' This association was constant among the ancients, whose earlier bards were likewise musicians and singers. The later bards and scalds, the troubadours and minstrels, likewise united the two arts; and 'sacred were those songs,' as Herder says, 'in which the people learnt the history, the traditions, and, with them, the language and manners of their nation!' This appears to be everywhere characteristic of a particular stage of society; and our ingenious author would be interested to read in Colonel Tod's 'Annals of Rajasthan,' that the Rajhpoot chiefs of the present day learn, like the European lords of the middle ages, the deeds and genealogies of their ancestors from the songs of their family bards. In the middle ages, the British islands were more especially celebrated for the harp; and seven hundred years ago, Scotland is described by Geraldus the Cambrian as 'the fountain of the art.'

We have no room to follow Dr Mainzer in the curious erudition with which he has adorned his subject. He shows clearly the connection of music with education, both classical and popular; and combats successfully the notion, that its cultivation has 'no native soil in the British islands.' As for the vulgar objection to the art on account of the dissoluteness of some of its professors, he expends far too much trouble on so paltry a subject. It is sufficient to say that he attributes the low character of musicians to the fact of their being mere musicians—that is to say, to their deficiency in general education. On the usual musical education of young ladies he is especially severe. 'To study music

* Music and Education. By Dr Mainzer. Longmans, London.

is to them nothing but to learn to play the *piano*. You may have talent, or you may have none, you must learn it, under penalty of being taxed with having received but an indifferent education. In what, then, consists this study of the piano? In sitting so many hours daily before the instrument, having the fingers curved, and stretched, and trained; and after having thus passed, in the most tedious and thoughtless of all studies, the most precious and invaluable hours of life, what knowledge has been acquired? Have they become musicians for their pains? Has the science of music been revealed to them? Have they learned to understand, to judge, to analyse a musical composition in its technical construction and poetical essence? Or have they learned to produce, after their own impulse, a musical thought, to develop it, and, in a momentaneous inspiration, to make the heart speak in joyful or plaintive strains, according to their mood of mind? Nothing of the kind. A few have learned to play a sonata, perhaps a concerto; a greater number have reached variations, but by far the greatest majority only quadrilles! This playing of quadrilles, this training of the fingers, mothers complacently call accomplishment, a refined education; and musicians who look with contempt upon musical study and musical works of this description, can they be surprised when the art to which they have devoted themselves is not appreciated, not understood? What can we expect, when its whole destiny is left in the hands of matrons of boarding-schools, who generally are clear-sighted enough to make it an important item of their business, withdraw the lion's part from what is due to the teacher, but are ignorant of its very alphabet? Parents, however, share with the matrons the reprobation of our enthusiast; and he declares to the former that it will be impossible to change so degrading a system, unless they themselves show a better understanding and a higher appreciation of the art. At present, we are in our musical infancy, with variations, songs, duets, and trios dinning for ever in our ears. 'What sacrifices, what hours, what precious years are wasted in the acquisition and practice of a kind of composition, which, in reality, belongs only to what we might call the musical infirmities and excrescences! Such compositions are the productions of musical merchants, written for the market, and calculated upon the ignorance of the customers. The distance of such a musician to a Palestrina, a Handel, a Mozart, can only be measured by that from an *ignis fatuus* to one of the luminaries of the ether above us. In them is spirit, enthusiasm, and poetry. Whoever approaches the sphere in which they breathe, feels himself elevated, and upon the wings of genius carried away into other zones, other climes, more congenial with the spiritual, the immortal man. There he lives with a Raphael, a Schiller, a Mozart, in the regions of the ideal; and tastes, in those moments of light and purity, joys which the world can neither grant nor take away, which no recollection can either darken or efface.' But how can the great choral and orchestral compositions—ranking with historical works in painting, and temples and cathedrals in architecture—be brought within our reach? The elements, it is answered, for raising music from its lowest to its highest station are around us, in every school, and every institution; and if we only make use of these elements, we might be able to say with Zelter, 'our chorus is now nothing less than a vast organ, which I can set a-playing or stop with one movement of my hand, and can make it, like a telegraph, denote and express great thoughts; an organ, every pipe of which is a rational voluntary agent, and which may realise our highest conception. Our choir is a school, whose end is wisdom, whose means poetry, harmony, and song.'

This brings us to the most practically important part of the volume—the consideration of vocal music. That the exercise of the voice in singing is conducive to health, no one now doubts; but our author asserts that it develops and cultivates the sense of hearing, and thus produces, so to speak, a musical ear. Childhood he

considers the fittest period for this education of the faculties, when all the organs of the voice are soft and flexible, and when the ear receives and conveys sound with facility. 'The earliest age—that of six or seven years—is the most appropriate for learning to sing; voice and ear, so obedient to external impressions, are rapidly developed and improved, defects corrected, and musical capabilities awakened. Experience of many years, and observation of every-day's occurrence, have taught us that a considerable proportion of the numerous children with whom we have met could at first neither sound a single note, nor distinguish one from another; yet *all*, without exception, have acquired ear and voice, and some of them have even become superior in both to their apparently more gifted companions; in others, the very weak or indifferent voices have in a short time become pleasing, strong, clear, and extended. Children from five to six years of age, some of them unacquainted with the letters of the alphabet, have learnt to read music, to a considerable extent, in unison and parts, and to sing, with astonishing precision, imitations and fugues of Hiller, Rink, Fuchs, Teleman, and other great masters. So thoroughly acquainted have they become with the pitch of sound, that, without the least hesitation, they name the notes of which melodious phrases are composed, as soon as sung or played; and it is remarkable that in this exercise the youngest, and those who had at first to contend with the greatest difficulties, appeared the most acute and ready.' Some children, destitute of ear, acquire the faculty in a few days, while others take weeks or months.

If the time is allowed to pass proper for forming an ear, calling forth a voice, and inspiring a love for music, the teacher's difficulties are surmountable only by zeal, perseverance, and natural talent in the pupil. 'Throughout life, the difference between a musician from infancy, and one from more mature age, will be visible at a glance. The latter may possess musical knowledge and taste; the former will possess both, with deeper musical feeling, more power, and greater certainty of judgment. In the one, music will be an acquirement; in the other, a feeling, a new sense interwoven with the constitution, a second nature. With children, the teacher has a power of creation; with adults, he is dependent on circumstances; he educates in the one case, in the other he has to amend the defects of education.' It is likewise dangerous to the health to strain the voice of an adult unaccustomed to the exertion; but besides this physical difficulty, there is the still more formidable one arising from the mechanical habits of mind induced by the soulless drudgery of the piano. Here the pupils do not learn music, but mechanical brilliance. They do not feel or understand what they play any more than a musical snuff-box, and yet for this barren accomplishment they sacrifice the best years of their life. With them, 'the principal object of the teacher must be to draw the attention to the more poetical part of music; to explain the variety of form, the difference of character and style, and the consequent expression in the performance of solo compositions. Thus he may still succeed in imparting, as far as practicable, a thorough knowledge of its theory and practice, and at the same time cultivate the taste and judgment that are so indispensable for understanding and enjoying works of art.'

But to the poorer classes music is of far greater importance than to any other, as an elevating and noble substitute for grosser pleasures; since dissipation in such classes arises commonly, as has been stated before parliament, from the want of rational enjoyments, and especially from the intellectual destitution of the female part of the population.

The musical education, Dr Mainzer thinks, should commence in infant schools, where children should learn little melodies, in poetry and music, and sing only by heart. In schools of children, again, from seven to twelve years of age, 'singing at sight must become as general as reading the mother tongue.' When this is

the case, the style of music will grow with the child till it reaches that which gives it its lofty destiny—domestic or family music. 'In a country where dramatic works have so long and so exclusively occupied the field, it is difficult to make it understood what family, what domestic music is. In the expectation that this style of composition would soon find poets and musicians, we might mention as such, the smaller pieces of Handel and Mozart, the psalms of Marcello; or, should we name the work of a more modern master, those beautiful duets of Rinck, called, in the English translation, "The Sabbath Eve." In the character of these simple musical dialogues, of which the English poet has unfortunately too much contracted the thought, is our idea of one kind of family music best personified. They have that sublime cast, that lofty tone and sentiment, which mark this kind of music as the most cheering, the most elevating. Who once has been a witness of the magic charm thrown over a family by the true and expressive interpretation of such simple compositions; who has seen what a little paradise rises, as by enchantment, out of the few inspired strains of the poet-musician, will ever forget what an endless ocean rolls its waves between the every-day compositions, and works, such as we understand them, and as we would fain see them domesticated under every roof, at every fireside?'

But Dr Mainzer does not dogmatise as to schools and methods. 'Teach! teach!' that is his cry. Let the labourers work as they please; give full scope to competition; encourage talent; and throw wide open the gates of instruction. 'The educational and family music, scarcely known as yet by name, will, in the midst of an ocean, in all its various changes and tempests, stand in its simplicity, purity, and grandeur like a rock, and bear unshaken the sway of all the surrounding tides of style and fashion. There will be a music which appears neither upon the stage nor the market-place, neither in concerts nor drawing-rooms, but which modestly enlivens the school and the cottage, and helps to instruct the people, to embellish the hour of toil and that of rest. Thus music will again be looked at with reverence. In churches she will fill, like a stream, the hearts of the multitude; she will again appear as the minstrel and the harp of old in our dwelling; be our guardian angel, a heavenly messenger, our teacher, friend, and comforter; and from her deepest dejection, from a state of servitude, corruption, and degeneracy, rise, a new Phoenix out of ashes, higher and higher to a glorious apotheosis.'

Such is our author's *finale*; and in closing the volume, we feel that, during its perusal, we have been drawn into the vortex of its amiable enthusiasm. The work is dedicated to the members of the Educational Institute of Scotland; but we hope its circulation will go far beyond even that extensive body, and that, as a treatise introductory to family music, it will become a family book.

CHANGE OF AIR.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect wellbeing of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slighter cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a-year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS' CHORUS.

[There is an old English belief, that when a sick person is about to depart, a chorus of Robin Redbreasts raise their plaintive songs near the house of death.]

THE summer sweets had passed away, with many a heart-throb sore,

For warning voices said that *she* would ne'er see summer more;
But still I hoped—'gainst hope itself—and at the autumn tide,
With joy I marked returning strength, while watching by her side.

But dreary winter and his blasts came with redoubled gloom,
With trembling hands the Christmas boughs I hung around the room;

For gone the warmth of autumn days—her life was on the wane;
Those Christmas boughs at Candlemas I took not down again!*

One day a Robin Redbreast came unto the casement near,
She loved its soft and plaintive note, which few unmoved can hear;
But on each sad successive day this redbreast ceased not bringing
Other Robins, till a chorus full and rich was singing.

Then, then I knew that death was nigh, and slowly stalking on;
I gazed with speechless agony on our beloved one;
No tearful eye, no fluttering mien, such sorrow durst betray—
We tried to soothe each parting pang of nature's last decay.

The blessed Sabbath morning came, the last she ever saw;
And I had read of Jesus' love, of God's eternal law,
Amid the distant silver chime of Sunday bells sweet ringing—
Amid a chorus rich and full of Robin Redbreasts singing!

The grass waves high, the fields are green, which skirt the church-yard side,

Where charnel vaults with massive walls their slumbering inmates hide;

The ancient trees cast shadows broad, the sparkling waters leap,
And still the Redbreast sings around *her* long and dreamless sleep.

C. A. M. W.

* Evergreens hung about on Christmas eve, ought to be taken down on the 2d February—Candlemas-day—according to old usage.

AN EXEMPLARY LANDED PROPRIETOR.

The following account of the improvement and thorough change of character of the estate of Bogbain, near Tain, lately appeared in the Ross-shire 'Advertiser,' and shows what vast changes for the better may be made on waste lands by the application of capital guided by enterprise and skill. When the proprietor, Mr Kennedy, purchased Bogbain in 1836, it might be said to be almost in a state of nature. The yield of corn that year amounted to five small stacks, while this year we counted in the corn-yard nearly 100 large stacks of wheat, barley, and oats, besides an immense stack of hay. There are 80 acres under turnips, 25 of which are Swedish, and each acre of the latter will, it is expected, produce from 35 to 40 tons. The arable land is now subdivided, and enclosed with thriving hedges and wire fences into parks of from 28 to 30 acres each—all in one beautiful sheet—comprising about 340 acres, trenched 22 inches deep, all tile-drained 15 feet asunder. The main drains are built with stone, with covers of freestone 3 inches thick. A large space of from 40 to 50 acres, which formerly was a lake of from 5 to 8 feet deep, is now the most fertile and productive spot on the estate. The canals (one of which is 4000 yards long, and from 5 to 9 feet deep) carry the whole water off the property, are covered so far as the arable land extends, and afterwards merge through the plantations, which are also all thorough drained, and are emptied in the romantic Loch Oigh. The soil of Bogbain is of a fine sharp loam and clayey nature, with a southern exposure, well sheltered, and mostly level, the highest part not being above 80 feet above the level of the sea. There are no public roads passing through the estate, except the approach to the residence. The farm-steadings are of the first class, the greater part of which have been erected by the proprietor. The trenching, draining, roads, and fencing at Bogbain, with other improvements, have cost Mr Kennedy upwards of £16,000, who, till lately (when the improvements were so far completed), annually employed from 100 to 150 labourers. The plantations on the estate extended from 350 to 400 acres, consisting of hardwood, fir, and larch. There is a regular nursery, in which are reared all sorts of forest trees.

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YOUTH AND AGE.

HUMAN life is a series of developments, and at each new period some new power is unfolded; new experiences are likewise added: by which means not only are old prejudices frequently corrected, but the errors of our former conduct exposed, condemned, and punished. During the earlier epochs of our existence, we are impelled by dim instincts with such impetuosity as permits small opportunity for reflection—a time, however, at length arrives when the man comes to a pause, and reverts his contemplation on the path which he has so far traversed. How much, in the haste of the transit, has been overlooked and neglected—how much injured and defaced—how many mistakes have been committed—how many wrongs inflicted and suffered! Then follows the usual exclamation—'If my time were to come over again, how differently would I have acted! But ah! it is too late now!' And so the man commences again his swift career, hurrying afresh onward, and still onward, pursued by remorse and fear, until he reaches the goal—the grave.

Meditating these facts, we are sometimes tempted to believe, that if the prudence of age could be added to the impulse of youth, a great advantage might be gained for the individual. But a difficulty exists against blending them in one and the same person. Happy, however, is the man who benefits by the dear-bought experience of his elders; who, duly influenced by the example of those who are not only aged, but also good and wise, has learned, without suffering, what to avoid, and what to pursue. The counsel of a sage mentor in a parent, grandfather, or great-uncle, cannot fail of being advantageous in many important respects; but on the other hand, there are many counterbalancing disadvantages: the young are enterprising—the old prefer safety to victory, peace to anxiety. In advising youth, old persons accordingly regard rather the dangers to be escaped than the object to be attained. This, in the way of caution, may, must be well; but if it amounts to coercion, even in the slightest degree, it cannot fail to have evil consequences. If, instead of persuading or guiding the judgment, it should substitute a control upon the volition of the young, it will fatally preclude action, stopping it at its very source. We have not, in such a case, combination, but mere displacement: young impulse is altogether put aside, and antique prudence takes exclusive possession.

The caution of age should be used for the regulation, not for the annihilation, of the impulsive instincts of the ardent and juvenile. Another danger, too, arises. Antique prudence may be *obsolete* prudence; circumstances may so have changed, as to make it the reverse of prudence at all. The world of commerce affords

abundant instances of this, particularly in firms of long standing. A young man of good abilities, full of vigour, becomes, for instance, by right of birth, a junior partner in an old-established business, and deems his fortune made. But in a few years, the concern, to the surprise of all, sinks and perishes. The surprise is the greater, because, in the world's estimation, the house was always considered particularly safe. It meddled not with modern speculations, it relied on an exceedingly old connection, it did no business that it was not sure of—yet it failed. In fact, though it risked no losses, it achieved no gains; and thus in the end suffered more than it would have done from bad debts or mistaken speculations. Meanwhile let us imagine, or rather simply state—for we record facts—the position of the junior in the firm. What was it? Anything more distressing could scarcely be conceived. From the first he was powerless. He found an established method—a system of routine to which he was compelled to adhere. Of an enlightened understanding, and an enterprising spirit, he at first attempted innovation, and aimed at those sources of profit of which more youthful firms availed themselves; but was met so uniformly by the fixed habits and rooted prejudices of the older partners, that at length he succumbed to necessity, and fell himself, for the sake of peace, into the customary channels. Had he commenced business on his own account—thrown himself entirely on his own energies and resources, and been at once inspired by hope, and controlled by prudence, he would in all probability have achieved brilliant success.

Youth is proverbially rash, but the aged may show an equally dangerous rashness in holding doggedly to old and worn-out notions. Accustomed to venerate what has existed for generations without challenge, the older class of persons are prone to oppose the slightest attempt at modification, and they suffer accordingly. Many a warning, in the course of events, is received; yet age is obstinate, and persists in the old course—not because it is right, but because it is old. The association of ideas, sympathy, determination of character, a sense of pride, while it recognises the peril, and other like motives, induce age to disregard the symptoms, and inspire it with courage to endure martyrdom, rather than incur the shame of a submission to change. Thus the inveterate controversialist will not confess a proven truth though convinced; falsely apprehending as a defeat what, if candidly acknowledged, would be really a triumph, he wins a ruinous conquest, and wears a counterfeit laurel. Can we take up a newspaper without being made conscious of the hideous train of disasters which have ensued in various European countries from a rash and unphilosophic persistency in what ought to have been long since modified and accommodated to the spirit of the

age? The energies of France, outgrowing the routine of old dynasties, require a new electoral system: being refused, the nation indignantly dissolves the partnership between her and the sovereign. Such are the evils which flow from the substitution of the merely regulative for the dynamic forces themselves.

The last illustration presents the topic under a graver aspect than it was our intention to have considered. Thus drawn, however, to the subject, we cannot refrain from remarking how often we hear that said with pride regarding institutions and systems, which, rightly regarded, should be otherwise spoken of. 'Thus long has stood this system without one iota of change—here, as we stood centuries ago, do we yet stand—what was thought and professed then, is still thought and professed. Change has often been called for, but never granted; so that here, at least, we have one monument of the past that has never bent to the inconstant wind of human caprice.' If such a thing really exist in the world—which is gravely to be doubted—assuredly this is a questionable boast. The minds of masses of men being liable to a continual, though it may be slow and imperceptible change, it is impossible for any institution to go on unchangingly, without falling out of relation with the world. Its vital is changed for a nominal existence; and so far from deriving strength from its antiquity, it derives weakness and danger. Institutions of this kind may be flattered, up to the last day of their existence, with the external homage which they have been accustomed to receive, and ere four-and-twenty hours pass, they may be trampled on as noxious weeds, or quietly consigned to universal forgetfulness. Such catastrophes are clearly traceable to the error of setting up persistency as the law of the world, the real law being change. Man continually changes, and everything that would wish to live with him must consent to change too: everything must partake of his eternal rejuvenescence, or take the consequences of becoming too old.

It is the instinct and tendency of youth to transcend the limits of its actual experience. It presumes, assumes, idealises, colours from its own rich heart the outlines and forms of things, and anticipates results with a prophetic power that sometimes induces their realisation, but more frequently clothes the distant prospect with those enchantments which Hope pictures as belonging to the future. Youth is the season of æreal castle-building—of countless projects—of boundless aspirations—of infinite possibilities. But a period of limitation at length arrives—of aims more and more positive, objects more definite, an arena more contracted, and labours more special. The man has become the class-man—the cosmopolite, or the patriot—the general lover, or an attached husband and father—the acquaintance of all, or the friend of a few—the wanderer of the clubs, or the domestic man, whom nothing can tempt from his chimney-corner on a winter's evening. Much has been gained, but evidently much has been lost. While the difficulty of blending in one individuality the advantages of both conditions is freely acknowledged to be great, we are far from holding it to be insuperable. There is much needless waste of wealth, much extravagance of anticipation, much borrowing on the credit of the future, much excess of all kinds, on which it would be well that youth should be timeously admonished. With all the regulations of experience, however, it is of equal importance, individually, and for social wellbeing, that the middle-aged and old should cultivate as far as possible youthful feelings. Let not 'the glory and the freshness of the dream' of youth depart with the dream

itself: some glimpses of the vision may surely survive in memory. 'Once more,' exclaims Byron, 'who would not be a boy?' To 'carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood is,' says Coleridge, 'the prerogative of genius.' And what a prerogative it is! Yet it is not one so exclusively that all men may not share in it, each in his degree. We would warn, therefore, the man of middle age from becoming the victim of fixed habits and acquired routine, to the exclusion of new impulses, and the pleasure that constantly attends them. Every day is a new day, every hour a new hour: the world is always becoming new, and creation is renewed every moment, so that nature is still in travail with fresh generations. Nothing, if we rightly consider it, is really old—not even age itself. To insist on guiding ourselves by the prejudices of yesterday, is merely to resist the progress of growth. Judgment, in its maturity, has nothing to dread from concession to increased knowledge. Its tendency is to deliberate—to move slowly—to stand still; and it indeed needs the agitation of new ideas, interests, and opinions, to preserve it in a healthy state of life and action. An old man of our acquaintance, who as solicitously sought the instruction of new impressions, as others are anxious to reject them, declared to us that, as his understanding became more and more illuminated, he felt as if he was growing younger every day: it was, moreover, evident to all that his intellect, owing to the freedom with which he had permitted it still to operate, was constantly to the last receiving fresh development and expansion. Happy the man thus united to an aged body, who yet owns a young mind! His are at once the security of discretion and the rapture of imagination—this sobered in its tone, and that vivified—and both coexisting in beauty, like light and shade in the picture of a great master.

THE CORAL-FISHERS OF TORRE DEL GRECO.

A STORY.

I AM a man who has the rare faculty of 'walking with his eyes open.' I believe I learned it in my youth from a little story entitled 'Eyes or no Eyes.' The author's name has escaped my memory; but that matters little, since the influence of his or her writings has rested there ever since, probably influencing my character to a degree of which I am myself unconscious. After all, is not this an author's best immortality? Thus always looking beneath the surface of things, I peer into a man's face for his character; examine his general mien for his fortunes or occupation; amuse myself in the most incongruously-mingled crowd by framing little fanciful histories for each member of it; and pry into life and its curiosities something after the fashion of a geologist. At times I turn up only rugged stones, but now and then a precious jewel, thanking Heaven which sent me among the rocks and crannies of life—a moral geologist.

Following my usual fantasy—I can hardly call it a pursuit—I stood on the shore at Torre del Greco one bright morning in March, when the *tramontana** had 'crept into its cave,' and the beautiful Bay of Naples lay, all peace and sunshine, beneath the cloudless Italian sky. I was watching a little fleet of boats that seemed about to depart; they were just trying their sails, after the manner of a flock of young goslings, when first dipping into their native element. I was stranger enough in the land to wonder why so many fishing-boats were making sail at once, and asked the question of a lazy sunburnt lad, half sailor half beggar, who lolled beside me.

'*Santa bergine!*' does not the signor know? The coral-fishery begins to-day; these are the boats; the fishermen are just coming down from Torre.'

'How gay they look!' I said, as a troop of mariners, all dressed in their best, and fluttering with ribbons, came down to the beach. Most of them were young;

* A stormy periodical wind.

many had the striking peasant-beauty which seems natural to an Italian clime. 'The coral-fishery must be a merry life,' I continued.

'It is the life of a dog!' observed the young lazzarone, stretching himself, as if exulting in his own laziness.

'Then why do those young fellows seem so merry?'

'Oh, signor, it is their first season: they do not know what is before them. I tried it once; but the man who goes two seasons to the coral-fishery is mad or a fool—that is, if he lives through the first. I had rather starve on shore than be worked to death at sea.'

I tried to get some explanation from my young acquaintance respecting the hardships of the fishery; but his disgust appeared to be so great, that I could elicit nothing, except a repetition of the fact, that it was '*la vita d'un cane*.' I thought that the life of the lazzarone himself seemed of a very canine and half-civilised character, and could hardly imagine one that was worse; so I left him, and watched the fishermen enter their boats. They were accompanied to the shore by a number of peasant women; and as I drew nearer, and looked in the faces of these mothers, sisters, betrothed wives perhaps, I found that my speculations, founded on the gay ribbons and holiday appearances, were, to say the least of them, as fictitious as such fanciful pictures generally are.

One soon begins to individualise in a crowd, choosing out those who seem most worthy to be made the foundation of some romantic superstructure. My fancy lighted on a young pair who appeared superior to the rest, certainly not in dress, but in an indescribable something of air and mien that is best expressed by the term 'interesting.' I took an interest in them accordingly; and hidden by a shore-driven boat, used my eyes, and—shall I confess it?—my ears too, with infinite pleasure. It did them no harm, poor souls! What was I to them, or they to me, save that their loving looks, their ill-suppressed tears, their lingering embraces, touched a chord in a heart which, perforce, has learned from such sympathies to still its individual throbs, and to beat only in unison with the great pulse of human nature.

'Bertina, *mia cara*,' whispered the young fisherman, 'it is only a summer, a short summer. What is that to the long life before us—a life spent together? The feast of San Michele will soon come, and then the fishery is over, and the fifty ducats will be gained. Think of this, Bertina!'

'Ah, Ippolite!' sobbed the girl, 'how can you talk of fifty ducats, which must seem nothing to you, though it is a great sum to me. But I have been poor all my life, while you— Oh, Ippolite! I wish—I wish you had never loved me, and then Madonna Guiditta would not have been angry, and you would not be perilling your life for the sake of fifty ducats. Go back to her now, and tell her that you will not marry me, and that I will promise to go away and never see you more.'

'You are very unkind, Bertina,' the young fisherman answered; 'but it is too late now. I thought of your doing this, so I got the money in advance, and now I am obliged to go, and I am glad of it. I shall never return to my sister again; and if you leave me, the fishes in the coral beds may take Ippolite Sacchi, for all that he cares.'

As he spoke, the girl clung around him, and stopped his words with her tearful embrace. They never seemed to see their companions, only each other, although many a compassionate eye was directed towards them as well as mine. 'God help them, poor souls!' I said to myself: 'there is trouble here, as there is all over the world, wherever love comes.' As the fishermen embarked, the crowd of lamenting women shut out from my sight Ippolite and his Bertina, so that I did not see their parting. Many of the women fell on their knees, and told their rosaries in silence; while others took handfuls of sand, which they threw after the receding boats, saying, '*Posso dare come nave degli angeli!*'—('May it

sail like a bark freighted with angels!') It was a superstition of love and piety: I could not even smile at it.

When the women turned to go home, I saw one of them still standing, as motionless as a marble statue, gazing after the boats. It was the girl Bertina. I looked at her wistfully.

'Poor thing!' murmured a voice behind me. I was almost startled at the gentleness of its tones, seeing that they came from my young lazzarone. Well, one sometimes finds a grain of gold-dust in a bed of coarse sand. There was good in the lad, with all his dirt and laziness: I began to like him.

'Why are you so sorry for that young girl?' I said. 'She is not worse off than all the other women who have sent their friends to the fishery.' This was a *ruse* of mine: it succeeded admirably.

'I wonder the signor is not ashamed to speak so unfeelingly,' said the lad, becoming energetic and angry at once. 'But it is always so with the cold-hearted *Inglese*' (English). 'Who would not be sorry for poor Bertina, when all the town knows that she ought to have married Ippolite Sacchi in peace and happiness, and gone to live at the pretty vineyard on the side of Vesuvius, if it had not been for— But I beg the signor's pardon for running on thus,' interrupted he.

Now, if there is one thing which a Neapolitan beggar likes better than lolling in the sun and eating macaroni, it is a gossip, when he can have all the talk on his own side. I knew the lad was longing to tell as much as I to hear; but with that spice of cunning which makes news mongers and news-seekers coquet with each other, we mutually tried to deceive ourselves—he and I pretended just so much indifference as brought out the story in all its completeness. Despairing of ever conveying in English the inimitable sketch which the lazzarone gave—enriched by his energetic attitudes, his expressive patois—I will endeavour to furnish a condensation of this historiette.

Ippolite Sacchi had been brought up from the cradle by his half-sister, Madonna Guiditta, his elder by some twenty years. All the love which some hidden fate had forbidden to expend itself in other ways, was concentrated on this boy. He was her pet, her plaything, her pride. She loved him with a love 'passing the love of women.' All their father's property had been left exclusively her own, to the prejudice of little Ippolite; but his sister never married; 'because no one would have her,' my lazzarone observed. I thought, and am now sure, that he was mistaken. However, Madonna Guiditta, miser and devotee as she was, and consequently disliked by everybody, was yet almost like a mother to the young Ippolite, until he grew up, and excited her ire by falling in love!

'Look at Bertina yourself, signor,' continued my informant, 'and see if he could help it! A sweeter and better girl never lived, though she is only a poor vine-dresser. Madonna Guiditta was ashamed to call her sister, though every one else thought the shame was on the other side. The ugly old woman was so proud of her riches, and expected Ippolite to marry some one better than a poor village girl. She told him to choose between his sister and Bertina—to live and be the heir of the vineyard, or be turned out without a *danaro*. He chose Bertina, as who would not? and was turned away.'

'And did he marry her?'

'How could he, signor, when they had not a ducat between them? So he went to the coral-fishery, and poor Bertina is left to work alone, until they both get money to marry upon. Heigho! it is better to be a lazzarone, and do nothing. Will the signor give me a *danaro* for amusing him?'

'Human nature is human nature after all,' I thought; so I gave him the coin, and was turning away, when he pulled me by the sleeve.

'See, signor, there is Madonna Guiditta come to look after the boats I suppose. I wonder she is not ashamed to see her own brother, whom she pretended

to be so fond of, among the coral-fishers. Ugh! there she stands, *la donnaccione*!

It is impossible to give the full effect of this purely Italian word, as the lad used it, accompanied by a meaning shrug: it implied all that was ugly, contemptible, and abhorrent in female nature. I looked at her to whom he applied it. She was a tall, thin woman, certainly the reverse of beautiful; but yet the time might have been when the roundness of youth softened her large, strongly-marked features, and the benign influence of a happy and loving heart made them almost pleasing. We should not judge harshly of any one. I almost pitied her when I saw the expression of wild sorrow in her dark eyes, how they were strained to distinguish the distant white sails, that looked like floating sea-birds in the bay.

'She creeps along, that no one may see her: she is ashamed, and well she may,' moralised the lazzarone—'that poor Bertina there is happier than she. I wonder if they see one another?'

Apparently they did not, for Bertina sat under the shelter of a sand-hill, with her face buried in her lap, and the sister of Ippolite seemed to see nothing but the vessel that was bearing to labour and danger the youth who had been her darling for so many years.

At last the white sails disappeared, and Guiditta turned to leave the beach. Bertina also rose up, and the eyes of the two women met. The younger one was weeping bitterly; at the sight, the passing softness which had come over Madona Guiditta was changed into anger. How dared a mean peasant girl even to weep for *her brother*? She cast on Bertina a look of the bitterest scorn and jealousy, and swept away, leaving the poor maiden humbled to the dust. The young vine-dresser waited until Ippolite's proud sister had passed out of sight, and then crept away, to toil and to grieve for her lover.

Many a time during the summer that I stayed at Torre del Greco, a vague interest led me to follow the steps of both Ippolite's sister and his betrothed. Very winning was the latter, with her gentle beauty, her patient toil, her faithful love, which found a brief reward when, every fortnight or three weeks, the boats put in from the fishery, and Ippolite leaped on shore for a few tender words, a few half-weeping caresses, which lightened his labour, and made him seem to suffer less from the hardships of the coral-fishery than those who had no loving aim to reach at last. Still, they were young, and love alone is happiness. My heart clung more to that lonely woman, whose only refuge was her pride. Erring as she was, I pitied Madona Guiditta more than I did those whom she had caused to suffer—for who knew what bitterness might have drunk up the fount of love, which so rarely runs dry in a woman's heart! She had sinned; but who is it that the angels in heaven weep over—the injured righteous, or the sinner?

My little lazzarone, Pietro, met me occasionally on the sands, and presuming on the easiness of an idle man, often began to talk—chiefly about those in whom I took an interest—as his quick perception soon found out, and of which his natural cunning took advantage. Many a stray *soldo* did the young scapegrace wile out of my pockets by his stories about Madona Guiditta and the pretty Bertina—how the father of the latter had been a young man well-to-do in the world, but had ruined himself by his extravagance—and how Guiditta's father had helped him, and would have done more for him, had he not married Bertina's mother, a low servant girl. I did not believe the half of what Pietro told me, and yet I wished it had been true. I put together the disjointed fragments, and framed a little romance—the romance of a dreamer. It half atoned for the harshness of that desolate woman, and so I cherished it, for I would ever fain believe in the best side of humanity.

The feast of San Michele is the time when all the coral boats come on shore, whether fully laden or not;

and the fishery is ended. No threats will induce the sailors to work another day after that blessed time of relief has arrived. The continued hard labour, the want of sleep, and the bad food, which are the unfailing portion of the coral-fishers, took effect in time even upon the youth and strength of Ippolite Sacchi. His bright and hopeful eye grew dim; and when, about a month before the feast of San Michele, his boat put into shore, I saw that a great change had come over him.

'It is the last voyage, indeed the last,' I heard him whisper to his betrothed, as the same evening they came down to the boat together. 'A little more patience, Bertina, dearest, and I shall have earned the money, and then we will be married. With your care, I shall be quite strong against the vine season comes; and tending the grapes will be delicious—quite like play—after working at the coral-fishery.'

'Alas, alas! that you should have to work at all, my Ippolite!' answered the girl, kissing his delicate hands, now hard and embrowned by labour. 'Oh that I had the strength of a man, that I might work for you! It breaks my heart to think that I am the cause of all this—I who would give my life to save you one care.'

I was a fool—I know I was; and yet there was something in that girl's love that made my eyes run over. I hid myself behind the hillock where they sat, and watched her as she laid his weary head on her shoulder, and parted his long damp hair: I could bear it no longer, but crept away—

'Love's pain is very sweet.'

Why is it that we envy and long for even its sufferings, rather than the desolation of its utter absence?

On the eve of San Michele, all the other boats crowded into the harbour of Torre del Greco like a swarm of white butterflies—all except the little vessel of Ippolite Sacchi. I was down on the beach, mingling with the crowd. I did not see Bertina there; for the vintage season had already begun, and the young vine-dresser could not spare an hour from labour, not even for the sake of love. I was rather glad that she was absent: it would have been a sore pain to that tender heart to witness all the happy greetings, while she herself had to endure the bitterness of suspense. At the time, no one thought anything of this temporary delay in the arrival of one boat; but as the night passed, and the feast of San Michele dawned, while the little bark was still absent, many from the town of Torre came down to the beach with fear and anxiety in their countenances. There were other anguish-riven hearts besides that of Bertina.

All that day I looked in vain for my little Mercury of good or evil tidings—Pietro the lazzarone. He had quite disappeared from his accustomed haunts. I watched the various merry groups and processions, half-festive, half-religious, which hailed the return of the coral-fishers; but in the midst of all, my mind often reverted to the poor Bertina, sorrowing unseen, perhaps alone and unpitied; and more often than even to her did my mind revert to the vineyard on the side of Vesuvius, where one more wretched soul abided. I had an idea that Pietro's absence was in some sort connected with these two; and it was a positive relief to me when, at the close of the day, I saw him traversing the beach with a restless haste that contrasted strongly with his usual lounging gait.

'Good news runs fast, Pietro,' said I: 'where are you carrying yours?'

The lad turned round and made his usual salutation; but the broad stereotyped smile of a Neapolitan lazzarone contended with an expression of sorrow, which made him look comical in the midst of his evident grief. 'The signor's condescension would almost turn bad news to good,' he answered, with an attempt at his usual cajoling. But it would not do: the poor lad had a heart in his bosom beneath those paltry rags, and the tears stood in his black eyes as he added, 'Oh, signor, do not

stop me; I am going to poor Bertina with the news about Ippolite Sacchi!’

‘What news? Is the boat come?’

‘Alas, no, signor! But a fishing-smack has brought the news that it was seen three days ago foundering in the midst of a storm off the Barbary coast. There is little hope that poor Bertina will ever see her betrothed again.’

‘And you are going to tell her so?’

‘No one else will; and she may bear it best from me—for Ippolite always liked me—he was always kind, for I was an orphan like himself—and she knows I would have done anything on earth for him.’

‘And where are you going to find her, Pietro?’

‘At the church. She is sure to be at vespers, praying for him, poor girl. Good evening to the signor!’ And Pietro scampered on, his bare brown feet hardly leaving a trace in the sands.

I could not control my own steps; insensibly they brought me to the church: I had kept Pietro in sight until he disappeared at the door. Then I felt in my very heart what was passing within; I almost heard the scream of that widowed maiden, as his terrible news met her ear. Yet I could not prevent myself from entering the church.

It was almost empty. Throughout the day many happy hearts had poured out their thankful orisons—for in Catholic countries religion is mingled with every passing event of daily life—but these had gone away: it was only mourners who came to pray and weep. Through the sombre twilight, which always reigns in foreign churches, I saw one figure kneeling—no, less kneeling than prostrate on the floor. I knew it was Bertina, and that she had heard all. Pietro was not beside her; he was advancing with an angry vehemence towards another worshipper at a little distance—a woman covered with a hood. The lazzarone touched her dress, and she drew it away, as if from contamination. But in another moment a shriek, wild as that I had expected from the patient, mute, sorrowing Bertina, disturbed the quiet of the church. Pietro had told Madonna Guiditta of her brother’s fate. It struck her like a thunderbolt: she fell on the marble pavement half insensible. A century of agony and conscience-stricken remorse must have been comprised in that one moment.

When Madonna Guiditta lifted up her head, Bertina had risen from her knees. The two women looked at one another for an instant, and then Ippolite’s sister opened her arms; the girl threw herself into them, and all pride, all enmity was forgotten—one common grief had united them, one all-sanctifying love for him who was gone. Ippolite’s sister and his betrothed went away together; the elder mourner leaning on the arm of the younger, guided by her, and seeming to look to her with all the helplessness with which an aged mother clings to her child. The proud woman was completely shattered by the blow.

I turned homeward, moralising, after my usual habit, on what I had seen. How often it is the stern rod of affliction which strikes the rock, and the waters flow! And who shall say that the hand which deals the stroke is not a merciful one? It was so now for both those desolate ones. Yet that poor Ippolite! Well, let us not ponder too much on these things, but look to the end of all.

‘What has become of Madonna Guiditta and Bertina?’ I inquired of Pietro, when, after an absence of some time, I met him on the beach.

The lad broke into a broader smile than ordinary. ‘Oh, they are living together in the beautiful vineyard. Madonna Guiditta is growing quite fond of her poor brother’s pretty bride—the Virgin pardon her sins! But if the old wretch had come to her senses a little sooner, poor Ippolite would not be feeding the fishes off the Barbary shore, nor Bertina pining her life away, as I know she is, though she smiles and looks cheerful for the sake of her lover’s sister. A fine sister indeed! no

more like Ippolite than’—a brilliant idea crossed the mind of the young beggar—‘than this ragged old jacket to the beautiful new one which I could buy if the signor would only give me a few soldi.’

‘At the old trade again, Pietro,’ I said, trying to look angry, while a slight movement made the coins jingle in my pocket, and reminded me that the bitter equinoctial winds were just beginning to blow, and the lad’s brown skin peeped out at the holes in his shadowy apology for a coat. ‘It is a sin to encourage idleness,’ whispered Prudence, but Compassion put her sweet lips to my ear, and murmured, ‘How hard were poverty and orphanhood combined!’ Somehow, Pietro got the soldi.

‘So, Madonna Guiditta is really kind to the poor girl?’ I pursued.

‘Oh yes, signor; as kind as such an old creature can be. At first she seemed as if she could hardly bear to look at Bertina, but now she sits whole hours watching her; and I have often peeped through the vines, when they were sitting together, and seen Madonna Guiditta take Bertina’s head between her two hands—ugly brown withered hands they seemed beside those soft cheeks—and look into her face, muttering to herself for minutes together. The old woman may well look too; for poor Bertina’s was once the prettiest face ever seen, and the very image of her father’s, who was the handsomest fellow in Naples, people said. But the Signor Inglese can take little interest in these things.’

I nodded, but did not farther detain my young informant. As I walked on, it was with a thoughtful spirit. Another leaf in the great tablet of the human heart had been unfolded before me through these unconscious revelations. They set me pondering for a long time. As we advance in life, we philosophise where we once used only to feel. I was on the boundary of the two crises, and my meditations savoured a little of both.

As the winter drew on, I began to experience the weariness of an aimless life. The subsiding of the passing interest which the little episode I relate had given me perhaps increased this feeling. My strolls about Torre seemed to have a painful uniformity, so I projected a journey up the mountain. Perhaps some vague remembrance of Bertina, and of the vineyard on Vesuvius, which seemed a very paradise to the little lazzarone, was the unconscious reason of my choosing this direction for my peregrinations. If so, the same chance led me thither; for one day, at the commencement of a sudden storm, such as are peculiar to the region, I found myself seeking shelter at a dwelling which fully answered Pietro’s description.

While I speculated on this, the door opened, and I was courteously welcomed in by a voice which I knew well, though it was the first time its accents had ever been addressed to myself. I soon found myself sitting face to face with Madonna Guiditta and Bertina. Little did either know how well the stranger had read the hearts and the destiny of both. I watched them eagerly. A change had come over Ippolite’s sister; the harsh lines in her face had melted away. When she looked at, or spoke to Bertina especially, there was a sweetness in her countenance that made me remember with surprise Pietro’s epithet of ‘donnaccione.’ But most of all did I marvel at the patient calmness of Bertina’s face—a calmness which seemed the very sublimation of grief. Then I knew how great and holy is the love which survives even the parting of death, and through its intensity conquers even that last despair.

I was almost glad that the storm continued, so that I had an excuse for remaining; but I was not exactly pleased when the shaggy head of Pietro the lazzarone peeped in at the door. Madonna Guiditta turned away with an expression of pain, but Bertina went and spoke to the lad with her own kind tones. Pietro seemed unusually restless, though a continual succession of furtive smiles appeared creeping about his mouth. At last he came close to Bertina, and whispered something that made her start and turn pale.

'What is it? Oh, mother of mercy! what is it?' she uttered tremulously.

The lad's eyes wandered uneasily towards the door. 'Don't be frightened, Madonna Bertina; it is nothing—only the boat—the boat: I can't keep it any longer!' cried the boy, bursting into a caper of frantic joy, that nearly overthrew the table and myself too. 'Ippolite is come back!'

He was indeed! for the next instant he darted into the room, and snatched to his arms—ah, the first embrace was not the sister's, but the beloved Bertina's! Even then a pang seemed to shoot through Guiditta's heart, since, when Ippolite left his betrothed to fall on the neck of his sister, she only kissed his brow, said softly, 'Thank God,' and glided out of their presence. The happy ones never thought of this—how could they know it!

A short time after, Madonna Guiditta returned. Bertina and Ippolite looked anxiously towards her, and the girl half withdrew herself from the loving arm of her betrothed. But there was no cause for doubt in that serene, affectionate, though half-mournful face.

'Bertina, the Virgin has heard our prayers,' she said. 'My brother, welcome home! Forget all the past, as I do. Ippolite, bring to me my sister!'

During that silent embrace I and Pietro crept out of the room. We had no business there.

I do not think I shall ever see Torre del Greco again, though I shall carry with me all my life a pleasant memory of the summer I spent there. But it is very unlikely that I shall ever be allowed to forget the place, since I have an active and faithful Italian servant, who has followed me half over Europe, and who keeps perpetually reminding me of the beauty of a particular vineyard on Mount Vesuvius. He never urges me to go there, except by picturing the happiness my presence would give.

'And the signor always likes to please other people rather than himself,' the fellow adds sometimes.

Sly Pietro! I should not wonder if you had your own way after all.

THE LAW OF RIOTS.

It used to be said that the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them; but even if this were true, one would think that the people would have some curiosity to know what the laws really are which it is their duty to obey. The law, however, in this country, as regards the masses of the population, is a sealed book, committed to the charge of the lawyers; and to them all without the pale of the profession look for its interpretation. Offences are daily committed, of which the perpetrators know not even the name, far less the penalty; and we constantly read in the newspapers, and think it a capital joke, that a certain offender—to his great astonishment—was 'locked up!'

Something of this, no doubt, is owing to the equivocal nature of the laws themselves, which appear to be expressly constructed to serve as a bone of contention for the lawyers; and something, likewise, to their prodigious number, which would demand the exclusive study of many years—and then, for the most part, elude the inquirer. But still there are circumstances of life, circumstances of constant recurrence, upon which it would be as easy as it would be advantageous to know the true bearing of the law; and to this extent, at least, it is not too much to expect that men anxious both to walk in safety themselves, and discharge their active duty as citizens of the commonwealth, would devote a small share of their attention. In this idea, various cheap works have been printed of late years, explaining the law of debtor and creditor, landlord and tenant, and so on; but we have now one before us on a subject

still more urgent at the present moment—the LAW OF RIOTS.*

What is a riot? Mr Wise, collating the old standard authorities, and the suggestions of the Criminal Law Commissioners, gives this definition:—'A riot is where three or more persons are assembled together without the authority of the law, and engaged in the actual execution of a joint design of a private nature, with violence, and to the terror of the people.' The word 'private' here should more strictly be *local*, and it is used to distinguish the offence from high treason; but at all events, it is clear that three persons may commit a riot as completely as three thousand. Fewer cannot do so, any more than one person can be guilty of conspiracy.

As for the *personnel* of the riot, it may consist of men, women, or infants. Infants at common law are under fourteen: above that age, they are punishable as persons of full years, while under it the penalty depends upon the opinions of the jury as to the extent of their knowledge that they were doing wrong. Women being held to be rioters as well as men, are punishable in their own persons; and husbands may take the flattering unction to their souls, which is offered to them with becoming gravity by the text-books, that they are *not* to be flogged for their wives' misconduct.

The object of the riot is of no manner of consequence, the purpose of the law being simply to prevent violence and tumult, under whatever pretence. If three or more persons, for instance, indignant at a manifestly illegal enclosure, combine to destroy it, they are rioters if they do so in the terms of the definition we have given. The indictment charges no specific purpose: it is the illegal combination, even for a legal object, which constitutes the riot. An *accidental* affray, however violent and terrifying, is no riot; although a lawfully-assembled meeting may become riotous, if they proceed to execute their purpose with violence.

A conspiracy, an unlawful assembly, and a riot, are three distinct offences. The first may exist in its purpose alone—that of effecting any object, legal or illegal, by unlawful means; the second may likewise be without aggressive acts, only *threatening* danger to the peace of the neighbourhood; while a riot is constituted by the offenders being in the actual and violent execution of their project. Of these three, the 'unlawful assembly' would seem to be the grand difficulty. We can tell at once whether the means used by conspirators are legal or otherwise; and about the nature of a riot there can be no doubt: but it is a very delicate task to interfere with the free expression of public opinion, by declaring that a certain meeting of the people is likely to prove dangerous to the peace. Still, there is generally room for a very tolerable presumption. If the meeting expresses, beyond any doubt, the will of the whole kingdom, the question of illegality is at an end; but if, on the other hand, it is merely the voice of a certain portion of the people, who endeavour, by the intimidation of numbers, or physical force, to overawe the authorities, it should unquestionably be put down as unlawful. In order to determine its character, we must weigh all the circumstances of the case; for we are by no means to be governed by the opinion of timid or excitable persons. We must consider the apparent *animus* of the leaders, as disclosed in their speeches, the time, place, and manner of the meeting, and the state of the public

* The Law Relating to Riots and Unlawful Assemblies, &c. By Edward Wise, Esq. London; Shaw and Sons, Fetter Lane.

mind at the time—whether temperate and rational, or likely to be moved by the pressure of circumstances to extravagance, recklessness, and revolt. A careful consideration of these things by firm and reasoning men, will leave little place for error.

It is said, in our author's definition, that a riot must occasion 'terror to the people;' but the people may be represented by one man. If a single one of the Queen's subjects is terrified, that is enough; although the averment as to terror—in *terrorem populi*—is essential to the validity of the indictment. In an otherwise perfectly clear case, where this allegation was omitted, it was held that the defendants could not be convicted of riot. It is unnecessary, however, that the terror should be realised, for personal violence is not an indispensable ingredient in a riot.

Who is guilty of riot? This, it will presently be seen, is a most important question, and must be answered as distinctly as possible. If the meeting be a legal one, and a riot ensues, those only who actually take part in the riot are guilty; but if the meeting be in itself for an unlawful purpose, all attending it countenance the illegal design. Knowing the meeting to be illegal, prudent persons ought either to absent themselves, or assist in dispersing it. If they do neither, they are at least an obstruction to the peace-officers, and so far accomplices of the rioters. It is vain for a member of that illegal meeting to say, that although he approved of the purpose, he did not approve of the violence; for the act of a single individual in such circumstances is construed to be the act of all, and the military, when it is proper for them to act, would be justified in firing upon the whole mob. A mob riotously burned a building; but one of the persons apprehended was proved not to have been present at the commencement of the fire, and it was therefore argued that he could not be guilty as principal. The offence, however, was not destroying the house by fire, but riotously assembling, and while the riot continued, demolishing the house; and the prisoner was found guilty, and transported for twenty-one years. The punishment for simple riots is fine and imprisonment, with or without hard labour; and for aggravated riots, in which houses or other property are destroyed, transportation for life, or for any term not less than seven years, or imprisonment for any time not exceeding three years; and solitary imprisonment, not exceeding one month at any one time, or three months in any one year, may also be inflicted.

The enactments familiarly called the Riot Act were made at the time when the newly-seated House of Hanover was distracted by popular tumults, and they are of course distinguished by much severity. The first section declares that all persons, to the number of twelve or more, who continue riotously assembled for one hour after proclamation is made (termed reading the Riot Act), shall be adjudged felons, and suffer death, as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy. The punishment has since then, as we have seen, been modified,* but the other provisions are strictly enforced. When the proclamation is to be made, says the act, 'the justice of the peace, or other person authorised by this act to make the said proclamation, shall, among the said rioters, or as near to them as he can safely come, with a loud voice command, or cause to be commanded, silence to be while proclamation is making; and after that, shall openly, and with loud voice, make, or cause to be made, proclamation in these or words like in effect:—“Our Sovereign Lord the King [Queen] chargeth and commandeth all persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George, for preventing tumults and riotous

assemblies. God save the King [Queen].” And every such justice and justices of the peace, the act continues, ‘sheriff, under-sheriff, mayor, bailiff, and other head officer aforesaid, within the limits of their respective jurisdictions, are hereby authorised, empowered, and required, on notice or knowledge of any such unlawful, riotous, and tumultuous assembly, to resort to the place where such unlawful, riotous, and tumultuous assembly shall be, of persons to the number of twelve or more, and there to make, or cause to be made, proclamation in manner aforesaid.’ So strictly are these formalities of the proclamation observed, that in a case where ‘God save the King’ (now ‘the Queen’) was omitted, and in another where the additional words ‘of the reign of’ after ‘the first years’ were introduced, it was decided that the indictment must fail.

It is further enacted that any opposition to the reading of the proclamation—‘opposing, obstructing, letting, hindering, or hurting’ the persons reading or attempting to read—shall be considered as grave an offence as the remaining for an hour after it is read; and likewise that if the reading is prevented by such hindrances, those of the rioters who are aware of the fact shall be considered as guilty as if the proclamation had really been made. We frequently hear of the Riot Act being read more than once; but this is merely in order that there shall be no doubt as to the fact, not to give the offenders more time, as is commonly supposed, for the computation of the hour of grace is made from the first reading. This statute, however, is merely cumulative. The magistrates remain possessed of all their powers for the suppression of crime; and rioters who think that the proclamation gives them the right to do as they please for an hour without interference, will find themselves prodigiously mistaken. The act extends to Scotland.

The rights and duties of private individuals during a riot are perfectly clear and simple, although the great body of the people, we apprehend, know very little about them. ‘By the common law,’ says Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, ‘every private person may lawfully *endeavour of his own authority, and without any warrant or sanction of the magistrate, to suppress a riot by every means in his power.* He may disperse, or assist in dispersing, those who are assembled; he may stay those who are engaged in it from executing their purpose; he may stop and prevent others whom he shall see coming up from joining the rest; and not only has he the authority, but it is his bounden duty, as a good subject of the king, to perform this to the utmost of his ability. If the riot be general and dangerous, he may arm himself against the evil doers to keep the peace.’ But although the law not only permits, but enjoins this interference, it is considered more ‘discreet’ for private persons to range themselves on the side of the authorities; yet ‘if the occasion demands immediate action, and no opportunity is given for procuring the advice or sanction of the magistrate, it is the duty of every subject to act for himself, and upon his own responsibility, in suppressing a riotous and tumultuous assembly; and he may be assured, that whatever is honestly done by him in the execution of that object, will be supported and justified by the common law.’

It follows from the right to quell such disturbances by force, that rioters are held criminally liable for the consequences of their resistance. If a life is sacrificed by such resistance, this is murder; and the deed of one person, as we have already said, being chargeable upon all his aiders and abettors, the whole mob is guilty of the capital felony. But private persons have not only the right to interfere—it is their duty to assist the authorities when called upon. Obedience is compulsory, under pain of fine and imprisonment; the refusal, like the riot itself, being a misdemeanour.

When a riot is apprehended, too serious to be dealt with by the ordinary police force, special constables are summoned from the inhabitants of the district, and ‘sworn in.’ The oath is as follows:—‘I, A. B., do swear

* In a conviction under the Riot Act, the minimum of transportation is not seven years, as in ordinary cases of riot, but fifteen.

that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King [Queen] in the office of special constable for the parish [or township] of —, without favour or affection, malice or ill-will; and that I will, to the best of my power, cause the peace to be kept and preserved, and prevent all offences against the persons and properties of his majesty's subjects; and that while I continue to hold the said office, I will, to the best of my skill and knowledge, discharge all the duties thereof faithfully according to law—So help me God.' The persons summoned to take this oath must obey, under a penalty not exceeding £5. We have no room to describe the rights and duties of special constables, but they are identical with those of common law constables. They receive no salaries, but may be ordered allowances out of the county rate. 'Such,' says Mr Wise, in concluding the chapter he has devoted to them, 'are the provisions made by law for the preservation of peace and order by the civic guard, as they may be termed—a guard including within it all classes, binding all with equal rights, imposing upon all equal duties, because all have the deepest interest in protecting each other. So will they best protect themselves, and hand down that freedom to their posterity which their ancestors have acquired, of which the imperfection can be corrected by earnest inquiry and manly energy, but not by wild violence, nor by each class seeking to attribute all their own difficulties to the faults of others, and not caring to think how far they may have been the architects of their own misfortunes.'

The rights and duties of the military in cases of riot appear to be very generally misapprehended. 'The soldier,' says a high authority, 'is still a citizen, lying under the same obligation, and invested with the same authority to preserve the peace of the king as any other subject. If the one is bound to attend the call of the civil magistrate, so also is the soldier; if the one may interfere for that purpose when the occasion demands it, without the requisition of the magistrate, so may the other too; if the one may employ arms for that purpose, where arms are necessary, the soldier may do the same.' The military, in fact, are called out simply as that class of citizens whose services are likely to prove most efficient.

With the magistrate of course rests the most important duty of all; for in addition to his own powers as an individual, he has authority over all other individuals. He may either give firearms to those who assist him, or summon the assistance and advice of the military. He reads the Riot Act. But it is no part of his duty to marshal and lead the constables, or ride with the military. It is his province, in short, to give orders, not to assist personally in their execution.

In conclusion, we have only to advert to the recourse which individuals who suffer in their property from a riot, have against the community of the district to which they belong. In order to establish this recourse, the building or other fixed property must have been either entirely destroyed, or rendered unfit for its customary use, or at least it must have been the *intent* of the rioters so to demolish it. The damages recoverable are the value of the house, or other property, and also of the fixtures, furniture, or goods that may have been destroyed at the same time. 'The object of this,' to use the words of Lord Chief-Justice Denman, 'is to make it the interest of all the inhabitants of a district to exert themselves in the timely suppression of riotous assemblies, and in the prevention of the serious loss that such assemblies may cause to the particular individuals who are the first victims of their lawless outrage; and not to stand quietly by, either through fear or indifference, while the property of a neighbour is destroyed, and the rioters acquire that increase of strength which always accompanies unrestrained violence, until the evil extends itself, and in the end falls upon the heads of those by whose forbearance the strength and power of mischief were permitted to increase.'

There are few of our readers who will not perceive

the utility and interest of the little volume which has afforded most of the materials for this sketch; but we can say besides, that, independently of the information it affords, it is written with great tact, and even taste; and although professionally careful in its references and other details, is perfectly well adapted for popular perusal.

HOSPITAL FOR INFANT CRÉTINS.

THE unfortunate beings whose destiny forms the subject of this memoir are well known to travellers in Switzerland, whose enjoyment of the beauties of that glorious country has often been clouded by the sight of what has hitherto been considered as incurable suffering. The benevolent have sighed over their degradation, the political economist has calculated the dead weight that they must prove on so poor a population, and the Christian has mourned over immortal souls enveloped, as it were, in a chrysalis, which will open only when the ceremonies of the tomb shall burst.

They have existed for centuries—indeed no one in the country knows the time when there were no crétins in the land; they have existed as an unavoidable evil, and no means had hitherto been sought to turn away so great an affliction or modify its intensity, till one of those noble and unselfish characters which the world sees from time to time stand forth from the crowd, rose up to help them, giving his powers of mind and energies of heart to the subject, and devoting himself entirely to the cure or amelioration of *infant crétins*.

It is now seven years since the simple-hearted and benevolent Dr Guggenbühl founded his asylum on the heights of the Abendberg, a spot which poets and painters might choose as the scene of their reveries, and which is singularly well calculated to supply the wants of its inmates for their physical and intellectual development. A purer air cannot exist, nor a scene of more exquisite beauty. It is an open space three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and overhanging the towns of Interlaken and Unterseen; below, the mountain is thickly covered by a fine forest, and opposite rises the giant form of the glorious Jungfrau, a sovereign among the mighty Alps. The buildings which form the hospice are extremely modest, but convenient; and on that height is to be found nearly all the necessities of daily life. The produce of the kitchen-garden is, in general, very abundant; and Indian corn, and even other corn, grow well there. The inmates bake their own bread, and sometimes kill their own meat. Poultry and goats complete their stock.

Almost always the winter, which is severe in the valley, passes gently over the heights. Two unfailing springs of water supply them amply with baths, as well as what is wanted for household use.

In this retirement, with all the ardour with which discoveries inspire genius, and the patience and affection with which the love of his fellow-creatures has filled his heart, the young and scientific physician we have named has resolved on spending his life, surrounded by objects for the greater part of a disgusting nature, and without companions of like education with himself, except in the valley below. Before this living example of Christian love we bow with feelings of unmixed veneration; for when he began his work, there were no admiring crowds to fan enthusiasm; there was everything to fear from want of funds; and little co-operation to hope for from the medical practitioners of the country. There were deep-rooted prejudices to overcome: money never is abundant in Switzerland, and one canton takes but little interest in the institutions of another.

Once inspired with this generous determination, and prompted by scientific knowledge, Dr Guggenbühl gave himself up to the study of the probable causes of this mysterious disorder, and of the probable means of curing it. For this, he availed himself of the researches and opinions of others, and also of what is always a sure guide

—the hereditary wisdom of the inhabitants of those places where crétinism is most prevalent.

He found that from the celebrated De Saussure, down to the living physicians of Switzerland, all agreed that the disorder never showed itself *above* the height of four thousand feet on the mountains; and that children attacked by it, and immediately carried up into a purer and keener air, were sure to recover, and even to be more lively and forwarder on returning again into the valleys, at the approach of winter, than the other children of those parts; but also, they easily fall back again into the same state as before, and require more than one summer spent upon the heights to free them entirely from all symptoms of the disorder.

He found also that those who were rich enough sent their offspring away while infants to healthier spots; and that the inhabitants of Sion, in the Valais, who possess *mayens*, or pastures, and chalets on the heights, send their wives up to them to be delivered there, with the conviction that the infants so born are freer from attacks of crétinism than those born in the valleys. All these undoubted facts led him to found his establishment at the height so indicated, and in the healthiest spot possible, where the little crétins can spend the winter as well as the summer in comfort, and be not only under the care of nurses and physicians, but also under that of schoolmasters and mistresses, and so receive bodily care and intellectual instruction at the same time.

He began in the spirit of Franke, whose example he so often alludes to; and relying on the fulness of Christian benevolence to realise what he felt sure of executing, were the means obtained. His difficulties were great, and the sympathy he met with at first amongst his own countrymen next to nothing; but we cannot but regard the neighbourhood of Interlaken, which in summer is filled with tourists from every country, as a most providential circumstance for the success of the rising hospital.

The first news that we received of its existence was from the graphic pen of one of the daughters of the Russian ambassador, the Baron de Krudener, then at Interlaken, who had accompanied the Princess Rephin on a visit to it, and who described its very infancy with enthusiasm. Some time after, the king of Wurtemberg, while resident at Interlaken, inspected it himself, and gave substantial marks of his interest; and the scientific of all countries, as well as the philanthropic and the curious, who visit the Bernese Oberland, have spread a knowledge of its foundation throughout the continent more rapidly than otherwise could ever have been hoped for.

Nevertheless, ill-natured doubts were thrown on the facts which Dr Guggenbühl published, and ridicule even was not wanting to dishearten and distress him. Some generous-minded persons were, however, to be found who held out a helping hand, and assisted him to put his benevolent designs in execution.

As soon as the establishment was opened, the government of Berne granted it a sum of six hundred livres; and those of Fribourg, the Valais, and St Gall, sent crétin children to be maintained there at their expense. The king of Prussia likewise took notice of it, and ordered two children to be placed there from the principality of Neuchâtel; the Countess of Hahn Hahn, who had taken her daughter to the Abendberg, in the vain hope of effecting her cure (but her age, sixteen, rendered it impossible), with a most natural sympathy for others similarly afflicted, requested that a Valaisan child should be always maintained there at her expense, to be called *her child*, one succeeding the other when cured, and for which she gave the necessary funds.

Associations began then to be formed in many of the capitals of Europe, beginning with Hamburg, Amsterdam, &c.; and finally, Dr Troxler, professor at Berne, gave the establishment the sanction of his powerful name. Subscriptions were made which have enabled Dr Guggenbühl to extend his operations wider than he possibly could have done; and last year he ventured to add a second building to the original one, that the children might be enabled to continue their

gymnastic exercises through the winter, whereas before, they could only be performed in the open air. He has also added two or three rooms in the new building, which can be occupied by parents of the children, who may wish to remain with them for a longer or a shorter time; for amongst the sick, whom Dr Guggenbühl's rising reputation has brought to the Abendberg, are some of high rank, who, though not precisely crétins, were yet of that class of patients in whom the brain appears not to have been properly developed, and to these he has been of very great use. When we visited him in 1846, and fully enjoyed the sight of so much natural and moral beauty, we saw two titled little girls who had been taken to him from Germany, to die, as it was thought, but who have, on the contrary, lived and prospered under his roof.

Of the number of children hitherto admitted, one-third have been sent back to their families quite cured, others more or less ameliorated, and some few have died. In general, Dr Guggenbühl complains that they are not left long enough, and assures that a long space of time and continued care are absolutely necessary to insure perfect success; not less, he reckons, than three years in general. Some have appeared to baffle every effort, their bodies presenting an ensemble of deformity, their tongues obtruding from their mouths, their heads hanging down, their skin wrinkled like a person of eighty, their limbs dwindled to nothing, their bodies enormous, and neither sign of intelligence nor any articulate sound to be drawn from them. Even these, by his kind and judicious treatment, by unwearied care, by baths, by aromatic frictions, by electricity, by goats' milk, by exposure to the air and sun, by every means of infant development, playing, talking, laughing, by lessons with pictures, and by singing—even these have acquired the use of their limbs, the power of speech, the faculty of learning, and have, after a long stay on the Abendberg, been sent back as well as, and even more forward in most branches of instruction, than the generality of children of their age. Their progress is never uniform or regular, but always by fits and starts, and all at once, as if a cell were opened in their brain, or a veil withdrawn from their understanding, and that, too, when least expected. Parents and schoolmasters might learn many a useful lesson on that alpine height, and find data which would save more than one dunce from the rod, and teach the master that he is far more to blame than the scholar.

His great principle is to strengthen the body before he attempts to develop the mind. He even goes so far as to say, that to venture on the second before the first is accomplished, is productive of the most disastrous consequences; and were his warning voice but listened to, how many victims of precocity, how many little wonders, who minister to parental self-love for a time, and then sink into mediocrity afterwards, might be saved from subsequent suffering and nervous irritability!

Dr Guggenbühl divides crétinism into several different species:—*1st*, Atrophy, in which the spinal marrow has suffered mostly, and the extremities are nearly paralysed: *2d*, Rachitis, where the bones have become soft and spongy, and out of proportion: *3d*, Hydrocephalus; the disorder being occasioned by water formed in the cells of the skull, which ought to be occupied by the brain: *4th*, Inborn, of which the germ is in the infant at its birth, and which presents any or all of the foregoing principles, and varies in intensity, from the slightly affected, down to the mass of animal matter which lies where it is placed, and can neither move nor speak. In this class are to be remarked those who have imperfect bodily growth, and the head out of proportion to the body; and also those who do not speak, yet are not deaf, but who have great difficulty in articulating, and are too lazy to attempt it.

We might give some striking extracts from the German report published by Dr Guggenbühl in 1846, illustrative of each of these forms of crétinism; but perhaps the following case of the first-mentioned form of crétinism (atrophy) will be considered sufficient in a non-professional journal like this:—

'L—, a little girl of six months old, was brought to us. Her mother is strong and healthy, but her father

weak and scrofulous. Till she was four months old she was in good health, but weaker than children of that age generally. A violent cold was the beginning of her illness; and when brought to our house, her appearance was so wretched, as to procure her the name of the *little worm*, from the Princess-Royal Henrietta of Wurtemberg, during her visit to us; and truly was she so named, for she was frightful to look upon. Her body was more like a skeleton covered with skin than anything else, and that skin was cold and wrinkled. All her muscles were immovable, and the extremities of her body like miniature hands and feet. Her face was deadly white, her forehead and cheeks wrinkled like an old person's, while her black and piercing eyes had a singularly knowing look. She slept ill, her pulse was feeble, and she had no natural heat. She came to us in July; the weather was beautiful, and the keenness of our mountain air, the uninterrupted sunshine of our unclouded sky, the electricity which predominates in the atmosphere, all which have so great an influence on our invalids, were furthered by strict regimen and constant care. This delicate little creature, who so soon after her birth had began to lose all resemblance to a human being, and that so rapidly, now made as rapid strides towards recovery. In three months' time the deformities of her person began to disappear, her skin recovered its natural warmth, the wrinkles vanished, and her face grew young again, with the hue and the charm of infancy; and at the same time her smile, and the manner in which she took notice of those around her, showed that the faculties of her mind were awakening also. In the space of twelve months, she had lost the appearance of a little doll, and had regained that of children of her own age—proof sufficient of the efficacy of proper treatment begun without loss of time, and of the disorder being more efficaciously treated in earliest infancy than at a later period. It is now eighteen months since she left us, and we have had the happiness of learning from the Pastor Bitzius of Lutzelflück, so well known as a popular writer, in whose parish she is, that she continues in perfect health, and can talk and express herself well.*

Dr Guggenbühl makes a wide distinction between crétinism and idiotism, and after illustrating his ideas on the subject by the description of two brothers who are in his institution—the one crétin, the other idiot—he proceeds thus:—

‘Crétinism shows itself sometimes in the physical development, and sometimes in the intellectual, and sometimes in both, and to about the same degree. It is always accompanied by some great defect in the constitution; while the intellect is, nevertheless, capable of being acted upon.

‘Idiotism, on the contrary, is often found in a beautiful, well-proportioned body. It is occasioned, without any exception, by a fault in the formation of the brain—sometimes too large—or an organisation of it which excludes the possibility of any but a very slight degree of cultivation.

‘Anatomical researches on the bodies of crétins have shown that the seat of the disorder is almost always in the brain. Sometimes its substance differs from that of healthy subjects by being too hard or too little, sometimes it is watery, and sometimes its fibres are flat and small, as in animals. Yet a cause still hidden from us, either before or after birth, hinders the proper development of the brain and of the spinal marrow, both so essentially necessary to the growth and the progress of the child.

‘Crétinism is also closely allied to scrofula: the symptoms of the latter being often, if not always, found in crétins, and the same remedies being generally good for both. (Goitres, also, often accompany or precede it, and are sometimes enormous in old crétins.) Scrofula is frequent in the valleys, very fatal, and its effects dreadful, even where it does not kill.’

Such, then, is crétinism—a disorder which is sometimes brought into the world by the unfortunate child at its birth, and which in that case has a stronger hold over the constitution than when it attacks it at a later period;

but which the oftenest shows itself in the first few weeks, or months, or years of its existence: seldom or ever after the age of seven years; and if met by a change of air and diet, by strengthening and exciting remedies, by action on the nerves, the bones, and the muscles, can be stopped short, and finally cured if taken in time after the moment when it first manifests itself, and if the treatment is continued long enough; and which can almost always be modified: thus differing entirely from idiocy, which is incurable and unmodifiable. Crétins at the highest point of the disorder never live longer than twenty-five years, and pass, as it were, at once from childhood to old age in their appearance.

They are, even in that extreme state of disgusting helplessness, the objects of tenderness and superstitious reverence in their families; according to the beneficent dispensations of a merciful God, who never permits a want in the human race without implanting a feeling in the human heart which is to lead men to minister unto it. Their heads are almost invariably larger than those of other men, and offer some singular and defective forms, through which one feature runs without exception—the depression of the forehead. Unfortunately, those prejudices which exist everywhere amongst the poor, have hitherto greatly hindered all anatomical researches in crétins, and rendered the study of the *causes* of crétinism so vague and unsatisfactory.

We will now turn to the remedies which Dr Guggenbühl has employed with the greatest success, and which he recommends to the notice and use of the scientific world.

They are, in general, the same, with little variation; and consist in electric shocks on the head and on the feet, given during sleep or in the bath, where generally the little patients pronounce their first distinct words; of aromatic frictions on the back, with baths of the same; of preparations of steel, bark; of the waters of Wiedegg, which are in the neighbourhood; of cod-liver oil; of iodine; of juglam regia; of a diet composed of goats' milk, which is peculiarly aromatic on the mountains; of meat, some few vegetables, with the entire exclusion of potatoes; but above all, and the most important, is continual exposure to the air and sunshine—those who cannot walk being laid out on the grass to inhale the wholesome breezes of that high, pure air;* cold baths they cannot bear. Gymnastic exercises, which require the daily use of every muscle, are also very important, and excite the children to emulation in their feats; whilst the exercise of the faculties of the mind are equally carried on in mental gymnastics, according to the powers of each little scholar. Music has been found to be a powerful aid, soothing, interesting, and refining; and we can bear witness ourselves to the thrilling effect of the voices of the happy little group, who sang to us in their infantine manner the praises of their God. Few persons, we think, could have restrained their tears while listening to that infant choir, and reflecting that but for the Christian love which has watched over them, their voices might still have uttered nothing but groans, and their souls remained ignorant of God their Maker.

Let us now turn to the difficult question—what are the causes of crétinism; and set forth the various suppositions which have been given down to the present day.

From all the observations made by Dr Guggenbühl himself, and collected by him from others, from those also published by the different societies which have examined into it, there seems to remain no doubt that it arises from local causes affecting the state of the atmosphere in which the children are born or live. That it is necessarily hereditary, does not appear; for children of parents half crétin, or with some signs of the disease, often escape; whereas very lively and healthy persons often have crétin children, when living in a close, steamy air, in valleys where there is not a thorough renewing of

* Messrs Schubli and Buzzorini have shown by their experiments that the human lungs absorb in the mountain air a much greater quantity of oxygen than in the plain; for which reason the nervous system is more active, animal heat is stronger, and the nourishment given to the body more abundant.

the air, or where stagnant vapours remain on the sides of the hills, by the waters coming down from the heights, and being held in by a ledge of rocks or a belt of trees. We must add also the want of cleanliness and fresh air in the habitations, which are but too often devoid of a sufficient number of windows, and which are generally ornamented in front by a large dunghill, surrounded by a pool of infectious water, from which emanations exhale which must necessarily form a part of the atmosphere of the interior of the dwellings. Want of cleanliness in their persons also—the use of fresh water being no part of their education; and lastly, the miserable food that the peasants in general live upon, consisting of salt meat at times, black bread, hard cheese, and potatoes.

What seems to justify this theory is, that along with the advancement of civilisation (the consequence of long peace), of much travelling, of money flowing into places which formerly were never visited by strangers; in consequence also of the progress made in comfort in the houses, of cleanliness in particular (partially introduced), of drainage, of better roads, &c. it is certain that the very most disgusting form of crétinism has nearly disappeared. Those unfortunate beings, who could neither move, speak, nor show any sign of humanity, except its most degraded form, are scarcely now to be met with. Such were those frightful objects which the French soldiers fired at on their first entrance into Switzerland, not from cruelty, but from the horror with which they inspired them. The inhabitants have also at the same time become more active, laborious, and sober by their intercourse with other countries;* and the great facilities of land and water carriage have introduced the produce of the colonies, and substituted a much more wholesome species of food than the indigestible cheeses, curds, salt pork, and greasy bacon, which before constituted their only nourishment.

Formerly, also, crétins but a step removed from the state we have described were unfortunately permitted by the authorities to intermarry, and thus became the parents of wretches yet more unhappy than themselves. Now, marriages amongst near relations, especially where there is any tendency to disorder, are much discouraged, as being fatal to the health of their children. We may therefore hope that, if no great pressure of misery should fall on the inhabitants of the Alpine valleys, every succeeding year may bring amongst them some of those habits which are the best preventatives of scrofula, goitre, and crétinism.

But to return to the history of the Abendberg. There have been founded two other hospices in imitation of it—the one in Wurtemberg, by a few Christian friends associated together, and which is placed under the direction of Mr Rösch; the other in Saxony, formed by the unwearied efforts of Dr Carus, physician to the king. In Austria, researches are making, under the superintendence of the Baron de Funchtersleben, but no establishment has yet been made; and through the mountains of Caucasus inquiries are going on by the great Russian oculist, Piragoff, whose name is so well known to science. The king of Sardinia also has taken up the subject with royal munificence, and ordered an investigation of every parish throughout his dominions, which has been now at work for many months, and the report of which is expected to be published speedily.

Dr Guggenbühl's second report, as yet only published in German, is accompanied by a very large number of letters of affection and encouragement, addressed to him from all parts of the continent by men of science, learning, philanthropy, and Christian principle, many of whom have visited the Abendberg, and give their witness to its success. They are in some instances accompanied by the diplomas of different learned societies.

It is now time to close our humble tribute to the beauty and the importance of Dr Guggenbühl's bold undertaking in a medical, a scientific, a philanthropic, a political, and, above all, in a Christian point of view; and we can fearlessly call on all those in our own happy land, where crétinism and goitres are unknown, to whom the present and future welfare of mankind is dear, to come forward with the abundant riches with which prosperity and commerce have blessed us, so different from the scanty resources of poor revolutionised Switzerland, and help one of the noblest and the most unselfish enterprises build the age can boast of.

Let not his confidence in the sympathy and the assistance of the wise and the good of every country be disappointed, but let those who are unscathed by such afflictions build *here* an altar of thanksgiving to God!*

THE PAINTER OF CORK.

In a carpenter's workshop adjoining a small house situated in a suburb of the city of Cork, a lad of fourteen was standing one day about sixty years ago. He was tall for his age, and slightly made, with handsome features and bright quick-glancing eyes, that seemed to turn in scorn from the instruments of homely industry that surrounded him, and to fix with a gaze of longing love on the waving branches of a fine old elm-tree, that chequered with their greenness the laughing blue of a summer sky. He stood lost in contemplation, till his reverie was broken by a rough voice behind him.

'What, Nat! idling as usual, and staring out of the window instead of finishing the table for Mr Wilson. You know it must go home to-morrow, and it is not half made.'

The boy sighed deeply, and without replying, took up a piece of wood and a chisel which were lying upon the ground, and walked slowly towards the working bench. The person who addressed him was his father, an honest, hard-working mechanic, who, after watching for a while his son's listless resumption of his task, sighed in his turn, and said—'Well, Nat, if you don't wear out many tools by hard work, at least you don't spare the chalk. I'm afraid all the furniture you have made, or ever will make, won't pay me for all the lumps of it you use in scrawling on the walls and timber. You're now no longer a child; and tell me, in the name of common sense, how do you ever expect to earn a livelihood by wasting your time in such folly?' The boy cast a mournful glance round the walls of the workshop, which were flourished over with designs of figures and landscapes. Though drawn with common chalk on the stained plaster, they displayed a freedom of touch and beauty of expression quite marvellous for an artist so young and so untaught. Every picturesque form of inanimate nature or grotesque living figure that met the eye of Nathaniel Grogan, was immediately treasured in his mind, and his hand proceeded to trace it visibly with the sole rude materials within his reach, impelled by an impulse of genius as irresistible as that which filled the birks and braes of Scotland with the untutored and undying melodies of Burns. The youth we speak of is still remembered in his native land as an artist of no common order. Many exquisite engravings and original paintings remain to attest his skill. Had he lived under more favourable circumstances, he might have achieved a European reputation; as it is, we are still proud to class him among the gifted artists whom our city has produced. Some passages in his life deserve to be noticed, and with these we will proceed.

The boy loved his parents, and yet he was thoroughly unhappy: he felt wild longings and aspirations that carried his thoughts far beyond his father's workshop, even while he was chained to unsuitable labour. He was wont to despatch his daily task as speedily as pos-

* It is a fact that since the opening of the route into Italy by the Simplon, the number of such wretched beings has much diminished all through the Valais. Only since then the banking up of the Rhone has taken place, and is still prosecuted by the authorities of the canton, by which the marshes, which formerly were under water on each side of the river, are drained, and formed into a fertile and salubrious country.

* A large number of the children admitted are very poor, and many pay nothing; the benevolence of the founder preventing his turning them away from his door.

sible, and then, with a few rude materials which he possessed, pursue his darling studies. One fine summer evening he was sent by his father on an errand, which led him for some distance along the river banks. The varied loveliness of the scene filled the boy's ardent mind with rapture, while the peaceful calm of sunset tended to soothe the repining emotions which were ever ready to arise when he thought of his humble lot. He had long contemplated leaving home, and pushing his fortune in a foreign land: the thought recurred now as he watched his own bright Lee gliding on towards the ocean. But how could he leave his parents?—how tell them that he must forsake the humble occupation to which they had destined him? An opportunity offered sooner than he had expected. An American vessel was in the harbour, and the captain, who was ready to sail for New York, wanted some additional hands. He happened this evening to be taking a stroll by the river side, and remarked young Grogan gazing wistfully on the waters.

'Holla! youngster,' cried he; 'would you like to take a trip across the Atlantic this fine weather?'

The youth started, and looked up. We do not know what reply he made, but it certainly was not in the negative, for before two days had passed, Nathaniel Grogan was shipped on board the Ajax; and his weeping parents, after giving him their parting embrace and blessing, watched with anguish the swelling sails that bore away their only boy.

Ten years passed on, and the Grogans heard nothing of their absent son; they believed him to be dead, and mourned for him as only parents can mourn; but woes of another kind came on them. The father one day, in cleaving a piece of timber, cut his hand severely; he did not at first attend to it properly, and the pain and inflammation in a few days became so great that a fever ensued, and his life was in danger. After a long illness, he began slowly to recover, but continued for some time unable to work. All his savings were expended, and he found himself and his wife reduced to the utmost poverty. Sometimes the poor invalid, when eating his scanty meal of potatoes, so ill suited to restore his wasted strength, would say, with tears in his eyes, 'Ah, if our poor Nat could only have contented himself at home, what a help and comfort he might be to us now!' Then his wife would turn her weeping eyes towards a landscape hanging on the wall, which her son had placed there the day before he sailed, and say, 'God is good, James; let us try and be resigned to His holy will.'

One day when Grogan was nearly recovered, he was sent for by a rich and benevolent gentleman residing in the neighbourhood to execute some trifling jobs in his house. The carpenter's clothes were so old and worn, that he felt almost ashamed to present himself at the door of a handsome dwelling. His employer, however, received him most kindly, and ordered refreshments for him before he proceeded to work. After the poor man had partaken of a hearty repast, Mr — called him, and said, 'I want to bespeak some deal tables and chairs from you, Grogan; but first come into the drawing-room—one of the window frames is strained, and I want to have it settled.' The carpenter of course obeyed, and taking off his shoes at the threshold, entered a more splendid apartment than he had ever seen before.

'Wait there for a moment,' said Mr —; 'I will come directly, and show you what to do.'

Left alone in the drawing-room, Grogan had leisure to look about him. At first he felt bewildered by the splendour of the furniture and richness of the hangings that surrounded him. He also remarked several paintings; but one in particular arrested his attention. It was placed leaning against the wall in an excellent light, and the old man started when he gazed at it. There he saw his own likeness standing in his workshop, everything in it drawn with the utmost fidelity, as it appeared on the well-remembered evening when he bade his son farewell. The figure of the boy appeared

in the foreground, but his face was not seen; for it rested on his mother's shoulder, in whose arms he was locked, and whose meek countenance of wo was portrayed with matchless fidelity. With clasped hands and parted lips the old man gazed; he did not speak or stir till Mr —, who had entered the room unperceived, touched his arm and said, 'Does that picture, Grogan, remind you of any one?'

'Oh, sir, my boy—my boy!' It was all he could say. His chest heaved, and tears, such as poverty and sickness failed to draw, streamed down his cheeks. A side-door opened, and a man rushed in. Who would have recognised the slight pale-faced stripling in that tall handsome figure? But the father knew the soft-toned voice that now, with touching gentleness, besought his pardon; and the father felt the quick bright glance of that eye meeting his, whose beams he had mourned as for ever quenched. It was indeed his long-lost son, returned to comfort him and his wife in their old age.

Since we lost sight of Nathaniel Grogan he had passed through many vicissitudes. He had experienced in the new world all the varied chances of a wandering life, and suffered many and bitter privations, so that often, in utter weariness of spirit and hopelessness of heart, he felt almost ready to lie down and die. How did he mourn over the wayward temperament which led him to forsake his parents and his country; yet he shrank from returning to them a penniless outcast. He vowed to himself that he would achieve honour and competence ere he again trod the green fields of Erin. That vow, through his own persevering endeavours, and the disinterested kindness of some rich countrymen whom he met in America, he was enabled to keep. Having realised some money by the sale of pictures in the United States, he came over to his native city, recommended to the kind and powerful patronage of Mr —. During the voyage, the vessel was for some time becalmed, and Grogan occupied the tedious hours in committing to canvas that parting scene, which the lapse of years had failed to efface from his memory. Like the patriarch of old, his heart was bursting with the question, 'Doth my father yet live?' and, like him, when the sight of that father once more gladdened his eyes, 'he fell upon his neck and kissed him;' and then 'he nourished his father and his father's house with bread.'




The subsequent career of Nathaniel Grogan was respectable and tolerably prosperous. He taught drawing with success for many years in his native city, where, however, his talent failed to be appreciated as fully as it deserved. Some of his paintings still adorn the collections of the gentry in the south of Ireland.

FLYING MACHINES.

If the desire to fly conveyed the presumption that man was ever destined for its enjoyment, it can only be said to be very lamentable that this long-deferred faculty has yet to be realised. But that it is the fascinating occupation of some ingenious minds to draw plans and devise machines for this end, the press has never long suffered us to doubt. A modest, and, for a marvel, a sober-minded little book, by one taking the name of Dædalus Britannicus,* is one of the most recent of such records, and has, by its appearance, suggested the cursory consideration we propose to bestow upon this subject. We conceive, however, that there is a legitimate distinction to be recognised between the arts of *flying* and *floating* in the air. The distinction is such as prevails between a rudderless, oarless, sailless boat, at the mercy of the billow on which it reposes, and a steamer full of volimotory powers. So here, ballooning—that is, being hauled up a certain distance into the sky, and let down again wherever the wind wills—and aerial navigation are very dissimilar things. The one we have attained to; but it is, to say the least of it, a

* Aërial Navigation. By Dædalus Britannicus. Sherwood. 1843.

most questionable thing whether we shall ever be permitted to accomplish the other.

It is needless, in the present advanced state of information, to go into any account of the origin or history of balloons. By the ingenuity of Mr Green and others, the balloon has apparently attained perfection; but after all, it is nothing more than a toy—a machine helpless in the midst of the atmosphere. Unlike the ship at sea, it has nothing against which sails or rudder can be made to act. Theorising men of science, however, are not satisfied, and new contrivances to guide the machine have been attempted. One of these consists of a sail placed horizontally, or vertically, in connection with proper sustaining apparatus attached to the car. Mr Edgeworth first proposed the use of this resisting surface to the Royal Irish Academy in 1795, but it was principally for facilitating the ascent and descent of the machine. A Mr Evans appears to have conceived the first successful method of directing the flight of the machine. Using a small 'Montgolfier' balloon, he suspended a large oblique surface beneath it. When the balloon ascended, it ascended in the direction toward which the upper edge of the oblique surface looked, and descended again to the point to which the lower edge was directed. Thus a sort of aerial tacking was attained. The course which a balloon thus fitted would take in its ascent, might be described thus ; then when it attained the highest point, the edge of the plane would be reversed, and the balloon would descend thus ; or the whole course . It was proposed that two balloons should be used—a Montgolfier below, and a hydrogen a considerable height above. Biot remarked, this was placing a furnace underneath a powder magazine. It was manifest that aerial voyaging, if only to be accomplished by this means, had little to recommend it to the philosopher, and none to the expeditious traveller. This idea, therefore, fell to the ground for a time. The motive powers of the steam-engine were then thought of, and it was proposed to place a light engine in the car, which should actuate a pair of vanes on either side. But the weight of engines, fuel, water, and the necessary attendants, has hitherto been an insurmountable difficulty. The lightest marine-engine, on the condensing principle, cannot be made under at least twelve or thirteen hundredweight per horsepower. Many ingenious plans were devised for reducing the weight of the steam-engine. Mr Gurney invented some engines, which, with their fuel for one hour, did not weigh more than 300 pounds per horsepower. Sir George Cayley, an accurate mathematician and a sound philosopher, clung with invincible tenacity to the steam-propulsion idea, and proposed the use of a balloon made of Mackintosh's India-rubber cloth, filling it with steam, and at the same time propelling the car by a steam-engine beneath. He concludes by expressing his belief that Dr Darwin's lines, so often quoted, and in our day in part so strikingly fulfilled, should yet receive their fulfilment in the regions of air:—

'Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.'

The steam-engine being thus apparently a hopeless drag, our aeronautic genii returned to balloon-maneuvring. A Dr Macsweeney of Cork has written a pamphlet, in which he enters into a description of the *aéro-tactics*; and there are several curious modes of balloon progression described by this sanguine gentleman. One method of navigation is called *balloon-warping*. It requires two balloons, which must be connected by a long rope; and after some perplexing fashion or other, it is stated that the *aéronauts* can by this means wind or warp one another along. Another equally curious and whimsical, and, in our estimation, of about an equal feasibility, was called *crescenting*. Let our readers imagine the strides of a giant pair of compasses, in half

circles, across a country, and they will form some idea of the plan proposed under this head. Two balloons were requisite also in this case: under the car of one was a long pole, with a couple of planes of canvas projecting downwards from it. The other balloon was to be made stationary, a brisk breeze was to blow, and the balloon with the pole-planes to be hauled across the current. Thus it would be made to describe a great semicircle—and in this way we were to fly across England! Wings and oars filled with gas were also tried; but this proved a vanity likewise. It was then thought that these erratic machines—balloons—might be made available for the purposes of traffic by means of 'balloon-ways.' This contrivance was by fixing a number of posts, like the posts of our electric telegraphs, from one town to another; a long rope was sustained by these in a spring catch, which ran through a ring in the bottom of the car. Thus the balloon was guided—that is, was to be guided—from place to place.

Passing these fanciful contrivances, we may advert to one which, though discovered long since by Baldwin, still keeps its place in aerial navigation. This is the invention of *hedging*. Probably it derived its origin, as well as name, from the artifice common in navigating a vessel down a stream—which is by carrying an anchor trailing under her bows; thus steerage-way is gained on the vessel. Mr Green, as a substitute, uses the long rope, called the 'guide-rope.' By allowing the end of this rope to trail on the ground, rotation of the machine is prevented, its course is retarded, and a guiding power is to some extent established. It is to be remembered, however, that the rope, when long, is of itself a great addition to the weight of the machine. To meet this objection, a tapering rope has been proposed, the thickest end being attached to the car. The rope thus acts also in some measure as a regulator of the height of the machine. If it has a tendency to descend, more rope is thereby supported on the ground, and the balloon becomes more buoyant; if it rises, it has to carry more rope. A dangerous accident sometimes occurs from the end of the rope lashing round trees and houses; this has been remedied by fastening a long rattan cane to the extremity. After all, even the guide-rope, the simplest and best of these plans, is of very limited application on land. At sea, possibly, it might prove of value. Altogether, we cannot for ourselves look to the guide-rope for much practical benefit beyond its preventing rotation. The success of *aéronauts* in the air alone having proved so limited, many plans have been suggested for a union of *aéro* and *hydro-nautics*, and several hybrid machines were constructed. In some of these the steam-engine was placed in a boat, which dragged the balloon after it. We are at a loss to discover any superiority over an ordinary steam-vessel in this whimsy.

Perceiving the futility of these schemes, some ingenious men first conceived the idea of forming a machine after the principle of a fish! Their reasoning was ingenious. They perceived the fallacy of comparing a balloon to a ship; and adopting a juster argument, determined to construct an aerial machine on this novel rule. Their machine was called the *aéronautic fish*. It was first planned in the year 1789: it contained many ingenious contrivances: water was used for ballast: it had wings working with cranks, by which its flight was to be secured. But the most curious idea about it was the plan for ascending or descending. The machine being built on the model of a fish, was long and sharp-pointed; underneath it was a weight, which was movable from end to end by a series of ropes and pulleys. When it was desirable to ascend, the weight was pulled down to the tail; this made it heavier, and consequently the prow rose up. If the machine would fly now, it would take an upward course. But if the desire was to descend, the weight was hauled down to the fore part, and it followed, of course, that the direction would be downwards. The balloon was of a long, fish-like figure, by which it was hoped that the tendency to rotation would be destroyed. The machine was constructed in

France, and it is said that Marshal Ney, who took the deepest interest in its construction, spent as much as 100,000 francs upon it. It was launched, it floated, with feeble powers it flew, but it *would* turn on one side. All the ingenuities were in vain; and after a long struggle of patience, talent, hope, and money against the difficulties of the subject, it was thrown aside in despair.

The next attempt had a similar termination. In the year 1835 there appeared in the papers the advertisements of the European Aëronautical Society. Men were prepared for something wonderful, and they were not to be disappointed. In the Victoria Road, London, a dock was built, in which the lines of the first aerial ship were laid down. The name of this machine was the 'Eagle.' Borrowing the idea of the fish aërostat, the object of the inventors was to imitate a fish as far as possible. A vast curiosity was excited by this announcement, and for a time the Victoria Road Dock was the attraction of the learned and unlearned, the ignorant and the scientific. Time wore on, and the machine, when complete, may be thus described:—In order to obtain the requisite buoyancy, a principal part of the Eagle consisted of an immense balloon, in the form of a horizontal cylinder, terminating in a cone at each end. This part of the ship was one hundred and sixty feet long, and sixty feet in height. It was of such dimensions as to contain, by calculation, 200,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas; consequently the floating capacity was sufficiently large to admit of the suspension of a long car. The ingenious projectors, anxious to carry out their type, had contrived a clever apparatus for imitating the air-bladder of the fish. It is familiar knowledge that the fish is able, by the compression it can exercise over this receptacle, either to rise to the surface or to sink itself to the bottom. This idea was developed also in the Eagle. Along the car ran two iron pipes; these were connected with an air, or in this case, a gas pump, which, by means of a tube entering the balloon, drew out the gas from thence, and pumped it into the iron pipes. In so doing, the effect was precisely similar to that produced by the fish: the machine became specifically heavier, and sank down. To elevate it again, it was only needful to let out some of the compressed gas back into the balloon, when, becoming specifically lighter than an equal bulk of air, the Eagle rose. The next step was the propelling machinery. Keeping true to their original idea, it was constructed so as to resemble, on a vast scale, the pectoral and ventral fins, and the tail of a fish. There were four pairs of fans, two of which were placed on each side of the car. They were made of cane and varnished cotton, by which it was hoped the requisite strength and lightness would be secured. These fans were moved by a windlass, which was worked by the crew. Now the Eagle was to be a really useful invention. It was to make aerial voyages to Paris and back. It was to carry seventeen individuals, and to accomplish the journey in six hours! It was not intended to fly at a greater altitude than three hundred feet, which would clear all ordinary obstacles; and the machine could, on extraordinary occasions, easily rise by means of its compressed gas. Neither was it intended to brave a storm: if the wind were in favour, so much the better; but if, on the contrary, it was right in the Eagle's eye, it was not to be contended with—she was to return, and wait for fair weather. The inventor of this machine is understood to have been Count Lennox. In the year previous to its appearance in London, it is said to have been tried in Paris; but that city proving a bad starting-place, it was brought over to wing its way thither from London. The Eagle never flew; the scheme proved an utter failure; and the name and day-dreams of the European Aëronautical Society are all that now remains of it.

The most recent applications of machinery to balloon propulsion were two small models—the one by the 'veteran aëronaut' Mr Green, the other by Mr Monck Mason. In 1840, Mr Green exhibited in the Polytechnic Institution a small balloon, three feet in

diameter, which certainly did travel in any given direction in the still air of the great room. This he effected by letting a guide-rope hang from the car, and attaching to the car a pair of windmill vanes, which were moved by clockwork contained within. The direction of the aërostat was in a line with the guide-rope, and horizontally. In 1843, Mr Monck Mason effected the same object by affixing an Archimedean screw upon a spindle which protruded from the car. In both cases the result was only such as was to be anticipated—*aërial navigation* was not advanced by either.

The 'Ariel,' the far-famed invention of Mr Hensom, is the first modern attempt to construct a machine to fly by mechanical powers alone. The idea was first started about five years ago, and the interest and curiosity produced will be well remembered. Even the legislative assembly caught the infection, and the House of Commons passed the bill for the constitution of the Aërial Transit Company. Sober expectations of seeing the Ariel sweep on rapid pinion over the top of St Paul's were raised in the minds even of thinking men; and wondering crowds went down to Poplar to look at something which popular report declared to be the real machine. The description of it is as follows:—It consisted of a large light frame, 150 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and containing therefore an area of 4500 square feet. The frame was to be covered with varnished linen or silk. There was also a tail, which, turning on a joint, was to direct the Ariel's flight. In the centre of the frame the car was attached. After the requisite arrangements for passengers and the stowage of fuel, came the motive power. This is said to have contained some remarkably clever adaptations. It consisted of a light and powerful steam-engine, suspended in the middle of the wings. It drove two sets of vanes, each twenty feet in diameter, which were placed at the hinder edge of the wings. The boiler was equally remarkable. It was formed of fifty hollow truncated cones, each one being three feet long, and five and a half inches in diameter at the base. These cones were arranged with the blunt ends downwards, all round, and above, and below the fire, thus presenting a surface of fifty square feet to the action of the flames. The steam thus generated was to supply two cylinders of twenty-horse combined power, and after fulfilling its functions, was to be condensed in a number of small tubes, which would be kept sufficiently cool by the rapidity of the flight. Water was thus economised—only twenty gallons of which was said to be sufficient for the boiler to work with. The whole weight of this steam-engine of *twenty-horse power* was put at the fabulous figure of 600 lbs. The Ariel was to start by first running down an inclined plane, the resistance of the air was to carry her off free, and then the vanes were to sustain and to propel her on her way. The main reliance of the inventor appears to have been upon the large resisting surface his machine offered to the air in descending. Calculating the load at 3000 lbs., there was a provision of a square foot and a half for every pound weight—that is, the area of resistance was 4500 square feet. Now it is easily ascertained that a weight equal to the above, under the most favourable circumstances, has a gravitating tendency equal to thirteen miles an hour, or eighteen feet a second—all that the surface of resistance can do being to retard the fall. To sustain this weight, falling at this rate of speed, the power requisite amounts to at least that of sixty horses; and even then nothing would be gained over an ordinary balloon, if we except a pretty rapid tumble should the engines stop work. Therefore the engines of the Ariel must have been trebled in power before it could even *float*; while to fly at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, it would be necessary to raise their power to that of two or three hundred horses. It need scarcely be added that the Ariel never fulfilled those highly-coloured expectations which were entertained of her. A small model was exhibited, which, working by clockwork, and *sustained at the end of a balanced arm*, certainly flew round; but this was all.

Now, the scheme just put forth by Dædalus Britannicus has one merit—that it is a complete novelty, and can be compared in no respects to its predecessors of any kind. Without meaning the smallest unkindness, we cannot compare the representation he has designed of it to anything more appropriately than a flying whale! It is composed of a stout horizontal frame formed of fagots of bamboo, containing within itself a long silk balloon tapering to a point at each end. On each side of the frame are two pairs of boxes, made of sheet iron, supplied with movable lids, which are connected with the main rods of four wings. The wings are to be formed of long and narrow silk planes or feathers, one to be circular in form, twenty feet in diameter, and so connected with the frame by joints and springs, as to make the upward movement in an oblique direction, while in the downward action the whole under surface will be exposed to the resistance of the air. On the under surface of the whale-like balloon is to be a car twenty-five feet long; and at one extremity a conic shield is to guard the balloon from injury; while at the other a rudder or tail, twenty-seven feet long, is to direct its flight. It will be asked, what is the moving power? The answer will be heard with surprise: the successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air in the boxes at the root of the wings, by which means they will be made to flap about twelve times a minute! The balloon, says Dædalus Britannicus, is not to be depended upon for its assistance; it is a mere reservoir for gas. The explosion is to be effected in the four boxes by the electric spark. The inventor calculates on thus attaining a power equal to eighty horses! The weight is placed at 2000 lbs. The velocity he prudently declines to conjecture. 'Judging from the analogy of our model aeronauts' [the birds] 'we may expect a rate of progress almost unknown on earth.' Were we to venture an opinion upon the probable success of this machine, we fear it would be found at variance with the sanguine expectations of its author.

To sum up. Willing as we are to welcome the faintest dawn of any invention which will really and in every sense benefit our fellow-men, we must join in the desponding conclusions of many far better able to form a sound decision than ourselves, and say, that notwithstanding that probably upon no subject has so much power of mind been concentrated as upon aërostation, and that in a period altogether miraculous for its mechanical attainments, the hopes that it will at any time prove a practicable, or at least a valuable art, appear few and faint indeed. The experience of storm-driven aeronauts might have taught them ere this what a toy is the most stupendous of their machines in the tumults of the aerial ocean. And if aerial navigation is to be reserved for fair weather and prosperous gales, our position is already proven.

INDIAN RECREATIONS.

THE love of strife and bloodshed would appear to be an original sin of humanity, which is only subdued by the gradual influence of civilisation. In the 'state of nature,' as it was formerly called, this savage passion flourishes in its greatest energy; and in the wildest and loveliest solitudes the ocean holds in its embraces, we find the human inhabitants inspired with the deadliest hatred against each other—family against family, tribe against tribe, nation against nation. It would be agreeable to be able to set this down as the result of circumstances; but unfortunately the same thing prevails throughout the entire world, in paradises of beauty and plenty, as well as in those ungenial wastes where the shivering and hungry savage murders for a meal.

In process of time, when the state of nature proves to be no state of nature at all, but merely the imperfect and rudimental condition of beings destined for a loftier rank, a change takes place in the aspect of society—a portion of the warring groups are welded into one, and form a barbarian state, probably under the

arbitrary government, at first, of some individual who has risen to this eminence by his talents or determination. Their love of strife can now be gratified only by national wars or occasional revolutions—the only other bloodshed taking place in form of law, or by the conventional tyranny of the great over the mean. But although in this stage greatly advanced beyond savagism, the original taint in their character is by no means eradicated. It assumes, however, a new phasis. It expends its vicious energies upon slave-combats and fights of animals; and the bloodthirstiness of the people loses its character of wild courage, becomes allied to cowardice and effeminacy, and paves the way for subjugation, and eventually for a new regime, which is probably destined to advance the race another step in moral progress. It is proper to observe, however, that civilisation does not move like a fluid, overflowing a whole country at a regular level. On the contrary, it leaves masses of the people comparatively untouched; and at this moment, the cock-fighting of the Malays is somewhat more than paralleled by the cowardly brutality of the Welsh main of England.

We have been led into this train of thought by a description, quoted from a Calcutta paper in the 'Indian News,' of an entertainment recently given by the king of Oude to the governor-general, at his majesty's capital Lucknow. It consisted chiefly of combats of animals, which are not only interesting in themselves to the natural historian, but present some points to the moralist well worthy of his attention.

The exhibition, which was witnessed by the king and the governor-general, seated on raised thrones above the other personages, with the mob at a greater distance, commenced with an abortive fight between two elephants. 'Two little partridges were now made to fight, and with difficulty only separated from a desperate struggle. Two *neelgas* (a kind of antelope) were then set a-fighting, and really never have I seen a more furious encounter. They fought most desperately, and it was a real herculean task to separate them. You will be surprised to hear the names of the next combatants—a donkey and a hyena. The hyena had a rope tied round its neck, and from each side of this extended another rope held by two men. The hyena rushed on the donkey, who coolly turned round and gave his antagonist a kick on the head. Not relishing such treatment, the wild beast flew at the poor ass and pulled him over. The donkey, however, soon recovered himself, knelt on the hyena in the most cunning manner possible, and fastened his teeth in his enemy's shoulder, apparently grasping it with the greatest satisfaction. I believe the little fellow, who certainly raised the asinine species high in my favour, would have bit off a portion of it, had not an attendant separated the combatants. I have not seen anything more amusing than this fight, and less harmful in its result. Two terrier dogs next made their appearance; a bird was let loose on the water, and they sent after it. Their part was soon played. Two men next commenced their duties. The first combatant was a man with a large sword, very heavy, with a large handle. He wielded it about as if he was attacked by a host of enemies, groaned, advanced, retreated, jumped, and flourished his weapon with fearful rapidity, cut his neck, and eventually cut a melon in slices, as a feat of dexterity. Another succeeded him, who was in his movements as active as anybody could be. From his actions and motions, I inferred that he was imaginatively attacked by a regiment. He cut, waved his sword, put his shield to every part of his body, and, to say the least of it, was very well practised in agility. Two athletic persons then performed some surprisingly quick movements with weapons like two-pronged forks, and displayed the utmost nimbleness in all their evolutions. They met, closed, overthrew each other, seized each other's hands, loosened them, laid on their backs, and did everything surprisingly well and quick. Two others then fought with each other for about ten minutes, and performed some most admirable

manceuvres; neither, however, received many blows from his ambidextrous antagonist. A man with four swords next came forward, and gave us a specimen of his activity and nimbleness. He had two swords in each hand, the handle of one touching that of the other. The next performer was a man with a *bariat* (a spear with a ball on each end of it), who excelled in agility anything I have ever seen. He held it in the middle, and wielded it like lightning; I really believe it would have been impossible to have struck him with a sword. One man of herculean proportions then displayed feats of dexterity and strength with an immensely thick and heavy club. Men and boys then carried on the sports. Elephant fights succeeded; and an encounter between two rhinoceroses next amused the spectators. After being urged for some time by their keepers, they met, and made two or three pushes at each other with their horns; when suddenly one, not liking the contest, coolly turned round, and, to my surprise, walked into the water and quietly took a bath; the other seeing which, followed his example. Elephant fights commenced again; two of them fought so furiously, that they were only separated with difficulty by men rushing between them with fireworks. There was also some graceful horsemanship exhibited by some men on the opposite side of the water. One rode backwards and forwards with great address, fired a gun, and performed admirable feats of dexterity. At eleven o'clock we went to another place, to witness the tiger and buffalo fights. A buffalo, with a little calf, but not its own, was the first that appeared on the ground below us. Two tigers were then let loose upon it. A slight skirmish between the buffalo and a tiger took place, and another royal Bengal tiger attacked the poor calf, and tore it to pieces. The buffalo once slightly struck one of the tigers and broke his teeth. The skirmishing continued for some time, when master Bruin made his appearance. He was a little fellow, with a great deal of courage; and though he retreated from the charge of the buffalo, did not hesitate to attack a tiger, whom he severely wounded. The latter, however, too strong for the poor bear, seized him in his mouth, pressed his skull, and bit off the greatest part of the lower jaw. The bear retreated to the middle of the arena, staggered about for some time, and then fell down; the eyes turned dim, and he was taken motionless into the cage; a rope, however, prevented his having fair play. The buffalo, meanwhile, smarting only from the wound made by the tiger, several times charged towards the tigers, but did not assail them. Four tigers were then let loose, but only crouched down, and dared not attack the victorious buffalo.

What we would point out as worthy of remark in this detail, is the comparative humanity of the sports, and the obvious change in this respect which has taken place in the national character within no great space of time. In the travels of John Mandelslo we have an account of a dinner given by the native governor of Ahmedabad to his Dutch and English friends, at which the amusement was nautch dancing, performed by twenty girls. When these had danced themselves out, the host sent for another set, who, on refusing to come, were dragged into the presence, and, as a punishment for their insolence, *beheaded* on the spot before the European guests! These were the Indian recreations at the comparatively recent date when the English first appeared upon the scene.

We have only further to remark, that the animal fights of the king of Oude, while betraying the low status which the people hold as a community, are incomparably more humane than the amusements of a portion of the English people.

AUSTRALIAN WINE.

Such is the extent to which vineyards have been planted in New South Wales, that a single landowner, Mr M^r Arthur, has made in one year 17,000 gallons of wine, some of which, when bottled, has been sold for 20s. a dozen at Sydney.

OGIER THE DANE.

[BY W. MOY THOMAS.]

[Ogier the Dane was one of the most favourite heroes of the ancient Trouvères. Ariosto and other Italian poets have also given him a place in their poems. The stories that are told of him are innumerable, embracing various portions of his long career, which extended to nearly a century, without impairing the vigour and bravery of his character. At last, on returning from the Holy Land, he is said to have landed by chance on an island belonging to the fay Morgana. That lady, who was a kind of siren, conceiving a strong passion for the ancient warrior, presented him with a crown of three flowers inwoven, which had the power of imparting to the wearer immortal youth, at the same time steeping his delighted senses in forgetfulness. How this charm was at length broken is not now necessary to be known. His fabulous adventures present that curious mixture of northern chivalry and Oriental superstition which is easily accounted for in the long connection of the Moors with Southern Europe.]

OFTEN the starlight have I seen,
And many suns go up the sky;
And long with thee I must have been,
Morgana, dreaming pleasantly.
Yet still the triple-flowered crown
I wear, and in the marble font
I cannot mark a single frown
Whereby my happy years to count.

What was I ere I came to thee?
I know not; but a dream I have
At times of moving on the sea,
Or fighting with a turbaned slave:
Of river-shadowing palm-trees near
Great cities all of marble planned,
And wells of water cool and clear
Wide scattered in a barren land.

Great crowds of people, too, I've seen,
Who called me Ogier the Dane,
And hailed me bravest Paladin;
That fought for knightly Charlemagne;
And seemed it something like a cry
That once had stirred my quiet heart,
But now it passed unheeded by,
As pass the summers where thou art.

From these high towers of Avalon
I see the waters every way,
And the deep sky looks deeper on
The brimming surface of the bay.
Ah! I am safe in Paradise;
I know it, for it changeth not:
I will not fear where nothing dies,
So bring light myrrh and bergamote:

And bring me wine of sunny gold,
And ope the silver-hinged door,
And let the air blow soft and cold
'Mong curtains rustling evermore:
And my Morgana, come and sing
No hateful song of cruel wars,
And thou shalt find me listening
When all the sky is full of stars.

And pleasant shall it be to take
Aside the flower'd tapestry,
And see on the fresh-water lake
A circle of the dotted sky.
And if the unaccompanied moon
Come up, we'll watch her all the night,
From rising, till her silver noon,
And thence till morning drinks her light.

So gazing with a dull blue eye,
Entranced he listened, while the sun
Went down, and in the farther sky
A pale star twinkled all alone:
Then sad and weary was the gloom
That spread upon the quiet sea,
And still more sad and wearisome
Her low and thoughtful melody.

And from the dull and lowly mood
These things within his spirit wrought,
He spake of how the fair and good
To evil suddenly are brought.
Meanwhile deep thoughts enfilmed his eye,
And felt they like a dreary spell,
The shadow of the misery
That on the morrow there befell.

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TEARS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

WE have already given the anatomy of laughter, and are now tempted to inquire into the nature of the opposite phenomenon. This sequence is perfectly natural; for the two subjects are connected by more than contrast—an overflowing of the eye being an unfailing accompaniment of the convulsion of mirth. In the midst of life we are in death; in the midst of laughter we are in tears! But the strange association does not end here; for weeping produces joy, by relieving and solacing the wounded heart; and through the gloomy portals of the grave we pass into immortal life.

Weeping is an earlier affection than laughter. The former comes to us with our first inflation of the lungs by atmospheric air; but we are not sufficiently reconciled to the world to laugh at it for some little time. Crying is easy: we take to it by instinct the moment we are born; but we require a month or two, and sometimes more than that, to find out the jest of life. We do not know all at once what people mean by poking us in the ribs, pinching our cheeks, throttling us with their kisses, and addressing us in an unknown tongue. But the fun of the thing at length dawns upon us, and then becomes clearer and clearer, till, beginning with a smile, we get in time to a downright crow. Weeping is not only first, it is likewise last. The tears of infancy are renewed in old age; and the same salutation we give the world at meeting suffices for our farewell. But midway between these two points we are freer from the emotion. Equidistant from the softness of youth and the weakness of age, the 'mortal coldness of the soul' comes down over our manhood like death:—

'That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears!'

Weeping is not only first and last, it is a necessary condition of perfect life. Laughter no doubt is wholesome, from its effect upon the lungs and the circulation; but tears are indispensable to the sight. Some people get on very well without laughing; but we must all look at the world through our tears, or else not look at all. Without this moisture, the eye would lose its brightness, the cornea would wither and dry up, and we should become blind. Laughter is an accident, an exception, a liberty taken with nature; and after the convulsion is over, our features recompose themselves into deeper gravity than before, as if in remorse for their extravagance. Tears, on the other hand, are a normal suffusion that is necessary to the organ of sight; and after their effusion in weeping, we feel refreshed and thankful—the grief that has called them forth being softened by the shower, just as any acrid matter that may enter the eye is diluted by its protecting tears.

But although grief may be the most common cause of weeping, it is by no means the sole cause. Joy, surprise, sympathy, and other emotions, affect us in the same way. When long-severed friends meet again, they not unfrequently weep. Thus Joseph was so affected by the meeting with his brethren, that 'he made haste, and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.' Among savages there is a great difference in this respect. The American Indian would think his manhood foully stained by a tear; while among the New Zealanders, weeping is practised as an accomplishment by the chiefs, who consider it still more necessary to be able to cry well than fight well. The western strangers, they remark, meet their friends like so many dogs—civilised dogs of course they mean—giving each other a paw. As for themselves, they not only embrace, and rub noses, but then sit solemnly down face to face, and drawing their mats over their heads, weep for joy, as if their hearts were breaking.

Triumph, after severe suspense, moves men to tears as commonly as the joy of meeting. Laughter is said by some writers to be a manifestation of this proud feeling; but the same thing might be said more correctly of weeping. We remember, when visiting the church of Notre-Dame at Mantes, being much struck with the loftiness of the vault of the nave, from which some men, engaged in whitewashing the roof, swung in barrels, looking like so many spiders. When this vault was built, and the supports were about to be withdrawn, Eudes de Montreuil, terrified at the boldness of the arch he had constructed, did not dare to look on, but went home, and there awaited the result in an agony of suspense. Judge of his feelings when he heard at length the hasty steps of his nephew, whom he had deputed to witness the operation. 'It stands! it stands!' cried the young man, bursting into the room, 'an immortal monument of your fame!' At the words, the architect fell to the ground, as if struck down with a blow, and burst into a passion of tears.

The constructor of the first Menai bridge had more nerve than Eudes. He looked on while the last chain was fastening, when in another moment the fate of his remarkable work would be determined; but success had the same effect upon him as upon the French architect, and when he saw that all was safe, he burst into tears. A feeling somewhat different from this, united with home recollections, affected Bruce when he saw the object of his adventurous wanderings completed; and his full heart saluted the source of the Nile, not with exclamations of wonder and exultation, but with silent tears.

'No more than this! What seemed it now
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Thence far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices called him back.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years!
Oh happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee.'

We need hardly remind our readers that Queen Victoria, oppressed with conflicting emotions, wept when the crown was first placed upon her head.

But tears are not only called forth by opposite feelings, they are likewise the cause of opposite phenomena.

'I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dripping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.'

It did not perhaps occur to the poet that these two effects were produced by the same cause, and that his mistress's eye owed its brilliance, as well as its softness, to a tear. The power attributed to the eye in itself is in great part a delusion. It is not a kind of *soul*, as people are fond of representing it, but a mere body, owing its greater or less brightness to the greater or less adaptation of its colour for reflecting light through the lachrymal liquid. Its expression is determined, in great part, by the other features, but more especially the mouth. Look at the face of a blind man, and you will see that it expresses the passions pretty nearly as well as that of a man endowed with sight—wanting only the effect of moisture in the eye, the quantity of which is to a certain degree indicative of the emotion.

We tried recently an experiment on this question, the converse of that of the blind man; putting out the other features instead of the eye, and leaving that alone to tell its story. This we accomplished by means of a paper mask, which hid the whole face with the exception of the eye; and our subjects being chiefly young ladies, it may readily be supposed that we obtained as much expression as nature intended to give. But what an expression! If you have ever witnessed the unnatural effect of a glass eye, think of what *two* would have. While the paper mask was quivering, and the whole frame convulsed with suppressed laughter, there stood the eyes, staring straight forward, cold, stony, mute, spectral, destitute of feeling and of life. There was something strange, almost shocking in the contrast; but when the mask was torn off, and the young and mirthful face disclosed entire, the expression at once returned in a flood of light, and the rekindled eyes laughed till they wept.

The lower animals bear testimony to the same thing. In them we often meet with an expression either of amiability or moroseness; but this is without variety, except in those species gifted with mobility of feature. The cat, for instance, who has no such mobility, except on extraordinary occasions, looks invariably grave, even in the midst of her wildest gambols. The dog, on the other hand, having the power of imitation, has a decidedly human smile when he chooses, and can easily be moved to tears by soft and melancholy tones. But we were once very intimately acquainted with a lady's lapdog, which followed its mistress in something more than her smiles and tears. This little animal was of the most delicate organisation, and of so nervous a temperament, that on meeting a beloved friend (such as ourselves) after a long absence, the joy was overpowering,

and poor Fanny fainted away. This curious manifestation of sensibility we have repeatedly witnessed, although only in the case of the same individual of our canine friends.

With regard to the human species, it is not only in the important circumstances and great emergencies of life that tears come uncalled for; they are produced by a thousand sympathetic emotions, so slight and evanescent, that we can hardly trace their nature or their track. A trait of generosity or nobleness of feeling—a picture of hopeless devotion—a scene of humble happiness—a breath of music—a word—a look, associated with our early recollections—all may cause a sudden suffusion in the eyes, wanting only opportunity to overflow. A deep tragedy affects us in this way less than a little touch of sentiment occurring in a comedy. Our taste may be gratified by the pictured griefs of princes and heroes, but our tears rise more freely in obedience to some thrill of the chord of our everyday feelings and sympathies. Among tragedies, those are the most successful in touching us which the heart can translate into common language, and remove into the humble sphere of its own affections.

It is impossible that a comedy can make us laugh which does not here and there make us sad and tearful. No one can laugh through several acts, any more than he can refrain from yawning after the first few pages of a jest-book. We want contrast to give relief, to carry us on from point to point, to give piquancy to the entertainment. The mind needs no repose, but it must have variety. When tired of one thing, it applies itself to another of a totally different kind—just as a tailor gets up to rest himself by standing. Tears and laughter, besides, are natural associates; a fact which was impressed upon us many years ago by the admirable acting of the elder Mathews, in a trifling little comic piece called 'My Daughter's Letter.' He personified an old Frenchman in Canada, who was constantly calling at the post-office for a letter from his daughter, and was as often disappointed. Here were slight materials—but Mathews was a man of genius; and he so contrived, with his pathos and absurdities, his French broken by English, and English broken by French, and the universal language of nature over all, to keep the audience in a continuous alternation of sobs and laughter. Never did we hear such manifestations of grief—never behold such enjoyment of fun. One moment everybody was drowned in tears, and nothing was heard but catching of breaths and blowing of noses; the next a general burst of laughter swept round the house like a tempest.

A living poet desires of chemistry to turn a tear into a gem, that he may wear it on his bosom:

'Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure,
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure!'

But as the great bulk of tears consists of water, with only a very small portion of saline substances, it might be difficult to obtain from them in sufficient quantity (unless perhaps in New Zealand) even such evanescent crystals as are left by evaporation. The ordinary use of tears is to wash and moisten the eye, for which a small quantity suffices; but nature is never found wanting in great emergencies, and accordingly, in the case of an accidental injury, the liquid pours upon the cornea in such abundance as may be requisite for its protection. It guards the eye from cold, screens it from light, assuages its sufferings from smoke or other acrid vapour, and breaks the harshness of contact with

a foreign body, which it either dissolves, or floats away in its beneficent stream. Finally, in affections of the mind, and more especially sorrow, tears pour in until they overflow. 'In tears, as Metastasio tells us through Mrs Hemans—

'In tears the heart oppress with grief
Gives language to its woes;
In tears its fulness finds relief,
When rapture's tide o'erflows!
Who, then, unclouded bliss would seek
On this terrestrial sphere,
When e'en delight can only speak,
Like sorrow, in a tear?'

In such emergencies as we have mentioned the operation of nature is spontaneous. When the eye is wounded, she rushes, like a watchful mother, to the rescue, and without any solicitation on our part, pours bountifully out the curative waters of her fountain. But when it is the heart that is torn by great grief or sudden emotion, although she is equally on the alert to soothe and heal, there is this difference, that in the former case we are passive patients in her hands, while in the latter we are often able to exercise control, and defy at once the doctor and the disease. Persons of strong nerve can arrest the torrent of their tears, even when the big drops are trembling on their lashes, and compel the rising waters to sink and disappear. Many an eye looks cold and calm when the fountain of its hot and bitter tears is boiling beneath. Many a pale, smooth brow is raised erect, as if to look down the misery that besets it in society, when the proud man would fain, like him of old, hide himself in his chamber to weep unseen.

But pride, being in itself unholy, cannot be expected to produce good fruits; and accordingly, wherever the dread of tears prevails habitually, and in an excessive degree, we find coldness of heart instead of manliness of character, and an incapacity to extend to others that sympathy which we shrink from ourselves. Abstractedly, there is nothing more unmanly in a manifestation of sensibility by tears than by smiles. The one is no more a proof of weakness than the other; and generally speaking, the former have their origin in the higher and more refined emotions. When reading anything ridiculous, we smile openly; but when the subject awakens our better sensibilities, we either repress our tears, or hide them as something shameful or criminal. Why is this? We have heard in conversation various reasons assigned for the odium into which tears have fallen. Their hypocrisy, for instance, since so many people have the New Zealand faculty of producing them at will; and the constitutional feebleness they betray, since women and children are the greatest weepers. But is the opposite phenomenon more rare in women and children? Is the 'sapphire blaze' always a natural production? Does the silver laugh invariably come from the heart? Have we never heard that a man may 'smile, and smile, and be a villain?' There are, of course, sensibilities for which weeping would be as unsuitable a manifestation as laughter; and there are likewise

'Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;'

but we suspect that our dread of betraying the softer emotions is a remnant of the same unreflective pride which keeps the western Indian in a state of savagism to this day. The remark, however, is addressed exclusively to our own countrymen; for among most of the continental nations, a proud and manly eye is no more

despised than a sweet and feminine one for being seen, even on many ordinary occasions, suffused with sympathetic tears.

DRY FOGS.

To any one but a metropolitan the subject of fogs is in all probability destitute of much interest. Even the smoke-dried Londoner is beginning to grow weary of the reiterated phenomenon, and the time comes when meteorology alone will look upon a fog with kindness, and take pains to investigate its nature and disclose its causes. If fogs were all like 'London fogs,' we should not regret the neglect. We are about, however, to call attention to a variety of this phenomenon which, from the rarity of its occurrence, and the highly important nature of its effects, is sure to excite the reader's interest, and may set afloat his speculations. Meteorologists have agreed to call it, by way of distinction, 'dry fog.' The ordinary aqueous meteor called 'fog' admits of an easy and natural explanation, as produced by the precipitation of watery vapour, held by the air in diffusion, and deposited in the form of opaque spherules of water. Although men of science have disagreed on the subject, it appears most probable that the vapour, in its precipitation, forms minute vesicles or bladders of water, containing each a little spherule of air. The direct causes of such phenomena are, without doubt, principally disturbances of atmospheric temperature, often, probably, the intermixture of a cold current from the north, with a warm, water-laden stream of air from the south or southwest. The peculiar, defiling, world-renowned opacity of a metropolitan fog—a genuine one, that is to say, the 'pride of November'—is undoubtedly attributable to the infusion of the smoke of a million chimneys. It has been clearly shown that carbonaceous particles possess a great avidity for the absorption of different vapours and gases. Absorbing, then, the excessively saturated air, they become doubly increased in weight; and consequently, instead of dissipating by the ordinary process, they sink down, covering the great city with their hateful odours. These few preliminary remarks are necessary, because it is of importance to distinguish between the phenomena classed under the general head 'fog.' It is thus seen that fog, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is simply a hydro-meteor, connected often, though probably not invariably, if we give credit to M. Peltier, with electric phenomena.

Dry fogs, distinguished from the above in origin and in character, cannot well be described, except from the appearances which attend them. A mass of air appears of a dim blue colour; the azure of the sky has lost its ordinary purity of tone, and appears muddy; objects at any distance are either altogether removed from sight, or are shrouded in a delicate mantle of light-blue; the sun at mid-day is shorn of much of its brilliancy, and its aspect is no longer golden, but reddish; as it nears the horizon, the unprotected eye can look on it without annoyance, and sometimes, if the dry fog is dense, it is lost to sight before it dips in reality beneath the distant hills; lastly, there is often a peculiar odour perceptible, and electrical and even volcanic phenomena are often prevalent about the same time. Occasionally dry fog reaches an intensity great enough to attract public observation, and even to claim record in the works of historical authors. In 1557, after a very hot July, August, and September, thick, ill-smelling fogs made their appearance, and were much noted, by reason of the alarming circumstances which followed in their train. In 1733, a still more extraordinary phenomenon occurred in France. According to De Jussieu, 'fogs more dense than the darkness of Egypt, and of a most offensive odour,' covered the land, and filled the inhabitants with consternation. History also makes mention of a similar phenomenon which occurred in England at the time of the dreadful earthquake which shook the city of Lisbon to ruins. This fog lasted

for eight days, and for density and opacity, had not been equalled for a century previously. In October 1775, the district of Galloway in Scotland was visited by a dark, dense fog, which had the extraordinary duration of *five weeks*. It was accompanied with a particularly disagreeable smoky smell, but with very little rain: the wind continued pretty steadily from the south-east. During the whole period of its continuance, the sun was almost wholly obscured. It appears probable that this fog had travelled northward from France, as the autumn of the same year had ushered thick and noisome fogs, with concurrent maladies, into that country.

We believe, however, that not since the dawn of history has any dry fog been so remarkable as that of the years 1782 and 1783. This phenomenon, in fact, deserves a most conspicuous place among the *memorabilia* of meteorology; its like has never been seen since, nor is there any account of a similar one before. It appeared in the form of a pale blue haze; it was most dense at noonday; at a little distance, objects were totally lost sight of; the sun, at his meridian, looked of a blood-red colour; it was said to possess an indescribably peculiar odour; drying properties of a certain kind were also attributed to it; and it was believed to have deposited in some places drops of a viscid, acrid liquid. The most remarkable fact was its enormous tract of distribution. It covered the immense region extending from Lapland to Africa! Dr Hamilton writes, that in England, from the 1st of January to the end of May, and especially in the latter weeks of that period, there was a remarkably gloomy and uncommonly disturbed state of the atmosphere. Dr Darwin adds his testimony, and declares that the air was quite muddy, and the sun for many weeks obscured by dry fog, so as to appear blood-red. At the same time that it mantled over England, it shrouded Paris; and travellers who had just come from Rome, declared it to be just as thick and hot in Italy; and even the summits of the highest Alps were covered with it. Travellers from Spain affirmed the same of the condition of the air in that country. 'At Dover,' says a contemporaneous account, 'the oldest man living could not remember any fog of so long a continuance;' and it was stated that for weeks the opposite shore could not be descried. On the 10th of June, it appears to have reached an extraordinary height at Lincoln. A thick, hot vapour filled for several days the valley between the hill on which the upper town stands and that which descends from the heath; so that, to borrow an expression of the time, the sun and moon appeared 'like heated brick-bats,' and as they are sometimes seen through a morning fog in the metropolis. The captains of vessels from the Archipelago and Mediterranean, declared that the fog was equally dense in these generally transparent regions; and navigation became excessively hazardous in consequence. This extraordinary phenomenon produced the greatest alarm. The churches, and cathedrals, and saints' shrines on the continent, were crowded with panic-stricken multitudes, who augured from it the immediate dissolution of the present order of things. In England, serious impressions of a similar kind, though differently manifested, were awakened, and many sober-minded Christians believed the end of the world to be at hand. In Paris there was the greatest consternation. M. de Lalande, the eminent member of the Royal French Academy of Sciences, sought to allay the panic, and published a letter to the editors of several journals, conveying his views upon the probable cause of the phenomenon. He stated that a dry fog, of a somewhat similar character, though of course far more circumscribed, had appeared in 1764, and was followed by storms and hail. Such, he predicted, would very likely be the conclusion of the present visitation; and the event showed that he was correct. The grounds on which he thus attempted the solution of the difficulty will be presently stated.

The most tremendous volcanic and electrical phenomena coexisted with the fog of 1783, and succeeded to it.

Calabria was rent by a devastating earthquake, and in Iceland a volcanic eruption of unparalleled violence took place, the lava-stream of which desolated a large tract, and burnt up seventeen villages. The thunderstorms were of terrific energy. One of the principal cities in the north of Hungary was destroyed. The lightning struck it in nine different places, setting the city on fire in every direction, and it was thus burnt to the ground. In many parts of Germany churches were struck, public edifices seriously damaged, and powder-magazines blown up. Silesia was distracted with a succession of similar catastrophes, and experienced in addition the terrors of devastating water-floods. In France, storms of wind laid the country waste, and the harvest of ten domains was altogether destroyed by tempests of hail. In England the ruin was awful. In the course of twenty days, at least *eighteen* deaths took place by lightning-stroke; not to mention a very large number of persons who were struck, but escaped death. In the county of Norfolk, one farmer lost forty sheep, and several horses, by the electric fluid; the destruction of live-stock in other counties was very great. Fire-balls fell upon many houses, destroying them, or setting them on fire, and causing the deaths of the inhabitants. The shipping was struck, and many lives lost; mills were burnt to the ground; mansions and cottages alike were smitten with the ruin-dealing bolts. The thunder rolled its deep tones incessantly over the affrighted country, and appeared to intimate the arrival of more terrible judgments. The lightning assumed the most fantastic forms, sometimes globular, sometimes in broad sheets, and sometimes as if it were emitted from the mouth of a cannon. The rains which followed were unusually heavy, and many districts were laid deep under water.

In the year 1814, a similar obscuration of the air took place, though of a more limited extent, and accompanied by excessive cold. In the metropolis and in Dublin the darkness was extreme; probably much more so than in the case just referred to. Many persons perished by walking into canals and rivers. At the Dublin post-office, in consequence of the condition of the atmosphere preventing their transport, it was calculated that at least *ten tons* of newspapers lay waiting for fair weather. Persons who charitably undertook to guide others through the dim air, were like the blind leading the blind; and the proverbial catastrophe in more than one instance followed. The atmosphere of the year 1831, that much-to-be-remembered period, exhibited a similar foggy condition, but of less intensity, and apparently assimilated closer in character to that of 1782-3. Dr Hancock states that he was informed by an intelligent captain of a sailing-vessel that he could not remember for thirty years such a condition of the air as occurred at that time; and added, that he had not made one voyage free from fog for the past eighteen months. In 1834, says the meteorologist Kämtz, a dense dry fog was observed, which covered a very large portion of Germany.

We now approach one of the most interesting and most modern examples of a dry fog. In the early part of the year 1846, the 'Gardeners Chronicle' gives an account from a correspondent of a light fog or haze, which was observed to be slowly travelling over the surface of the earth, from the south-west to the north-east. In some districts the appearances were very remarkable; dense fogs of a defined outline, of a very peculiar kind, were seen to creep over the surface, and sometimes covered whole districts. They were occasionally accompanied with excessive sultriness, and the manifestation of violent electrical phenomena. These fogs were by no means limited to one district, but appeared at different periods very generally over the country, and were particularly remarked in the Highlands of Scotland. Those who encountered them, state that they possessed a very peculiar odour, a sort of half-putrefactive, half-sulphu-

rous stench. Finally, it may be mentioned that toward the close of the last year 1847, in addition to an unusually disturbed condition of the atmosphere, the Registrar-General's report makes mention of a period of very unusual darkness, which, being concomitant with the epidemic of the period, lends some probability to the belief entertained by many that that was due to the presence of 'dry fog' in the air.

In the course of the foregoing observations we have avoided intermingling the consequences of dry fogs with the accounts of their occurrence, purposely, that this very remarkable portion of our subject might stand out in clearer relief in its present position. It may be taken as a well-established fact, that the *peculiar* dry fog to which all along reference has been made, is almost invariably followed by the breaking forth of disease. Be the nature of the disease what it may, it exhibits this remarkable peculiarity, that it attacks the lower animals as well as human beings; very frequently it also affects vegetables. Let us support our position. In the instance of 1557, the dry fog had not lasted more than a few days, when a malignant epidemic of extreme violence followed. In France, a raging epidemic catarrh immediately succeeded to the dense dry fog occurring in 1775; and in England, horses and dogs died in great numbers before it appeared amongst the people. The remarkable phenomenon of 1782-3 was still more extensively productive of disease; a severe epidemic catarrh—in other words, influenza—accompanying it. Men and brutes were alike sufferers. A remarkable fact has been mentioned, that at St Petersburg, during the prevalence of this fog, the thermometer suddenly rose thirty degrees, and the *very next morning*, as if the aerial poison only required an elevated temperature to act extensively and immediately, *forty thousand persons* were laid up with influenza! Need we remind bereaved friends and relatives, whose heart-wounds seventeen years have scarcely healed, of the dreadful scourge which visited us in 1831—the CHOLERA? It has been a common mistake lately to state that the last great attack of epidemic influenza preceded the cholera; the fact being just the reverse, for the influenza followed on the heels of that disorder. Now, the atmosphere in 1831 has been already commemorated as being pervaded by dry fog, and we beg to submit the following striking fact. Dr Prout, for several weeks before the arrival of cholera in the metropolis, had been engaged in ascertaining the specific gravity of the atmosphere; and on one particular occasion he found it suddenly *increased*. Surprised at the result, he repeated the experiment; but the increase was still manifest. *Next day*, the first case of epidemic cholera was reported in the metropolis, and from that time the disease continued to spread over the fated city. Influenza succeeded, and prostrated half the population, stopped manufactories, shut up shops, and closed the theatres. It is sufficiently remarkable that the peculiar dry fog which appears thus evidently to have been concerned in the production of these two extensive disorders, was accompanied (as usual) with remarkable electric phenomena, especially a brilliant aurora borealis, with tornados and earthquakes, and with the outburst of a new volcanic crater in the sea, near Sicily. Facts of a remarkable kind have been adduced to prove that the dry fogs of 1845-6 were intimately connected with the potato disease. The recent epidemic—corresponding as it did in every respect with the symptoms of previous epidemic catarrhs—there is every reason to believe, is safely to be attributed to the presence of a similar impurity in the atmosphere; and it is interesting to remember that the period was particularly observed to be marked by electric disturbances, and one or two magnificent displays of the aurora borealis.

The inquiry now arises—can science offer any explanation of these phenomena? The following have been proposed by men of eminence. Lalande believed the great haze of 1782-3 to be caused by the development of a large quantity of electricity in a

hot summer succeeding to a moist winter. But however we may be disposed to admit the actual existence of a large electric charge in this fog, it is difficult to suppose that the presence or absence of electricity could produce, in the first place, an alteration in the physical characters of the atmosphere; and in the second, the remarkable morbid consequences of dry fog. Other meteorologists believe it to have arisen from metallic emanations. We may particularly allude to the ingenious theory of Dr Prout, developed in his *Bridgewater Treatise*. One of the most alarmingly destructive and deleterious gases known to chemistry, is seleniuretted hydrogen, a compound of the metal selenium and hydrogen gas. Berzelius has the honour of its discovery; but he himself experienced the powers of this agent. Allowing a minute bubble, as large as a *pin's head*, to enter his nostril, he was immediately sensible of a violent pain, and *all the symptoms of a very severe catarrh* ensued, and lasted for some days. 'Now,' says Dr Prout, 'selenium is a volcanic product; dry fogs are preceded by volcanic disturbances; is it, therefore, conceivable that some compound of seleniuretted hydrogen, perhaps with ammonia, is the cause of the dry fog, or at any rate of its disease-producing qualities?' Every spark from a mind constituted like Dr Prout's emits light; and we are by no means prepared to negative this conjecture entirely, although we do not consider it equal to the explanation of the whole phenomenon. M. Veltmann has shown that the haze of 1782-3 was coincident with great burnings of peat land in Westphalia. M. Kämtz, following his suggestions, and in the tone of rash confidence which too often characterises an erroneous doctrine, believes that dry fog is—to give his opinion in one word—nothing but smoke. In support of his theory, he states that *the dry fogs of Germany* are coincident with the annual peat-burnings of that country, and are therefore very probably only the diffused smoke arising from these combustions. He also shows that the dense dry fog of 1834 was probably produced by a great peat-burning in Bavaria and on the Hartz Mountains, while terrible conflagrations of peat and forests took place at the same time in Prussia, Silesia, Sweden, and Russia. Upon similar principles he would explain the immense phenomenon of 1782-3, endeavouring to show that the volcanic eruption which destroyed so many villages, and must have carbonised everything it overwhelmed, sent up such a vast volume of smoke into the air, as sufficiently to account for the phenomenon. He treats with disdain the idea that the fog and the epidemic disorders were connected. Highly as we respect the authority of M. Kämtz as a meteorologist, we cannot help feeling that there is a singular want of care in his inductions on this subject. In the first place, it is positively certain that volcanic eruptions have often *succeeded*, instead of preceded, dry fogs; and in the next, we would ask what are all the peat-burnings of Germany, a-fire at one time, compared to the combustion of one American prairie—a very ocean of fire? Yet the dry fog of 1782-3 has no parallel in the history of that continent; or, in fact, to come nearer home, we may ask what is all the smoke thus produced to that poured out in a week by our metropolitan chimneys, or by the more diligent furnaces of Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Manchester? We are not ignorant that certain astronomical phenomena, such as the scintillations of the stars, are much affected by the actual state of the atmosphere of our country, in consequence of its smoky habits; but it is preposterous to state that anything like the peculiar dry fog, with all its attendant electric and convulsive phenomena, arises from such a source.

It will be considered a pleonasm to say that the subject is altogether involved in deep obscurity. Chemistry confesses its ignorance, and meteorology acknowledges the same. The writer of this article has paid some attention to the question; but it appears impossible, in the present state of knowledge, to arrive at any accurate decision on the subject. It is of consequence,

however, to observe that only ignorance or prejudice will seek to confound the haziness of the atmosphere polluted by smoke with the singular phenomenon in question. The streets of every large city in which mineral coal is consumed, are always more or less shrouded in a pale blue veil; but this will not be confounded with the dry fog, so frequently the messenger of death to a country, or even a quarter of the globe. Mr Darwin, in his *Journal*, mentions the appearance of a peculiar blue haze mantling over distant objects. Humboldt, and other travellers in tropical climates, speak of similar phenomena, alluding to them as contributive of a peculiar grace to the landscape. But this appears principally due to the presence of aqueous vapour in the heated air. Such an unsatisfactory conclusion humbles us. But the position it compels us to assume is the right one after all. It may legitimately stimulate fresh inquiry, while it ought not to fail to elevate our thoughts to Him who has given power to an instrument of correction so terrible in operation, so fearful in effects!

THE HOLY LANCE.

THE Crusades were themselves a miracle of human enthusiasm, and we need not wonder at the narrative of miracles attendant on them which we find recorded by contemporary historians. Fanaticism was the mainspring of the first Crusades, and fanaticism is closely allied to credulity and superstition. The spirit of the age in which they took place was favourable to the belief in superhuman manifestations; and the cause in which the Crusaders were embarked was deemed so peculiarly the cause of Heaven, that no Divine intervention in their behalf appeared too astounding for acceptance. It is in the first Crusade especially that we find most frequent instances of this superstitious credulity and fanaticism; for during it, the inexperienced rashness of the Christians oftenest brought them into straits, from which nothing but the invigorating belief in the marked favour of Heaven in their behalf could have sufficed for their extrication. In the later Crusades we hear less of miracles, and more of warlike ability and knightly prowess: the old saying, that 'God helps them who help themselves,' found readier acceptance then than the narratives of prodigies. Among the marvellous incidents recorded of the first Crusade, none were productive of such extraordinary and important results as the discovery of the Holy Lance—the story of which we have chosen as the subject of the following paper. The miracle and its attendant incidents will be found narrated at length in the work which we have used as our authority—the able and graphic '*Histoire des Croisades*,' by M. Michaud.*

After a protracted siege of eight months, Antioch fell into the possession of the Crusaders by the treachery of one of its citizens. It was high time. An immense host, such as the East can alone raise, was fast approaching for its relief, under Kerbogha, sultan of Mossoul, a warrior grown gray in arms; and on the third day after its fall, the mountain-slopes to the north were resplendent with the glittering armour of the Mussulman army, whose myriads soon covered the banks of the Orontes. The Crusaders had had no time to revictual the city, and their foraging parties were quickly driven in, or cut to pieces by the Mussulman horse. Despite all the gallant efforts of their chiefs, they were unable to keep the field against their impetuous assailants; and in turn the Crusaders found themselves besieged in the taken city. The citadel of Antioch was still in the hands of the enemy; and the sorties of its garrison, combined with the assaults of the besiegers, placed the Christians, as it were, between two fires. But an enemy more dreadful still was already among them. Famine came, with all its attendant horrors. The chiefs themselves were soon involved in the surrounding misery. Godfrey, as long as any provisions remained with him, freely distributed them to the army; but at last the brave

warrior had to sell his sole battle-horse to procure the barest means of subsistence. The horses themselves were next killed for food, and roots and herbs were eagerly sought after and devoured by the famishing multitude. Despair seized on every heart; the people hid themselves in underground vaults, and shrunk from meeting their fellows in the streets. Antioch was like a city of the dead, or a place deserted by its inhabitants. The deepest silence reigned in its streets; and the stillness of night was only broken by the clangour of cymbal and kettle-drum from the Mussulman camp. Bohemond, left almost alone on the ramparts, strove in vain to rouse his men to defend the walls, and even gave to the flames an entire quarter of Antioch, to compel the inhabitants to bestir themselves. Misery and despair had brought apathy: spiritless, almost motionless, they endured the daily-increasing assaults of the enemy, who now redoubled their efforts in proportion as the prize seemed nearer their grasp.

All seemed lost. But at this fearful crisis fanaticism again woke up in the Christian army, and when all else had failed, saved it, even at the eleventh hour. Weakness and misery had made them superstitious, and prodigies and miracles were not wanting to revive their enthusiasm, and fill them anew with the confidence of victory. A priest, passing the night in a church, had a celestial vision, in which the Saviour, moved by the tears of the Holy Virgin, promised once more to aid the cause of the Christians. A deserter from the city had been met and turned back by his brother, whom he had seen killed in battle at his side, who assured the Crusaders of coming victory; and who said that himself and the rest of the slain would rise up and combat in their ranks. To complete the general enthusiasm, Barthelemy, a priest of the south of France, appeared before a council of the chiefs, and revealed to them how St Andrew had appeared to him thrice when asleep, and thus addressed him:—'Go to the church of my brother Peter at Antioch. Near the high altar you will find, on breaking ground, the iron head of the lance that pierced our Redeemer's side. In three days that instrument of eternal safety will be revealed to the eyes of his disciples. The mysterious iron, carried at the head of the army, will effect the deliverance of the Christians, and will pierce the heart of the infidels.' Adhemar, Raymond, and the other chiefs believed, or feigned to believe, in the apparition: the report quickly spread through the army; and the soldiers said one to another that nothing was impossible to the God of the Christians. For three days the Christian host prepared themselves by fasting and prayer for the discovery of the holy lance.

On the morning of the third day, twelve Crusaders, chosen from among the most respectable of the clergy and knights, met in the church of Antioch, with a number of workmen provided with the necessary tools, and commenced breaking ground at the foot of the high altar. The deepest silence reigned in the church; every moment they thought to see the miraculous iron. The whole army assembled at the gates, which could scarcely be kept shut, awaiting with impatience the result of the search. The diggers had worked for several hours, and had reached the depth of more than a dozen feet, without any appearance of the lance. Evening came, and they had not found it. The impatience of the Christians was every moment increasing. Amid the shadows of night, that now filled the church, one more trial is resolved on. While the twelve witnesses kneel in prayer at the edge of the pit, Barthelemy leaps into it, and in a short time reappears, holding the sacred iron in his hand. A cry of joy bursts from the assistants; it is repeated by the army, who were waiting at the church gates, and is soon re-echoed in every quarter of the city. The iron, on which all their hopes rest, is shown in triumph to the Crusaders; to them it seems a celestial weapon, with which God himself will scatter his adversaries. Every soul is exalted; they no longer doubt the protection of Heaven; and all demand with loud cries to be led to the combat.

Peter the Hermit was forthwith despatched to the gene-

* Nouvelle Edition. 7 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1819-1822.

ral of the Saracens, to propose to him a single combat or a general battle. His proud message was contemptuously received by Kerbogha, and the Christian envoys made a hasty retreat, to escape violence from the incensed Mussulmans. The chiefs of the Crusaders prepared for battle on the morrow. The heralds and the priests ran through the streets to animate the soldiers; the night was passed in prayer and devotion; and the last grain of flour in the city was used for the celebration of the mass.

At length day rose on this scene of warlike devotion. The wounded Raymond was left to keep in check the garrison of the citadel, and the rest of the army poured through the city gates into the plain. The sacred lance was borne by Raymond of Agiles. At the head of the army a portion of the clergy walked in procession, chanting the martial psalm, 'Let God rise, and let his enemies be scattered.' The bishops and priests who remained in the city, surrounded by the women and children, blessed from the ramparts the arms of the Christian host; and the neighbouring mountains rang with the war-cry of the Crusaders—'Dieu le veut!—Dieu le veut!' As they advanced into the plain, most of the knights and barons on foot, and many of the soldiers in rags, they seemed like an army of skeletons, so famine-struck were they all. The whole plain and mountain-slopes on the north bank of the Orontes were covered with the Mussulman battalions, among which that of Kerbogha, says an old writer, appeared like 'an inaccessible mountain.' But the enthusiasm of the Crusaders set odds at defiance; the exultation of victory already filled them as they advanced against the enemy. Two thousand Saracens, left to guard the passage of the bridge of Antioch, were cut to pieces by the Count of Vermandois. The fugitives carried the alarm to the tent of their general, who was then playing at chess. Starting from his false security, Kerbogha beheld a black flag displayed from the citadel of Antioch (the preconcerted signal of the advance of the Crusaders); and ordering the instant beheadal of a deserter, who had announced the approaching surrender of the Christians, he immediately set about issuing orders for the battle.

Having forced the passage of the Orontes, the Crusaders advanced down its right bank against the Mussulman host, which was drawn up partly on the slopes of the mountains, and partly in the plain, stretching from their base to the river. The Christian army was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm: the most common occurrences seemed to them prodigies announcing the triumph of their arms. A globe of fire which, after traversing the heavens, had burst over the Mussulman camp, seemed to them a foresign of victory: a gentle and refreshing rain, which fell as they were leaving Antioch, was in their eyes a fresh proof of the favour of Heaven: a strong wind, which aided the flight of their darts, and impeded those of the Saracens, seemed to them the wind of Divine wrath rising to disperse the infidels. The army marched against the enemy in the best order. A profound silence reigned in the plain, which everywhere glittered with the armour of the Christians. No sound was heard in the ranks but the voice of the chiefs, the hymns of the priests, and the exhortations of Adhemar.

Of a sudden the Saracens commenced the attack. They discharged a flight of arrows, and with barbaric cries bore down upon the Crusaders. But despite their impetuous onset, their right wing, under the emir of Jerusalem, was repulsed, and driven back in disorder. Godfrey experienced greater resistance from their left wing, which rested on the mountains; but it, too, was at length shaken, and confusion spread through the ranks. At this moment, when the troops of Kerbogha were giving way on all sides, Kilidj-Arslan, the sultan of Nice, who had advanced unseen on the reverse slopes of the mountains, suddenly burst upon the rear of the Christian army, and threatened to cut in pieces the reserve under Bohemond. The Crusaders, who combated on foot, could not withstand the first shock of the Saracen horse. Hugo the Great, apprised of Bohemond's danger, abandoned the pursuit of the fugitives, and hastened back

to support the reserve. The combat was renewed with fresh fury. Kilidj-Arslan, who had to avenge his former defeat at Dorislaus, and the loss of his states, fought like a lion at the head of his troops. A squadron of three thousand Saracen cavaliers, all bristling with steel, armed with ponderous maces, carried disorder and terror into the Christian ranks. The standard of the Count of Vermandois was taken and retaken, covered with the blood of Crusaders and infidels. Godfrey and Tancred, who flew to the succour of Hugo and Bohemond, signalled their strength and prowess by the slaughter of numbers of the Mussulmans. But the sultan of Nice, whom no reverses could daunt, still bore up stoutly against the shock of the Christians. When the battle was at its hottest, he ordered lighted firebrands to be thrown among the heath and dry herbage that covered the plain. Soon a conflagration rose, which surrounded the Christians with whirlwinds of flame and smoke. For a moment their ranks were shaken; they no longer saw or heard their chiefs. Victory seemed on the point of slipping from the grasp of the Crusaders, and Kilidj-Arslan already congratulated himself on the success of his stratagem.

Then, say the historians, a squadron was seen descending from the summits of the mountains, preceded by three knights clothed in white, and covered with dazzling armour. 'Behold,' cried the Bishop Adhemar, 'the celestial aid which was promised you! Heaven declares for the Christians! The holy martyrs St George, Demetrius, and Theodore, are come to combat along with us.' Forthwith the eyes of all were turned upon the celestial squadron. New ardour filled the hearts of the Crusaders, who were persuaded that God himself came to their aid; the war-cry, 'Dieu le veut!' rose again as loudly as at first. The women and children, assembled on the walls of Antioch, by their cries stimulated the courage of the Crusaders; the priests ran through the ranks with uplifted hands, thanking God for the succour which he sent to the Christian army. The charge again sounded along the line; every Crusader becomes a hero; nothing can withstand their impetuous onset. In a moment the Saracen ranks are shaken; they no longer fight, but in disorder. In vain they strive to rally behind the bed of a torrent, and on a height, where their clarions and trumpets sound the assembly. The Count de Vermandois, quickly following up his success, assails them in their new position, and drives them from it in utter confusion. Broken and discomfited, they now only look for safety in flight. The banks of the Orontes, the woods, the plains, the mountains, are covered with fugitives flying in wild disorder, and abandoning arms and baggage to the conquerors.

Kerbogha made his escape to the Euphrates, escorted by a few faithful followers. Tancred, and some others, mounting the steeds of the vanquished, pursued till nightfall the sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, the emir of Jerusalem, and the broken squadrons of the Saracens. The victorious Crusaders set fire to the intrenchments behind which the Mussulman infantry had taken refuge, and great numbers of the infidels perished in the flames. Such was the battle of Antioch, in which the Saracens left 100,000 dead on the field, while the Christians lost only 4000.

When the danger was past, the holy lance began to lose its miraculous influence over the troops. It remained in the keeping of Raymond and his Provençals, and the offerings which it brought to them as its guardians soon excited the jealousy of the rest of the army. Doubts were raised as to its genuineness, and Arnould and the Normans especially distinguished themselves by their vehement outcry against it. In vain miracles in its favour were got up by its supporters: nothing could silence its opponents, and discord rose to an alarming height in the army. At last Barthelmy, carried away by his fanaticism and the applause of his adherents, announced his intention of submitting to the ordeal by fire. In a moment calm was restored in the camp. The pilgrims who followed the Christian army were invited to witness the ordeal, and the host of the Crusaders ranged themselves in a circle round the place of trial. On the appointed

day (it was a holy Friday), a large pile of olive branches was raised in the middle of the vast plain. The flames already rose to a great height, when the spectators saw Barthelémy approach, accompanied by priests, who advanced in silence, barefoot, and clothed in their sacerdotal robes. Covered with a simple tunic, the priest of Marseilles carried the holy lance, decked with waving flaglets. When he had approached to within a few paces of the flaming pile, one of the principal clergy pronounced in a loud voice these words—'If this man has seen Jesus Christ face to face, and if St Andrew has revealed to him the divine lance, let him pass uninjured through the flames; if, on the contrary, he has been guilty of falsehood, let him be consumed, with the lance which he carries in his hands.' At these words all the assistants bowed, and replied together, 'Let God's will be done!' Barthelémy threw himself on his knees, took Heaven to witness as to the truth of all he had said, and recommending himself to the prayers of the clergy, rushed amid the flaming pile, through which an opening of two feet had been left for his passage.

For a moment he was hid from sight amid the flames. Many pilgrims began to bewail him as lost, when they saw him reappear on the side opposite to that where he had entered. He was immediately surrounded by an eager crowd, who wished to touch his garments, and who exclaimed it was a miracle. But the object of their veneration had received mortal injury. He was borne dying into the tent of the Count of Toulouse, where he expired a few days after, protesting to the last his innocence and his veracity. He was buried on the spot where the pile had been raised. Raymond and the Provençals persisted in regarding him as an apostle and a martyr; but the great majority of the pilgrims acquiesced in the 'judgment of God,' and the holy lance, from that day forward, ceased to work miracles.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FRENCH AGONY.

AT the time when we write—nearly four weeks before the day on which the present sheet appears—France is under the agony of a revolution, one of the immediate effects of which is, by the extinction of confidence, to disorganise the whole industrial system of the country, and put large masses of the people out of relation to their usual means of subsistence. The private suffering from this cause must be very great, and it is difficult to see where and how it is to end. What ought to be the conduct of England on the occasion? May she allowably exult in the distresses of a country which too often has expressed jealous and hostile feelings towards herself? May she even congratulate herself on that embarrassment which promises to make her neighbour for some time to come little able to act as an enemy to other states? We would hope that those who feel thus will be few, and that the bulk of our community will rather be disposed to compassionate the unhappy case of the French, and to show that they do so. Now seems to be the time for attempting to convince that people that England bears no malice towards them, and would much rather be regarded as their friend than their enemy. The French, let us remember, are now only in a new crisis of the transition which they have been obliged to make from the heartless despotism of their ancient monarchy, to such liberal institutions as we ourselves possess. For nearly sixty years has this transition been in progress, and how much the country has suffered in that time need not be particularised. The case is precisely that which was our own in the seventeenth century. Had we then had a predecessor in the realisation of free institutions, and had that state acted sympathisingly in the midst of some such agony as that of the Remonstrance, or the treaty of Uxbridge, or even the settlement of the crown on William and Mary, how pleasingly must we have felt it!—how apt would such conduct have been to wipe out past offences, and induce bonds of fraternal alliance

and peace! It would be well if, while forced in conscience to condemn many of their particular acts, we could truly and earnestly sympathise with the French in the distresses which they have almost involuntarily brought upon themselves. Let there be no levity in our remarks, much less any ill-considered reproaches; but let them see that our only interference is that of the benevolent social feelings, and that the first wish of our hearts is a good deliverance from their troubles. Such at least is, in our judgment, the duty of England on this occasion, under the constraint of the highest laws of our moral nature. The consequences are of inferior importance to the performance of the duty; but human nature can never perhaps be too impressively told that as we sow we must reap.

RELIEF FOR INDIGENT GENTLEWOMEN.

Among the many distressing visions of penury which meet our attention, one of the *most* distressing is that of the poor elderly female 'who has seen better days.' We can scarcely rank it amongst those which come broadly under public notice: it is more apt to shrink from the gaze of the world, and only to be discovered by accident by those who make it their duty to search into the nooks and crannies of our complicated social structure. Scarcely any one, however, can have failed to become acquainted more or less with some particular cases of the reduced gentlewoman; not always, alas! to be pictured as one sustaining neat and clean appearances in some poor lodging, and now and then even presenting herself at the tables of her old acquaintances, but often as the helpless bedridden creature, drawing out an attenuated existence on some miserable pittance, and dependent for half her living, and all the nursing she requires, on some sempstress niece, or old servant scarcely more vigorous than herself. For such persons, the ordinary charities of the country, whether those established by law, or those which spring from special voluntary benevolence, are of no avail, being destined for totally different objects. There is therefore scarcely any groan more hopeless than theirs; in no cases is the exigency of need more overmatched by obstructions to its relief—the chief of these being the delicacy which forbids asking.

A sense of the need which everywhere exists for charity meeting this peculiar form of wretchedness, induces us to advert to an institution having that end in view, which has been in operation for about a year in Edinburgh. It assumes the name of the 'Benevolent Fund for the Relief of Indigent Gentlewomen of Scotland above Fifty Years of Age, and Unmarried.' The mechanism for collecting funds very appropriately consists for the most part of ladies; the annual subscription (inclusive of donations) being half-a-crown. Thus £1265 have been collected in the first year. It may also be remarked as a peculiar feature, that about one half of the established clergy of the country have interested themselves in the collection of subscriptions. The expenses attending the starting of the society have absorbed a larger proportion of the results than was to have been expected; but nevertheless, sums varying from £5 to £10 have been given to 154 applicants. We find in the first annual report some brief anonymous memoranda of a selection of the cases, showing the age, parentage, other resources, and general condition of the poor ladies who have been selected for the society's charity—thus: '74; landed proprietor; about £8; quite blind; occasional aid from friends not related to her; no relations able or willing to support her.' '60; lieutenant royal navy; 3s. a week; nearly blind; weak in intellect; often without food or fire; no relatives.' '60; clergyman; subsistence only from knitting; no relatives.' '76; merchant; taught a school till 75 years old; £5 or £6; incapacitated by age for labour.' '51; captain in army; £6; Queen's bounty; almost constantly bedridden; gets a little assistance from a poor niece, who supports her own mother and two sisters by teaching.' These are short and simple

annals, but how much do they reveal! The report says very modestly, 'The relief, coming to them, as it did, at an inclement season of the year, was most welcome, and in many instances served to provide them with necessities much required. The aid was in almost all cases administered through the ladies' own pastors, and the gratitude of all was unbounded. Some of the openings of the hearts of the poor destitute ladies to their ministers, when receiving from them the welcome allowances, were most touching.'

We would hope that a fund calculated to be so serviceable in the mitigating of human misery, will continue to be well supported, and will also not be allowed to remain an example unhonoured by imitation in other portions of the empire.

THE CHARACTER OF COSTUME.

ALL who have exercised even a superficial degree of observation, must be aware how much their estimation of a stranger is influenced by the habiliments of his outward man. The garnishing of a bonnet, or the pattern of a vest, can give curious hints on biography; and Beau Brummell's maxim, that a 'man was esteemed according to the set of his shirt-collar,' is not without some experimental truth. Look out on a city thoroughfare, saunter along a fashionable promenade, enter a place of public assembly, and see what varieties of character present themselves to the mind through the different combinations of silk, woollen, and cotton fabrics which form the staple of British apparel. Almost involuntarily a spectator will discover and classify the accurate and inflexible in small ways, who would wage war for the size of a button or the position of a pin; the jumbled and disorderly, whose lives stumble on from one casualty to another; the strivers after effect and show; the servants of unembellished utility; the creatures of milliners, yea, and those of tailors also, who live only from the fashion; and the few who use the fashions of life, yet are not subject to any of them. It is not possible that impressions thus received could be always correct: there are a thousand petty influences that operate on the clothing as well as the conduct of humanity, but they are generally entertained in lieu of something more certain; and those who will not go as far as character, occasionally inquire of beaver and broad cloth regarding the wearer's profession; not only where it has appropriated some peculiar mode, as in the cases of clergy and military men, but in the less conspicuous vocations, where the matter is left entirely to individual selection. Thus poets and Blues were believed to be recognisable in the days of our grandfathers, and some still pretend to discern the insignia of those orders. We once heard a railway clerk assert that he never was mistaken in schoolmasters or commercial travellers; and among the anecdotes of the French Revolution, is one concerning a countess who attempted to make her escape from the Temple in the disguise of a charwoman, but was detected by the aristocratic fashion in which she wore a washed-out cotton shawl. 'How were they dressed?' is a universal inquiry; and the whole body of writers in travels, fiction, and history, seem aware of the fact, and describe the attire of their principal characters with minutiae worthy of the Court Circular. Nor is the idea of its importance unfounded. An old author remarks, 'that it is not Quakers', millers', and bakers' boys alone that are distinguished by the cut and colour of their garments; but individuals, nations, and times, because the habit of clothing is one of the great particularities of man, which, if it be not common to all men, is shared in by no other animal; and like the handwriting, or fashion of speech, it serveth to denote somewhat of his proper personality.' The truth of these observations is strikingly illustrated by a gallery of old family pictures, or those portraits of sovereigns and celebrated persons which exhibit the costume of the ages in which they flourished; and it is an amusing, yet not uninteresting

study, to trace the coincidence that exists between the character of each succeeding century and the fashion of its garments, from almost the dawn of our national history to the reign of Victoria. In this respect costume furnishes the most obvious signs of the times, in which the beholder may read their moral and mental character, even as the picture-lovers of some future generation will speculate on the books of beauty, the fashionable magazines, and, should any be preserved, the photographic portraits of our own day. The earliest account of British costume is given us by Julius Caesar and his contemporaries, according to whom it consisted of a beard, reaching to the breast like a tangled mane; a mantle which descended almost to the knee, made of the hide of a brindled cow, with the hair worn outwards, and fastened in front with a pin of bone or a long thorn; a shield composed of wickerwork; a brazen javelin; and the greater part of the body painted dark-blue, or some say green, the breast and arms being punctured with the figures of plants and animals, like the tattooing of the South Sea isles. This primitive fashion naturally represents a land covered with primeval forests, the resort of the bear and the bison; huts constructed of wattles and mud, and thatched with heath and fern; gatherings for rude Pagan rites round the solitary cromlech, or in that puzzle of antiquaries—the circle of Stonehenge; and a savage veneration for the Druid and the mistletoe.

How the belles of Britain were arrayed in Caesar's time we are not informed, but the progress of civilisation may be traced by the dress of the celebrated Queen Boadicea, who lived more than a century later, as described by a Roman historian on a state occasion: her light hair fell down her shoulders; she wore a torque, or twisted collar of gold; a tunic of several colours, all in folds; and over it, fastened by a fibula, or brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. We also gather from some remnants of old Celtic poetry that at the same period the dress of the Druid was a long white robe, as an emblem of purity; that of the bards a blue one; and the professors of medicine and astronomy, which appear to have been curiously connected in the minds of our Celtic ancestors, were distinguished by a garment of green, because it was the garment of nature; while those who aspired to unite the honours of those three vocations to their names, wore variegated dresses of the three colours—blue, green, and white.

Pliny tells us that these divers-coloured garments were made of a fabric called *bracæ*, composed of fine wool, woven in cheques, and evidently synonymous with the Scottish tartan. Several Roman writers add, that of this chequered cloth the many-coloured tunic of Boadicea, and the entire dress of her most distinguished warriors, were formed. From their description of the latter, it appears to have exactly resembled the costume of a Highland chief, with kilt, plaid, and dirk; wanting only the plumed bonnet, and the tasseled sporan or purse. These were the additions of after-times, which came with the pibroch, the fiery cross, and the black mail, to the Celts of our northern mountains; but the days of which we speak were those of the plaided warriors, encountering the cuirassed and Latin-talking legions of Rome—the days of the hewing down of old oak woods—the building of those Roman forts and cities whose ruins and burial urns are turned up by modern excavation. It is curious to consider that the chequered cloth, which was now regarded by the Romans as a savage dress, had once (if a modern and well-supported theory be true) been the costume of a large part of the earth, including the countries afterwards inhabited by the Romans; and that, after surviving eighteen centuries in one corner of the island of Britain, it has come again to be a favourite wear over regions far beyond the bounds of the Scottish Highlands, as if the first fancy of the European races with respect to clothing had involved some peculiar felicity, which was sure to rekindle their affections on its being brought again before their notice. True it is the chequered *bracæ*, in

which the heroic queen so nobly, though vainly strove to defend her country and people, is at this moment worn throughout the British dominions—and they are wider than Rome ever dreamt of—in a thousand varieties, from the satins and velvet of court costume, to the coarse muffle cloak or plaid of the winter traveller; while the faith, the power, and the vices of the Romans have long ago become but matters of dry and antiquated history.

Next come the Anglo-Saxon times, of which we have actual portraits preserved in some old illuminated manuscripts, such as that of King Edgar in the Book of Grants to the Abbey of Winchester, A.D. 966. Here flax appears in full fashion—the monarch's dress consisting of a linen shirt, a tunic of the same material, descending to the knee, having long close sleeves, but which sit in wrinkles, or rather rolls, from the elbow to the wrist: it was confined by a belt or girdle round the waist; and the royal attire was completed by a pair of loose buskins, or rather stockings, wound round with bands of gold, which the generality of his subjects supplied with leather, a sort of tiara, or crown, and a short mantle.

Similar habiliments were worn by the good King Alfred, and the renowned Charlemagne; for all the nations of Gothic or Germanic origin, who at that period occupied the continent of Europe, resembled each other in their customs, and even language. The dress of the Saxon ladies appears to have been composed of the gunna, a long flowing robe with loose sleeves, from which the modern word gown is derived; a shorter one called the kirtle; and the head-dress on all occasions consisted of a long piece of linen, denominated the wœfles, in which the head and neck of the wearer were enveloped. These pictures remind us of the old Saxon chroniclers, with their simple faith and blunt sense; of the low solid Saxon arch; of rude habits, primitive customs, and wild wars with the invading Danes. It was in this period that our national language, our popular superstitions, and most of our rural festivals had their origin. Yet among the kirtles and wœfles of the Saxon dames we find the curling-irons of modern fashion in full exercise. Adhelm, Bishop of Therborne, who wrote in the eighth century, describes a belle of the period as 'having her delicate locks twisted by the iron of those adorning her;' but the wearers of kid gloves among us little think how many efforts and ages were required to bring those indispensable articles to their present perfection. Till about the end of the tenth century, the hands even of English royalty were covered only by the end of the loose sleeve; but then some of the leaders of fashion began to assume a small bag, with a thumb at the one side, the fingers being all indiscriminately confined, which certainly could not have had the effect of increasing their usefulness.

The Saxon was succeeded by the Anglo-Danish period, so called from the conquest of Canute the Great and his successors, some portraits of whom are extant. Their costume was the same as that of the Saxons; but their chosen colour was black, like their national standard—the raven; on which account the Saxons called them the Black Northmen. But we find they also excelled them in civilisation, for the old chroniclers inform us that the Danes were effeminately gay in their dress, combed their hair once a-day, and bathed once a-week; which seems to have been considered intolerable foppery by the honest Saxons. The Normans, who succeeded the Danes, under the conduct of William the Conqueror, were of similar northern origin, and, as might be expected, retained a similarity of dress. The earliest specimens of their costume are given in the Bayeux tapestry, one of those immense specimens of needlework produced only in the middle ages; being thirty-seven yards in length, covered with scenes from the conquest of England, and said to be the work of William's queen, Matilda, and her maids of honour. Wealth and splendour are evi-

dently on the increase. As we descend to the Norman days, the robes are bordered with fringe of gold; cords and tassels are added to the mantle; but the Saxon beard is gone, as well as the Danish long hair; for a complete exquisite in the reign of the Conqueror would not suffer a single hair to grow on the whole expanse of his countenance, and the entire back of his head, which had only a few short and straggling locks round the forehead, and over the ears.

In the reign of William Rufus, lengthening and enlarging seem to have been the mode; and under several of his successors, long cumbersome garments, with immense sleeves, were the gentlemen's attire, with shoes whose toes turned up in a projecting peak to the height of twelve inches, and a chain at the top, which was fastened to the girdle above; and what progress they made in walking, history sayeth not; yet these days are memorable for the introduction of the oft-denounced corset, as part and parcel of the ladies' wardrobe; female dresses being then laced tight to the bust, while the skirts and sleeves were of such intolerable length, that it was necessary to fasten them up in huge knots, to admit of moving at all. In a manuscript of the close of the eleventh century, the satirical illuminator has introduced the father of all evil in female apparel, with the skirts as well as the sleeves of the tunic so knotted, and the garment laced up in front.

What a contrast to these civil fashions is presented by the military portraits of the period!—the knight in full panoply, with visor closed! Yet both serve to illustrate the barbarity, pomp, and luxury of the period; the iron age of unlettered pride and despotic strength, when books were things known only to abbots and bishops, when lawsuits were decided by single combat, and the wealth of a nobleman was estimated by the number of peasants he owned, or the amount of plunder his vassals could collect on the highway; for such, in spite of all its tournaments and troubadours, was the period of feudalism, romance, and chivalry. Yet even in these Gothic times, it appears that fashion was scarcely less fickle than her followers in our own age have found her; and in the reign of Edward III., the gallant conqueror of Cressy, a monk of Glastonberg thus expressed his dissatisfaction: 'The Englishmen haunted so much unto the folly of strangers, that every year they changed them in divers shapes and disguisings of clothing—now long, now large, now wide, now strait, and every day clothingges new and destitute and divest from all honesty of old arraye or good usage; and another time to short clothes, and so strait-waisted, with full sleeves and tippetts of surcoats, and hodes over-long and large, all so jagged and knit on every side, and all so shattered, and also buttoned, that I with truth shall say they seem more like to tormentors or devils in their clothing, and also in their shoeing and other array, than they seeme to be like men.'

In spite of many such remonstrators, garments continued to increase in variety and expense. Indeed, if there be any truth in the censures of the clergy, and the lamentations of the poets, in which Chaucer himself unites, in his 'Canterbury Tales,' public extravagance in dress seems to have gone to a length scarcely credible in our pinching times even to a London milliner. Grooms and servants are said to wear velvets and damasks; the nobles had their robes bordered with precious stones; and one coat belonging to Richard II. is stated to have cost 30,000 merks. Similar fashions seem to have extended to the court of Scotland, though at a later period. A portrait of James I., in the castle of Nielberg in Swabia exhibits the peaks of the monarch's shoes fastened by chains of gold to his girdle; and in a wardrobe account of James III. of Scotland, A.D. 1471, quoted by Mr Logan, occurs an entry of 'an elne and ane half of blue tartane' [by which was understood not the tartan of the country, but a kind of French serge, so costly, that it was valued at sixteen shillings a yard] 'to lyne his gowne of cloth of gold.' About the same

time mourning first appears in England, but the colour of sorrow was as often brown as black; and Chaucer mentions a widow's robe of brown. The quantity as well as the quality of dress was a great object with our ancestors; their sleeves in particular frequently attracted the legislature's attention, and the most stringent laws were made to curtail their dimensions. One old writer denominates them, when worn by servants, 'the devil's receptacles, into which all they stole was popped.' Yet notwithstanding the overabundance of kirtles and house-lines, the skirts that required three pages to hold them up in front and rear, the tippets worn round the head, the different-coloured hose, with each side of the gown to match, there was a stately grandeur about the English costume of that period worthy of the romantic honour and high-flown courtesy of knights like the Black Prince, and the first companions of the Garter. Nor will the extravagance of all ranks in dress appear so far beyond belief, when it is remembered that, like all the productions of those ages, the velvets and damasks were intended to stand the test of time; and in spite of the mutations denounced by the Glastonberg monk, gowns and kirtles evidently served the vanity of more than one generation, as we find them mentioned in wills as valuable bequests; and no wonder, when so much of individual property was vested in the wardrobe. The prevalent idea of the feudal times was pomp and display, for which all the comforts and appliances of daily life were utterly neglected; and the merchant or tradesman who appeared in ermine and gold, was content to sit on a three-legged stool, and sleep on a bundle of straw. Articles of dress were on this account regarded as presents fit for royalty to give and receive. We read of Richard III. presenting the Duke of Buckingham with a velvet gown, which, adds the chronicler, 'made the duke right joyful.' Imagine Queen Victoria presenting Lord John Russell with a new paletôt, just to illustrate the difference of our times! There is another peculiarity remarkable in the ancestral portraits of Britain, which is common to those of all Europe to the beginning of the sixteenth century—the difference between male and female costume is scarcely observable. The Crusades, which commenced about the time of the Norman Conquest, doubtless contributed to this state of things, as the flowing robes, as well as the coarse magnificence of Asiatic nations, were brought back to Europe by the warlike princes and nobility. There is also some confusion of terms in the matter of apparel, which sounds strange to modern ears; a gown and a petticoat being mentioned as prominent parts of a gentleman's attire in the reign of Henry V.; and about half a century later, the waistcoats of the ladies cut a conspicuous figure not only in the entries, but even the sermons of the day. Still greater causes of wrath were the horned head-dresses which begin to figure in all female portraits after the battle of Agincourt. Monstrosities of taste they are certainly, some having two curved horns, like, as the old divines remark, to 'ane lowing cow'; others standing erect on the head, covered with linen rather loosely, and varying from two to three feet, according to the taste of the wearer. These are succeeded by another form, rising like a spire so far above the natural height, that history mentions the doors of several churches and palaces which required to be altered, in order to allow the ladies of the court entrance. But it does the common sense of the nation some credit, that the monstrous things were generally disliked. One monk in particular acquired considerable celebrity by preaching a regular crusade against them both in Britain and France, from which latter country they are said to have been imported by Catharine, queen of Henry V.; and with the habit of reference to Satan common to his age, he denominated them 'ye devil's towers;' but adds in one of his sermons, rather ungallantly, 'of a truth I do believe that Belzebub hath more sense than she who invented such headgear.' The portraits of Henry VII.'s reign are

remarkable for the resemblance which costume in general begins to assume to the most prominent of our modern fashions. Were it not that we miss the ribboned and flower-trimmed bonnet of the lady, and find the gentleman's head laden with plumes like a Russian field-marshal, some of them might pass for shadows of the nineteenth century. The difference now becomes perceptible; men begin to wear tight garments, and the modern indispensable of pantaloons first become visible under the sway of the Tudors. The old flowing Eastern style is still more forsaken as the Reformation approaches; feudal pomp and splendour are passing away; men have begun to put less confidence in armour, and less glory in pageants, though there is still an occasional tournament; and the Field of Cloth of Gold, in which Henry VIII. and his rival Francis I. of France displayed their vanity and magnificence, still prove how much was sacrificed to empty display. Yet it was near the time of the world's great discoveries—printing, America, and popular representation; but in the matter of costume, we find the most striking was the display of ladies' arms, which had never been seen since the days of the Norman Conquest.

It was under good King Hal, as one would think he was ironically called in history, that the inexpressibles of the gentlemen were stuffed to such an enormous size, according to one of their contemporaries, with sacks of wool and hair, that a species of scaffolding was erected over the seats in the Parliament House for their accommodation, the ordinary benches being utterly insufficient; and the fashion did not disappear till the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. On the whole, the caprices of its costume betray the age as one which, though filled with great events, was neither good nor grand in England, and characterised by bad taste and worse morals.

The dresses of Elizabeth's reign have found abundant illustrations. These were the days of starch and ruffs; and both articles furnished themes for vituperation to the reforming clergy, if their accounts may be relied on. In the words of Beau Brummell, 'starch was' then 'the man.' Its introduction to the English public, like that of silk-weaving and stocking-knitting, was owing to the persecution of the Protestants of Flanders by Philip II., which drove thousands of the best citizens to seek refuge in England, bringing their arts and industry with them. Linen shirts also became prevalent about this period; and some of them, according to Stubbs, 'cost, horrible to hear, no less than ten pounds!' Elizabeth is said to have never worn the same dress twice; and as her majesty knew the value of her robes too well to part with them, the inventory of her wardrobe, at the close of her long reign, must have been truly astounding; yet with all its cork-shoes, diamond stomacher, stiff corsets, and frightful ruffs, there was a degree of formal splendour and regal state about the court strongly characteristic of the mind of Elizabeth, and the history of her reign, in which there was much strength, and little, though very obvious, weakness. Nor must we forget that the modern hat owes its origin to this period. Stubbs speaks of them as 'head-coverings, made of a certain kind of fine hair, which they call beaver hats, of twenty, thirty, and forty shillings a-piece, fetched from beyond sea, whence a great sort of other varieties do come.' Most people are aware that Elizabeth wore the first pair of silk stockings, and the Earl of Oxford the first worsted articles of the kind ever made in England without a seam, the hose of all preceding monarchs being manufactured by means of the needle and scissors. How the art of knitting was imported, has been already mentioned; and the stocking-frame was introduced some years after, it is said, by the ingenious revenge of William Lee, who took this mode of superseding the industry of a knitter, to whom his addresses had been paid in vain; but this cause of the invention rests only on vague tradition.

Under James I., we find the love of splendour and pageant, which ruled the former reign, still prevalent;

and some letters of that prudent monarch illustrate the anxiety of the nobles to display jewels and diamonds of great value in their caps. 'I send you,' writes the king to his son, the unfortunate Charles I., who was then on a matrimonial expedition, 'the three brethren that ye knowe full well, but newly set, and the mirroure of France, the fellow of the Portugal dyamont, quiche I wold wishe you to wear alone in your hatte, with a little blacke feather.' The story of Louis XIII.'s queen bestowing her diamond epaulette on the Duke of Buckingham, which that luckless gallant returned with expedition, on account of the wrath and jealousy its absence occasioned, has a prominent place in the court scandals of the period.

It was in the reign of the learned monarch that the farthingale attained its highest magnitude—an article, be it observed, very similar in effect to the modern crinoline; and there is an anecdote on record which might apply to the last-mentioned garment also, regarding a Turkish sultana, who, when visited by Lady Wych, the wife of the British ambassador, in all the fulness of her farthingale, seriously inquired if the peculiar appearance it gave to her ladyship's figure were the natural formation of all English women; and when informed to the contrary, she exclaimed, 'God is good, but wonderful are the fancies of the Nazarenes!'

With Charles I. came the cavalier costume, whose abundance of lawn, lace, and ribbons, drooping plume, short cloaks, and mingled grace and foppery, the pencil of Vandyke has made as celebrated as the events of the Civil War. Long doublets and starch were now dethroned, after a reign which comprehended both that of James and Elizabeth. It is remarkable that the latter was of all colours which prevailed in turn, the last of the band being yellow; but the inventrix of it was executed for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, it was said, in a yellow starched ruff; and fashion could not tolerate the acquaintance of the gallows. The plain and serious fashions of the Puritan party stand out in strong relief amid so much finery; and even in the portraits of the period, whether of Cromwell in his plain coarse coat and sword, contrasted with Charles covered with gold lace, and wearing a jewel in one of his ears, or a court lady opposed by the russet gown and hat of a parliamentary citizen's daughter, may be read the character of the struggle which then excited so much warlike zeal, and since called forth so much earnest controversy.

The low dresses and affected foppery of Charles II.'s court, in which that well-known superfluity, the periwig had its origin, also indicate the character of the reign as one at once servile, tyrannical, and coarse, though covered with polish: but after the revolution of 1688, Holland begins to take the lead, and sober Dutch fashions come in with the Prince of Orange—the stomacher once more makes its appearance, though not with the diamonds of Elizabeth's day, and the head-dresses are built as high as lace and ribbons can make them; but the periwig continues in its glory, and the chief accomplishments of a beau at the establishment of the Protestant succession consisted of combing it in the theatre or ball-room, and cocking his hat over it in some particular fashion. Armour had dwindled down in the days of William III. to a breastplate, a back-piece, and a hat lined with steel; but the last remnant of old knightly fashions—the sword—was retained (a worse than useless appendage) at the side of every gentleman, amid the square cut coats, stiffened out with buckram and wire, the long flap waistcoats, and the abundant ruffles which distinguish the reign of Anne. As for the ladies, the 'Spectator' and other popular works have kept alive the remembrance of the hoops, patches, comodes, and hair powder in which they delighted to array themselves; and these fashions continue throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, about the commencement of which snuff-taking is mentioned as one of the habits adopted by belles of the first water, and broadcloth came into general use in gentlemen's apparel:

the last remnants of this capricious taste—hoops, wigs, cocked hats, and all—passed away with the peace of Europe at the first French Revolution. But its portraits, like the literature of the period, indicate the general frivolity and emptiness of the public mind, and a state of things in which real knowledge, or even thought, was confined to the few. The pictures of our own day now meet us, having no temptation to linger among the short waists and long skirts of the war. But it is time to close our sketch, for we cannot anticipate the verdict of posterity on the character of our own costume.

'THE DARK HOUR.'

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.—TRANSLATED BY META TAYLOR.

Most men, who live in the home-circle of their families, enjoy spending 'the dark hour' in quiet. Children grow restless about this time, but the elder folks draw over the fire, and sit musing silently, or now and then exchanging a gentle word of affection. These are moments when the mind receives and imparts the most refreshing and purest thoughts. There seems to be a general reluctance to break the approaching darkness by lighting a candle; for all, unconsciously, have a certain feeling of the holy power of nature, which spreads out before us, so oft unheeded, the wonderful phenomena of light and darkness. Oh the cozy, comfortable chat in the dark hour! One sits looking at another by the flickering light of the fire, and the few words spoken are caught attentively: the eye, too, has repose, for the mind is undisturbed by the object on which it rests. A single word will often fall upon the ear like an impressive note of music, and convey a feeling which long after finds an echo in the soul.

Farmer Hagenmaier was one evening sitting thus in the parlour with his wife, his son, and his son's wife. The wedding of the young couple had taken place only the day before, and the joy occasioned by the event was fresh in the minds of all. For some time no one spoke a word, and yet one feeling—perhaps one thought—filled their minds. Young Hagenmaier had hold of the hand of his wife, who sat beside him; perhaps the old man guessed the joy there was in his child's heart: he was ensconced in a dark corner, unseen, and thus at length broke the silence:—'Ah, children, 'tis an easy matter to talk of loving one another with your whole heart, and to promise to hold fast your love through life; but when it comes to the point, and you have to yield to each other, to control the will for mutual improvement, 'tis often a difficult task, and words are not then enough. There are times when a man is ready to go through fire to serve his wife; but, without a murmur, to drink a cup of coffee which she may have let heedlessly grow cold—believe me, that's a less easy matter. The words of Scripture are full of meaning, which tell us of the foolish virgins whose lamps were extinguished when the bridegroom came: for many a heart is hardened by self-will, whereas every one ought to be prompt to catch and to enjoy the highest happiness. You see, children, in what love and harmony your mother and I live; but do not imagine that this came without a struggle: I was especially obstinate and self-willed, for in my young days I led a careless, independent life. Hark ye, I'll tell you two stories of the time soon after our marriage, and you may learn a lesson from them—I warrant me you will.

'Well do I recollect my delight the Sunday when I was to go to church with my wife for the first time. We had been chatting away the time unawares that morning, till starting up, I exclaimed, "Come, quick! we shall be too late for church." My wife ran to her chamber to dress. I was ready long before she was, and waiting for her: she had constantly some little matter still to arrange. At first I begged her, in a gentle tone, and jokingly, to be quick; but presently I called louder, intreating and urging her to make haste. Three times did I fill and light my pipe. Each time it went out, as

I stood kicking my heels impatiently, calling to her at the chamber door. At such moments one feels as if standing upon hot coals, or, in other words, in the fidgets. My face was as red as scarlet when she at length made her appearance. I could not speak, and we left the house.

'We had not gone many steps, when my wife recollected something that she had left behind. All the keys had now to be got out—all the closets to be opened. I stayed waiting in the street, and it seemed to me an age till she returned. I thought of going to church alone, but I was ashamed; and when at last she appeared with a smiling face, and began to pull up my shirt-collar playfully, I turned angrily on my heel, and said in a gruff voice, "Go and dress yourself—you are long enough about it forsooth!" And we walked to church in this manner, without exchanging a word more.

'My cheeks glowed with vexation and anger, both with my wife and myself, as I entered the church. My wife went to her seat. Had she once turned round to look for me? I knew not. I leaned against a pillar, and was as stiff as the stone itself. From time to time I caught a word the clergyman said, but instantly forgot him again, and stood staring at the roof and walls, and thinking what a lofty and cold building it was. This had never come into my head before; and I was angry with myself that my thoughts were so distracted, and that I could pay no attention to the sermon. It now occurred to me that this was owing to the misunderstanding with my wife: how indeed could I take to my heart what I heard at such a moment? I longed to make it all up, and looked round at her: she did not, however, raise her eyes, and this vexed me again. Was not *she* in the wrong? thought I; and ought not she therefore to beg my pardon for dawdling and wasting my time in a way to drive one mad? Look ye, children, thus it is with a man when he gets out of temper, and deceives himself about his own heart and conduct. I was angry with my wife, even for being able to say her prayers so calmly, since she had offended me; and in this manner I behaved like a good-for-nothing fellow, both before and during church time, and imbittered that hour which might have been one of the brightest and happiest in my life. Our misunderstanding might very likely soon have been at an end, if I could have taken my wife's hand, and spoken a kind word with her; but we were separated in the church, and it seemed to me as if our quarrel had estranged our hearts for ever.'

The good woman was here going to interrupt her husband, but he said, 'Nay, nay, lovie; let me tell my story out: I have another to follow; and then you may have all the afterpiece to yourself. So you may imagine, children, that we soon made matters up again; for your mother, in her young days, was a merry soul; and whenever I put on a sour look, and was out of temper, she would laugh at me so good-humouredly, that I was forced to laugh too. And then I could not understand how it was I had been so pettish—and all for the merest trifle, not worth speaking of; but the fact is, when a man's anger is up, he does not understand this.

'Well, now for the other story: it is about just such another half-hour's trial of temper. The wedding of our cousin at Lichtenau was fixed to take place; we were invited to it, and were to be there punctually at a certain hour. The day came, and it was high time to start—there was not a moment to lose. I had put to the old gray mare (which we had at that time), and stood cracking my whip at the door. Your mother seemed as if she would never come. I sent up every woman that passed to help her to get ready. I knew she would not like this, and I did it just on purpose to tease her. What business had she to keep me waiting there? When at length she did come, I rated her soundly. Your mother bit her lips as she got into the chaise, and she held her handkerchief up to her eyes the whole while we drove through the village; whilst I

kept on whipping the old mare, till she kicked fore and aft. But when we got outside the village, your mother began to weep, and said, "For Heaven's sake, husband, how can you act thus, and put yourself and me both to shame before all the folks?"

'These words cut me to the heart: I recollected our first walk to church—my wife was now by my side. I threw the reins on the old mare's neck, and stuck the whip behind me: it was time to put reins upon myself; and I may say with truth that I have thoroughly repented my hastiness of temper. But you see how one can tell, from such trifles as these, whether the true light still burns in the heart. The few minutes that I had thus twice to wait proved to me hours of trial; and thenceforth I learned to study the temper and enter into the wishes of others. Think of this, children, if ever you meet with a similar trial.'

'Now comes the afterpiece!' cried the good woman. 'And you have forgotten to say, husband, that from that time I never again made you wait, but was always ready before you. Come, now let us light the candles: we have had enough of the dark hour.'

They did so: bright faces, lighted up with good resolutions, gazed joyously one at another.

LAND OCCUPANCY IN SCOTLAND.

SCOTSMEN are sometimes ridiculed for partiality to their native country. It was, after all, an amiable peculiarity, appropriate to a time when Scotland required all the affection of her sons to make her appear a tolerable home. Now that industry and prudence have given her wealth and its enjoyments, we hear much less of national partiality. There are, however, it must be asserted in all seriousness, some institutions in Scotland either greatly superior to any analogous things in England, or in which England is yet altogether deficient, and of which Scotchmen may therefore be allowably somewhat boastful. For example, a perfect system for the registry of property, which makes all incumbrances on land ascertainable by the public. England, too, is only now struggling to obtain the public prosecution of criminals, which Scotland has enjoyed for hundreds of years. The tithe system, which was a bane in England till a few years ago, was settled in Scotland in the reign of Charles I. When one reflects on the period of the origin of many of the good institutions of Scotland, he is tempted to think that the condemnation of the Stuart dynasty, in which it is now the fashion to indulge, is, to say the least of it, too sweeping. Many excellent laws were passed in Scotland by these monarchs, and generally, till the struggles of opinion which commenced with the Reformation, they stood up for the commons against the tyranny of the nobles. To James II., an accomplished prince, who perished in his thirtieth year by the accidental explosion of a cannon (1460), is due the credit of having ratified an act of parliament giving tenants of land those securities which till this day are vainly contested for by leasehold farmers in at least one part of the United Kingdom. This act of the Scots parliament was passed in 1449, and forms the basis of the existing common law and usage respecting the tenancy of land. It is interesting to observe that the act was expressly ordained 'for the safetie and favour of the puir people that labouris the ground;' or, in other words, was a law to protect tenants on lease against eviction and misuse in the event of proprietors wishing to oppress them, or in the case of lands being sold or alienated. This law may be said to have defined the leading points in a lease—the term of years, the periods of entry and outgoing, and the rent to be paid.*

* In old language, the lease is called the *tack*, the period of outgoing the *ish*, and the rent the *mail*. Hence a farm in Scotland was called a *mailing*.

The great attention bestowed on territorial management in Scotland during the last hundred years, has served to consolidate the principle and practice of leasing lands, so that the process is now probably as perfect as it is likely ever to be. The following is a familiar account of the manner in which land tenantry is conducted and operates.

There are few or no tenants holding land by verbal arrangement; that is, no tenants at will. Every farm is let by a written agreement or lease; and a note or missive stating terms of lease is held to be equally valid as a lease, if followed by possession, and that not only against the granter of the lease, but his heirs and successors. Any shuffle by a landlord to oust a tenant in occupation, on the plea that his lease is not technically correct, would meet with no mercy in the Scotch courts; and an attempt to do anything of the sort would incur universal odium. Leases, however, are usually drawn up with great care and precision. The document, of which each party has a copy, defines mutual rights and obligations, specifies the date of entry to the farm, the duration of the lease, the annual rent to be paid, the routine of cropping, &c. Sub-letting is strictly prohibited, and the least approach to such an invasion of the landlord's rights would be instantly checked. The duration of the lease is ordinarily from fourteen to nineteen years—nineteen, very probably, if the lands require much improvement: in either case, the lease is heritable, and its rights and obligations descend to the farmer's family or heirs. Nineteen years form a reasonable length of time for a farmer to sow and reap in every sense of the word. Insured possession either in his own person or his family, he has an inducement to bring the land into the best possible condition, to drain it and to manure it at his own expense, and to subject it to the most approved routine of agriculture. That he has his reward, is evidenced in the position of respectability enjoyed by Scotch farmers generally. But does the farmer not scourge or exhaust the land towards the conclusion of his lease? This is provided against in the agreement, and also by common usage. He must leave the land unexhausted and in crop, but the period fixed for leaving is usually in November, when there is little crop or seed in the ground. A proportion of the value of the lime and manures lately employed on the land is paid for by the incoming tenant. So far, therefore, the lessee loses nothing, and any selfish inducement to take scourging crops from the land is removed. The incoming tenant is also bound to pay his predecessor for the seed sown and unreaped; that is, any crop at the time on the land. But if the farm has proved a fair bargain during the currency of the lease, the tenant most likely desires a renewal. In perhaps three-fourths of all cases a renewal is granted for a fresh term of nineteen years, and generally at an advanced rent, corresponding to the increased value of the farm.

No Scotch farmer starting with a new lease, grudges that he has to pay a somewhat higher rent than formerly. This may seem paradoxical; and yet there is nothing unreasonable in it. A lease for nineteen years is understood to clear all scores. For the first few years, nearly all is paying out; for the latter years, nearly all is coming in—the cost of working the land being much more than covered by the large crops which are produced. It is very interesting to observe the patience with which a Scotch farmer will wait for returns. For years, you will see him with his men toiling to eradicate huge stones from the ground, blasting rocks, digging open ditches, draining with tiles, levelling rude heaps, ploughing, liming, and otherwise improving the farm. At first, the crops are poor; then they begin to look a little better; about the eighth or ninth year they are abundant. Now comes the period of repayment. Ten years of heavy crops, with little outgoing, set all to rights. At the end of the nineteenth year the land does not owe the farmer a penny. Such, in usual circumstances, being the case, the farmer

has no pretension to consider the land as his, or to say, 'I have a claim for making this property what it is.' True, he made a garden out of a wilderness; but he has been more than paid for it. If he has been a sagacious farmer, and not engaged to pay too high a rent, the land and he are quits. When the lease refers to land already improved, the nature of the tenure is not altered: the lessee in such instances runs less risk, and has less toil than on a highly-improvable farm; but he pays rent in proportion, and looks alone to the fourteen or nineteen years' possession for a redemption of all outlays.

On every farm there must necessarily be improvements or meliorations of a substantial and lasting kind, which the tenant cannot be expected to execute even on the principle of self-remuneration. We here allude to the erection of a suitable dwelling-house, a barn, thrashing-mill, and stables, the building of stone walls, planting of hedges, making roads, and so forth. These things, which are of a permanent character, are always executed at the cost of the landlord, and remain his property, the tenant being bound only to keep them in repair. In many instances, a landlord builds a new house for his tenant, on the occasion of a fresh lease with an advance of rent; and thus, from time to time, the farm buildings in Scotland have been renewed in a substantial manner, greatly to the improved appearance of the country. There are few examples of Scotch farmers building houses entirely at their own cost. Occasionally, where the laird lacks funds, the tenant will engage to pay part of the money, but only on the condition of being repaid in the form of certain annual deductions from the rent; and it is so expressed in the lease. When a new farm-house is to be erected, the tenant, if a man of capital and taste, may possibly offer to pay a certain share of the expense out of his own pocket, provided he is allowed to have a building to his mind. If the landlord agree to this proposal, it is on the express understanding that no claim is in future to be put forward on account of such an outlay; nor is it to be handed down as a burden on succeeding tenants. In general, the landlord is anxious to make the tenant comfortable, and to live on good terms with him; and many examples could be given of landlords voluntarily exceeding the covenants by which they are bound. The farmer is for the most part equally, if not more, desirous of conciliating the goodwill of his landlord. The truth is, each has the power to serve and to annoy the other; and there are therefore the best reasons for adopting terms of mutual conciliation. The only source of discord may be said to be in the game-laws, which are rigidly maintained by some landlords, greatly to the loss and discontent of their tenants.

Of the private relationship of landlord and tenant, however, we have here no special reason to speak. As respects territorial management, Scotch landed proprietors manifest a keen sense of what is economically proper. In late years they have disregarded the slow process of melioration presented by existing leases; that is to say, seeing that certain improvements are desirable, which have not been stipulated for in the lease, or considered in the rent, they enter into a special agreement on the subject. It may be arranged that, for the sum which the landlord lays out, the tenant agrees to pay interest at a moderate per centage during the remainder of the lease. By this means land is brought at once into the finest state of tillage, and the landlord is certain of receiving an advanced rent next time the farm is to be let.

It will be gathered from all we have said that the Scotch farmer ceases to have any claim whatever on his farm when his lease expires, excepting only what he may have to receive from recently laid down manure, or the seed of unrequited crops. Houses, fences, drains, meliorations of all sorts, become, as a matter of course, the property of the landlord; because all have been executed either directly at his expense, or in virtue of

a covenant, by which the tenant has been required for his personal toil and pecuniary outlay. No tenant farmer in Scotland, therefore, ever asks a sum for 'good-will' from his successor: the idea of such a thing would be looked on as preposterous and impudent in the highest degree. With his successor he has nothing to do, except to settle for the transient matters above alluded to.

Such are the rational, the simple, and satisfactory usages in Scotland respecting lease-tenure. In that country there are no agrarian disturbances; agriculture is pursued as a profession by men of skill and capital; and while the farmers benefit themselves, they also benefit the public, by throwing into the market the abundant produce of their highly-cultivated fields. All this, however, could only have been brought about by the care and enterprise of the landlords. If the landed proprietors had hung back, either through perversity or negligence—had they left tenants to do anything they liked—the face of the country would have been altogether different.

It is melancholy to reflect on the condition to which a fine country may be brought through the inattention of landlords; it is chiefly in consequence of such inattention that the present outcry for 'tenant-right' in Ireland has arisen. We can sympathise with this outcry, for it never would have been heard had Irish proprietors done their duty. In Ireland, leases of land have never been conducted on that uniform and satisfactory principle which is customary in Scotland. In many instances their stipulations are broken with impunity by both parties. We have heard of landlords breaking them on the plea that they were invalid, though they must have been parties to that invalidity. The English law, we fear, has much to answer for on this account. Its cumbrous machinery, and unintelligible technicalities, are unsuitable to Irish capacities and Irish feelings. To turn a poor and ignorant man summarily out of his farm, to break or trample on his lease, and leave him to seek legal redress only by a suit in Chancery, is nothing short of oppression. Evictions, of course, do not usually take place without some grounds of procedure—bad farming, subletting, non-payment of rent, and so forth—but is not the habitual inattention of landlords to their estates a very common cause of abuse? Tenants have been allowed to go on for years as they liked; they have been permitted, without challenge, to make improvements during their leases, and to receive payment from their successors at the close. In this alone there are the elements of inextricable confusion. An entering tenant will be seen paying to the outgoing tenant £100 for possession of an improved farm; and to this sum the new tenant will perhaps add as much more for fresh improvements, as if the property were his own. These sums may be expended for substantial and rational improvements, or they may not. They may be paid for perishable acquisitions, for embellishments of little practical utility, or they may be paid for mere 'good-will'; but for all these the tenant considers he has an equitable claim either against the landlord or against the succeeding tenant. Farther, he considers that he is entitled to sell his right to whom he pleases, and to induct whom he pleases, as if he were disposing of an established business.

These claims are clearly erroneous to a very great extent; and yet they are not only contended for by tenants in Ireland, in memorials to government, at public meetings, and defended and enforced by clergymen and other influential persons; but the principle is also upheld in parliament, and sought to be embodied in public acts. Upon such a principle, a landlord might be improved out of his estate, not only without his consent, but against his will, and in defiance of all propriety. Farm-houses might be turned into mansion houses, wholly unsuited to the size and value of the farms; and common fences made into handsome park walls. In a late case, the sum of £1800 had been expended, and

was demanded, for such improvements, on a farm yielding only £64 of rent to the landlord. The annual interest of £1800 being £90, it thus happened that, according to tenant-right, the landlord would have had to pay £90 a-year to get tranquil possession of a farm yielding only £64 a-year. Was this at all reasonable? Certainly not; but the error fundamentally lay in the landlord not taking care to lease his lands on a sound principle, not looking after his property till it was too late; and we can scarcely pity him for the charges to which, by his negligence, he had exposed himself.

The clamour for tenant-right originates in a sense of wrong and suffering. Without any distinct definition of rights and obligations, the Irish farmer improves his land, and builds a house upon it, and then all at once he is turned abroad on the world, obliged to lose all he had expended. Can we wonder that this injustice should excite commotion? Making every allowance, however, for the hardships endured under the present system, we do not think that the imparting of tenant-right, as it is called, is the proper method of rectifying affairs. The right way of going to work seems to be as follows:—

1. The nature of the claim of each tenant should be examined; what has been expended superfluously should be disallowed; and the balance, if any, for real improvements should be paid by the landlord. If the landlord cannot pay this balance, his property ought to be sold to the amount.

2. But in many instances the lands are in the hands of mortgagees; in such cases the balance to be a charge on the property after the mortgagee's claims are satisfied. A sale, with count and reckoning, would speedily and satisfactorily settle the matter.

3. Solvent landlords being now placed in possession of their properties, they ought in all cases to be compelled to grant definite leases, briefly and simply expressed; and no lease should be valid which has not been examined and certified by a public officer appointed for the purpose of summarily settling disputes as to land in every county.

4. Every lease should be drawn up in the name of the actual proprietor of the land, or at least with his sanction, and the actual farmer. Subletting to be a valid ground of ejectment.

5. A register of leases to be kept in every county, open to public inspection.

6. No ejectment to be legal except between ten o'clock A.M. and two o'clock P.M.; and not without a previous notice of ten days in a metropolitan and provincial newspaper.

He would be a bold man who said that arrangements of the above nature would give peace to the rural districts of Ireland; but they at least aim at disentangling affairs, and placing them on a permanently sure foundation. Will the landholders, however, agree to such trenchant measures, even with the view of relieving themselves from the effects of their heedlessness? and will they turn over a new leaf, and in future, like their brethren in Scotland, pay that degree of attention to their properties which is alone calculated to prevent agrarian disturbance?

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

Every young man in this metropolis, if he will only attend to his business, whatever it is, and keep out of scrapes, is a rising man, and has all the prizes and honours of the nation before him, if not for himself or his children, at least for his children's children. There is no reason to complain when this is the case. We have no exclusions of race. Take any dozen men in good circumstances, either at the east or the west end of London; take them in a club in Pall-Mall, or in the Exchange, and inquire into their origin. One is an Irishman, another a Scotchman, another is a Welshman. Perhaps half of them can show a Celt in his pedigree. The same number can produce an ancestor driven to this country by the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, or a foreigner of still more recent date. So much for race. As for condition, the great-grandfather of one was a labourer; of another a gentleman's butler, of another a weaver, of another a journeyman blacksmith, of another a hairdresser, and so forth. So far from the trade and commerce of London being at all a monopoly, it is notorious that nearly all the tradesmen of London, or their immediate ancestors, came from the country. In the manufacturing districts, these examples of successful industry are still more numerous. Manchester, for example, is made out of nothing. Now this state of things suits the British taste very much better than any scheme for making and keeping all men equal. The fact is, that we don't like equality. Saxons are a spreading, a stirring, an ambitious, and a conquering race. We prefer hope to enjoyment, and would rather look forward to be something better than to be always the same. Englishmen of any thought have just the same feeling about their posterity. They hope to rise in *their offspring*. They also know that they will do so, if they are steady and industrious, and train up their children as they ought to do. Every working man with two ideas in his head knows very well that it is his own fault if he does not thrive, live in a comfortable house, rented at more than L.10 a-year, have a little money safely invested, and before many years, find himself and his family safe at least from the work-house.—*Times newspaper*.

SALE OF BOOKS.

In the year 1511, eighteen hundred copies of Erasmus's work entitled 'Encomium Morie' ('The Praise of Folly') were sold; and in 1527, twenty-four thousand copies of his 'Colloquies' were disposed of. In the sixteenth century, sixty editions of the 'Orlando Furioso' were published. It is stated that as many as eighteen hundred editions of the 'De Imitatione Christi' of Thomas-à-Kempis have been issued. Such was the popularity of Daniel Defoe's satire, called 'The True-born Englishman' (1708), that more than eighty thousand *pirated* copies of it are believed to have been sold in the streets of London. In 1732, Franklin began to publish, in America, 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' the demand for which became so great, that ten thousand copies were sold in one year—a very large number, considering the comparative paucity of readers in the new continent at that time. Richardson's novel of 'Pamela' met with great success, having gone through five editions in the course of a year. When Dr Johnson's 'Rambler' was first published, the sale seldom exceeded five hundred; and it is curious that the only paper in the series that had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was No. 91, which Dr Johnson did not write, but is said to have been written by Richardson. So popular were the essays published under the title of 'The Craftsman' (1726), written by Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and other writers, in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's measures, that ten or twelve thousand were frequently sold on the day of publication. The first edition of M. Thiers's 'History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon,' consisting of ten thousand copies, was exhausted in Paris on the day of publication, within the space of a few hours; and orders were soon received for six thousand copies of the second edition. Of Hannah More's religious novel, 'Cælebs in Search of a Wife' (1809), ten editions were sold in the year of its publication. Constable calculated that nearly fifty thousand copies of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' were sold in Great Britain, from the time of its first appearance, in 1810, up to the middle of 1836. The two thousand copies of the first edition of 'Marmion' were all sold, at the rate of a guinea and a-half each, in less than a month; and up to the middle of 1836, it is computed that about fifty thousand copies had been sold. In the ten years that have elapsed since this calculation was made, the aggregate number of copies sold of both these favourite poems has considerably increased. From the fact of one hundred and thirty editions of 'Hoyle on Gaming' having been published, and only sixteen editions of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' an unfavourable estimate has been drawn of the morality of the times.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF SCIENCE.

Many ignorant despisers of systematic natural history reproach us with wasting our time on nomenclature, or in watching and describing the metamorphoses and general economy of insects; and contend that it is only from what they call 'practical' men—that is to say, farmers and

gardeners—that effective means of destroying noxious species—one of the main objects of entomology, taken in its widest scope—can be looked for. Such objectors should be referred to a paper read by M. Guérin-Méneville to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris in January 1847, from which it appeared that while the cultivators of the olive in the south of France—who in two years out of three lost oil to the amount of nearly 6,000,000 of francs annually by the attacks on their olives of the grub of a little fly (*Dacus oleæ*)—were utterly unable, with all their 'practical' skill, to help themselves in any shape, M. Guérin-Méneville, though no cultivator, applying his entomological knowledge of the genus and species of the insect, and of its peculiar economy, to the case, advised that the olives should be gathered and crushed much earlier than usual, and before the grubs had had time to eat the greater part of the pulp of the fruit; and by their adoption of this simple plan, the proprietors of olives in the years they are attacked by the *dacus*, can now obtain an increased annual produce of oil, equal in value to L.240,000, which was formerly lost, in consequence of their allowing the grubs to go on eating the olives till they dropped from the tree.—*Mr Spence's Address to the Entom. Society, January 1848.*

LOOK FORWARD, AGE!

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Thy youth hath long been passed—
The verdure and the flowerage faded long;
Life's sunny smiles, amassed
In pleasant places, amidst dance and song,
Live but in memories, that make them look
Like dried leaves in a book.

Pain, more than pleasure, dwells
Within such memories: therefore seek not thou
To dive within the cells
O'er which their sickly seed dead lilies throw;
Nor ransack records, 'mid whose mildewed leaves
Its net the spider weaves!

Canst thou thy youth restore,
By seeking at its dried-up fount the draught
Which may not ever more,
Howe'er so great thy thirst, by thee be quaffed?
The waters gone to waste, no longer run
All sparkling in the sun.

The gray hairs on thy brow,
Turn thee to piteous auburn, as thy thoughts
Are with the Long-ago,
Careering on the mist that vaguely floats
Over the past, through which all things appear
More bright, because less clear?

And nimble grow thy feet,
As thou in thought retracest paths once trod,
Undreaming that deceit
Followed thy footsteps o'er the daisied sod?
Pause ere thou try'st youth's dance with limbs that tell
How years may vigour quell!

Then gaze not on the past
As on a picture, whence true joys may rise,
Or thou wilt find at last
The bitterness of lying vanities;
And, like the reed that shakes to every wind,
Fall with thy fallen mind!

But to the coming look—
Gaze to the eastward—to the rising sun!
See where the gushing brook
Doth from its source in vigorous brightness run;
Read back no leaf, but turn the onward page,
And so look forward, Age!

NOTE.—The individual who wrote a tale in the Journal a few years ago on an incident in the history of the Tankerville family, is requested to correspond with the editor.

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SPRING-TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

SPRING comes peeping round the corners of the crowded streets and breathless alleys of busy London—twenty times a day do those industrious costermongers, whose stock changes as the seasons change, pass my door, exclaiming, 'All a-growing, all a-blowing!' And the goodwives who have a little back-yard, in which the sunshine sometimes finds itself a prisoner, hurry out and buy wallflowers, daisies, hollyhocks, sweet-williams, &c. &c. at a penny a root; and these they plant in the two narrow square yards beyond the water-butt, where they dwindle away in a week or two, if they are not broken down before morning by the cats. A poor man's London garden measures about six paces; and besides the outhouse at the end, contains a dust-bin, water-butt, coal-shed, two posts that uphold the clothes-line, a little square cinder space in the centre, eight feet by six—the children's playground—and his flower-beds on each side the low, damp, sunless wall. His waving trees are stacks of chimneys, the pots of which are occasionally gilded by the sunlight. In some primitive neighbourhoods, where sewer was never yet sunk, a deep sluggish ditch yawns and stagnates, and there a stunted alder—a kind of living death—does, in its slow decay, now and then manage to make a sign, and lift up its few green leaves, amid which 'smuts and blacks nestle in place of birds.' Not that these London gardens are wholly without their choristers, for there are plenty of sparrows, whose notes seem to have been copied from the sounds made by the knife-grinders in the streets; and sometimes these dirty fellows come out from under the smoky eaves, and hop about like a parcel of little sweeps. You never see them 'preen' themselves, like your decent country sparrows; for they seem to know that it would be but 'labour in vain;' so they get case-hardened as soon as they can, and look as glossy as beetles. The banks beside these ditches, instead of being white over with daisies, are strewn with broken crockery, while an old saucepan-handle occasionally shoots out, and here and there a rag flutters from the stunted alders, and throws a cooling shadow upon the fragments of broken bottles below. Part of an old hamper, yellow with rain and rot, at the foot of which a piece of old green baize has been thrown, may, if the imagination is vivid enough, be magnified into a root of primroses. Violets, too, on a washing-day, where the women use plenty of stone-blue, may, by the same imaginative power, be seen to wave on these banks when they empty their washing-tubs. The Zephyrs, who 'fan their odoriferous wings' in these gardens, come in the shape of door-mats and carpets, and raise such cloudy perfumes as make a man sneeze again, while the silver showers rouse every Sabrina that sits

under the 'cool translucent' sewers. These London gardens are also rich in earwigs—great, nimble, long-bodied things, which, if you chance to cut them in two with the spade, make nothing at all of it, but scamper off like an engine without the train, leaving that black and cumbrous body, the carriage, behind. They are accompanied by a genteel sort of worm, with a superabundance of legs. In the bulbs which you have left all winter in the ground, hundreds of little innocent grubs congregate, that come forth in due time, eat up every green leaf, and then attack the stalks. In vain do you apply soap-suds and tobacco smoke; their lives lang not by a slender thread; they were never delicately nursed, but born to endure every hardship. There are thousands of such gardens as these in and around London, and hundreds of pounds are expended in the purchase of flowers in spring-time to decorate these little sunless patches of earth. As for sowing seed, you might as well expect to see a crop of gravel shoot up: a kidney-bean, by the end of a week, is occupied by a thriving family of grubs.

Spring in London is borne through our streets in barrows, or sometimes carried in triumph in a basket on the heads of her votaries; besides flowers, she comes crowned with radishes and young onions; or, like a gleaner in autumn, bears a sheaf of rhubarb on her brow. Her hair is entwined with the sprouts of broccoli, while in her hand she carries a cream-coloured cauliflower. Sometimes you see her crammed into a little sieve, where she sits looking out of the windows in the shape of a salad. There is no room for her to flaunt in all her gay attire in this money-growing city. Her very violets, as if even the perfume occupied too much space, are rolled up in leaves and paper, and sold in a dying state; for London is the great cemetery of flowers—the grave in which all the 'beautiful daughters of the earth and sun' are buried. They cannot live amid its high-piled walls.

'High up the vapours fold and swim,
Above them floats the twilight dim,
The place they knew forgetteth "them."'

How different is spring-time in the sweet, green, open country, where the sunshine seems to sleep like a wide unbounded ocean, stretching to the edge of the very heaven from which the golden radiance descends! Here the silver-footed showers of April leap and chase each other from leaf to leaf; and you might fancy that every rounded drop went dancing on until it became weary, then settled down into the bells of the flowers, or slept amid the opening buds that come forth in their tenderest array of green. You hear the lark singing somewhere amid the dissolving snow of the clouds, but cannot tell whether it is hidden among the blue that hangs below the floor of heaven, or amid the feathery silver that streams out like the wings of a mighty angel. Through

the vernal green of the grass you see the young daisies dawn, as if a new firmament was rising out of the earth, studded with another milky-way of unnumbered stars. The bleating of the young lambs falls upon the ear with a strange, dreamy sound, and you seem wandering through a newly-made world—a fresh formation, that has risen above the wreck and ruin of winter, and strewn the brow of its black, naked, and volcano-like front with flowers. You hear the babbling of childish voices in the winding lanes, and by the woodside; and there is a cheerful creaking of busy wheels on the brown and dusty highway, which fills the landscape with sounds of life, where before the snow lay like a winding-sheet over the muffled lips of the dead. The streams have broken asunder their icy fetters, and like liberated slaves, with the jingling fragments dangling about them, go dancing and singing down the steep hill-sides, and through the valleys, as if their only delight was in the motion that accompanied the sounds they made. The bees, like schoolboys broken loose, come buzzing out of the hives, and murmuring to each other as they hasten along, ransack every hidden nook in search of flowers, and wage war against the velvet buds; while those dusky and noisy foragers, the rooks, either sally out to ravage the wide neighbourhood, or stay at home, brawling and fighting, among the branches of their old ‘ancestral trees.’ The bark-peelers are busy stripping and felling in the adjacent forest, and you inhale the rich aroma as you wander along, and sigh when you think of the baked atmosphere which you are doomed to breathe in the burning summer of the city. If you ramble beside the clear river, there, in the willow holt, you see the busy osier-peelers at work, hear the rods whistling through the brake, and behold the tall taper wands spread out in the breeze and sunshine to dry. Field and farm, forest and river, hill and valley, are all alive, and throbbing beneath the stirring impulse of spring.

As the season advances, the day is cheered by the glad shouting of the cuckoo, and the silence of night awakened by the song of the nightingale; for as the voice of spring deepens, it is heard everywhere; and a hundred different choristers come from distant lands to swell the great anthem which is poured forth in our wild greenwoods.

Spring-time is the youthful season of the year; it passes its babyhood in the lap of winter, wrapped in its swaddling-clothes of snow; summer is the beauty of its full manhood; and autumn, with its yellow and fallen leaves, the old year in its age and decay. We have not that love for the flowers of autumn which we extend to those of spring, beautiful as many of them are; for we know that when they are withered and dead, nature must sink into a long sleep before others will grow up to replace them. With spring it is different: the violet and the primrose are quickly followed by the rose and the lily; and when the hawthorn has shed its pearl-tinted blossoms, the sweet woodbine appears with her crimson-streaked cheek. Yet if we love the flowers of spring more, we see them pass away with less regret than we do those of autumn. So with the loves and friendships formed in our youthful days; the broken and parting pangs seem more severely felt at the time, but they leave not the lingering regrets which make the heart empty and desolate in its old age. In the spring of our lives we shoot up amid sunshine and beauty, but bear no fruit; even that which hangs upon the summer of our manhood is green and crude, and scarcely worthy of being garnered until mellowed by the mists of autumn.

When shed and treasured, the season is again in its infancy; for spring leaps not up from the ashes of the dying year, but sleeps throughout the long night in the womb of winter. The child cannot begin with the knowledge we leave behind us when we enter the mysterious gates of the grave. There is a closer affinity between the out-of-door world of nature and ourselves than may at a first glance appear. The bud, the leaf, the flower, and the fruit, exhibit every stage of progression from infancy, youth, and manhood, to old age. The perfection of all intellectual growth is but a superior seed dropped into fruitful soil. The spirit of Shakspeare lives not when grafted on a dull human stock—the rose cannot take root in a heap of cinders and ashes—the mountain-heath withers and dies in the swampy soil of the reedy marsh.

There was a time when, to our own minds, spring brought but few associations, saving such as were connected with the lengthening of the days, the return of the singing-birds, and the coming again of the flowers. Even now, we can ramble throughout the whole livelong day, and divest our mind of all graver memories, contented to watch the shifting colours that fade over the landscape, and to burrow about the banks and hedgerows. But amid those grave and sable hours which slowly close the curtains of the midnight, almost every distinct object assumes a shape, and has a meaning; it becomes a part of one great whole, proving that

‘The whole round earth is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.’

The sunshine of spring comes in light and gladness, and throws open hundreds of narrow courts and suffocating alleys in London; and in the warm mild evenings, you see the inhabitants congregated on the broad pavements of the open streets, or seated upon the kerbstones, or the steps around the mouths of those inhabited clarnel-houses. The little, ill-clad, half-fed, dirty children are no longer driven to their pallets of straw or shavings at so early an hour as they were in winter. They now run riot in the streets, chasing each other like swallows, forgetting even for the time the pangs of hunger in the midst of their momentary happiness. The blessed sunshine, that God scatters like gold from heaven upon the rich and poor, even in these places, produces enjoyment not the less pure because unpurchased by the worldly man’s standard of wealth. Many of these children are shoeless. After every romp, they have to stop to replace the little dirty frocks that have slipped off their thin spare shoulders: for every pull, and drag, and reit, they will probably, when they arrive at home, receive a blow; this they appear perfectly conscious of from the exclamations occasionally uttered; yet they ‘bate not a jot of heart nor hope,’ but run after each other with merry whoop and loud halloo, until summoned in by the shrill voices of their mothers. Many of them, during the daytime, had wandered from door to door, perfect in the very trick of the beggar’s suffering look and canting whine, bearing a box of lucifers or a row of pins, under cover of which they escaped the vigilance of the police. It would be difficult to recognise these juvenile impostors amongst that merry group, were we not accustomed to meet them in ‘their daily walks and ancient neighbourhoods.’

The village poor, amid all their poverty, can see the hand of spring at work as she hangs the tender green upon the branches, and scatters flowers of every hue over upland and valley. Unpoisoned by the malaria that rises from sink and sewer, the unadulterated air of heaven blows sweetly through the open doors of their thatched cottages, and there the morning sunshine comes streaming in, bright and beautiful as when it first issued from the golden chambers of the east. Instead of the waving of ill-washed garments, which send up an unhealthy smoke as they hang to dry in the city courts, the long leaves are talking to them all day long; and in place of the bawling of the eostermongers, who from morning until night are ever breaking the peace of the

streets, their ears are greeted with the mellow pipings of the golden-billed blackbird, the music that gushes forth from the speckled throat of the throistle, or descends like a shower of melody from the clouds, where the twinkling wings of the skylark beat. The very child sent out to tend cattle in the long wandering lanes—who appeases his hunger by a hunch of brown bread, and quenches his thirst at the wayside brook—finds a hundred objects to amuse him in his solitude, and shuns all those numberless vices which lie in wait at every corner of our thickly-populated cities.

Unfettered, he can roam abroad,
And as he chooses pass the hours;
Can linger idly by the road,
Or loiter 'mid the wayside flowers:
For what cares he about the morrow?—
Too young to sigh, too old to fear;
He has no time to think of sorrow—
He finds the daisies everywhere;
And still sings through each green retreat,
And plucks the flowers around his feet.

ERMAN'S TRAVELS.

In 1827, Professor Hansteen, in pursuance of his researches in terrestrial magnetism, set out upon an expedition into the interior of Siberia, the expense of which was defrayed by the Norwegian government. The request of Mr Erman, already known in the scientific world, to be allowed a share in the undertaking, was complied with; and the results of his observations, both moral and philosophical, are now laid before the English reader by Mr Cooley.* Mr Erman's reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the book. In 1844, he received one of the Royal Geographical Society's medals; the president, Sir R. I. Murchison, declaring, while he pronounced the adjudication, that with the exception of Humboldt himself, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man more deserving of the honour. Supported by this authority, Mr Cooley, in the preface, very naturally launches out into the praise of his author, not only as a scientific traveller, but as a correct observer of manners, and appreciator of national character. To this, however, we have some demur to make, though not as regards Mr Erman's talents, but solely on the score of the inadequacy of his opportunities. In so rapid a journey, it was impossible for him to do more than skim the surface; and it was equally impossible for him to avoid the misapprehensions to which even the most talented traveller is liable in hastily traversing a foreign country. It is as safe as it is easy to praise where we are ignorant; but since 1827, much light has been thrown upon at least European Russia; and in the portion of the work referring to this region, we cannot say that we are struck by any great superiority on the part of our author over the common run of hasty travellers.

But some allowance must be made for the mere lapse of time; for the 'permanent form of civilisation' has no more permanence in Russia than elsewhere. Mr Erman's journey from St Petersburg to Moscow lay through a savage country, almost wholly destitute of inns or other conveniences for travellers; while only eight or nine years later, we ourselves rolled over the same tract in a diligence more comfortable than any we ever met with in France, dining at handsome restaurants by the roadside *à la carte*, and having our choice of French and German wines at various prices. All this was an agreeable surprise, as we had been forewarned by Dr Clarke that it would be madness to expect even clean straw for a bed. Had we taken this traveller's advice, we should have provided ourselves with a pewter teapot, a kettle, a saucepan, tea, sugar, bread, and meat; and on descending from the diligence to dine, we should

have astonished the natives by walking into their Parisian restaurants with a large cheese under one arm, and the lid of our saucepan under the other, to be used, according to the doctor's recommendation, as a dish!

But the difference between Mr Erman and other travellers on the character and position of the various classes into which the population is divided, cannot be ascribed to the revolutions of time. The dislike he supposes the Russians to have to intimate association with foreigners—the segregation of the women of the upper ranks—and the social position of the priesthood—are all mistakes which he has fallen into in consequence, no doubt, of the briefness of his sojourn, and the pre-occupation of his mind by other studies. The comparative isolation of the foreign mercantile class at St Petersburg is owing partly, no doubt, to the prejudices of the Russian gentry; but prejudices of a different kind from what Mr Erman supposes. It is the profession they dislike, and that alone—a fact which is proved by the very same barrier existing between them and their own merchants. The masses of the people have no avenue to the government service (the grand distinction of rank in Russia) but through the army. Trade, however successful, neither ennobles nor dignifies; and the wealthiest merchant may continue throughout his life a serf, paying his master an annual rent for his liberty to buy and sell. This explains the original isolation of the English factory, as it used to be called—an isolation kept up to this day by English prejudices as well as Russian. Our countrymen never mix thoroughly with the population anywhere. In the towns of France, Germany, and Italy, they are very nearly as distinct a class as they are in St Petersburg.

In Moscow, the foreign residents are chiefly teachers, and their intercourse with their employers is on a much more easy and equal footing than at home. But foreigners, who are neither merchants nor teachers, amalgamate as completely with Russian as with any other society; and more completely if English, because the heartiness of hyperborean hospitality breaks through the national reserve, and compels them to feel at home.

The kind of segregation of the women of the upper classes mentioned by our traveller exists to a less extent in Russia than in England. In the former country, not taking morning calls into account, which are comparatively rare, the reign of sociality commences at three o'clock—the general dinner hour; from which time till late at night all is flutter and freedom among the womankind. After dinner the company separate, but only to meet again, either in the same or some other house or houses, and the whole evening is spent in a succession of festive reunions. But on the other hand, the women of the mercantile class live in a kind of Eastern seclusion, drinking tea from morning till night, of which they imbibe, it is said, not less than from forty to fifty cups in the day. But the secrets of their prison-house are unknown, for the antagonism of classes is as strong on their side as on the other; and a noble would find it as difficult to join the domestic circle of a merchant, as a merchant would to seat himself at the table of a noble. The women, however, go to church, and on some occasions to the promenade, when their beauty, with which Mr Erman was so much struck, appears very remarkable indeed—as a work of art. The man of science was too much of a true philosopher to question so agreeable an illusion. He only saw the most exquisite complexions it is possible to conceive, and took it for granted that they were formed of nature's own red and white. Among the peasantry, again, there is more separation between the sexes (not seclusion), oddly conjoined with more intermixture, than perhaps in any other country. Custom does not prevent the women from bathing in the same pond with the men; but it generally prevents them from mixing in their dances or other recreations. You will see on the highways, near the villages, a group of bearded peasants dancing together with the utmost gravity, and at a few yards' distance a group of women similarly engaged,

* *Travels in Siberia, &c.* By Adolph Erman. 2 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1848.

neither party bestowing even a look upon the performances of the other. While mentioning the peasantry, we may as well say that it is not brandy, as it is called throughout the work, that is the common spirits of the country, but vodka, a liquor distilled from grain, and somewhat resembling, both in taste and weakness, the gin of the Londoners.

With regard to the churchmen, our traveller tells us that they do not form so distinct a group of the population as the other classes; the higher clergy intermixing with the nobles, and the lower with the tradesmen. This is quite a mistake. The higher clergy are monks of St Basil, sworn to perpetual bachelorhood, and they do not go into lay society at all. They confine themselves to their convents, where they live well, and wax portly, and (belonging by birth to the upper classes) are indeed the most gentlemanly-looking men in Russia. The lower classes, on the contrary, are part and parcel of the people. They must be married before they are ordained, and they are ineligible to the higher offices of the church. Though their functions are sacred, they and their families belong to the vulgar; and we have seen these clergymen, in their canonicals, go into the vodka shops of Moscow, and reissue while depositing gravely in their pockets a bottle of their favourite liquor. The religious feelings of the better class must have much decreased since Mr Erman's visit, since he tells us that a custom prevailed among them, which is rarely seen now, of offering adoration before meals to a crucifix set up in the room. The word crucifix we presume to be a mistranslation, for the Russians hold graven images in as much abhorrence as the Jews, paying their devotions instead before painted and gilded portraits of the saints.

The 'cautious reserve of the natives,' their 'shrinking from contact with a foreigner,' and their 'repugnance towards everything foreign,' are not merely unknown among the Russians of the higher class, but they are the very reverse of the fact. There is, in truth, throughout this order of society, to use the words of a more recent traveller, 'a sickly craving after everything foreign, and an unmanly affectation of scorn for everything native.' But while protesting against the book before us being received as high authority in anything but practical science, we would by no means be understood as being blind to the real merits of our author. Even leaving science out of the question, he is obviously an intelligent and accomplished man; he has a taste for the picturesque, and with good descriptive power; and, above all things, he has a sympathy with human nature even in its rudest condition, which throws a charm over the whole work.

In a work of such various and extensive information, the choice of subjects for notice is a difficult task; but we think we can hardly go wrong in devoting some little space to what many will deem rather a curious exposition of the economical importance of the Ural Mountains. Here, it seems, there are 132,000 tons of iron produced every year, four-sevenths of which are destined for European Russia, two-sevenths for Asiatic Russia, and one-seventh for the states on the south-west. 'The iron,' says our author, 'thus dispersed from the Ural would, if collected into one mass, constitute a sphere of only forty-seven feet diameter; and, if we assume the ores raised at five times the quantity of iron produced, we shall see that the diminution of the beds of the Ural will not exceed the contents of a sphere of 380 feet diameter in one hundred years. The result of this calculation will, as usual, only furnish another instance of the insignificance of human operations; for a globe of this size would not quite equal the dimensions of the Blagodat, as far as the ores are exposed above ground; so that many centuries must pass away before it will be necessary to go beyond the metallic accumulations which present themselves to view.' About the same value of gold and platinum is produced every year, and about one-fifth of the value of copper; giving of these metals the annual

amount of nearly five millions and a half sterling. To this must be added the produce of salt springs, rising through artificial borings carried into the lowest bed of the mountain limestone.

The magnitude of this branch of industry will be still better appreciated from our author's statement, that it would require 361 vessels of 400 tons each for the transport of a like quantity of minerals by sea. Here, with the exception of a comparatively small portion, it is distributed throughout the empire by means of river navigation, extending from Slatoust to the Baltic, or in an uninterrupted line of about 3350 miles. During 1000 miles of this route the boats have to struggle against rapid currents; and after all, they are prevented by the cataracts of Bronitsui from retracing their route, and on reaching the Baltic, are broken up as firewood for the denizens of St Petersburg.

The vessels used in this remarkable voyage are 120 feet long and 25 broad, flat-bottomed, with nearly parallel sides, and triangular though not sharp, both at bow and stern. Each fleet is attended by two pilot boats, and each of the larger vessels by a punt; all these vessels being constructed by the miners themselves during the winter. By the 20th of April the ice has disappeared from the rivers, and on that day the fleet, led, with flag flying, by a commodore vessel containing the owner or supercargo, leaves Slatoust; but not before a solemn mass is celebrated on the deck of the commodore, and the vessel blessed by the priest. Mounted attendants are stationed along the banks, receiving orders from the commodore, and salutes are fired as the residences of the Bashkir chiefs are passed. At night the fleet brings to, and the crew, all of whom are miners, sleep on shore, on almost every occasion surrounded by different scenery—now a narrow valley hemmed in by wooded hills, now an open plain, and again a gorge of bare calcareous rocks, sometimes rent into enormous columns, and sometimes hollowed out into caverns. At Satka an addition to the cargo is made from the magazines there, and the complement of men increased in proportion, to work the heavy oars at bow and stern. Nor is the work easy, for all sorts of difficulties beset the navigation, sometimes impeded by shoals and banks, sometimes by rocks and islands. But the light-hearted boatmen sing their way through all, knowing that they will be recompensed at night by the enjoyment of sitting round their watch-fires, drinking the sap of the birch, collected from notches cut in the trees, and playing their balalaika, or native guitar. These men, however, do not voyage far. The crew is diminished in number as the navigation becomes easier; and at Ufa the whole of the miners are sent home, and the vessels manned by hired Votyaks.

At Laishof a radical change takes place in the voyage; for here the vessels bound for Nijnei or St Petersburg must prepare to quit the smaller rivers, along which they had hitherto threaded their way, and to commit themselves to the broad waters of the Volga, the nursing mother, as it is called, of the Russian empire. They are now therefore rigged and fitted with a railing round the deck, each having a crew of thirty men, which gives employment altogether to 20,000 of the inhabitants of the neighbouring country. The ascent of the Volga is not facilitated by tracking with cattle. All is done by means of human labour, and the boats warped along by a windlass and hawser. At St Petersburg, as we have said, their history closes.

But this is not the sole trade the Russians carry on from the confines of Europe and Asia. In one direction they barter the goods of the western world with the Chinese; in another they collect the furs of the frozen regions of the north; and in a third they exchange productions with Western Asia. The last-mentioned trade is carried on chiefly with Bokhara; and some readers will wonder in what possible way a commercial character can attach to a barbarian state, without industry or resources, and a mere oasis in a desert of sand; and why 15,000 loaded camels should wend thither every year in

caravans from the surrounding countries of Asia. In a work published three years ago, Baron de Bode has solved this question, by pointing to the geographical situation of Bokhara as a central point of all the commercial routes between Eastern and Western Asia, and through which the chief products of that quarter of the world must be sent to Europe.* It is likewise the natural depôt of the southern countries, whose merchandise is sent to the north; and almost from the gates of its capital city the steppes begin which stretch to the Russian frontier. This remarkable oasis, together with that of Khiva, was formerly, according to the Greek and Asiatic historians, in a much more flourishing state than now; and in a memoir communicated by Humboldt to a German officer, the author of a work on Khiva, the writer speculates on the gradual desiccation (often referred to by other inquirers) of this part of Central Asia as one of the causes of the change.†

The present trade is described by Mr Erman at Troitsk, one of its Russian depôts, bordering upon the steppe of the free Kirgis. 'On the Kirgis side of the bazaar,' he says, 'may be seen, in worn-out and ludicrously-patched garments, the men riding upon camels and horses, the women on saddled cows; and the piercing cries of the camels, which are obliged to kneel down to be unloaded, are heard continually. The men are chiefly employed in selling the horses which they bring here in immense droves, and which are kept partly in a paling within the hall, partly turned out to graze in the steppe. The women, seated on the ground on the felt mats of their tents (kibitki), carry on the retail trade, and reckon their money. The Bokharians, Tatars, and Bashkirs, are said to deal fairly and peaceably with their brethren in religion, the Kirgis, and to find amusement in their peculiar loquacity. The contrast between the grave and circumspect demeanour of the Bokharian, sitting in his dark booth on the woolok cushion, waiting quietly for customers, and the savage boisterousness of the Kirgis, is said to be very striking. These more civilised merchants are even there always clad in the rich long khalat, while the greater number of the Kirgis go about in short jackets of horse-skin with the hair on, or in ragged cloths, and with the most clownish air.'

We now come to merchandise of a different kind. 'The conversation of a Kirgis belonging to our host, and who was a constant companion of our nocturnal trips in the sledge, contributed not a little to compensate us for our tedious disappointment while lingering in the lonely German churchyard. He told us how, when he was a lad of sixteen—and boding no good—he was enticed by his father from the steppe to the Siberian frontiers, and was there handed over to some Russian merchants in discharge of a debt of 180 roobles. He travelled with his new master to Tomsk, and being dismissed from thence, he entered immediately into the service of his present owner. The only tidings he had since received from his own home were, that his unnatural father had met with the punishment due to perfidy, being killed by some Russians with whom he had quarrelled. Perhaps, for the sake of the appearance of revenging himself on fate, the otherwise good-natured man related, with rare glee, how he, too, had renounced the children whom he had reared at Tobolsk from his marriage, and had given them into servitude to other Russians. Among the inhabitants of the steppes, the trade in the human being is ever a favourite business. Cases, however, like the present, which display an unnatural want of feeling in parents, are of rarer occurrence. Sometimes the eldest son, on the death of the father, gets rid in this way of his sisters, the support of whom devolves on him; the kidnapping of children is generally the work of families at variance, who thus take revenge on one another. The Kirgis, who are so numerous in ser-

vice in Western Siberia, and those in Bokhara and the other Khanats, have been all carried off in this way. Those Kirgis, in particular, who attend the merchants of Bokhara through the steppes, have quite a passion for kidnapping their neighbours' children; and it is said that, in consequence, whenever a caravan in the steppe passes through an Aul, or inhabited place, the mothers, with the anxious bustle of cackling hens, drive their children together into a felt tent, or kibitka, and there guard them from their itinerant fellow-countrymen.' The Russians, it may be supposed, who fall into the hands of these wretches are not on a bed of roses. 'Our Kirgis friend declared to me that he knew nothing of the custom, attested to me previously, and by most credible witnesses, as existing in the little horde, of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head in such a way as to blunt their intellects, and so render them less capable of effecting their escape. But on the other hand, he described, as an eye-witness, a cruel practice, usual in his own tribe, and having the same object in view. When they have caught a Russian, and wish to retain him in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot, towards the heel, and insert some horse hair in it. There is then no doubt that, even when the wound is externally healed, he will abide for the rest of his life, by a leading rule of Kirgis national manners; for as the Kirgis is always on horseback from choice, so the maimed Russian becomes a confirmed equestrian from the pain of walking.'

The Siberians themselves are described by our author as an enterprising and industrious race, bearing not a few of the characteristics of the New Englanders. As for the exiles, or convicts, as we should call them, they appear to be very well off, passing among the kindly Russians by the name of the Unfortunates. 'All these Unfortunates, as they are called, live in the town in perfect freedom; and with the exception of some newly-arrived exiles, who are obliged to do penance in church, they seem quite exempt from any special control or watchfulness on the part of the police. Many of the older ones do the same thing of their own accord, and doubtless from sincere conviction. These aged exiles pass over from the luxury of Moscow to the frugal simplicity of Tobolsk with true manly equanimity. They let their beards and hair grow; and, as they say themselves, they find the life of the Kosak and the peasant far more supportable than they once believed. Hence it is easily conceivable that the children, whom they bring up from marriages with Siberian women, totally lose all trace of so remarkable a change of fortune; and that the Russian nobility employed in Siberia in agriculture, hunting, or any other *promuisk*, are as little to be distinguished from their neighbours as the posterity of Tatar princes.' The exiles of the better classes are officers who have been guilty of fraud or breach of trust; while those convicted of state offences are sent nearer the Icy Sea.

In pursuing his journey northward from Tobolsk, our traveller found the comfort of the people greatly dependent upon their wives, who not only kept their houses clean and in good order, but were themselves distinguished by healthy and pleasant looks, neatness of dress, and hospitality. Near the arctic circle, the town of Beresov was found steeped in that 'half-dark day' which, according to a Russian poet, has a magical charm for every nation of the north. A plain of snow and ice extended beyond, till it met the line of the horizon; the silence of the desert reigned in the twilight streets; and but for the smoke from the chimneys, the travellers might have fancied themselves in some city of the dead. 'It would be a great mistake, however, to judge of the interior of the snow-covered houses from the dreary and inanimate appearance of the streets; for instead of finding the people sunk in their winter sleep, one sees them full of hilarity and vigour, and willing to enjoy life. In conformity with the ancient Russian usage, the duty of entertaining the strangers was not allowed to fall on a

* Bokhara, its Amir, and its People. From the Russian of Khanikoff.

† Memoir of the Countries about the Caspian and Aral Seas.

single family; but during a residence of five days in the place, I was continually moving as a guest from house to house. In the course of each day, the wandering social circle, as I may call it, kept continually increasing, my hosts of the preceding days always joining it, until at last the *posejunki*, or evening sittings of the men, consumed not a little of the long winter's night. One might spend years in this conversational life without wishing for anything better; for the weighty experience of many generations is here accumulated into a rich treasure, and the men who have collected, and who impart it, seem gifted in no ordinary degree. Nowhere else did I find among the natives so lively an interest in the objects of our journey; and it is entirely owing to the circumstance that many here had been instinctively led to meditate on philosophical questions, that, besides the geographical and magnetical observations, I obtained at Beresov much valuable information respecting the peculiarities of the climate, as well as the men and animals inhabiting the country around.

This would seem indeed a traveller's tale to one ignorant of the circumstances which combine to give so intellectual a character to a remote and isolated community almost buried in snow. But the blood of the Beresovians is mingled with the best in the empire; and the flower of the court and army—exiled generals and statesmen—have united with their Ostyak wives to raise a progeny distinguished at once by refinement and vigour. Then they are not always alone; for travellers from Tobolsk come frequently to give a fillip to their faculties with news of the busy world; and Russian crews—wild men of the icy Sea—make their way sometimes to Beresov, and pay for their winter quarters with stories of their adventurous lives.

Such is life in the far north; but our space warns us that we must conclude, at least for the present. As yet, we have only got through the first volume; and the second is full of interesting details of life among the Ostyaks, and of the intercourse of the Russians with the Chinese. On the latter subject we shall have an opportunity of comparing the observations of our author with those of Müller, Pallas, and other writers; and from such sources we shall hope to be able to lay before our readers a sketch both useful and entertaining.

‘THE MERCIFU’ ESCAPE.’

AMONG the vestiges of former times remaining in the town of Dundee, is a wynd, or rather court, leading from the High Street, and known in native parlance as ‘the Voults.’ It is so called from being supposed to pass over extensive vaults belonging to an ancient monastery, whose site is no longer discernible; and the popular belief is in some degree confirmed by the hollow reverberations which its pavement gives back to passing steps or vehicles.

Time and fires have considerably diminished their numbers, especially of late years; but it is evident that the Voults was once as densely inhabited as city wynds were wont to be in the days of our ancestors; and those antiquated mansions, that look as if they had seen and never forgotten the devastating troops of Montrose, were occupied by the local rank and fashion of two hundred years ago. Since then, they have experienced the usual gradations of inhabitants, from anxious business down to reckless poverty. As the Voults is a kind of thoroughfare between two principal streets, some remnants of the former are still observable; but so late as the commencement of the present century, it was one of the busiest and most important localities in the burgh. At that time, which happens to be the period of our story, the lower flats in some of the cellars were appropriated to shops and offices, whilst the upper afforded habitations to operatives of every description, including the handloom weavers of linen cloth, which branch of industry was then new among the manufactures of Dundee.

The men of the loom in that neighbourhood were an industrious, intelligent class, though reckoned somewhat curious, and inclined to gossip; but there was no better specimen of these united characteristics in the order to which he belonged than James Witherspoon the widower, who, with his only son and loom, abode for more than forty years in an attic room of Scrymgeour's Land opposite the Hostel. Both these buildings are long ago numbered among the things that have been, but they were conspicuous at the period of which we speak. The former was a tall timber house of five storeys, with an outside stair and balcony, said to have been erected by a branch of the once powerful family of Scrymgeour before the Reformation, but in its last days inhabited by the poorer class of artisans; and the latter, a lower but larger and more solid stone fabric, traditionally reported to have served the different purposes of a chapter-house, a mansion of the Lindsay family, and an inn kept by a Flemish refugee, when there was no other inn in Scotland.

From the last-mentioned circumstance was derived the name which it retained through many a change of service, till at length, when the first French Revolution gave the news-reading world an impetus such as it never knew before, nor ever wanted since, the proprietor of a weekly paper, in high repute among local politicians, found more than sufficient accommodation for his establishment in the Hostel. A queer old place it was, with narrow windows, wainscotted rooms, and supernumerary doors in every corner, leading to winding passages and stairs, as if modes of egress and entrance had been the only study of the builders; but some of them were permanently locked up, and some forgotten, through the disuse of years. The people engaged about the ‘Saturday Express’ were thoroughly acquainted with the ways of their old-fashioned office, and it was believed the editor rather liked their intricacies, as they afforded no encouragement to the visits of strangers.

Whether owing to that cause or not, the office was rarely visited; but to one of the opposite neighbours at least it was an object of ceaseless interest and admiration, and that was James Witherspoon. James was deservedly looked up to by the humble circle of his acquaintances, on account of superior attainments in the two great topics of their mental world—politics and theology: none could give a fuller account of the Sunday's sermon, or more clearly interpret a newspaper paragraph: he was acquainted with every popular work on divinity that had been published north of the Tweed for the last two centuries; could estimate the abilities and orthodoxy of every preacher between Tay and Don, and knew the political bias of all the notables of his time, from Pitt to the author of the ‘Rights of Man.’ Nor was his knowledge of those matters so surprising as it appeared to his simple companions, considering that the only hours of his waking existence which he spent off the loom were devoted to what he called ‘studying the divines,’ on which earnest pursuit a walk of ten miles to borrow an unread volume, or hear a celebrated preacher, was in his esteem as nothing; and the only coin he could or would spare, besides the purchase of life's daily necessities, was expended in subscribing for the Saturday Express, which he read every week, from the title to the last advertisement, at the rate of so many columns per day, to the great edification of his son and enlightenment of his neighbours, most of whom were content to receive the news of the day second-hand, and with explanatory notes by either of the pair.

A closely-resembling pair they were that father and son; and the Voults, in general, graphically expressed their sense of the only visible distinction by styling the one Big, and the other Wee Jamie, as their Christian names happened to be the same. Big Jamie was forty, and Wee Jamie was fourteen; but in size alone they were dissimilar: both were thin, muscular, and somewhat withered, with grave but curious faces, on which hard work, harder thought, and spare living, appeared

legibly written. In church each sat with the same reverent though watchful attention; in the streets each had the same cautious but rapid walk; and in the attic, where the one plied the shuttle, and the other wound the pirns or bobbins which supplied the woof, each wrought with the same air of determined and tireless industry. In modes of expression, shakings of head, and elevation of brows, the father and son were complete imitations of each other. The boy was a model of the man even in the matters of theology and politics; and a more regular, praiseworthy, but singular pair could not be found among the proverbially well-instructed artisans of their country. But there was one yearning which troubled the quiet of the Wotherspoons' days, like the repinings of Rasselas in the Happy Valley. The Saturday Express was their oracle—it was a Whig, and so were the two Jamies; they had read it with faith and understanding, week after week, from the first number, but they had never seen the interior of the printing-office. 'It's the temple o' science!' old Wotherspoon would exclaim, as he cast an adoring look from the attic window on the smoking chimney of the Hostel—'the temple o' science, an' I may say the high place o' knowledge, from whence its glorious light is dispersed on all the nation. No but that there's mony mair of sic fortresses built again' ignorance in Glasgow and Edinburgh, ne'er speakin' o' Lun'on an' the distant capitals o' Europe; but it fears me there's few papers filled wi' truth an' sincerity like the Saturday Express; an' to think that that mighty engine the Press is doin' its work for unborn generations at the tither side o' the Voults, an' us ne'er saw the powers o' printin' in actual operation!'

'Mr Moodie's gay ill-willie to let in strangers,' responded his son to one of these outbursts. 'Sic folks shouldna be in places o' power an' trust; but Hirslin' Jock, the deevil, telt me, in the speerit o' confidence, for clearing up to him how his majesty George III. had gaen clean wud, that his temper's amazingly mofified sin the plunderin' o' Loretto; an' we might hae a chance to see the work in a' its glory, if we wud jist step in some Saturday forenoon an' comport oursel's discreetly.'

'We'll try it, Jamie; we'll try it,' said his father with an emphasis that indicated resolution. 'Mr Moodie can do nae waur than refuse.'

It may be requisite to remark that Mr Moodie was the gentleman in command at the Hostel, whose partiality for the absence of visitors has been already noted; but after a long and minute discussion of the information imparted by Hirsling Jock—such being the Voults' sobriquet of a boy in the establishment—it was at length arranged between the greater and smaller Jamie that a bold attempt to see 'the dispenser of knowledge,' as the former styled the press, should be made on the following Saturday.

It was Wednesday when they came to this high resolve, and many a determined but anxious look was cast towards the Hostel from that till the appointed day: none of their neighbours were informed of the project—the Wotherspoons were too prudent for that, as they knew that failure was possible; but Jock had been waylaid, and catechised by the junior partner touching the possibilities of success in case such an enterprise were attempted, at some indefinite time; and his replies being satisfactory, the father and son rose from their loom at an unusually early hour on Saturday, equipped themselves as much in Sunday fashion as they considered advisable on a week-day, and proceeded to put their design in execution.

The Hostel was their goal; but by way of avoiding observation, and giving their courage time to rise, they trotted the whole length of the Voults and sundry adjoining streets, till at last, making a final sweep, they entered the mystic precincts in the train of a running newsman. Keeping close behind him, the Jamies passed through a long wide gallery, a couple of empty rooms, and a flight of stairs with a door at the top, which ad-

mitted them to a large dusty apartment, where the broad and now wet sheets lay in piles, beside which several men and boys were at work, some folding, others putting on the covers, a pair of clerks were writing at a table in the centre, and a red-faced gentleman, loudly exhorting to haste, was pacing up and down when they made their appearance.

It was near the hour of issuing the paper, and all engaged on the Saturday Express were that day unusually hurried: the arrangements of newspaper offices were not then so perfect as at present; some delay had occurred in the transmission of intelligence, the compositors had blundered beyond correction in the leading article; and Mr Moodie, his official duties done, but still in the temper evoked by these trials, turned his eye on the elder Wotherspoon as he stood wondering at the scene, and demanded, 'What's your business?'

'My son an' me,' said Jamie, bowing reverently in the presence of literature, but still true to his resolution, 'jist cam in to see the glorious mystery o' printin'.'

'There's no time to let you see it now,' interrupted the editor. 'The hour of publication is almost past, and we are trying to get out a supplement.'

'Weel, I'm sorry,' responded Wotherspoon. 'I hae been a subscriber an' constant reader for a year and three-quarters.'

'Ah, indeed!' said Mr Moodie, manifestly softening. 'Well, just have the goodness to return in an hour or two, and you'll see it quite comfortably. Good-morning, sir.'

'Good-morning, and mony thanks,' said Jamie, stepping, as he believed, to the door of entrance, which closed behind him and his son the next moment with a bang; and they hurried down the steps, determined to wait the leisure of the press in some of the rooms below. But both thought the staircase wonderfully darker than when they ascended.

'It's lang to get doon; an' guid guide us, there's nae room here,' said the boy, as they reached the last step, and found themselves at the entrance of a narrow and dingy passage.

'I doubt we're aff the gaet. They say the auld place is fu' o' holes and bores. But we'll no gang back to yon ill-grained craytor till the time's up. There's surely some door to be got?' said his father.

With this comfortable hope they entered the passage. It was long, and dimly lighted by small slit-like windows near the roof, which were thickly covered with cobwebs; and, as old Wotherspoon remarked, 'nae of the place was owre clean.' But it grew darker towards the end; and pressing forward with a kind of desperate fear, both felt, for they could not see, that their further progress was opposed by a strong and fast-shut door. The father seized the handle, and attempted to turn it with all his strength; but it would not move. 'Deil a bit o' us can get out,' said he, planting his feet more firmly on the floor, to give greater force to his second effort; but a cry of terror and amazement burst at once from father and son as the boards beneath them suddenly gave way, and both were precipitated fathoms deep into the darkness below. Fortunately the surface they reached was damp earth, and the boy's fall was broken by alighting on his father's breast.

'Guid be praised there's nae o' yer banes broken!' was the first exclamation of poor Wotherspoon, as his son, recovering from the first shock, scrambled up. 'But whar in a' the worl' are ye?'

It was a most natural inquiry under the circumstances. They were in utter darkness; but by that keen perception which necessity sometimes calls forth in extraordinary situations, they soon discovered that the dull damp atmosphere which surrounded them was that of a wide and silent cavern or cellar, for whose bounds they sought in vain. Hand in hand the father and son groped and stumbled on, in hopes of meeting with either door or steps; but nothing could they reach but the damp earthen floor, with here and there a loose stone, a fragment of crumbling wood, varied with old bottles and

pieces of broken pottery. All fear of Mr Moodie and his subordinates was by this time swallowed up in greater terror. They raised their voices, and called for help with all their might; but the hollow and prolonged echoes that followed their shouts had something in them so overpoweringly fearful, that they were soon terrified into silence.

'Lord have mercy on us!' said the father. 'Jamie, dear, I doot there's nae earthly help for us. Do ye ken whar we are?'

'In the heart o' the auld monks' vaults, faither,' said Jamie. 'Listen, you's the street above us;' and the pair could now hear a rumbling sound overhead, like broken and distant thunder.

'Well, if it's the Lord's will there will be a way of escape for us: let us pray to him,' said the father. And scarcely had he uttered this pious sentiment, when a faint gleam of light appeared in the distance, but only sufficient to give a dim idea of the vast extent around them.

'There must be some outlet, some chink there,' cried Wotherspoon; and his son uttered a cry of joy, which became dreadful in its echoes. 'Lord grant we may win till't,' continued the old man, and both pressed on. Feeble as the light was—in fact the merest glimmer—it served as a sort of beacon for their sight, now in some degree accustomed to the darkness; but suddenly Jamie felt his father plunge forward, and at the same moment grapple at him with both his arms. The weight dragged him down, and the boy felt himself literally stretched on the ground, the extremities of his body resting on firm earth, and the middle portion grasped by the arms of his father over a deep circular chasm, in which the old man hung suspended.

'It's a well, Jamie!' cried the old man, flinging out his feet on all sides in search of some resting-place, no matter how small; but in vain. The mouth of the pit through which he had fallen was evidently covered with a large flag, having an orifice of something less than three feet in diameter in the middle. This the boy ascertained with his hands, which were still free; and a dripping sound far below, as of dust shaken down by their exertions, falling in deep water, proved too plainly that Wotherspoon's first idea was correct, and that he hung suspended over a deep old well.

'If I let you go, Jamie, do you think ye could fin' your ain way to the light, lad? Do you see it still?'

The boy replied with a shout of such wild and horror-stricken intreaty for his father to hold on, that the vaults replied as if with a hundred voices.

'Weel, Jamie,' said the father, when the fearful sounds died away, 'I canna haud lang; but the Lord might help us yet;' and both earnestly invoked that Providence on which the last hope of human nature hangs under all forms of faith and fortune.

'I see whar the light comes fra: it's in at a chink aboon a great stone pillar just beside us,' cried Jamie, interrupting a petition; 'an' here's a hole in it you could run a stick up just at my very fingers. Losh! but it's like the speaker's pipe in the wall o' Ramsay's Land.'

'Squeal up it, Jamie—squeal up it!' vociferated his father; and with an exhortation to keep a guid grip, the boy writhed himself round so as to reach the orifice, and bawled with all his strength, 'Help! help! my faither's droonin'!'

'What's that?' cried the editor's clerk, who still remained in the business room with a couple of pressmen, winding up the last of the week's work, and rather anxious to get finished, as again and again from under his desk came a shrill whistling cry of 'Help! help! my faither's droonin'!'

'It maun be the deil,' said the oldest of the men, making a stride towards the door. The clerk sprang to his feet and seized the desk, which was fortunately movable; the other man lent his assistance; but the voice still sounded on, and the clerk saw the paper, which happened to be loose on the wall, vibrate with

the sound. He tore it off in an instant, and discovered plainly the small circular opening of a speaking-tube in the lath and plaster, from which the cry proceeded.

'That weaver and his son haven't come back yet,' said the clerk, as an indefinite idea of the unused doors and the places to which they might lead, crossed him.

'No yet?' said 'the elder pressman, letting go the handle of the door. 'Do ye ken, sir,' he continued, pointing to one situated almost behind it, 'whar that leads? A' I'm a leevin' man they went out of it; but Mr Moodie was sae awfu', I ne'er mintit to speak.'

'Then God help them, they have got into the old cellar, or maybe the vaults!' said the clerk; 'and how will we find them? Run and tell Mr Moodie, or the police. Hollo! where are you?' he shouted down the tube.

Never did a sound, of all the news they had heard in the course of their mortal existence, impart such joy to the hearts of the two Jamies as that brief inquiry. The father uttered a pious thanksgiving, and the son replied, 'Hingin' owre a well, and near the droonin', in the heart o' the auld monks' vaults!'

'Hold on, then, as long as you can,' responded the clerk, 'for there's help coming.'

Jamie uttered an earnest exhortation to all sorts of hurry, but none replied: the clerk had gone after his two assistants to alarm the neighbourhood. In a short time the more public parts of the Hostel were filled with the surrounding population, some with lights, some with ladders, and others with various weapons to break through walls and doors. The news had spread like wildfire 'that Big and Wee Jamie were smotherin' in the Vaults;' and the general esteem in which the Wotherspoons were held, was evinced by the eagerness of their neighbours for their assistance. But the most efficient help was that of the pressman already mentioned, who pointed out the door by which the pair had made their exit. The staircase and the passage beyond were speedily explored, and the light of some dozen lamps and torches cast on a wide trap-door, which still yawned above a broken and long disused ladder. More certain means of descent were soon procured, and a considerable party went down into what was supposed to be an old wine cellar, divided from the great vaults by old partition walls, which in many places had fallen away, leaving what seemed a boundless extent of 'darkness visible.' The lights reached Jamie's eye first, and the shouts of him and his father guided the searchers to where the former lay literally across the mouth of an ancient draw-wall, supposed to be as old as the Hostel itself, and more than a hundred feet in depth; whilst the latter, with his arms tightly clasped round his son, hung suspended within a few feet of the water, which was afterwards found to occupy more than half its depth, having accumulated there, it was supposed, for centuries.

By means of ropes and willing hands, the pair were extricated from their perilous situation, and Jamie the younger pointed out the speaking-tube in the pillar, which had been the means of their deliverance. Why its opening was situated so near the ground, or what communications it was originally intended to convey, were mysteries which employed the speculations and surmises of the whole Vaults for some time; but the constructors had left no record, and the most ingenious conjectures were hazarded regarding the convenient proximity of the well to the wine barrels in the days of the good Fleming, from whose occupation the Hostel received its name: yet a complete solution was never obtained.

By special command of the proprietor, that unlucky door in the printing-office was finally nailed up; and after the tale of the Wotherspoons' mischances became public, Mr Moodie, to his entire satisfaction, was relieved of the visits of the curious. It was some days before James Wotherspoon and his son recovered from the exhaustion and injury consequent on that Saturday's adventure, but neither ever again returned to

'the temple of science.' It was even remarked in after-life that both entertained an unaccountable horror of printing-offices in general; and when such matters were mentioned, the father was wont to observe, with a long and deep inspiration, 'The press! ou ay, it's a mighty engine o' knowledge; but we had a mercifu' escape.'

PRE-CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND.

THE superiority of Ireland in the cultivation of antiquities is gratifyingly shown in a small and unpretending, but intelligent and accurate, volume recently published.* While modestly taking rank as a guide-book, it is, in reality, the production of an elegant and highly-informed mind, from which the most original contributions to our knowledge might be expected. By its plan, moreover, it makes up for the narrowness of its dimensions. The *kinds* of antiquities are classed; the finest examples of each kind described, with beautifully-executed illustrations in wood; and thus, in a couple of hours, we rise with not only a good general idea of the aspect of Ireland as a field of antiquarian research, but some knowledge of almost every very remarkable object of the kind which it contains.

Ireland and Scotland are both rich in relics of the early heathen population. But the antiquarian spirit has scarcely yet awakened on our side of the Channel. We only know enough to see that a great similarity prevails among those antiquities of the two countries which relate to pre-Christian times. Mr Wakeman's first chapter refers to *cromlechs*, which abound in Ireland, as they also do in Scotland. 'A cromlech, when perfect, consists of three or more stones, unhewn, and generally so placed as to form a small enclosure. Over these a large stone is laid; the whole forming a kind of rude chamber.' 'From the fact of sepulchral urns containing portions of calcined bones, and in some instances of entire human skeletons, having been discovered in connection with several, these monuments appear to have been sepulchres.' Similar structures 'exist in many parts of the world, even in the heart of India.' Appearing as the first and rudest form of the sarcophagus, it would be difficult to assign them too remote an antiquity. Such, probably, were the lonely tombs to which distracted people betook themselves, as described in Scripture. The common idea regarding them in Scotland is, that they were sacrificial altars of the Druids.

Pillar stones, called in the native language *Leaganns*, are common in Ireland as with us, being usually tall rough blocks standing alone in fields or moorlands. Mr Wakeman does not decide whether they are idol-stones, or monuments of events, or landmarks, all of which characters have been assigned to them. In Scotland they are regarded as memorials of chiefs who have fallen in battle. We can mention a particular worthy of note, which we observed many years ago, regarding two such stones, placed at the distance of a few hundred yards from each other in a moor near Dingwall in Ross-shire—namely, that they stood in a line due east and west. There is one preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, with an inscription in what is called the Ogham character—a voice of the far past, which no one can now interpret.

It affords some affecting considerations regarding Ireland, that amidst the struggles of its peculiar modern barbarism, the better spirits of the land may allowably rejoice in the vestiges of ancient, though it might be imperfect, civilisation, which show that it was *something* while yet England was nameless. To judge merely from the gold ornaments, necklaces, and bracelets, of not inelegant workmanship, which have been found in surprising abundance in the sister island, we might suppose its early people to have been no small way

advanced in the refinements of life. No one could read Mr Wakeman's account of the Newgrange Mound or Cairn, without retaining the impression that some great unchronicled history belongs to Ireland, as to some of the lands of the East, and to those of Central America. This mound, which lies four miles and a half from Drogheda, was opened in 1699, and found to contain a subterranean building of massive stones, accessible through a narrow passage. It is, in fact, a little hill, composed of a ruined edifice of a singular and primitive kind. A central chamber, on which the passage opens, is cruciform, and eighteen feet high; its sides and roof being composed of huge slabs, mostly covered with curious carving, representative rather of scrollwork than figures, and which evidently has been executed before the stones were put into their present situation. Two similar mounds, called the hills of Nowth and Dowth, exist near by; and in one of them, an internal chamber of much the same form and style of decoration has recently been discovered, containing many half-burnt bones of animals, some small shells, a pin of bronze, and two small iron knives. These curious structures, with their many decorations, are finely illustrated in Mr Wakeman's volume.

Many names of places in Ireland have Rath as their initial syllable; thus Rathdrum, Rathcormac, Rathfurling, &c. 'Rath' is a Celtic word for 'fort.' It abounds in Scotland also, but usually with a variety of pronunciation—*Rait* (though sometimes Raith). In our country, where this circumstance is not generally known, we have several times ventured, with regard to places having the syllable Rait in their names, to predict that ancient forts would be found near them—for example, Rait in the Carse of Gowrie, and Logierait at the junction of Tay and Tummel—and the result invariably justified us. Probably the well-known farewell cape at the north-west angle of Scotland has a fort on its summit, and should be called Cape *Raith*. Such forts are usually mere earthworks, forming a circle, or set of concentric circles, on plain ground, or cutting off the outer angle of a bank overhanging a rivulet. The enclosure is supposed to have contained temporary buildings for residence.

The celebrated Hill of Tara, in the county of Meath, is covered with a cluster of raths, and presents few other objects. From an indefinitely early time down to the sixth century it was a chief seat of the Irish kings. According to Mr Wakeman—'Shortly after the death of Dermot, the son of Fergus, in the year 563, the place was deserted, in consequence, as it is said, of a curse pronounced by St Ruadan, or Rodanus, of Lorha, against that king and his palace. After thirteen centuries of ruin, the chief monuments for which the hill was at any time remarkable are distinctly to be traced. They consist for the most part of circular or oval enclosures and mounds, within or upon which the principal habitations of the ancient city undoubtedly stood. The rath called *Rath Righ*, or *Cathair Crofinn*, appears anciently to have been the most important work upon the hill, but it is now nearly levelled with the ground. It is of an oval form, measures in length, from north to south, about 850 feet, and appears in part to have been constructed of stone. Within its enclosure are the ruins of the *Forradh*, and of *Teach Cormac*, or the House of Cormac. The mound of the *Forradh* is of considerable height, flat at the top, and encircled by two lines of earth, having a ditch between them. In its centre is a very remarkable pillar stone, which formerly stood upon, or rather by the side of, a small mound, lying within the enclosure of *Rath Righ*, and called *Dunahana-n-Giall*, or the Mound of the Hostages, but which was removed to its present site to mark the grave of some men slain in an encounter with the king's troops during the rising of 1798. It has been suggested by Dr Petrie, that it is extremely probable that this monument is no other than the celebrated Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, upon which, for many ages, the monarchs of Ireland were crowned, and which is generally sup-

* The Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities. By William F. Wakeman. Dublin: James M'Glashan. 1848.

posed to have been removed from Ireland to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus Mac Eark, a prince of the blood-royal of Ireland, there having been a prophecy that in whatever country this famous stone was preserved, a king of the Scotie race should reign. * *

'The *Teach Cormac*, lying to the south-east of the *Forradh*, with which it is joined by a common parapet, may be described as a double enclosure, the rings of which upon the western side become connected. Its diameter is about 140 feet.

'The ruins of *Teach Midhchuarta*, or the Banqueting-hall of Tara, occupying a position a little to the north-east of Rath Righ, consist of two parallel lines of earth, running in a direction nearly north and south, and divided at intervals by openings which indicate the position of the ancient doorways. These doorways appear to have been twelve in number (six on each side); but as the end walls, which are now nearly level with the ground, may have been pierced in a similar manner, it is uncertain whether this far-famed Teach Midhchuarta had anciently twelve or fourteen entrances. Its interior dimensions, 360 by 40 feet, indicate that it was not constructed for the accommodation of a few; and that the songs of the old Irish bards, descriptive of the royal feasts of Teamor, may not be the fictions that many people are very ready to suppose them. If, upon viewing the remains of this ancient seat of royalty, we feel disappointed, and even question the tales of its former magnificence, let us consider that, since the latest period during which the kings and chiefs of Ireland were wont here to assemble, thirteen centuries have elapsed, and our surprise will not be that so few indications of ancient grandeur are to be found, but that any vestige remains to point out its site.'

We did not intend to follow Mr Wakeman into the department of Christian Antiquities; but we are tempted out of our design by the Round Towers, which we believe have not been adverted to in this Journal since they ceased to be the mystery which they had been for many centuries. Our author does full justice to the profound learning and unwearied diligence by which Dr Petrie has at length made their purpose and history almost as clear as that of the churches with which they are invariably connected. The conclusions of that learned person are—'1st, That the Towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries; 2d, That they were designed to answer at least a twofold use—namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden attack; 3d, That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.'

For the one hundred and three Round Towers of Ireland, Scotland contains two—those of Abernethy and Brechin. The former is connected with a town well known to have been originally Pictish. The Picts, according to Mr William Skene's ingenious book, were the progenitors of the modern Highlanders, and therefore the same Celtic people with the Irish. All antique structures in Scotland are popularly referred to the Picts, particularly these towers, and a class of fort-like buildings in the north of Scotland, circular, half covered in with masonry, and composed of regular courses of stone well compacted, either by jointings or cement, these last being commonly called Picts' houses. It is as the relics of a Celtic civilisation that these things are chiefly interesting. In neither country do the same people, sunk as they are into a mere populace, though still retaining some fine traits, seem capable of such architectural efforts. Those who made towers and palaces then, make only hovels now. The days of torques, plates of gold, and elegant sepulchral urns, are long since gone by. A brutish multitude, feeding scantily on the meanest of food, is all that remains of a people who once filled Europe, and played in it a great

though unrecorded part. Strange destiny, which causes an old, and gallant, and ingenious race to fade and pine beneath the rule of a stranger, as if it had qualities which made it shine out masterfully while it stood upon its own resources, but in other circumstances set all to retrogression!

M. LOUIS BLANC'S ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.

M. LOUIS BLANC, now a member of the Provisional Government of France, is a young literary man, who joined the republican party ten or twelve years ago, when that party seemed to be on the point of extinction. He is known in this country as the author of a 'History of France during the Ten Years 1830-40;' but not until the occurrence of the recent events in France did another work of his—a little volume on 'The Organisation of Labour,' which he published originally in 1839—attract general attention among English readers. Of a very sanguine disposition, precocious in talent, and full of certain general notions regarding the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes, which had been widely propagated in France by two Utopian thinkers, Saint-Simon and Fourier, M. Blanc had cast these notions into a shape capable, he thought, of instant application to the existing state of society. Golden and beautiful in appearance, but utterly repugnant to the plain sense of practical men, and, moreover, wholly defiant of the principles which Adam Smith was supposed to have established, the scheme of the young *littérateur* provoked replies from a few of the political economists of France, and especially from the distinguished M. Michel Chevalier. Chiming in, however, with prevalent popular sentiments, M. Louis Blanc's proposition survived these attacks; and a few months ago, when publishing a fifth and augmented edition of his former treatise, he appended a very striking prediction, to the effect that, Utopian as his views seemed, the time when they should be realised was less distant from the hour at which he wrote than was the revolution of 1789 from the eve which preceded it. This prediction has been fulfilled so far, that the views in question are now at least on their trial in France, and this under the auspices of M. Louis Blanc himself. In this experiment all nations are interested. From the methods in which it is conducted, from the crashes to which it may lead, from the total failure, if it should come to that, or from the partial and modified success, disappointing to the projectors themselves, whichever may be the issue, we, as spectators, may derive profit. Meanwhile, in order to be able to look on intelligently, it is essential that we should understand the precise nature of the scheme, and the precise hopes and feelings with which it is connected in the mind of its author.

The fundamental maxim upon which M. Blanc proceeds seems to be this: 'That wherever the certainty of being able to subsist by labour does not result from the very essence of the social institutions that are established, there iniquity reigns.' This maxim, it will be perceived, is equivalent to an assertion that the sufferings which afflict, and have always afflicted mankind, do not result from any inevitable necessity in the nature of things; but only from human perversity and misunderstanding—from the adoption and perpetration of false modes of government, and ineffectual social arrangements. Accordingly, the doctrine of the ephemeral nature of evil, and the perfectibility of human society, is expressly maintained by M. Louis Blanc. 'There are men,' he says, 'who do to God this outrage, to affirm that evil is immortal. Is this your thought? With such a doctrine, you go to the denial of all progress. For by what right do you affirm that it is only a third, or a fourth, or a fifth part of evil that it is given to man to destroy? By what right do you fix, on the road of progress, the limit which it is permitted us to reach, but not permitted us to pass? Do you believe

in progress—yes or no? In the first case, I defy you to assign its limits; in the second, I give up arguing with you. It is the custom to charge almost all our misfortunes on the corruption of human nature; we ought rather to accuse the deficiency of our social institutions. Look around you: what aptitudes displaced, and consequently depraved! What activities become turbulent, because they have not found their legitimate and natural outlet! Our passions are forced to act in an impure medium—they become changed: is there anything wonderful in that? If a healthy man is placed in a pestilential atmosphere, he will respire death. “Our nature,” M. Guizot has said, “carries within itself an evil which escapes all the efforts of man. The disorder is in us. Suffering, unequally allotted, is part of the providential laws of our destiny.” This, then, is the philosophy of our opponents! The fallacy which lurks in this swift and fluent reasoning of M. Louis Blanc, it is not difficult to discern. That there is a progress in human affairs, all history shows, and all thinking persons admit; that it is in the power of social institutions to accelerate this progress on the one hand, or retard it on the other, is a proposition which we take for granted in our daily gossip and grumbings, and a firm belief in which is at all times desirable; but that misery originates solely in misunderstanding or mal-arrangement on the part of man, or that even under any conceivable form of society it shall cease to exist, is a mere chimera. ‘There is in man a liability to do wrong, knowing it to be wrong,’ is a fundamental fact, revealed to every individual by his own actions, and by those of other men; and in this fact alone—even if we reject the disheartening theory of Malthus, which asserts the existence of another constant drag upon all efforts at amelioration in the very constitution of the race, physiologically considered—there is sufficient strength to throw the advocates of absolute perfectibility back in their calculations. Nevertheless, this very sanguineness of some men in the effect of good social arrangements to abolish suffering, renders them most useful members of any community to which they may belong; and when publicists of ability, like M. Louis Blanc, come forward to point out social wrongs, and propose remedies, they deserve a hearing, even from those whose faith is more tempered with discretion.

A large portion of the sufferings of the human race have their origin in pecuniary destitution, or the fear of it. Could all the pangs, anxieties, sorrows, melancholies, &c. which at any given moment exist, diffused through the world's population, be collected, and, as it were, amassed into one sum-total, part of the mass would be reducible to the mere fact of the *uncertainty of subsistence*; while the rest would consist of ordinary bodily ill-health, and of those vague and miscellaneous maladies and miseries which constitute ‘the mind diseased,’ to which no one can minister. The relative proportions of these two parts it is impossible to determine; but in the thoughts of M. Louis Blanc it is evident that the former is the most bulky. To abolish all that portion of human misery which originates from want, or the uncertainty of subsistence—to secure, in short, that every human being who is born into the world, and who is willing to work, shall move in it freely and comfortably, so far as material means are concerned—this is an enterprise which he thinks not at all beyond the compass of existing social science, and he endeavours to demonstrate the fact in the volume before us. That once accomplished, however, he would probably attack even those miseries which originate in other causes than want or the uncertainty of subsistence—he would combat disease, for instance, with a larger sanitary science than has yet been dreamt of—and seek to abolish moral gloom by the methods and resources of a new art of education. Such at least were the aspirations of Fourier, of whom M. Louis Blanc may be regarded as virtually, although in a modified fashion, a disciple.

The great social evil of the age, M. Louis Blanc contends, is the system of competition, or, as he sometimes calls it, individualism, upon which all business is conducted—the system, namely, according to which every man engaged in any occupation tries, by his own private means and energies, to outwork and undersell his neighbour, so as to leave him behind in the market. Regarding this system of mercantile competition, he undertakes to prove—1st, That for the masses, it is a system of extermination; and 2d, That for the middle classes, it is a constant cause of impoverishment and ruin.

He opens with a case strongly represented. ‘Is the poor man a member of society, or is he its enemy? Let us see. Everywhere around him he finds the soil occupied. Can he sow the earth on his own account? No; because the right of the previous occupant has become a right of property. Can he pluck the fruits which God causes to ripen in his path? No; because, equally with the soil, the fruits have been appropriated. Can he devote himself to the chase or to fishing? No; because this, too, constitutes a vested right. Can he draw water from a fountain enclosed in a field? No; because the proprietor of the field is, in virtue of the right of accession, proprietor of the fountain. Can he, dying of hunger and thirst, stretch forth his hand for the pity of his fellows? No; because there are laws against mendicancy. Can he, exhausted with fatigue, and in want of an asylum, lie down to sleep on the pavement? No; because there are laws against vagrancy. Can he, fleeing from this homicidal country, where everything is denied him, go to ask the means of subsistence far from the spot where he was born? No; because it is not permitted him to change his country, except on certain conditions, which he cannot fulfil. What, then, shall this unfortunate do? He will tell you, “I have arms, I have intelligence, I have strength, I have youth; take all these, and in return give me a little bread.” This is what the labouring classes say at present. But here also you may reply to the poor wretch—“I have no work to give you.” What, then, would you have him do? The answer is very simple: *assure work to the poor*. Even then you will have done little for justice, and the reign of fraternity will still be far off; but at least you will have averted frightful perils, and cut short revolt. Have you well considered? When a man who asks to live by serving society is fatally reduced to a position in which he must attack it, on pain of dying, he is, in this state of apparent aggression, really in a state of legitimate defence; and the society which strikes him down does not judge him—it assassinates him. The question, then, is this—Is *competition* the means to *assure work to the poor*? To put the question thus is to answer it. What is competition as it respects the labourer? It is work set up to auction. A master has need of a workman: three present themselves. “How much do *you* ask?” “Three francs a-day: I have a wife and children.” “Well, and *you*?” “Two francs and a half: I have no children, but I have a wife.” “Very well, and *you*?” “Two francs will satisfy me: I am single.” “Then you have the preference.” Thus it happens, and so the bargain is made. What becomes of the two rejected workmen? They will let themselves die of hunger, it must be hoped. Pursuing this strain, M. Louis Blanc traces to competition, as its cause, the misery of the working-classes of Paris, which he exemplifies in a table, exhibiting the rates of daily wages received by persons employed in the various trades of that capital. Amongst thirty-eight female occupations, the highest wages are 11s. a-week, the lowest under 3s. Of the trades followed by men, which are about twice as numerous as those open to women, those in which the largest wages are earned are the carpenters, slaters, and plumbers, who make 4½ francs a-day (upwards of a guinea a-week), but are idle four months of the year; and the glass-blowers and brassfounders, who make 4¼ francs a-day (a little more

than a pound a-week), but are idle three months of the year. Those in which the rate of wages is lowest are the pork-butchers and the hairdressers, who earn, the former a franc a-day (5s. a-week), with board, during about eight months of the year; the latter 85 centimes a-day (upwards of 4s. a-week), with partial board and lodging, during the whole year. 'What tears,' says M. Louis Blanc, referring to these tables of wages, does each of these figures represent! What cries of anguish, what stifled curses! Behold in this the condition of the people of Paris—the city of science, the city of the arts, the glittering capital of the civilised world! In other French towns, he says, the state of things is even worse. At Nantes, for instance, the total yearly income of an average family of the poorer labouring classes is estimated, by an authority from whom he quotes, at only 300 francs (L.12). Of this sum, 25 francs (L.1) are paid away in rent, 12 francs (about 10s.) for washing, 35 francs (L.1, 8s.) for fuel, 12 francs (10s.) for shoes, and 5 francs (4s.) for repairs and removal. Deducting these, and some other expenses, and supposing medical attendance and drugs to be afforded gratis, and the clothes worn to be given in charity, there remain but 196 francs (about L.8) to purchase a year's food for four or five persons, who would require at least, stinting themselves to the utmost, 150 francs for bread alone. Thus there are only 46 francs (not L.2) left to purchase salt, butter, greens, and potatoes, not to speak of meat, which they never use.' All this, M. Louis Blanc contends, originates in the false and remorseless system of mercantile competition.

If the system of competition is thus the cause of misery among the poor, it is no less, says M. Blanc, a source of mischief and ruin to the middle classes. '*Good bargains*—such is the word in which, according to the economists of the school of Smith and Say, all the advantages of competition are summed up. But why persist in considering the results of *good bargains* otherwise than relatively to the momentary profit of the consumer? Good bargains do not profit those who consume, otherwise than by throwing among those who produce the germs of the most ruinous anarchy. Good bargains are the bludgeon with which the rich producers knock down those who are less easy in their circumstances. Good bargains are the pit into which hardy speculators cause laborious men to fall. Good bargains are the death-warrant to the manufacturer who cannot make the advances on a costly machine which his richer rivals are able to make. Good bargains are, in one word, the destruction of the middle classes for the benefit of a few industrial oligarchs.' As the most notable example that the world has seen of the effects of the system of mercantile competition, M. Blanc cites England. 'To produce, ever to produce, and by all means to solicit other nations as consumers of her goods, this is the work on which England employs her force; it is by this that she makes her wealth, by this that she develops the genius of her sons.'

'A day,' he adds, 'could not but arrive when the nations consuming her goods would find no more material to give in exchange; from which the result for England would be glutted markets, the ruin of numerous manufactures, the misery of crowds of workmen, and a universal upsetting of credit.' That this day has already nearly come, M. Louis Blanc goes on, in his hasty way, to prove by a few sweeping allusions to the condition of England, both material and moral. In every case of British bankruptcy he sees the providential punishment of the crime of mercantile competition. Nay, our sombre character and cast of countenance is but a moral chastisement for the same national offence. 'The riches,' he says, 'of these great English lords leave them a prey to I know not what vague melancholy; a malady sent by God upon the great of the earth, whereby they also may be made to succumb to pain; pain, that imposing and terrible lesson of equality! What do they actually possess, in the midst of their luxuries, these haughty lords? Bitter thoughts and eternal

restlessness of heart! They must fly the mists of their own isle to scatter their gold again in all the places whence it was drained, and there to drag about with them the burden of their wearying opulence.'

Having, as he thinks, exhibited the evils of the competitive system, M. Louis Blanc proceeds to expound his method of social reform. This consists in the application to all trades and occupations of the co-operative principle, or the principle of partnership. Of this principle most of our readers are doubtless aware. M. Blanc is by no means the original advocate. First vigorously expounded and enforced in France by the celebrated Fourier about thirty years ago, it has since been a theme of disquisition for various writers both in our own country and on the continent; and in a previous number of this Journal, we were able to give an account, the fullest that has yet been presented to the English public, of an interesting experiment in which the principle in question was put in practice on a small scale, and for purely private ends, by an enterprising Parisian tradesman.*

The peculiarity of M. Louis Blanc's views consists in the important part which he wishes to assign to the state in the conduct of all national industry according to the new or co-operative method. His ideas, however, will be best understood from the following summary of them in his own words:—'Government should be considered as the supreme regulator of production, and invested as such with the necessary powers. Her task would consist in employing the weapon of competition in order to destroy competition. Government should raise a loan, and employ the product of it in the creation of *social workshops* in the most important branches of the national industry. As this creation would require considerable funds, the number of workshops should at first be limited; by virtue of their very organisation, however, they would possess an expansive power. Government being considered as the sole founder of the social workshops, would have the right to draw up the rules and regulations. There would be admitted to labour in the social workshops, so far as the capital subscribed would go to purchase tools, &c. all such workmen as could give guarantees of good conduct. Notwithstanding that the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find any other stimulus to exertion than in an increase of reward, the *salaries of all the workmen would be equal*, as a totally new education would necessarily change ideas and habits. For the first year government would regulate the hierarchy of functions—that is, appoint the foremen, &c. After the first year it would no longer be so. The workmen having had time to appreciate each other, and all being equally interested in the success of the association, the hierarchy would proceed on the elective principle. Every year there would be rendered an account of the net profits, of which there would be a triple division—one part to be shared equally among the members of the association; another to be expended, 1*st*, in the maintenance of the aged, the sick, the infirm; and, 2*d*, in the mitigation of crises befalling other trades—different trades owing each other this good service; and the 3*d*, to go to purchase tools for such new members as wished to join the association. Into each association famed for great trades might be admitted persons belonging to trades which must, by their very nature, be scattered and confined to spots. In this way each social workshop would come to consist of different professions grouped round some great leading trade, as separate parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and sharing in the same advantages. Each member of the social workshop would have the right to dispose of his income as he thought fit; but the evident economy and undeniable superiority of the barrack life would soon lead to an association in wants and enjoyments, as well as in labours. Capitalists would be invited to join the association, and would draw the

* M. Leclaire of Paris. Journal, new series, No. 91.

interest of what capital they chose to invest; but *they should not partake of the profits, except in the capacity of workmen.*

By introducing such a system in any country, first into a few of the principal branches of industry, and then gradually into all, M. Blanc believes that a social revolution would be effected most admirable in its results. Distress and want would disappear—all classes of society would be bound together by new and beautiful ties—and a progress would be made in science, in the arts, and in morality, of which as yet we can form no conception. With these views, it may be supposed with what alacrity he entered on the post which he now occupies, and in which he finds himself at liberty, under certain restrictions, to attempt in practice the novelties which, nine years ago, he projected in theory. State workshops are now on trial in France.

What may be the result of this experiment, and how far its failure would affect the soundness of the general principle of co-operation in industry, of which Louis Blanc's scheme is but one somewhat *bizarre* modification, we need not here consider; nor—our object having been rather to expound M. Blanc's views than to criticise them—need we enumerate those points in which they seem to run counter to the established principles of economical science, and the laws of human nature. An extract, however, from a review of M. Blanc's work by his most distinguished opponent, M. Michel Chevalier—himself a man of large and philanthropic views—will serve to suggest to the reader wherein the special weakness of M. Blanc's scheme lies. 'The mother-ideas of M. Louis Blanc,' says M. Chevalier, 'which appear every moment in his book, are these two—1st, Human societies may govern themselves principally, if not absolutely, by the sentiment of duty. Personal interest is only a resource of secondary importance; social and individual progress, the development of public and private prosperity, do not require that this sentiment of personal interest be called energetically into play. It is not necessary to excite it directly; an indirect allurements will suffice. Hence M. Louis Blanc concludes that his *state workshops* will flourish, since the members of the workshop shall have only a collective, and not an individual interest—an indirect, and not an immediate interest, in acquitting themselves well. 2d, The definitive term of societies is absolute equality. We already touch this goal; one more effort, and we are at it. Consequently, at a period close at hand, all men may be paid equally. Now these two mother-ideas are radically erroneous. Every social system founded on them is chimerical. Human nature is adverse to the conception of M. Louis Blanc. "So much the worse for human nature," he may tell me. It may be so; but so much the worse at least for your plan! Take men as they are, not as you wish they were. In the mind of the great majority of men, and in the greatest number of circumstances, the sentiment of personal right is superior to that of duty; the thought of interest dominates over that of sacrifice. The immediate and direct desire of individual advantage is a force incessantly acting; suppress it, and industry languishes. Without this, no more progress in the arts, no more ardour among workmen. Law and religion preach to men duty, and glorify self-sacrifice; and we owe them gratitude for this. Society would be lost were the sentiment of duty extinct. It would fall into rottenness if self-sacrifice and self-denial were not hottened among men. But the sentiment of right preaches itself; on this point each of us is his own clergyman, and finds in himself a docile pupil. It is only the chosen few that are otherwise constituted. Raise statues to Cincinnatus, offer palms to the martyrs; but do not hope that in practical life, and in questions of daily bread, the human race will take their self-denial for a model. Nay, even they themselves, in ordinary transactions, acted on the common principle. Again, to interpret the idea of equality, so as to make it mean identical remuneration for all men, is to misunderstand man and history. True equality—that

which our fathers proclaimed in 1789—consists in effacing the political inequalities founded on the right of birth. National education ought to have for its object to seek out everywhere, in hamlets as well as in cities, in the thatched cottage as well as under the roof of the wealthy, the superior natures of which society has need, in order that affairs may be well conducted. But the proposal to submit to the same material existence all men without exception, supreme magistrates as well as the most humble operatives, is one of those chimeras which are hardly permitted to the schoolboy, whose imagination dreams of Spartan black broth the moment that, having quitted the confectioner's shop, he is no longer hungry. This were not equality—it were the most brutal inequality, the most odious tyranny. Imagine in one of those barracks where the labourers—that is to say, all the citizens—are to lead the common life which M. Louis Blanc offers them; the prince or chief magistrate of the state, the cabinet ministers, the chief judges, the masters of trades, eating in the common mess-room the universal pittance, relaxing from their high cares in the common barrack-yard, and at the same games as the herd, meditating on the destinies of their country, and the general interests of society in their numbered apartments, having around them, by way of inspiration, kitchen utensils and squalling babies.' M. Louis Blanc, who has replied to these arguments of M. Chevalier, complains that they do not fairly represent his case. We shall perhaps return to the subject, when an opportunity may be afforded of considering how far this is true.

FARMER TREMAIN.

THE incident related in the following slight sketch is characteristic of the peculiar people and interesting district of the 'far west' of England, where I resided for two years, domiciled in a solitary cottage, beautifully situated on the slope of a deep valley.

I was sitting in the embrasure of a bay-window, which commanded a lovely prospect of hill and vale, wood and water, with a peep of the town and its church spire in the distance, when the sound of many human voices, chanting a solemn hymn, broke on the silence of the still summer afternoon.

The voices arose from this opposite side of the valley, where I beheld a cavalcade of men, women, and children, some in carts, some on horseback, but mostly on foot, reaching from the bridge to about midway up the winding ascent. At that point the road widened a little, and there was a large flat stone, covered with moss and lichens, around which a crowd had collected, the men with their hats off, the women in various attitudes of devotion, but all joining earnestly in the sacred service.

It was a funeral procession; and after a more lengthened sojourn in that peaceful valley, I found the ceremony one of constant recurrence; the winding road before named leading to the burial-ground of the widely-extended parish, and the flat stone on the hill-side being the usual resting-place for the weary bearers with their confined load. On the present occasion, I found that some curious circumstances attending the death of the deceased, had rendered the 'wake,' as it was called, a spectacle of more than usual interest in the country side.

Farmer Tremain, for fifty years, had lived on the small but flourishing patrimony, with its substantial homestead, which had descended to him from his fathers; he was a popular and jovial personage, much respected by his neighbours, who consulted him on all occasions of emergency. He had never travelled twenty miles beyond his native farm, so that his sagacity was

homespun, and his knowledge of human nature must have been pretty nearly intuitive. He had a prudent wife and goodly children, and was contented and happy; till, on an evil day, he was tempted by a speculative proprietor to take a share in the deserted mine of Wheal Rose—a mine which had been abandoned on account of water gaining ground, and the produce not equalling the outlay required; but which some wise heads, and Farmer Tremain's into the bargain, determined to patronise once more, in the mysterious belief (for they could not explain the *why*) that an undiscovered lode of rich ore lay concealed beneath. It was indeed whispered abroad that Farmer Tremain had recourse to the forked branch of hazel, which, on being loosely held in the hand of the searcher, points downwards wherever ore is beneath the earth's surface; thus indicating the exact spot where the hidden treasure is to be found.

Farmer Tremain was a prudent man, and he took care not to involve himself very deeply; but the mine was fourteen miles away from his dwelling, and he harassed himself, and rode backwards and forwards on his good horse Dobbin in all weathers: he superintended the few miners set to work, and overlooked the accounts, in the shed dignified by the name of 'counting-house'; and continually got wet through, as the subtle mist gathered over the dreary hills, and, unlike legitimate down-pouring rain, renders all usual protection unavailing. Dobbin was a steady-paced, slow beast, though he had been known, once or twice during a course of years, to take extraordinary freaks into his Roman-nosed head, on occasions of sudden alarm, when he set off like a mad creature.

It was on a dark howling winter's night that Farmer Tremain mounted his sturdy horse, and gladly turned from Wheal Rose on his homeward route. A heavy mist had been falling all day, and the clouds were driving across the sky, scarcely permitting the moon at rare intervals to peep forth. The wayfarer on those lonely barren hills could not see a yard before him; and perchance he thought of his comfortable home and blazing hearth—of his kind comely dame and his rosy daughters—and wished to be among them, instead of where he was, with so long, cold, and cheerless a ride before him. Perchance, too, he wished that he had never been induced to engage in the turmoil and anxiety of mining speculation, but had been contented with his humble lot and hard-worked-for gains.

However this may be, he jogged forwards, perhaps about five miles on his way, when suddenly Dobbin stood still, began to snort in an unusual key, and positively refused to move another step; on the contrary, backed in such a determined manner, that neither coaxing, exhortation, nor whipping succeeded in changing his obstinate resolution. What was to be done? It was very strange, for Dobbin never took such whims into his head for nothing. So Farmer Tremain dismounted, and endeavoured to lead him: but he tugged and tugged in vain—Dobbin planted his forefeet firmly, and remained immovable. As the farmer was struggling with the refractory animal, his foot struck against something which sounded hollow on the middle of the road; but it was so dark just then, that he could not discern what the obstacle was; so he stooped down to feel, and as he passed his hands over its length and breadth, his blood curdled—for it was a coffin. Farmer Tremain was a superstitious man, as are all his people; but he had strong nerves, and was not easily frightened or daunted: so he patted Dobbin's Roman nose, and spoke encouragingly to him, for the poor creature was shivering strangely. He then succeeded in striking a light, the materials for which he always carried about him; and with the help of the moon, which emerged from behind the dark clouds, and cast its partial light on the scene, he saw that it was a common black coffin, evidently made for a full-grown, large individual. After pausing a moment, he opened it: it was empty. 'I

will see *who* it be for though,' quoth Farmer Tremain bravely, as he with some difficulty traced the inscription on the ordinary plate, which ran thus—'John Tremain, aged fifty years.' His own name—his own age!

He gasped for a moment, and his eyes started in their sockets, glaring almost as wildly as did the horse, which, with protruding eyes, distended nostrils, and ears thrown back, exhibited every symptom of terror and abhorrence. Farmer Tremain's sensations were very odd; and he longed for a glass of brandy, as he remembered there was a wayside house of refreshment a little way further on to the right: so privately arranging in his own mind to call there, he began to work himself into a towering passion with Dobbin, who strenuously resisted all efforts to urge him across the dismal barrier. Yet his master could not muster up sufficient resolution to place it on one side, for it lay entirely across the narrow road, and the horse must leap over it.

Excited, angry, and not knowing very well what he did, Farmer Tremain, making a step of the coffin, bounded on his horse, exclaiming, 'Thee shalt taste the butt end, Maister Dobbin!' at the same time striking the animal with all his force repeated and violent blows on the head and shoulders with the heavy handle of his whip. In a moment afterwards the fearful obstacle was cleared, and Dobbin rushed recklessly forward, as he had never rushed before, and probably never did again.

But Dobbin reached Tremain farm alone, panting, bruised, and covered with blood and foam. His unfortunate master was found about three miles from home, where, on some granitic rocks by the roadside, he lay apparently dead. It was supposed that he had been dragged along for a considerable distance, after he was thrown by the panic-stricken horse, which at length stumbled, and rolled over him. Farmer Tremain recovered speech and recollection for a while, sufficiently to explain and comment on the 'warning' which he believed himself to have received; and also to lament his passion and ill-judged harshness towards the faithful steed which had borne him safely for so many years. But the 'warning' was explained to the sufferer ere he breathed his last; which sad event took place a few days after the accident occurred. It seems that the bearers of the coffin, which had been the cause of so much mischief, being slightly inebriated, had heedlessly left it on that lonely road, while they repaired to the nearest alehouse, little dreaming that any one would pass the unfrequented way at so late an hour. Had Farmer Tremain mastered his superstitious dread, kept his temper, and pushed the empty shell aside, his scared horse might have been led quietly past; and as he would in all probability have sought the same refuge as these men, for the same 'consolation,' the whole would have been satisfactorily explained. The coincidence of the name was by no means singular, it being a common one in that part of the country: the coffin was intended for a labourer just deceased, whose solitary hut was within a mile or two of the spot, and whose age happened to correspond with that of his namesake.

Such was the recital I listened to, and it was the crowded wake of Farmer Tremain which I had witnessed; but the singular circumstances attending his melancholy end were not so easily disposed of by the wonder-seeking peasantry. To reason or to argue was robbing them of a pleasant error, and of an added legend to the general stock; and on that balmy summer afternoon, when I first heard the hymn chanted over the dead, on the hillside of our peaceful valley, I am sure that the eyes of the assembled throng traced the inscription of 'John Tremain, aged fifty years,' on the coffin-plate with sensations of unusual awe and undefinable apprehension. I remember thinking at the time that here was another proof, if proof were needed, of the baneful effect of superstitious fear acting on an unlettered mind; and that it involved an impressive

lecture respecting patience and kindly treatment towards dumb creatures, and the evil of giving way to the impulse of passion.

PERUGINO.

'THE life of Piètro Vanucci, commonly known by the name of Perugino, proves,' says an Italian author, 'that poverty does not always act as a check on genius.' He was born of indigent parents at Citta-Della-Piève in Italy, A.D. 1446. His early days were passed in want and suffering: nevertheless, it appears that his friends found means to bind him apprentice to a humble painter in the town of Perugia. This man possessed no extraordinary talent, but he held the art of painting in the highest veneration, and delighted in boasting to his pupil of the wealth and fame to be gained by it when properly exercised. 'Tis true he did not speak from personal experience, for he was miserably poor; but this he imputed to his not being one of fortune's favourites. His words produced a visible effect on the mind of the young Piètro, who listened with sparkling eye and glowing cheek.

'And I too,' he would exclaim, interrupting his master, while his face lighted up with hope and enthusiasm—'I will be a great painter! I will gain fortune and fame!'

If he met with any one who had travelled, his first question was, 'In what country are the best artists to be found?'

This question he also frequently put to his master, who always replied, 'In Florence; for there men are excited to exertion by three things—poverty, criticism, and the insatiable thirst for perfection which that celebrated city inspires.'

Piètro Vanucci, whom we shall henceforth call Perugino (a name which he afterwards took at Peronte, on being honoured with the freedom of that city), hastened to Florence to breathe the atmosphere which he conceived to be impregnated with art, and capable of inspiring and exalting its lowliest votary. But at what a price was he compelled to purchase this inspiration! When he arrived at Florence, he possessed nothing—absolutely and literally *nothing*; his clothes hung on him in rags, and for several months his bed was an empty chest with a little straw! During this time he suffered all the tortures of hunger, and every kind of misery. But what matter! he had the will to succeed—that persevering and powerful will which overcomes all difficulties, and which the Creator has bestowed on man, to be exercised for his own good and that of his fellow-creatures.

Perugino laboured incessantly day and night: painting was his only occupation, his only pleasure. Before him stalked continually the hideous phantoms—want and misery; and to escape them, he flew to his palette and his pencil: then a more pleasing picture smiled on him—that of prosperity and fame, which, in anticipation, he already enjoyed; and to secure the realisation of which, he braved fatigue, cold, and hunger. His favourite maxim was, that cloudy weather must sooner or later be succeeded by sunshine, and during the bright days of summer, a shelter should be provided against the inclemency of winter. Courage and exertion like his deserved to succeed; and they did so. In a few years he became known as a young artist of uncommon merit; his paintings were to be met with not only in Florence and throughout Italy, but in France, Spain, and almost every other country of Europe, making the fortune of those who bought and sold them as well as his own.

Perugino painted for the nuns of a convent in Italy a 'Dead Christ,' the colouring of which was exquisitely beautiful; and the landscape forming the background of the picture was much admired, though this particular feature in painting was not, in his time, brought to the state of perfection which it has since attained. The nuns were offered for this picture three times

the sum they had given for it, with an exact copy by the hand of Perugino himself; but they refused to part with it on any terms, as the artist owed to them that it might not be easy for him to produce another of equal beauty.

At another convent in Florence he painted the 'Nativity with the Magi' on the walls of the cloister, an undertaking in which he succeeded to admiration; and prompted by feelings of gratitude towards one of his masters, Andrea Del Verocchio, he introduced his head among those of the wise men that formed part of the picture. It was a common practice among the artists of Perugino's time to testify their respect for their masters by introducing their likenesses into what they considered their best paintings; and Perugino himself afterwards received an immortalising mark of gratitude of this kind from the divine Raphael, who, in one of his finest paintings, that of 'The School of Athens,' represented himself near Perugino in the character of his pupil.

The prior for whom Perugino painted the 'Nativity' was particularly clever in preparing the beautiful blue called ultramarine; and as he possessed a large quantity of it, he wished it to be used in every painting done for his convent; but being naturally of a suspicious temper, and fearful of losing even the smallest particle of it, he required that Perugino should use it in his presence only. The artist was hurt and offended at this ungenerous treatment, and determined to find a way of revenging himself, and conveying a lesson to his suspicious employer. Whenever he required the ultramarine, the prior, who stood over him like a sentinel, drew some from a little bag which he carried about his person, and put it into a phial, from which he never turned his eyes as long as Perugino was using it; but as soon as the artist had applied one or two touches to the wall on which he was painting, he dipped his brush into a goblet of water that stood near him, and more of the precious colour sank to the bottom of the glass than was used in the work. The prior seeing his bag emptied without much advantage to the painting, clasped his hands as he gazed at it, exclaiming from time to time in a tone of horror, 'Oh what an awful quantity of ultramarine does that limestone wall soak in!'

'You see with your own eyes,' replied Perugino coldly. But the prior had no sooner left the room, than the painter drained off the water, and removed the powder which had sunk to the bottom of the goblet, laying it carefully aside.

At length, when he thought he had sufficiently tantalised the prior, he went to him, carrying with him the precious colour, supposed to have been absorbed by the limestone wall.

'Here, father,' said he, presenting it to him, 'this belongs to you, and I restore it to you. You see how easily I could cheat you were I inclined to do so. Let this teach you to give all men credit for honesty, until you have had reason to doubt them; for to treat a man as a rogue, is sometimes to make him one.'

Unhappily, Perugino himself, as he advanced in years, became a slave to the very vices which he despised so much in others—avarice and suspicion. Having amassed considerable wealth by his paintings, which were executed in different parts of Italy, he returned to Perouse, where he was loaded with honours: but these did not satisfy him. Money was his idol, and to obtain it and keep it seemed the grand business of his life. Even his most intimate friends were looked on with an eye of suspicion whenever his darling money was in question; and to such a length did he carry this unhappy failing, that he became, in his old age, the subject of scornful jests and epigrams. On one occasion, going from Perouse to Citta-Della-Piève, and carrying with him a large sum of money, which he could not prevail on himself to leave behind in safe keeping, he was waylaid and attacked by robbers, who stripped him of his treasure, leaving him half-dead with fright and chagrin for the loss of his money. This misfortune had such an effect on his

health and spirits, that he took to his bed, and refused all consolation. Although he was in possession of extensive property in houses, lands, and money, he set no bounds to his sorrow for the loss he had sustained; till at length his friends and numerous admirers, becoming alarmed for his life, took pity on him, and between them, made good the sum of which he had been robbed. The cause of uneasiness removed, Perugino soon recovered his health, and resumed his occupations; but avarice had taken entire possession of him; and to gratify his longings after gain, he was guilty of acts of meanness that admit of no palliation.

He who had once so ardently panted after fame, now sacrificed it for the sordid purpose of heaping up gold. His paintings were hurried over, and copied by his own hand for sale, to increase his gains.

We will not, however, longer dwell on the defects or infirmities of Perugino's old age, but cast the veil of pity over the close of his life, in consideration of the hardships and difficulties that marked its commencement. His history has furnished us with more than one good lesson: it has added another proof to the many already existing, that persevering industry is usually crowned with success; it has shown us that the very blessings we most eagerly desire may, through our own perversity, become scourges and torments; and lastly, it teaches us a lesson of deep humility, for while we read Perugino's reproof to the prior, we cannot but remember the warning, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Perugino ranked high in his day both as a painter and an architect. What distinguished him particularly as a painter, was the grace of his heads, especially those of children and women; and his perspective in landscape was thought equal, if not superior, to that of any of his predecessors. In the Louvre at Paris are still to be seen five of Perugino's paintings; and Italy possesses many *chefs-d'œuvre* by this artist, though a number of his works have been spoiled or degraded. He died at the place of his birth, Citta-Della-Piève, A.D. 1524, and his remains were consigned to the grave with the honours due to his genius.

MANUFACTURE OF INDIAN-RUBBER SHOES.

The man of the house returned from the forest about noon, bringing in nearly two gallons of milk, which he had been engaged since daylight in collecting from one hundred and twenty trees that had been tapped upon the previous morning. This quantity of milk he said would suffice for ten pairs of shoes, and when he himself attended to the trees, he could collect the same quantity every morning for several months. In making the shoes, two girls were the artistes, in a little thatched hut which had no opening but the door. From an inverted water-jar, the bottom of which had been broken out for the purpose, issued a column of dense white smoke, from the burning of a species of palm nut, and which so filled the hut, that we could scarcely see the inmates. The lasts used were of wood, exported from the United States, and were smeared with clay, to prevent adhesion. In the leg of each was a long stick, serving as a handle. The last was dipped into the milk, and immediately held over the smoke, which, without much discolouring, dried the surface at once. It was then re-dipped, and the process was repeated a dozen times, until the shoe was of sufficient thickness, care being taken to give a greater number of coatings to the bottom. The whole operation, from the smearing of the last to placing the finished shoe in the sun, required less than five minutes. The shoe was now of a slightly more yellowish hue than the liquid milk, but in the course of a few hours it became of a reddish-brown. After an exposure of twenty-four hours, it is figured as we see upon the imported shoes. This is done by the girls with small sticks of hard wood, or the needle-like spines of some of the palms. Stamping has been tried, but without success. The shoe is now cut from the last, and is ready for sale, bringing a price of from ten to twelve vintens or cents per pair. It is a long time before they assume the black hue. Brought to the city, they are assorted, the best being laid aside for exportation as shoes, the others as waste rubber.—*Edwards's Voyage up the Amazon.*

TRANSLATION OF THE GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG. 'GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.'

SUNG AT THE STUDENTS' FUNERALS.

LET us then be merry, boys, while our youth protects us;
After youth so bright and cheery—
After age's season dreary—
Still the earth expects us.
Where are those who walked the world in the days before us?
To the realms above us go—
Seek the gloomy shades below—
Mystery still is o'er us.
Quickly fled the past of life—quickly fades the present;
Death strides quickly through the land,
Strikes us with unsparing hand,
Spare nor peer nor peasant!
Live the university! live the grave professors!
Live each don of look sedate!
Live each undergraduate!
Free from all oppressors!
Here's a health to every maid famed for wit and beauty!
Here's to every wedded dame,
Every one of spotless fame,
True to home and duty!
Here's unto our native land, and to those who sway it!
Here's to all who spend their gold
As Mæcenas did of old,
And on art outlay it!
Perish all that cast a shade o'er our mirth and gladness!
Perish all the devil's wiles!
Every foe to youthful smiles!
Every form of sadness!

C. B.

SCOTTISH FAMINE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A partial famine took place in Scotland in 1762, and '46 the spring and summer of 1763 proved wet and stormy, and the prospect of the next winter was still more gloomy. The pressure now became extreme; government was applied to for a loan, on the security of assessments to be imposed upon the land; and Mr Dempster, then one of the most active and influential of the Scotch members, brought in a bill for an assessment of fourteen per cent. on rents. Government also made a small grant, which was intrusted to the sheriffs of counties for distribution among the kirk-sessions. Subscriptions were raised in the south of Scotland and in England; many Scotchmen, merchants in London and elsewhere, sent shiploads of provisions for the supply of the poor. Among these the house of Phyn and Ellice was conspicuous. The concluding of a general peace in 1763 set at liberty the stores collected for the navy, and these were placed at the disposal of the sheriffs, but only to be sold. Government also purchased provisions, and sent them down for sale at prime cost. Among other supplies, large quantities of bad white peas were sent down to the north, which were unpalatable even in that time of famine. The rule was, to *give* as little as possible; but what was sold by the kirk-sessions was to a great extent on credit. The harvest was as bad as was anticipated; in many instances the people ate their stock of sheep and cattle, which in the winter it became impossible to feed. In some Highland parishes the population broke loose, and seized the cattle and sheep of their neighbours; but the instances of this were very few. In general, the patience of the people was great, and every one exerted himself in his own sphere to meet the evil. Their efforts were so far successful. All accounts agree in stating that not an individual died of absolute want during the long-continued famine, though many fell victims to the diseases which spring from insufficient food, or food of bad quality. The clergy record with just pride the efforts made by all classes, and the honesty of the people in repaying the advances of meal or money to the uttermost farthing. Some with difficulty could do this in seven or eight years, but the accounts agree that *not a penny of the money but was paid at length*. We know instances where gentlemen advanced meal and seed-corn to their poorer hill tenantry; and not only was this all repaid, but for years afterwards, the tenants used to send presents of honey, mountain-berries, and other trifles in token of their gratitude.—*Quarterly Review for March.*

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'THE OLD ALMANAC.'

THE torrent of great events which has broken over Europe this spring, forcibly calls attention to a branch of literature which we have been accustomed to hold in some degree of credit, on account of its presumed instructive character, but which has of late years been occasionally spoken of in a different strain—that is to say, as little better than an old almanac. One cannot but ask if history is really a useful branch of knowledge, when we find that it did not serve to prepare governments for the late revolutions, nor even to give the public the least premonition of their coming. History, one would imagine, ought to be in public affairs what experience is to private individuals—the guide to the sequence of events, showing what effects are sure to flow from certain causes, and thus enabling statesmen to avoid wrong, and choose right courses. Yet no one can say that history ever appears to act in this way, or indeed to be anything else than a communicator of mere information as to the things of the past—in some places dry, in others romantic and entertaining, but never a lamp to the feet of living nations.

It is unfortunate, but true. One reason palpably is, that it is difficult, out of the great mass of events produced by the contending passions, the ignorance and the knowledge of men, to eliminate maxims as to cause and effect. Corresponding with the jumble of the past, there is a jumble of the present, causing men to attribute the events of history to very different causes, according as their prejudices and general cast of mind may direct: thus some will think the civil war a consequence of the obstinacy and bad faith of the king, while others attribute it wholly to the restless zeal of the puritanic party; so that to each man this whole affair tells a different story, and leaves a different conclusion; and a similar crisis might occur next year without our being in the least enlightened beforehand as to the best way of treating it, or acting under it, by what took place in the seventeenth century. Our written histories, and even the daily comments of our newspapers, take accordingly two, if not more sets of views of everything that has ever happened, or is in the way of happening; one representing all progress as a direct source of good, while another sets it down as an evil, only made so far harmless by the good sense of those who hold to the old ways. In such circumstances, how is it to be wondered at that no possessor of power appears to know whether he may safely resign a part of it, with a view of retaining the remainder, or whether it is not safer for him to take his chance with an absolute resistance to all change?

Another stultifying cause is of a more radical nature—namely, that the world is always making a certain, however slow progress from inferior to better

ideas, as well as feelings: its tendency at any one time is to act on superior considerations to what animated it at any preceding period; this being a result of that growth of civilisation which arises from other causes. History is thus thrown into the awkward predicament of being a teacher of that which is superior to itself. It reports the doings of savagery to the days of chivalry, and the deeds of chivalry to the times of peaceful industry. It exhibits the evils of superstition to those who have long learned to smile at superstition, and it prates of the maxims of narrow class selfishnesses to those who have attained the dignity of thinking that that only is good which is good for all. Thus it may warn—it may warn against the things that would lead to retrogression—an almost superfluous task, as far as appears; but it is ill qualified to guide or instruct in the onward path which most nations pursue. It is to be feared that, with the lamp thus hung up behind, nations are only confused by their own onward-thrown shadows, instead of being benefited by the light. There is such a thing as a love of history for the gratification it gives to taste as a branch of literature, and the charm which it exercises over those feelings by which we are linked to the past. Many are in this way made worshippers of ideas far below the standard of the age in which they live, giving up for a fancy or whim the study of those principles on which the progress of the nation is based. Thus are many men in a manner lost to the community, which otherwise might be benefited by their talents and their aspirations.

Even although we could look at history without prejudice, and although it were less describable as a blind leader of those who see a little better, there would remain one grand obstruction to our benefiting greatly from its narrations. Taking it as it is written, the mass is too huge to be read by all. We would require to have any instruction which it contains drawn off, and essentialised down into some compact principles which could be readily comprehended. But who is to execute this task, or how is it to be executed? We could not move one step until we had a just and universally-admitted view of the natural history of the human mind, showing what it is from which history (the acts of men) immediately proceeds. Is it an aerial conglomeration of unintelligible caprices, or is it a thing acting under certain laws, which render its procedure in any degree a subject of calculation? We should also require to have arrived at some distinct understanding as to that unseen government under which human beings live and act. Is it conducted according to rule—that is, by a sequence of regular effects from certain causes—or is all done after the arbitrary dictates of an impenetrable will? The generality of men act upon the understanding that there is a natural order of things, by virtue of which evaporation is attended by an ab-

straction of heat, irritation follows insult, and honesty is the best policy: they see it in their own limited affairs; but when a revolution takes place in a state, or the convictions of a great body of people experience a change for the better, they lose sight of the connection of cause and effect. They therefore read the grander and more instructive passages of history as they would read a fairy tale or a Greek tragedy; never dreaming that, if these things are exempt from a natural order, they can give forth no lesson whatever as to the determination of future affairs. Now, as for a just system of mental philosophy, and a correct view of the Divine government of the world, they will come when things are ripe to produce them; but while they do not exist, we do not see that much good can be derived from history. Any good that is derived must be empirical and uncertain, and we cannot expect it to operate extensively for the benefit of mankind.

For these reasons, it seems to us that history, notwithstanding all the brilliant names connected with it, is only a series of chronicles. It is curious and interesting in many parts, as merely telling us of what has been done in such and such times and spots of earth. Some noble and affecting passages are scattered over it. It often pleases a high taste, as pictures do. But as a view of what human beings are, perform, and suffer in certain circumstances, or as a guide to them in future contingencies—being only a field for the contention of prejudices, not a temple for the exhibition of ascertained principles—it is nearly altogether useless. A man may be an ill-informed man who is wholly unacquainted with it; but those who have studied it most thoroughly, will be not a whit more advanced in philosophy, or better fitted to address themselves to new crises, if such should occur. We readily admit, however, that, even as information, it is desirable, and it should have a place in the liberal knowledge of every man who aspires to be something more than a mere doer of drudgery, or a medium between one generation and another.

Perhaps, as in the case of meteorology, which, not being yet a science, has nevertheless a number of axioms resting on common observation, so there may be in history, pending its arrival at a philosophical character, some dicta of sufficiently obvious truthfulness to entitle them to notice. For instance, there is always this disadvantage attending a new government, which has come into existence by the victory of one system over another, that it has to take strong measures for its own preservation. With the best intentions, therefore, as to liberty, it may be forced into being a very arbitrary and even tyrannical force. An old government, with not so good intentions, may be milder and more endurable, by reason of its being in such security that it can act easily and good-naturedly. This is perhaps the explanation of what caused Madame Roland's dying sentence—'Oh, Liberty, what deeds are done in thy name!' It is one of the considerations which might give pause to extreme men, if extreme men could see aught but their own ideas. On the other hand, it may be held as tolerably well settled by experience, that governments and institutions are generally their own most dangerous enemies, and that their destruction usually partakes much of the character of suicide. Mankind are, after all, not difficult to govern. Most of them are too much engrossed by their own affairs, to be much disposed to rigid criticism on state matters, so that these are only conducted with a decent regard to the general interest. It therefore is a strong presumption against any political system, that it is the subject of violent discontent. And it must depend on its own good sense whether, having established such a difficulty, it is to get over it or not. Real good intention towards the many will relieve it, while dogged egotism will of course be apt to prove its ruin. Another observation is, that when a government is too much centralised, and the people having everything done for them by paid functionaries, the popular faculties are liable to be benumbed,

for want of exercise in things a little beyond their common range, and the state loses genuine strength accordingly. It seems to be not less certain that countries having a common government ought to be ethnologically one; that is to say, certain natural affinities (affinities being at the basis of sympathies) are required of the people living under one political system, in order that it may be a well-working system. If a union has taken place, it must have been brought about in such circumstances as to preserve for each member of the partnership entire self-respect, otherwise, certainly, that member will never cease to be a source of annoyance to its associate. In these and a few other deductions from plain and oft-recurring facts, there is scarcely an approach made to philosophy, but they nevertheless have a certain paper-currency value, as representing gold which remains in the cellars of the bank. They represent, it is to be feared, all the wisdom that is as yet to be had from 'the Old Almanac.'

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

A SALT YARN.

ONE afternoon watch, two seamen were seated face to face astride the fore-topmast cross-trees of a large Indian homeward-bound, which had all her canvas, studding-sails included, spread to the south-east trade-wind that slants upward from the Cape towards the equator. The breeze was freshening, and the sails which, about noon, were murmuring and rustling, now slept full: everything drew, as the wind had been hauled a little on the ship's starboard quarter; her head lying about west-by-north, and she going about eight knots through the water; just bending now and then enough to give the lee yardarms a pleasant slope to port, and over the blue surface, which already looked darker and brisker, with little tops of white in our shadow to windward. With the privilege of a watch below, I was lying over the top-sail-yard, in the bunt by the mast, my feet upon the foot-rope, and a spyglass in my hand, through which I took an occasional glance at a vessel on the horizon, supposed to be a frigate. It was so hot and close in my berth on the half-deck, that this employment was no small luxury, joined to that of seeing others kept at work, feeling the air out of the foot of the top-gallant-sail, and looking down into the water, where the shape of every fish that came near the surface was clearly defined in a greenish light, and the coveys of glittering flying-fish sprang ever and anon like swallows from one wave to another in the distance. The white decks stretched below, with the boys knotting their yarns on the forecastele, the sailmaker at his canvas in the waist, and the quarterdeck out of sight, where the first and second mates were busy getting the mizen backstays set up. Before me lay half the ocean-circle, beautifully azure-tinted, where a long line of white clouds were gathered, in contrast to the clear region of the breeze astern. Up above my head shot the white swell of top-gallant, royal, and sky-sails, the former of which half concealed me from the two sailors, although their legs dangled from the cross-trees over my back, while its shadow secured them from the hot sun. One was passing the ball of spun-yarn for his companion, who was twisting it with his sewing-mallet round the shrouds of the royal-mast, which had been pretty well chafed bare by seven months' work and weather. The easy conversation with which this task was beguiled, found a ready eavesdropper in me, since it smacked of the brine, and was in no respect checked by the neighbourhood of a youngster from the other watch. In the present case it fell insensibly to a yarn, which I took care to log as correctly as possible soon after; a yarn in the daytime only happening in such a sequestered situation as this, and being more valuable from its unpremeditated nature.

'Hold on there with the ball, Bob,' said the one parenthetically, and at intervals; 'and give us a dip of the tar. Now pass away, and take the turn out o' that

yarn. Well ye see, bo', he continued, 'Jim Taylor an' me—you knows Jim?—that voy'ge we'd been having a good cruise ashore after the South-Sea trip, and the shot-lockers was beginnin' to turn rather low; but still, as we'd seen so much together, we made it up to go chums for another spell. I'd two or three offers of a berth myself, but short trips wouldn't go down with me at no time, after I knocked off apprentice: there's somethin' low an' humbuggin' about 'em, to my taste, as keeps a man neither green nor blue, neither seein' life nor the world, an' tarnally ready to get sick over a yard; so I've managed to keep a midship helm atwixt the two tacks of a coaster and a man-o'-war's-man. Jim, too, he was rather down in the mouth about a love consarn, so we stuck together like a pair o' purchase-blocks bowed chock on end. Every forenoon we stands round Liv'pool Docks in company, under easy sail, twigging all the craft, as you may suppose, an' overhaulin' the good an' bad points on 'em, like a couple of bo'suns. Berths at that time was plenty, and hands scarce; so it was the more hard to please Jim an' I. We wanted to see some're as we hadn't seen afore, with a smart craft under us, a reg'lar true-blue for skipper, good living, and a fok'sle full of jolly dogs. We spells out all the tickets in the rigging of the passage-craft, with the port, and time of sailing; and says Jim, just as I was stepping on the gangway plank, "Hold on, Harry, bo', let's go round the China berth first." And says I, at sight o' their heavy poops, an' Dutch bows, and tumble-home top-sides, all reg'largoing and holystone, "None o' yer loo'ardly teacanister affairs for me. Don't ye twig that there lubberly splice in the forerigging?" Again we'd fancy 'Badoes, or Lima, or Rio, or Valparaíso; but speakin' truth, my notion was for some sort of out-o'-the-way-come-venture or another, where we'd see life once in a while, and turn to again on the sober tack. So all said an' done, we fought shy of an offer: as the "old man" hauled close on us, we squared away, tops our boom, an' was off with a touch of our tarpaulins, an' "I doesn't think as how I'm a goin' for to ship this voy'ge, yer honour," for which we got curses enough to split the main-taups'l, ye know.

'Howsever, one forenoon watch, as we was both backing and filling alongside of the Queen's Dock, full of bluff-bowed Danish timberers, Norway logs the colour of rosin, and yer wall-sided, kettle-bottomed American cotton-wagons, I seed as fine a barque-rigged craft as I ever clapped eyes upon moored out in the middle to a Swedish brig. She was clipper-cut about the bows; level bowsprit in a line with her run; a long sheer, but plenty of beam before the waist; high topsides, black out, but painted yellow within, and a yellow streak on her. Her sticks had a bit of a rake aft, with short lower-masts, and the yards black; but such a pair o' slapping tall topmasts as she had, I never see in a craft of her size: an' I could see with half an eye, though both lower an' taups'l yards was cock-billed up an' down dock-fashion, they'd the weather-arm of any ship in the dock. "That chap's Boston-built, Jim," says I, "for five guineas—reg'lar go-ahead, and no mistake. Why, she'll spread near half the cloths in her main-taups'l of a twenty-eight sloop-o'-war!" "My eyes!" says Jim, with a shiver like, "how she'd dive into a head sea though! She'd cut through the comb of a Cape swell afore it 'ad time to rise." "That's neither here nor there," I says; "but I'd like to know the ropes o' what she's after: I've a notion it's some'at of a taut bowline. She wants a third of bein' down to her bearings, though they're clearing for out a'ready, ye see." Accordin'ly, Jim an' me uses the freedom to sheer round, and step over two or three other craft, to get a near look at the Yankee. Her mate was roaring like a young bull to a hand aloft that was sendin' up to go-gallant and royal-yards; and, "Well," says I to Jim, "it's clear they doesn't savvy sendin' up a gallant-yard here, like they did in the old Pacific. Twig the lubber: he's taken the line wrong side o' that backstay. So look out; here goes!" I makes one spring into her

rigging, up to the fore-top, bears off the yard, fists the tackle, and clears it, and had the spar rigged out in no time. Down I comed to the rail by a topmast backstay, but no sooner nor the ill-looking customer of a mate opened on me with his jaw.

"Who told you to shove your oar in?" says he, "you tarnation British 'loper! I guess you want to book yourself pretty slick; but you don't enter this voy'ge, so be off!" "Axes your parding, sir," says I, winking to my chum; "an' hopes no offence, sir; but I thou't ye wanted a lift that time. You doesn't begrudge a poor fellow's flippers a little tar, sir, after fisting the blankets so long ashore?" "Top yer boom in the twinkling of a handspike," says he; "that's all I've got to say to ye." "Ay, ay, sir," says I, though I hung in the wind notwithstanding; for that moment I twigs a big-beamed fellow come aboard astarn of him, as I took to be the skipper—a hook-nose gentleman, clean-shaved, an' black i' the jaw, with two fists like leading-blocks, an' rigged out in a long-togged coat three cloths under his size; but he didn't look afeared on a gale o' wind.

"Well, Mr Fisher," says he, overhaulin' me all the time out of his weather-eye, "be so good as get them two new taups'ls out o' the half-deck, and bend them. You don't seem but a smartish hand," says he to me when the mate was gone aft—"you don't, my lad, for British growed. Been 'down east,' I reckon, now?" "Yes, sir," says I; "I sailed onst with the Garrick liner, out an' home." "Thought so," says he. "Well, now, if I was short-handed, I don't know but I might a shipped you this trip." "No harm done, sir," says I.

'Well, ye see, Bob, the short yarn of it was, the Yankee skipper ships us both, at eighteen dollars a month, bound to Noo Orlaing, with a cargo of what they called "notions." The barque's name was the "Declaration," Eikabode Tappan, master: we didn't know till after she'd only eight of a crew before the mast when we fell aboard of him. 'Fact, we heard from an old shipmate next day, as Ike Tappan, they called him, was well known in the Gibraltar waters for a sharp hand, that knew precious little of lunars, an' never was heard on with a full-manned ship; she was 'tarnally runnin' away with 'em, and missing her port, like one o' "God's ships," as they used to christen the Yankees. Never an underwriter of 'em all would insure the Declaration; but bein' one o' the owners himself, an' always somehow fallin' on his feet, no man overhauled the craft. "She's a slap-up boat," says Jim to me; "an' he's a prime seaman, I understand; but I'll bet next voy'ge, Ike Tappan's arter some'at new, an' spicy to the bargain. I never knowed her Liverpool-away afore."

'Well, Bob, a night or two after, as we was going into the Hothouse Tavern, as they calls that big skylight affair by the docks, who does we meet comin' out but our new skipper, yard-arm with a long-togged shore-goin' chap, as I fancied, under a false rig, and steerin' shy. Hard-a-port it was, and we sights the two down street, bein' a blowy night, making stiff tacks for the door of a Jew slop-shop to wind'ard. "Somethin's i' the wind, Jim," says I, "sure enough." The next day we goes down to hoist our dunnage aboard, where we finds no un but the shipkeeper, and a Boston boy washin' decks, ontill the skipper hi'self come up the companion, with one we took for a new hand, in a red shirt, canvas togs, and a sou'-wester on his head for all the world like a Lunnun dustman's. "My eye, Harry," says Jim, "twig the green; mark them hands o' his. That fellow's sarved his time with ould Noah, I'm thinking, an' slept the watches ever since." "Well, I'm blessed," says I, "if that aint the same chap he had in tow last night, an' rigged out a cloth over strong to begin with."

"Now, my man," says the skipper to him, "tarn to aloft, and tar down them lifts an' backstays." "Ay, ay, sir," says he, quite ready like, though I wish you see what a long face he pulled at first dip into the tar can. A smart, knowing-like chap he was, though he

put his feet into the ratlins like a post-boy, an' went up a bit at a time, smearin' all in his way, instead of from the mast-head down, till of a sudden smash comes the can on deck out o' the maintop, without, "Stand from under." The whole forenoon, I do b'lieve, if the skipper didn't keep that poor devil going aloft, out on the yards, an' gettin' the ropes by heart, in a drizzle of rain, and after every one else was gone. I couldn't make it out at all, until we hears the day after, just afore haulin' through the dockway at flood, as how there was a reg'lar bobbery kickin' up about docks: a dozen out-bound craft boarded by p'lice and gov'ment officers, all about some quill-driving don that had cut his stick with a sight o' money. As soon as I caught the hand in the red shiirt lookin' over his shoulder, I smoked the rig in a moment, an' says the skipper, "You, Smith, up to the fore-taups'l yard, an' overhaul the gear." There was only Jim an' me, and the two mates, an' some dock-wallopers on deck, hard tailing on to the warp-ropes, an' a couple o' ship's boys aloft; the other hands came out in a boat as we dropped down. Just as we sheers round into the river, there was a large New York steamer, paddles backed and 'scape-pipe roaring, and full of passengers, as was being sarched from stem to stern, where they found the gentleman's traps aboard sure enough, without hi'self. Nor no sooner was we abeam of her, but a boat pulls alongside, and three officers jumps up the gangway.

"Got any passengers aboard, captain?" says they. "Not as long as my name's Eikabode Tappan," says he; "'taint a payin' consarn, I expect." "Look sharp aloft there, and loose that fore-taups'l," sings out the skipper; and I couldn't help grinning when I squints up, an' sees the chap with the red shiirt bent over the yard, after havin' to hail, "Ay, ay, sir," as gruff as a bo'sun. "Bear a hand there, ye lubber; overhaul the reef-tackles an' eluelins—d'ye hear? Forrud there, sheet home fore-taups'l." "Must look into your cabins, sir," says the officers. "Well, if it's law," says the skipper, "I can't go ag'in it; but a fair wind can't wait, you know, gents," says he, "an' I shouldn't like to break my rule ag'in passengers. I reckon we're gettin' a good deal o' way upon her." By the time they comed on deck again, we had the two taups'ls, fores'l, and spanker set upon her, and I was at the wheel, the hands aboard rigging out the jib-boom; and, "Well," thinks I, as they got down the side to pull back, "if it had been but a frigate's reefer instead, he'd have hauled on a different rope, Captain Tappan." Hows'ever, we soon caught a good wind; and by the way the windmills along the heights went whirling round, we expected a staggering breeze past the Point. How she did take it, too, on them two slapping taups'ls o' hers, the moment she got the full weather, blue out o' the Irish Channel, with a smart swell! Hard work it was grinding her wheel down; but she came to in a twinkling, ready to fly into it. I saw how it 'ud be at worst: with that spread of canvas, and them heavy spars, with the hands we had, in a gale and on a wind, we'd no more be able to reef or hand the two taups'ls or courses nor as many school-boys. Hows'ever, we was scarce well out from the land, when somethin' more came on our look-out; surging over it with a flash up the bows, all hands busy gettin' ship-shape, I hears the skipper sing out to his black sto'ard below, to hand him up the glass. There was a telegraph goin' upon the headland, which the drift on it couldn't be seen, until the smoke of a large steamer was sighted to win'ward, through the haze, headin' for us from up Channel.

"Well," says the old man, "what's this? I ain't"—"She's double-funnelled," puts in the grumpy mate, lookin' through the glass—"a steam-frigate, I calculate." "No!" says the captain; "you don't—whew—ew!" And he gives a long whistle, seemin' as just at that moment comes out a gleam behind one o' the big Channel swells, then the sound of a heavy gun. "That's a long un," says the mate. "Clap on the jib,

there," sings out Captain Tappan. "Set the gaff-taups'l and royals, Mr Fisher," says he; "and keep her up a point, lad," to me. Away we cracks, with the craft on her best foot, balling off eleven knots pleasantly. We had the heels of the steamer; but if that wasn't enough, what does we see her do shortly, but stand across the New-Yorker's course, to overhaul her the second turn. By the second dog-watch, it bein' late season and soon dark, we'd lost sight of 'em both. Our Yankee skipper's fashion was to close-reef all afore turning in, man-o'-war style, if the weather was fiekle in narrow waters, otherways there was no keeping the craft in hand: it took all on us to one yard at a turn, so ye may fancy what it would a' been in a blow! All the next day, havin' stood well to the east'ard, we sees nought o' the smoke-flag, "Admiral Jones's pennant," as we used to call it in the old Pacific; so cracks on everything that would draw till mornin', when it fell a pretty dead calm, with a swell off the mouth of the British Channel. About four bells i' the afternoon we sees our queer customer from the fok'sle come 'pon deck out o' the cabin, in a pilot-coat: all at onst the fellow hails the skipper through the skylight, and there, sure enough, was a smoke to west'ard of us, just over the smooth o' the water-line, when we rolled. By five bells you could see the two funnels quite plain, the steamer seemin'ly havin' cruized the two days to win'ward of our course, for an airin' to her hands, an' then comed back to pick us up. The captain looks at his chap, an' then at the steamer. "Yes," says he, taking the cigar out of his teeth, "that's considerable nasty, I expect?" An' I did feel for the other fellow from his looks. "Well," says the skipper, "there's a cloud brewin' to win'ward though. We'll have it hot an' heavy from the nor'west directly. Lay aloft there, all hands, to reef taups'ls?" And he takes the wheel from the hand aft. "Close reef," he sings out, as soon as we'd got hold on the earrings. The yards was braced round, and the swell rose in no time: the cloud was all round the weather-side in a quarter of an hour, as black-blue as you please, and the red sun goin' down through it, till the tops of the heavy swells was as red as blood. It was quite dark in that quarter, when we hears the thud, thud o' the steamer's paddles, and her engine clanking, an' over out o' the cloud she comes as black as night, right upon the comb of a sea; and all in a moment it was white foam, pouring down the water-side, and her full jib and gaff's'ls jibing as she went round. Up we went above her, looking on to her deck over the smoke; the men at stations, and a gun ran out to loo'ard. "Port, port," sings out our skipper, "keep full." The steamer's pipe roared like thunder, and she kept givin' a stroke now an' then; the captain and a lieutenant stood up on the paddle-box, holding on by a rail.

"What barque's that?" screams out the captain through his speakin'-trumpet; and afore there was time to hail—"Round to, and keep under my quarter till the squall's over—her Majesty's ship Salamander." "Daresn't do it, captain," sings out the skipper. "I'll distast you then, by —!" The wind took us just then on the top of a sea, main-taups'l swung full, and away we went, with no time to rise on the swell, shippin' a tremendous horsehead, that washed every one off his feet holding on. Our last sight of the steam-frigate, she was plugin' off one green comber to another, half her length, out against the light, and her weather-flipper whirling round, feelin' for the water, an' the next minute buried up to the grating in a foam. She'd her wrong side to us, or I don't doubt she'd ha' let drive off the top o' the wave with that infarnal long eighteen.

'When the Declaration rose again, hows'ever, it was pitch dark; nothin' to be seen but the foam gleaming, and a white line 'twixt sky an' sea to win'ward, or the binnacle lamp in-board. It took two of us at the wheel, hard up an' hard down, to hold her; runnin' as straight suth'ard as might be, under nothin' but spanker,

close taups's, and foretopmast-stays's; wind blowing strong abeam, and a blast o' rain. About three bells morning watch the weather cleared a little, with a break to starnward. All of a sudden the look-out on the foreyard hails out, "Light, ho! two lights hard on the lee-bow." And the captain goes aloft to overhaul them. Down he comes—"Cape You-shan't right ahead, Mr Fisher," says he: "we'll never weather it under this canvas, an' can't go about neither. Up there! shake out reefs! swig up taups's-halyards!" says he. An' up goes the high cloth against the scud to loo'ard, till we made out the two lights from the wheel, drawin' end on, low down betwixt the swells as she pitched aloft. "Split them two lights," says he to the wheel, "or we're ashore in an hour. Press her well up, my lads," says he; "loose away the mains'l there." "She'll never bear it," says the mate. "Don't know the Declaration yet, Mr Fisher, I guess," says he. "Board maintack there, ride him down with a will, men. Haul aft the sheet." Well how she pitched, an' drove right under, shippin' green seas over the weather-chains! She hove a fellow over the wheel without, "By your leave;" an' the maintack surged like a capstan-fall, every strand with a purchase on it. "It's blowing harder," says the mate. "Half an hour, and we're off," says the skipper. But sure enough, by that time we was reeling through—down head and up again, like a Dutchman's cow—first a hawl through the rigging, and then a calm in the trough, things lookin' black for the masts of her. "Ease off the maintack," sings out the skipper; "an' stand by to brail up and furl." Ticklish work it was to do as much as the first; but hand the sail we couldn't, with the captain and his passenger at the wheel to free all hands; so out in the trails we let it blow, like a fisherman's bladders, an' got up to reef taups's coaster-fashion. As soon as the halyards was let go, cluelins an' reef-tackles chock up, the sail drove into the lee-rigging, jammed through the shrouds, every square a bag o' wind; ship careening right down to loo'ard; the yard like to slide us off, if it didn't shake us; an' not a hand on deck to touch a rope. We couldn't compass it nohow; an' the mate sings out to the wheel to luff a little, and shake the sail. "Furl it!" roars out the captain, giving her a weather-spoke or two; an' sartinly we did get up the head-leeches of the sail, and the gaskets passed round one yard-arm, when up slap comes the foot of it in the blast, with a noise like thunder, hammering our heads an' blindin' us till the whole was free again. Not having her jib neither, she was just broaching to with that bit of a luff, when the fo'taups's saved her: snap went the martingale-stay as it was, and she carried away her jib-boom in the first pitch. The skipper filled away in a moment, grinding the helm hard up, and singin' out to us to leave the sail, an' sheet it half home again; so off she stood, squaring yards before the wind, easing off sheets, flying over it with a roll. We couldn't take another stitch off her; an' if I ever seed a craft runnin' away with her masters, that was it. Hows'ever, the mornin' was broke, and straight down the Bay of Biscay for the two mortal watches we goes, before the stiffest nor-easter I remember, without lying to. She made easier weather, the skipper al'ays said, on a drive as with a helm lashed. At night I didn't like the looks of it noway; the sea was gettin' tremendous; the wind pinned ye to the rigging; and as cowl'd as a man could stand, though 'twas as dry as oakum, 'cept for the spray.

"Them sticks wond stand it, cap'en," says the mate, lookin' aloft like a stargazer, an' as gloomy as the bowsprit end. "You don't know them sticks, Mr Fisher," says the skipper. "I may say I raised 'em and smoked 'em myself. They're as tough as whalebone. They'll stand it, if the cloth don't." "True enough, sir," says the mate; an' a little after, just as she rose out of a lull, away doesn't the fo'taups's go, with such a crack, out o' the bolt-rope, clean away to loo'ard, like a puff of smoke. "Set the mainstays's," sings out the skipper, "and keep her up a bit, my lad."

'I thinks I sees that passenger-fellow's face by the mizen-rigging, as he held on like death, and the barque lung over the black surge, up an' down, like looking for her shadow in the troughs, and climbing the hill for fear on it, shipping the grim seas in her waist as she came up. Blessed if he didn't show the white rag that time! an' I thou't myself as he'd done somethin' bad. The men said he looked like a chap would ha' been glad of the gallows; and one swore his next trick at the helm to luff up into a sea, an' lend a hand to sweep clear of him. Hows'ever, by the mornin' watch our wind was laid a bit, an' we driving as bare as we could to sou'-west, main-taups's-yard still half down to the cap, with the sail set. The craft took it better nor ever I seed a craft do with the same sea on; but the mate said we'd run three degrees out of our course. By eight bells noon, what does the captain do but call all hands aft, to say as she'd never lie her course, he was goin' to bear up and run due south, a three month's trip for Monte Video. "I expect," says he, "to make somethin' of it thereaway, an' a sight better market. So, my lads," says he, "if you'll ship, an' no words, why I'll make it two dollars a-head warmer by the month." Every one looks at his neighbour, and grins as he walks forrard, seein' as it was no use to growl, if we'd wanted. For one, I'd ha' been ready cheer ship. "Mr Fisher," says the skipper, "square away the yards, and swig up that maintaups's-yard. Down maintack, too; I see the wind's moderatin' pretty fast. Pull an' by, my man," says he to the wheel; so away we cracked on her, with a starn sea running, for the Canaries.

'Long yarn, Bob, if I told you the rig our skipper played with the blockhead* at Monte Video, an' them lubberly Brazil cruisers. All I've got to say now is, as it's hard on eight bells, my chum an' I heerd, on gettin' back to Liverpool a couple o' year after, as how that there chase of ours from the steam-frigate warn't about the passenger at all, but a consarn of our sharp-sailin' skipper's, as only an Admiralty clerk could take the turns out on. I never knowed the rights on it; but I don't doubt he kept clear o' both the Channel and Boston for a good spell.'

'Well, mate,' said Bob, as he passed the ball for the last time, 'give us the other yarn in the first watch.' Whether Harry did so or not, I, belonging to the larboard watch, had no opportunity of hearing it.

HISTORY OF A SOD.

'Always examine what other men reject as worthless.'

WE may perhaps be thought jesting when we affirm that the history of a sod of grass is one of great interest; and we are content to refer to what follows for our justification, as we state our serious conviction, that the reflections to which a little clump of green turf give rise, are replete with instruction of no mean order. The sod before us, and the pen in hand, we must proceed methodically to our investigation—investigate it historically, botanically, and chemically. Observing this order, we may first inquire how the sod took origin. If we examine its structure, we shall find that it is a thick and consistent mass of roots, which, by their countless entanglements, have enclosed a quantity of the soil beneath in such a manner that it is scarcely to be separated from them. This structure enables us to remove the sod wholly from the surface of the place upon which it is found. How, then, was the foundation, so to speak, of this mass of vegetable fibres and mould laid? If our sod was cut from the stony bosom of a rock, the answer lies far back in ages gone by. A tiny lichen began the work there; and after serving its purpose in coating the naked and desolate surface with a thin layer of vegetable mould, it was at length vanquished by a stronger than itself in the form of a waving, clustering moss. The winds and tempests of years tried the courage of the moss, and many times threatened its utter destruction; but it still

* Blockade.

held firm. The lichen which preceded it had roughened the hard surface, and the clasping fibres of the moss laid hold of the smallest inequalities. The rain descended, and the winds blew; but neither conquered; for the moss flourished, and had a thriving family, which being rapidly joined by vagrant relations and friends, the rock began to look green. This was the first robe. By and by the birds of a distant region found rest on the rock, and left behind them the undigested grains of herbs plucked and devoured many miles away. Of these, some lived, some remained dead. Of the living ones, eventually only a few survived, for some were too delicately appetised to exist on the thin face of their new cradle, and became rapidly choked by those sturdy rustics who were content with a draught of rain (containing a fraction of ammonia), and with such a minute amount of alkalies as was left by the mosses and lichens in their decaying remains. A wiry vegetation was now busy in constructing the foundation of the future sod. Little rootlets, tough as cords, and pushing themselves in every direction, bound together the loose and incoherent mass of decaying tissues, sand, and degraded soil, which the previous occupants had left behind them. The rock itself suffers change. Water and carbonic acid attack it, and it slowly crumbles. The plants now formed help the work; they appropriate its ingredients; the depth of soil increases. It has also become richer; consequently a better class of plants can live thereon. Now the hardy-constituted wiry grass either dies of too much food, or is choked in retribution by the descendants of those which it formerly killed. The soft green blades of fragrant grasses come up, and paint the once gray and dreary landscape in the most refreshing colours. Year succeeds to year; the winter kills some; the spring awakens others; and the summer ripens the seeds of a multitude of grasses which the autumn shakes to the earth, and by its heavy rains, causes to take root in the soil. Layer after layer of roots overtops the last. All traces of the early mosses are lost in the brown humus at the bottom, so that one could scarcely form even a conjecture as to how the work began.

But possibly our sod has been taken from a rich meadow, lying along the sides of a deep inland-penetrating stream, thick, rank, and luxurious, with crowding blades and towering stems. This green meadow was once a quiet lake, or perhaps a part of a more tumultuous sea. From those 'heaven-kissing hills' which form the rough, uneven outline of the horizon, and from which the stream takes origin, centuries have washed down tons upon tons of alluvial soil. The waters of the lake grew shallow, aquatic plants fringed its edges, and assisted the process. The waters sank, the land rose. No sooner did it appear above the surface, than, as if with wings, the seeds of numberless grasses and other plants flew thither, and rapidly colonised the spot. But though the surface looked quickly green, much time must elapse before the due thickness of a sod is formed. Many a contest also will take place between sturdy docks, and noisome weeds, and the sweet-leaved grass, before the latter gains the entire supremacy; and in fact this it never absolutely succeeds in effecting without aid from man. In a few years this work, too, is completed, and the surface over which in bygone times the ripple rolled, or the billow heaved, now rejoices in a waving garment of the freshest green.

So far for the pure history of the sod; now for its botany. Those who have never taken the pains to examine the herbage of a sod, will be disposed to believe all grass to be pretty much the same, if indeed a difference be admitted at all. We believe very few are really aware of the number and beauty of the species which may be, and often are, contained within an area to which a hat would form an ample tent. Mr Curtis, well known for his various works on natural history and botany, tried a curious experiment with the assistance of a friend. Sods of grass six inches only in diameter were cut from nine different places in Hampshire and Sussex, and were selected indiscriminately from the spots whence they were removed. They were then planted in Mr Curtis's

garden, where they thrived luxuriantly. On being examined, the following interesting discovery was made: One piece of sod from Selborne Common, *six inches* diameter, contained *fourteen* different species of grass; and, singular enough, a similar sod from Ringmer Down contained an equal number. Others bore respectively nine, seven, six, and five species—none contained fewer than *three*. Who has not inhaled with pleasure the sweet perfume of new hay? This perfume is due to the presence of the *Anthoxanthum odoratum* (sweet-scented vernal grass). Even the green leaves of this graceful grass readily impart this perfume to the fingers by which they are bruised. Another species somewhat like it in appearance is the fox-tail grass; but it is more coarse in foliage, and is destitute of the fragrant odour of the former. Another, and a more elegant species, is the well-known, almost ubiquitous, *Poa pratensis*, which springs up alike on our old walls and on the fostering bosom of our fertile pastures. Every one must have admired the beautifully fine hair-like grass which clothes the surface of our dry heaths, downs, and sheep-walks—a grass upon whose velvet-like surface the foot is seldom weary of resting. This grass is called the *Agrostis capillaris*, in evident allusion to its character; and being admirably constituted so as to endure heat and drought, it furnishes a valuable food to the mountain-fed sheep, that would otherwise be altogether destitute at such seasons, or could feed only in the sheltered valleys of these regions. Another grass equally adapted for a peculiar situation, and almost certain to be found in our lump of sod, if it was taken from the hard bosom of a northern limestone rock, is called the *blue dog's-tail* grass; and for such situations as it is found in it is well adapted, from its at all times affording sheep a tolerably fair pasture. Beside these, there are probably in our sod the curious, inconstant, yet common grass called rye-grass, or *Lolium perenne*, of the most vigorous growth, and in rich meadows greedily consumed by cattle. Mr Curtis says that this grass appears to vary *ad infinitum* even in its wild state: he had seen a variety of it with double flowers, and one with awns, both of which are very uncommon. In some pastures, such as are not very moist, the stalks are sometimes viviparous towards autumn; sometimes it produces scarcely any stem, and much foliage; at others, little foliage, and an abundance of flowering stems. It is a curious fact, that if we examine this same sod, having returned it again to the earth, in the next year, or in the year following, we shall in all probability find that an entire change of species has taken place. Some that are now luxuriant will then have degenerated, and some that are now weak will then have become entirely removed from the army of green blades. Why is this? It is found that if the grasses are kept close shaven to the ground, or are fed down, to use the agricultural phrase, this deterioration is avoided; whereas it is almost sure to follow if the herb is allowed to run to seed. It is a sort of natural rotation. Changes in the soil very probably take place which are favourable to the other varieties, but detrimental, or less favourable to these; and the natural consequence is, that the healthiest wins the field.

Let us lay the grass stem under the knife. On removing its leaves from the glistening surface of the stem, they will be found attached at their base to a joint, which they also partly embrace. What are these joints? Passing the knife through the stem, it is found that it has this striking difference from other plants: it is a hollow tube, and at each joint a sort of diaphragm or cross partition is stretched so as to divide the stem into a number of closed cylinders, each having no connection whatever with the one above or below. This is exactly the structure of a bamboo. It is on this account that a great botanist has declared that our tiny inhabitants of the sod, which we have been wont to despise and trample under foot, belong to a noble family, which, under favouring influences of sun and warmth, carry their heads near ten times higher in the heavens than we ourselves—these are the bamboos. In his own words—the words of Nees Von Esenbeck—

grasses are but dwarf bamboos. The microscope only can reveal the true beauty and structure of the minute flowers which adorn the lowly grasses. Thus examined, they present a pleasing and interesting study. Every one must have seen the curious little spikelets of the brome, or meadow grasses; and the attentive eye will have marked here and there a yellow stamen peeping out of its unattractive flower. The microscope, or a good lens, reveals the fact, that every spikelet is made up of many flowers beautifully arranged together, as if they were the coverings of one which does not appear. Each little flower consists of a couple of tiny scales, supporting the hairs or bristles with which we are so familiar. These little scales—technically, *paleæ*—cover two other smaller scales, which appear to be the rudimentary calyx or corolla of the flower; and these, with the others, enclose and shelter the stamens and ovary. With the structure of the seed we do not think it necessary to deal. Suffice it to add, that in the counsels of a watchful Providence, it has been so ordained that that rapidity of growth which is essential to the speedy covering of the earth with her green mantle, has been both foreseen and beautifully provided for in its fabrication.

We may consider that two chemical processes meet in our sod—the one belonging to the chemistry of life, the other to that of decay and death. To take the last first. If the roots of the sod are carefully examined, it will not be difficult to separate the living from the dead; and the latter class includes the decaying and decayed. The brown, friable, pulverulent matter which is called mould, and composes a considerable portion of the underground mass of the sod, is vegetable fibre having undergone its complete decay. Chemists call it *humus*. It is insoluble, or nearly so, in water; it cannot, therefore, although rich in carbon, contribute any of that element directly to the thick vegetation flourishing above. Yet it was long considered that this very humus was the real and only origin of the wood of plants. As, however, plants can only receive soluble particles by their roots, and those of humus are insoluble, it is a very simple and just conclusion to arrive at, that the source of carbon in vegetation lies not for the most part in the soil. The thin air and the viewless winds will better answer the question. Is the humus of the sod, then, altogether useless? Not so. It is the reservoir of all the alkaline and mineral ingredients of the last generation of plants, and these are absolutely essential to the wellbeing, even to the existence, of vegetation. In the undisturbed greensward, allowed to lie for years by the grazier, this stock of salts amounts to a large quantity; and if the plough is now sent through it, the smiling sod torn up, broken, and crushed and sown for wheat, a crop of vast luxuriance follows. But this only lasts for a year or two, and the land returns to its former average, or possibly falls under, for reasons not to be here entered into. In the upper layers of the sod, vegetable fibre in the actual process of decay is sure to be found. It may be recognised by its crumbling character and brown colour. Possibly it consists of the slain bodies of the grasses which were felled by the last winter's frosts. Water and air are busy here; the work of destruction hastens on; the woody fibres undergo 'eremecausis,' to use the Liebigian phrase—that is, they are slowly, or by degrees consumed. In so doing, they are continually evolving small portions of carbonic acid gas; the fibres become more and more broken up; until at length it is not possible to distinguish them from the pulverulent humus above-mentioned. In this process all the salts and mineral constituents which entered into the composition of the original fibres are again surrendered to the soil in their turn, to enter into new relations, and to serve new purposes in the physiological economy of another generation. The carbonic acid gas eliminated in decay is not produced in vain. When the rootlets of the young grasses are feeble, while the growing stem and leaves draw much upon them, the genial rain descending dissolves this gas, and supplies it to the spongioles of the roots in a liquid form, to be then carried up into the vegetable system, and there decomposed. So far for the chemistry of death in the sod. How little do we prize the purifying in-

fluence of our green fields! How little value the myriads of minute laboratories in the greensward, which, busy all the day long, drink up the detrimental carbonic acid gas of our empoisoned air, and pour out in return, volume for volume, invisible fountains of purest oxygen! Such, humble as they are, is their high vocation, so far as it directly relates to man. That fatal gas which he and his manufactures, and his humbler relatives in the zoological scheme—animals, birds, and the almost invisible insect—alike combine to produce, the cheerful sward feeds upon, gladly appropriates, makes into wood, turns into leaves and stems, and, more useful still, converts into health-sustaining food for man and beast. During the shades of night the grass lands, in common with the rest of vegetation, evolve carbonic acid; but it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the preponderance is incomparably in favour of the oxygen evolution during the day.

We have spoken of the tender blades which crown our sod as forming food. The chemical analysis effected by Sir H. Davy shows that the following principles in the grasses are those by the possession of which it is adapted for this end. Their remarkable simplicity will not fail to be observed: mucilage, sugar, bitter extractive matter, a substance analogous to albumen, and various saline ingredients. Let this suffice for the history of a sod. The desire has been to exhibit, however imperfectly, the rich and varied amount of interest and instruction which may be made to flow out of the contemplation of one of the commonest objects in nature.

ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

AUTHORSHIP is not so ancient a profession in this country as it is usually considered. Before the beginning of the last century there were hardly any mere authors—that is, persons who lived by literature as a trade. Writers did something else as well as write, if it was only to fetch and carry for their patrons; and except in a few rare instances, books were made in the pauses of the real business of the world, or else manufactured to the order of those who could afford to say, with a later flatterer of the muses, 'We keeps a poet.' An author was part of the train of the aristocracy: he could do nothing without patronage, for the 'reading public' was not yet fairly born; and the consequence was a general servility and toadyism—an acknowledgment of inferiority—which influenced the destinies of literary men long after the cause had ceased to exist.

But patronage was not an evil in itself—it was an indispensable step in the progress of literature. Patrons enabled authors to write, and in some measure compelled the public to read; and as the taste for letters spread more widely, they themselves, having fulfilled their mission, retired gradually before the new power they had invoked. Although patrons, however, cannot coexist with a reading public, the habit of servility survived their withdrawal; and even in our own day, there have been seen specimens of the dedicational fulsomeness which was fashionable at the time when the dedication made the fortune of the book. Such, however, are rare exceptions; and generally speaking, authors, placed as they are on a more equitable and prosperous footing, exhibit in their manner the badge of their independence.

And this occurred occasionally, too, in an earlier day than ours—even in that transition period when patrons were only retiring, and the public only advancing, and when authors hardly knew which way to look, behind or before. 'The notice,' wrote Johnson to Lord Chesterfield, 'which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it;

till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.' Not long before this, the high-hearted author had been arrested for L.5, 18s.; and not long after, he was obliged to give up, as too expensive, his lodgings in Gough Square, where he had but a single chair for the accommodation of his visitors, balancing himself in the meanwhile on another with three legs and one arm.

Among the authors of this trying period, although it was fertile in enduring names, none is regarded with more interest at the present day than Oliver Goldsmith. He may be said to be the very opposite of Johnson, not only in character, but even in style—and yet the men were friends; for the 'inspired idiot' and the 'great Cham of literature' were connected by a fine thread of humanity, over which the antagonisms of manner and position had no power. 'Oliver Goldsmith,' says John Forster,* 'must be held to have succeeded in nothing that the world would have had him succeed in. He was intended for a clergyman, and was rejected when he applied for orders; he practised as a physician, and never made what would have paid for a degree. The world did not ask him to write, but he wrote, and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want in the long and sordid catalogue, which in its turn and in all its bitterness he did not feel. The experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his "Animated Nature"—"people who die really of hunger, in common language, of a broken heart"—was his own. And when he succeeded at the last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly-approaching decay, which was to lead him, by its flickering and uncertain light, to an early grave.'

This is from the preface to a volume which we wish to recommend warmly to our readers, and but little the less warmly that we think Mr Forster does not discriminate nicely enough between the character of the author and that of the man, and that he thus suffers himself to be led occasionally into some injustice to the persons with whom his hero came in contact. But a generous enthusiasm of this kind is by no means characteristic of the time, and we are not sure that the world does not gain more by the feeling than it loses in the fact. At anyrate, a biography of Goldsmith *could* not have been worthily written by a cold heart or a tranquil brain; and of all the men we know, the best adapted for painting the lifelong struggles of this outcast child of nature and fortune is John Forster.

The life of Goldsmith has hitherto been but little known in its details, for it required a congenial mind to search out and recognise its materials, and fill up the spaces vacant of authentic record from the hinted facts and unconscious recollections of the subject himself. The narrative, however, is well worth some trouble, not only as conveying the personal history of a man of genius, but as serving to illustrate in a most interesting manner the important literary period we have described as that transition state between private and public patronage, which led to the establishment of authorship in this country as a distinct and now crowded profession. We shall take some pains, therefore, to follow Mr Forster in his narration; and we only regret that the space to which we are restricted will preclude our doing this so often as we could wish in his own language—a language always energetic, and not seldom elegant.

Oliver Goldsmith, born in 1728, was the son of a vil-

lage clergyman in Ireland. He was an ungainly boy: short, plain, awkward, heavy, yet of an affectionate and cheerful disposition. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizer—in other words, a menial; but after his father's death, he was only able to maintain even this miserable position by writing street ballads for his support, at the rate of five shillings each. At night, he used to steal out of the college to hear them sung. 'Happy night!' says his biographer, 'worth all the dreary days! Hidden by some dusky wall, or creeping within darkling shadows of the ill-lighted streets, watched and waited this poor neglected sizer for the only effort of his life which had not wholly failed. Few and dull, perhaps, the beggar's audience at first; more thronging, eager, and delighted when he shouted the newly-gotten ware. Cracked enough his ballad-singing tones, I daresay; but harsh, discordant, loud, or low, the sweetest music that this earth affords fell with them on the ear of Goldsmith. Gentle faces pleased, old men stopping by the way, young lads venturing a purchase with their last remaining farthing; why, here was a world in little, with its fame at the sizer's feet! "The greater world will be listening one day," perhaps he muttered, as he turned with a lighter heart to his dull home.'

He tried for a scholarship, but only succeeded in obtaining an exhibition—worth thirty shillings; and so elated was this wild Irish boy at the unaccustomed success, that he invited some of his companions to a dancing party at his rooms. The festivities were concluded by his tutor bursting in and knocking down the entertainer. Oliver, overwhelmed with the disgrace, ran away from college, but was brought back by his brother. When his college days were gone by, he became a private tutor for a time, but quarrelled with the family, and set off for Cork with L.30 in his pocket, a good horse, and some vague plans about going to America. He returned home very soon, *minus* the money, and mounted on a Rosinante, for which he had given L.1, 15s. Law was his next speculation. He started for London to keep his terms, with L.50 advanced by his uncle; but he was intercepted by his *ill-luck* at Dublin, where he lost the whole at play. Medicine was then tried, and he actually spent eighteen months in Edinburgh as a student; but having become security for a comrade, he left the country, hunted by bailiffs, and proceeded to finish his studies at Leyden. Here he read, taught, borrowed, and gamed for a year, and then determined to pursue his travels farther. A friend lent him wherewith; but Oliver's *ill-luck* still pursued him. Chancing to see some rare and expensive flowers which his worthy uncle in Ireland had a passion for, he bought the roots without hesitation, and sent them off as a gift, leaving Leyden the next day with a flute, a guinea, and his last shirt on his back.

A sketch of his travels is supposed to be given in the history of the philosophic vagabond in the 'Viear of Wakefield.' 'I had some knowledge of music,' says the vagabond, 'with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry—for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle.' 'In other words,' says Mr Forster, 'he begged;' but this is not the Irish interpretation. We once knew a professor of music in London who made it no secret that, when times were bad, he drew his hat over his brow, and took his flute out into the streets. This young Irishman would have scorned to beg, and he never even borrowed without blushing! 'My skill in music,' continues the vagabond, 'could avail me, nothing in Italy, where every peasant was a better

* The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography in Four Books. By John Forster of the Inner Temple, Barrister. Author of the 'Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth.' London: Bradbury and Evans. 1848.

musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventurous disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture.' In due time he reached his destination, and 'in the middle of February 1757, he was wandering without friend or acquaintance, without the knowledge or comfort of even one kind face, in the lonely, terrible London streets.'

This was the point to which he had been gravitating from infancy. London was his destiny; and what were his qualifications to meet it? What armour did he bring with him to the struggle? How was he to bespeak the sympathy, and enlist the good-will, of his fellow-wanderers in those cold, stony, interminable thoroughfares of mankind? How was he to elude the crafty, to oppose the bold, to flatter wealth, to propitiate power? In fine, what were his means of drawing subsistence from the wants, or whims, or weaknesses, or wickedness of men? Plain even to ugliness, insignificant in his figure, vulgar in his look and manner, his speech deformed by a provincial brogue, poorly clothed, without a shilling, without a friend, without a care, a fear, or a reflection, what was he to do in London? Steal, starve, or write. In vain he tried to live by his former employments. In vain he spread plasters for the poor, and taught dunces as the despised and ridiculed usher of a school. His fate found him in spite of all; and the philosophic vagabond, pursuing a routine which remains the usual curriculum of literature to this day, became a drudge of the London periodicals.

The time was unpropitious. Burke, a few years before this date, unable to comprehend the transition period in which it was his fortune to live, made it a subject of complaint to his Irish friends that genius, the 'rather primrose which forsaken dies,' received no encouragement from the nobility, but was left to the capricious patronage of the public. Fielding was recently dead, poor and disappointed; Collins was about to follow, with the addition of madness to his lot; Smollett was engaged in that struggle for bread which was to terminate in a foreign grave; Johnson had just emerged from a sponging-house, to be fed by the booksellers with a single guinea at a time, because he would not work if he had two in his pocket. Richardson alone was successful; but then he was a printer as well as an author, and that made all the difference in the world.

Goldsmith was in his twenty-ninth year when he became an author by profession. He was employed upon the 'Monthly Review' in writing articles which he never acknowledged, as they were all 'tampered with by the proprietor Griffiths or his wife.' He had a small regular salary, with board and lodging; but in five months quarrelled with his employers, being accused by them of idleness, and retorting an accusation of insolence on the part of the man, and a denial of ordinary comforts on that of the woman. The accusation of idleness he met by stating that he worked from nine o'clock till two, and on special days still longer. He now took lodgings in a garret near Salisbury Square, and crept on for some time in obscurity, till his seclusion was suddenly invaded by his youngest brother Charles, who, fancying from the long silence of Oliver that he was getting on famously in the world, had made his way up to London to share in his good fortune. 'All in good time, my dear boy,' cried Oliver joyfully, to check the bitterness of despair. 'All in good time: I shall be richer by and by. Besides, you see, I am not in positive want. Addison, let me tell you, wrote his poem of the Campaign in a garret in the Haymarket, three storeys

high; and you see I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the second storey.' He made Charles sit and answer questions about his Irish friends; but at this point the light is again withdrawn, and for some two months there is greater darkness than before.

He tried the ushership again; but came back—of course, poor moth!—to the candle whose devouring flame he was destined to feed; and by and by, in a letter to a friend, he mentions that he is 'in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score.' After this, thinking in desperation that he might possibly obtain an appointment if he could pass the examination at Surgeons' Hall for an hospital mate, it became an important problem how to obtain a suit of decent clothes. This he solved by writing four articles for the 'Monthly Review,' on condition of Griffiths becoming security to the tailor; and thus handsomely equipped, he presented himself at the Hall, and was found—not qualified. In four days after this, the clothes were sent to the pawnbroker, to discharge a debt due at his lodgings, his landlord having fallen into distress still more dire than his own; and before a week had passed, being in actual starvation, he placed the four books he had reviewed in the hands of an acquaintance as security for a trifling loan. Then instantly followed the demand for the books, and the price of the suit of clothes; and on learning the truth, Griffiths applied to the miserable author the names of 'sharper and villain.'

For this Griffiths, notwithstanding, he wrote subsequently a life of Voltaire, intended to be prefixed to a translation of the 'Henriade.' He received £20 for the service, from which he deducted the price of the suit of clothes; and on being visited soon after by Percy, the well-known collector of the 'Reliques,' he was found busy with another work, the 'Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe.' 'He was writing the Inquiry,' says the future Bishop of Dromore, 'in a miserable dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, he resigned it to me, he was himself obliged to sit on the window. While we were conversing together, some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of a very becoming demeanour, entered the room, and dropping a curtsy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamberpot full of coals."'

The book was at length published. 'Manifest throughout,' says Mr Forster, 'is one overruling feeling under various forms—the conviction that, in bad critics and sordid booksellers, learning has to contend with her most pernicious enemies.' The work made its way; and with the 'Bee,' and his contributions to other periodicals, he seemed to be getting on a little better. One chair and a window seat, however, were still the accommodations of his room; and on a particular occasion, an employer was known to call upon him, and after a noisy altercation, sit three hours till his literary arrears were made up upon the spot. We next find him uniting with Smollett in the 'British Magazine,' and afterwards contributing to the 'Public Ledger' a series of essays, reprinted in 1760 by Mr Newberry, with the well-known title of the 'Citizen of the World.' He now took more respectable lodgings, made the acquaintance—to ripen into the friendship—of Johnson, and wrote various small matters with industry and perseverance.

Goldsmith now made his appearance in society, and was accustomed to frequent the parlour of Davies the bookseller, the resort of many literary men. 'A frequent visitor was Goldsmith; his thick, short, clumsy figure, and his awkward, though genial manners, oddly contrasting with Dr Percy's precise, reserved, and stately. The high-bred and courtly Beauclerc might deign to saunter in. Often would be seen there the broad fat face of Foote, with wicked humour flashing from the eye; and sometimes the mild long face of Bennet Langton, filled with humanity and gentleness.

There had Goldsmith met a rarer visitor, the bland and gracious Reynolds, soon after his first introduction to him, a few months back, in Johnson's chambers; and there would even Warburton drive in his equipage "besprinkled with mitres," on some proud business of his own, after calling on Garrick in Southampton Street. His next step was the settlement in comfortable lodgings, where his board of L.50 a-year was guaranteed by Newberry. Here he was visited by Hogarth, and became a member of the famous literary club established by Reynolds, admission into which was speedily considered a distinction by the greatest in the land.

But he was still in deep pecuniary straits, and all the deeper, perhaps, for the new company he kept. 'I received one morning,' Boswell represents Johnson to have said, 'a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

Soon after this adventure, was published the 'Traveller,' and the name of Oliver Goldsmith appeared for the first time on a title-page. A higher distinction still was the declaration of Johnson, that so fine a poem had not appeared since the days of Pope; and when the great lexicographer read it aloud in company, 'from the beginning to the end of it,' a sister of Reynolds said that she should never more think Goldsmith ugly. For this poem, which Charles Fox called one of the finest in the English language, it does not seem probable that he received more than twenty guineas. He was prevented by his own want of common sense from deriving a greater advantage than this; for on being told by the Earl of Northumberland that he was going to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, and would be glad to do the author of the Traveller a service, 'poor Goldy' could only reply that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. 'Thus,' adds Hawkins, the teller of the anecdote, 'did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortune, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him;' and Forster informs us that only a few days before the said idiot had borrowed fifteen shillings and sixpence from a friend.

Goldsmith's next attempt was to unite medicine with literature—to practise as a doctor; and out he came accordingly 'in purple silk small-clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure buttoned to his chin, and with all the additional importance derivable from a full dress, professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane.' The clothes cost four and a half guineas, and the doctor was so mightily pleased with them, that in the course of six months he got three more suits of a similar kind out of the unfortunate tailor. Nor is this indulgence to be wondered at, since the fact of wearing such a garb deprived him of all his customary enjoyments. No more tea at the White Conduit—no more ale at the club at Islington—no more nights at the Wrekin or St Giles's! Goldsmith was now a professional man, and must behave himself genteelly.

The 'Vicar of Wakefield' now appeared, the identical novel which, through the agency of Johnson, had some time before released its author from the hands of the bailiffs. 'Every one,' says Forster, 'is familiar with the Vicar of Wakefield. We read it in youth and in age. We return to it, as Walter Scott has said, again

and again; "and we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." . . . Simple to very baldness are the materials employed. But he threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion of his chequered life; and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men.' Creating no stir at first, admiration gathered slowly but steadily around it; edition after edition appeared, and it was translated into several continental languages. Herder read it aloud to Goethe; and Goethe, 'some seventeen years ago, standing, at the age of eighty-one, on the very brink of the grave, told a friend that, in the decisive moment of mental development, the Vicar of Wakefield had formed his education, and that he had lately, with unabated delight, "read the charming book again from beginning to end."'

His next original effort was the 'Good-Natured Man,' which, on the first night of its appearance, was barely saved from condemnation, poor Goldsmith looking on with inexpressible dismay. He supped, however, in company, sang his favourite song, and was very noisy; but 'all the while,' said he afterwards, 'I was suffering horrid tortures; and verily believe, that if I had put a bit into my mouth, it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that, and so they never perceived my not eating, nor, I believe, at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. But when all were gone, except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore by — that I would never write again.' By this comedy he made L.500, which, with his usual thoughtlessness, he laid out upon the purchase and furniture of chambers, and so involved himself in difficulties which he never surmounted. In these lodgings he seems to have lived with the most reckless extravagance; and he had other draughts upon his purse besides of another kind. 'He had two or three poor authors always on his list, besides "several widows and poor housekeepers;" and when he had no money to give the latter, he seldom failed to send them away with shirts or old clothes, sometimes with the whole contents of his breakfast-table, saying with a smile of satisfaction after they were gone, "Now let me only suppose I have ate a much heartier breakfast than usual, and I'm nothing out of pocket." His last guinea, exclaims Cooke, after relating some stories of this kind, was the boundary of his munificence.'

It is strange that the life of a poet and romancer should be graced by no love passage! The only thing in the volume even tending that way is the following account of two young ladies, the daughters of Captain Horneck. 'The eldest, Catherine, *Little Comedy*, as she was called, was already engaged to Henry William Bunbury, second son of a baronet of old family in Suffolk, whose elder son Charles had lately succeeded to the title, who is still remembered as *Geoffrey Gambado*, and as one of the cleverest amateur artists and social caricaturists of his day. The youngest, Mary, had no declared lover till a year after Goldsmith's death, nor was married till three years after that engagement to Colonel Gwyn; but already she had the loving nickname of the *Jessamy Bride*, and exerted strange fascination over Goldsmith. Heaven knows what impossible dreams may at times have visited the awkward unattractive man of letters! But whether at any time aspiring to other regard than his genius and simplicity might claim, at least for these the sisters heartily liked him; and perhaps the happiest hours of the later years of his life were passed in their society. Burke, who was their guardian, tenderly remembered in his premature old age the delight they had given him from their childhood; their social as well as personal charms are uniformly spoken of by all; and when Hazlitt met the younger sister in Northcote's painting-room some twenty years ago (she survived *Little Comedy* upwards of forty years, and died little more than seven years since!), she was still talking of her favourite Dr Goldsmith, with recollection and affec-

tion unabated by time. Still, too, she was beautiful; beautiful even in years. The graces had triumphed over age. "I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room," says Hazlitt, "looking round with complacency."

Goldsmith was now working at his various compilations; and in a letter to his brother, he notifies his appointment as 'professor of ancient history in a royal academy of painting,' which, in his situation, he remarks is something like ruffles to one who wants a shirt. Yet, with his usual generosity, he gives up to his needy relatives a legacy of L.15. The 'Deserted Village' was now published, and its success was instant and decisive. Many light miscellaneous works came after, with which the author replenished his purse for the theatres, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, where he strutted about gaily dressed, and with a bag wig and sword. 'She Stoops to Conquer' followed, and met with prodigious success; and then 'Retaliation'—the last flash of his genius.

His debts were increasing, no longer by shillings and pence, but by hundreds, till they amounted at last, it is said, to L.2000; and as their burden waxed, Goldsmith sunk. He had neither the fortitude to reduce his expenses, nor the nerve to complain to his friends; and he 'bitterly felt a reproach,' his biographer tells us, which Johnson gave him at their last interview, in sending away, as a reproach, a whole second course untouched. He was attacked by a local disorder to which he was subject. 'It was neglect,' says Davies, 'which now brought it on. It was continual vexation of mind, arising from his involved circumstances; and death, I really believe, was welcome to a man of his great sensibility.' His worst symptom was want of sleep, and it was feared that this of itself might prove fatal. 'Is your mind at ease?' said Dr Turton, suddenly bethinking himself of the pregnant question. 'No, it is not,' was the reply—the last words of Goldsmith. He died on the 4th of April 1774, having then lived five months beyond his forty-fifth year.

We have now touched lightly upon the leading points in the character and career of one of the most delightful of English authors, and have left ourselves no room to follow his biographer in what may be called, after the title of a work of Goldsmith himself, his survey of the state of literature in England, or in the vivid sketches he has introduced from time to time of distinguished contemporaries. But we cannot conclude without adverting once more (for we have already hinted at the subject in the beginning of this article) at the one defect of the volume—its practically confounding the character of the author and the man, and using, however unintentionally, the colours of poetry in rendering weakness amiable and error attractive. It is obviously a mistake to attribute the misfortunes of Goldsmith to the peculiar condition of the literary profession in his time. A career of the most brilliant success would have made him neither happier nor wiser. Through the inherent recklessness of his nature (as strongly marked in the boy ballad-rhymer as in the poet, novelist, and essayist), he would have wanted in the midst of all-wanted luxuries that had become as necessary as bread; and dying, instead of a debt of L.2000, he would have left behind him a debt of L.20,000. His impulses, indeed, were all amiable, but they were governed by no sense of right; and he would thus without scruple commit injustice in order to obtain the means of being generous.

To pity Goldsmith for his poverty is throwing sympathy away. He was happier in his humble pleasures (for he was never too poor for pleasure) than when strutting in a laced coat with Sir Joshua through a masquerade. It may be doubted whether his most abject distresses produced a greater amount of pain than falls to the lot of higher-minded men in passing through the world. The reason why he took the buffets of fortune with a good grace was, that he felt them lightly; and even in his saddest and loneliest moments, he perhaps never had any experience, or even

conception, of the depth of despondency into which a proud and manly nature may be plunged by the casualties of life.

But his miseries, of comparatively little moment to himself, were a great gain to the world. In no other author do we read better practical lessons in the philosophy of poverty; in no other moralist do we find the acerbities of life sweetened by so gentle and kindly a spirit. But this is a part of the scheme of Providence. Without pain, there could be no pleasure; without adversity, no fortitude; without weariness, no hope. Even the most inspiring strains of the muse are suggested by oppression; for wretched men

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

OCTOBER IN ITALY.

THE great heat which prevails in Italy during the summer months, offers little inducement to the traveller to leave the shelter of the city, or the refreshing breezes of the sea-coast. In the rural districts, during that period, the mid-day sun is intolerable. The peasant quits his occupation in the field; the cattle are brought up from the meadow; and the birds of the air are silent, and seek the shade. Hardly a breath of air is abroad to stir the silvery leaves of the olive; and not a sound strikes the ear save the chirrup of the grasshopper, or the croak of some uncomfortable frog in the adjacent pond. The 'quick-eyed lizard' is basking in the sun, and the butterfly is abroad, and the painted dragon-fly; but all else is stillness and sultry repose—nature is taking her nap. Towards the evening, however, things appear to wake up again. All the world is alive, and out of doors. The water-carriers assemble at the well; the peasant girls are strolling through the valley, or over the neighbouring hills; the bat comes forth to enjoy its noiseless flight in the rosy twilight; and as night—balmy night—approaches, myriads of fire-flies people the olive grove, or sport about with their tiny lamps amongst the tall ripe corn.

Towards the latter part of the month of June we made an excursion into the interior of Tuscany, to visit a small village or hamlet about twenty-five miles from Leghorn, called the Baths of Casciana. These baths are situate in a sort of basin in the midst of several small hills, whose features in many places bear indications of considerable volcanic action. The waters are natural hot springs, strongly impregnated with iron; and during the summer months they are resorted to by invalids from various parts, on account of their restorative properties. Our visit was not so much for any benefit we anticipated from the waters, as for the pleasure we promised ourselves in the society of some good friends, who had taken up their quarters there for a short time. During our stay, we visited several parts of the surrounding country; and in one of our evening excursions, we extended our ride as far as a small village or walled town crowning the summit of a hill, and commanding on all sides a most extensive view of the country. The air was pure and salubrious, and the situation delightful. The vine was flourishing on all sides, giving promise of an abundant vintage; and the locality altogether was so charming, that we resolved, if all were well, to pass the month of October there.

In Italy, October is the most beautiful month in the year. The days are brilliant and warm, without being oppressive, and the evenings are cool and exhilarating. It is the favourite month with the Italians, who frequently spend this delightful season at their country villas, or at some rural retreat in the midst of the 'vendemmia,' or vintage.

With this object in view, we ourselves revisited the spot above referred to; and having an introductory line to one of the priests of the place, on one bright afternoon at the close of September, we alighted from our 'calesso' (or country gig), and proceeded to introduce ourselves at his villa. On entering, we encountered

two formidable dogs, which seriously threatened to dispute our passage; but a word from their courteous master soon recalled them to a sense of propriety, and after a little growling, and a precautionary sniff or two at our persons, they permitted us quietly to proceed. Conducting us over the villa, our host expatiated much upon its advantages, and the beauty of its situation. The interior arrangements partook of the usual uniform character of Italian houses, where everything is contrived so as to resist the heat, but where the frequent prevalence of a keen searching wind appears to have been entirely lost sight of. Passing through the antechamber at the entrance, we arrived at a large *salle à manger*, having long windows opening into a balcony. This apartment occupied the centre of the building; and on either side were doors leading to the sleeping-chambers, a library, and a refectory. The walls and ceilings were gaily decorated in fresco, and the floors were of polished red tiles. Throwing open the windows, the priest led us on to a spacious balcony, overlooking an extensive valley, highly cultivated, and rich in all the variegated tints of autumn. Here he pointed out to us the several objects within the range of our vision. There lay the fertile plain of Pisa, with its white city clearly defined in the afternoon's sun; to the left lay the sea; to the right we had the beautiful valley of the Arno, famous for the Tuscan straw; the lake Bientina, Pontedera, Volterra, and all the numerous white villages thickly scattered over the face of the country. In the distance were the magnificent Apennines, with their snowy peaks, extending from the kingdom of Genoa, and round beyond Florence, to the confines of the grand duchy.

On the following morning we walked out to see the neighbourhood, and the little town which was within a few minutes walk of the villa. Entering by one of its antique gates, we passed through the market-place; and by a considerable ascent of steps we reached the chancellor's court, which at one time appears to have been a citadel, but is now used as a prison. The courtyard was very ancient, and decorated with numerous armorial bearings and crests of antique shape and fashion, recalling to our minds those dark, but in many respects brilliant, middle ages, when the disputes of rival factions compelled the people to seek security within walled towns. Such interesting relics of ancient feud are numerous in Tuscany.

Leaving the town, we accompanied the priest over a considerable portion of his property, which extended in one direction for several miles. The country about was undulating, or a series of deep valleys, intersected by ridges of high ground, the latter being pretty well covered with the olive, whilst along the warm slopes and valleys the vine was planted on terraces, and supported by canes, or hung in gay festoons from poplars on the more even ground. Quitting the road, we struck out into by-paths, and over the fields; spoke to the vine-dressers; looked in at cottages, and talked to rosy-faced children; and returning through the valley, we gathered several clusters of blooming fruit from the over-burdened vines on either side of our way.

It is said that in Italy there is no shade; and certainly a person coming direct from England must be struck with the scarcity and poverty of the trees in most parts of the country. Generally speaking, they are not much larger than our garden fruit-trees; although in some of the valleys and defiles, and by the mountain streams, the walnut and sweet chestnut are magnificent. Many of the trees, too, are of the ever-green class, such as the ilex, the olive, the cypress, and yew, with several others; and these, contrasted with the crimson leaves of the cherry, and the richly-variegated tints of the chestnut, give a charming variety to the landscape.

The peasantry of Tuscany and Lucca are excellent farmers, and the admirable system of terrace-cultivation of the olive and vine bears sufficient evidence of their industry and skill. They appear also to make the most

of their ground. 'Pergolas,' or vine-covered walks, are very general; and where they cannot train the vine, they plant the olive and fig-tree; whilst the low and damp grounds are occupied by osiers and canes, which are both very useful in their domestic economy. The Tuscan farmer divides the produce of his land with the proprietor, who usually provides him with seeds and implements of husbandry. The latter are of very rude and primitive fashion; and although many attempts have been made to introduce modern English agricultural implements, there is considerable prejudice against them on the part of the country people, who look upon them as innovations, and seem to think that the wooden ploughs and clumsy harrows and carts of their forefathers are all that can be desired. The peasantry in our neighbourhood were a fine, healthy, and good-looking race, particularly some of the women, who came from the country round about on a market-day, or on a 'festa,' when of course we saw them to the best advantage, dressed in their bright colours and gay ribbons and ornaments; and with those large Tuscan hats shading faces rosy as a Ribston pippin, they looked the very picture of health and contentment. There is a natural politeness and dignity of manner about them which is very prepossessing, and they never pass you on the road without a 'Viva, signore!' or some similar mark of respect or acknowledgment. And after a long ramble over the country, we have often been glad to partake of the simple hospitality of the roadside cottage, receiving many a civility that sought no recompense.

Their habitations are generally pretty clean and neat; the chief apartment being a good kitchen, with the fireplace on a raised hearth, nearly three feet from the ground, and a large funnel-shaped chimney to carry off the smoke. We looked in at one poor man's cot, where the variety of occupancy reminded us much of an Irish dwelling. Three kids were frisking about among a lot of chubby-faced children; a couple of dogs were dozing in one corner; the cat lay stretched at full length in the sunline; and a party of buxom hens were strutting about, quite at home with them all. The walls were adorned with strings of onions, gourds, and red pepper pods, together with extensive colonies of spiders. Milk was scarce, and what there was, was chiefly goats', so that the children knew little about it. The little folks used to get a piece of coarse barley bread for their supper, which was followed by a tumbler of red wine amongst them, and then they were packed off to bed soon after the fowls.

The feast of St Michael, or Michaelmas-day, is considered the first day of vintage in this part of the country; but of course the gathering depends much upon the state of the season and the condition of the grape. Like harvest in our own country, it is a season of great hilarity and enjoyment—every vehicle is in request, and all hands turn out to assist in securing the precious crop. The rude cart slowly takes its way along the valley and through the sun-chequered avenues of luxuriant vines, drawn by two of their fine cream-coloured oxen, so remarkable for their docility and sturdy patience. Each cart is furnished with a mash-tub, as large as it will carry, into which the clusters of grapes are thrown as they are taken from the vine. As we accompanied the cart, and listened to the song of the vintagers, we felt a little concerned to witness such wholesale destruction of fruit, as each blooming damsel came to deliver her basketful of large purple grapes, which were immediately consigned to the tub by the ruthless individual in charge of it. When it is full, the cart returns to the storehouse, where the fruit is mashed up with a wooden club adapted to the purpose (and not pressed with the feet, as in many parts of Italy), after which the whole is carried away in pails—liquor, stalks, and all—and thrown into large vats for the purpose of fermentation. This takes place in a few days, and sometimes in the course of a few hours, according to the state of the atmosphere, and the temperature of the place in which the operation is per-

formed. At such time a movement is perceptible in the liquor; the volume of the fluid increases, and it becomes turbid and oily. At the end of several days, these tumultuous motions subside; the mass falls; and the liquor becomes clearer, and of a red colour, caused by the reaction of the ardent spirit on the colouring matter contained in the pellicle of the grape. When the heat in the mass disappears, and all the phenomena of fermentation have subsided, the liquor is drawn off into casks, where, by a second insensible fermentation, the wine is clarified, and in a very short time becomes fit for use.

The vine appears to us one of the most extraordinary and wonderful productions of nature. Passing through the vineyards in the early part of the year, you see nothing but the dry and sapless plant, not unlike the strands of an old rope hanging from tree to tree. The wood appears so dead and withered, that, as the prophet says, 'It is unfit for any work, nor do men take a pin of it to hang a vessel thereon.' It is utterly valueless even for fuel. But pass we the same spot in the exuberant autumn, and we shall see that withered and apparently sapless branch, staggering and borne down with the weight of clusters of tempting fruit, bringing joy and contentment to thousands, to whom its generous liquor seems as indispensable as bread.

The other staple production of the country is the olive, from the fruit of which the oil is expressed by a very simple process. The berries are carefully gathered in baskets, and passed under a millstone; and when sufficiently bruised, the pulp is put into coarse hempen bags, and placed under a powerful press, from which the liquor runs down into a stone trough, and the oil is seen floating on the surface. This is removed by means of a shallow metal bowl, and poured into large wickered flasks, where it is allowed to stand some time, when the grosser portion of the oil falls, and the finer is poured off into fresh flasks; this operation being repeated until it is sufficiently fine for table, leaving the inferior oil for various purposes connected with the household or farm.

In Tuscany, at this season, a great deal of attention is given to the snaring of birds, which are abundant, and in which amusement our host took a degree of interest that rather surprised us. A few days after our arrival, he took us into one of the upper rooms of his house, where we found upwards of fifty birds of various kinds, all chirruping and singing away most lustily. Each bird occupied a small wicker cage; and noticing that some of the thrushes were blind, we found that their sight had been purposely destroyed, by passing a hot wire over their eyes, in order to make them sing better. Cruel as this custom was, it certainly had the desired effect; for the poor birds appeared to be dreaming of the bright sunshine, and the pleasant tree-tops, and poured forth a stream of song that was almost painful to listen to. These birds were used as decoys, at what is called the 'Paretella;' and at a very early hour, our priest and his man were to be seen, like Machiavel,

—— 'Sallying forth
In an autumnal morn, laden with cages,'

to the scene of operations. The Paretella is a snare for small birds by means of a net, and the one belonging to the priest we shall describe. At the extremity of a ridge of high ground that ran out like a promontory into the valley, there was a green plot about thirty yards long and about fifteen in width. This was enclosed on three sides by a low hedge, and in and about this hedge perhaps thirty of these cages were concealed. In the centre of the ground there was a broad bed of dwarf beech, about four feet high, with its branches properly trimmed, and adapted to the feathered taste and habits; and alongside of this a large net, attached to a frame, lay on the ground, but so arranged by apparatus, that by drawing a bolt, the net would fly up and envelop the beech hedge. A hut was sunk in the earth at the end

of the ground—the roof being concealed by pine branches and other green stuff—and in this the operator could stand, with a cord in hand commanding the bolt, and through a small aperture watch for the game. Most of our favourite birds had names, and could be distinguished by their pipes. 'That's Pietro,' said the priest. 'Bravo, Pietro!' Poor Pietro trilled his notes, and Beppo whistled, several others climbed in, and wo betide the luckless bunch of feathers that should come within hearing of that siren choir! Presently a few birds would fly over the ground; but attracted by the vocal harmony, they would wheel round, and drop on to that tempting beech hedge, to see what was going on. In a moment the priest's hand was on the cord, up flew the net over the poor birds, and our host, like a great black spider, stalked out to clutch his prey. The game bagged, the net was thrown back, the apparatus readjusted, and we all slunk off to await further victims. We took larks, becaficos, and numerous other small birds; indeed everything was game that came to the net; and in a few hours they were hissing and sputtering, all in a row, over our kitchen fire.

The thrush is taken with lime, and is much esteemed as a delicacy. The spot selected for this operation is a bit of elevated ground, which is closely planted with shrubs and evergreens. Between these plants, which are not more than eighteen or twenty inches asunder, they place twigs smeared with lime; and in the midst of this plantation a boy is concealed, with two or three cages of decoy birds. Attracted by their noise, some curious thrush visits the place, alights on the fatal twig, and is speedily secured by the boy. In this manner a great number of birds are taken, and hardly a day passed without our having a dish of them either at dinner or supper.

Our reverend friend, with whom we resided at this time, was the youngest of three brothers, the eldest of whom was an advocate, and the second a physician, in the beautiful city of Florence. Under such circumstances, it only remained for our host to conform to the wishes of his family, and go to the church.

In person he was tall, and rather handsome; but far from meeting the austere priest that we had pictured to ourselves, and almost dreaded to encounter, we found him at once the easy, courteous, talkative man of the world, or what is commonly termed 'a jolly good fellow.' For him 'the lines had fallen in pleasant places—he had a goodly heritage;' and with his gun on his arm, and his dogs at his heels, his whole time and attention seemed to be given to sport, and to overlooking the extensive and fertile domain which appertained to the family.

During our sojourn with him, he certainly did say mass once or twice in the neighbourhood; and, conforming to the rules of the church, he fasted twice in the week—an act of self-denial in which we begged to join him; for we very innocently considered that a repast of fish and eggs, various vegetables and omelets, salads, and all the delicious fruits of the season, together with wine *ad libitum*, was, after all, a kind of mortification of the flesh that was not to be despised. We noticed that the only time he permitted his usually sweet temper to be ruffled, was when he came in contact with his old cook in the matter of some dinner grievance. Quietly rising from table on such occasions, we could see his brow darken, as he proceeded to the kitchen to call the old woman all the hard names he could think of. Being rather deaf, and having been in the family time out of mind, the old crone had become a sort of chartered sinner; and on the principle that every man is a hero save to his valet, so we thought that our priest might very well pass for an angel except to his cook; for we verily believe that, whatever the rest of the world thought of it, in his own kitchen he was not regarded as such. The old woman had a quiet and provokingly cool method of going about her affairs, and she generally weathered the storm well; while on the part of our host, he usually

took himself off in a fume, and walking up to an old Dutch clock that hung in the antechamber, he, by a few vigorous tugs at the cords, immediately wound it up. The operation seemed to have a wonderful effect upon his ruffled spirit, for he generally returned to table, took his seat again with most dignified and clerical composure, and with a degree of serenity depicted on his countenance that was delightful to contemplate.

IT IS POSSIBLE.

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR STRYK had perpetually upon his tongue three words that had become to him a kind of proverb: 'It is possible.' It often happened that he used them in the reports made by him to the minister in full council; and when this occurred, a smile, such as is usually given to our neighbours' weaknesses, played upon the lips of his colleagues.

Privy-Counsellor Stryk, nevertheless, was held in high consideration. The different rulers of the electorate, in their turn, showed their appreciation of his varied information and talent by always employing him. Every one did justice to his ability and tact—nay, perhaps a little overrated them; and Stryk, open, upright, and conscientious, was looked upon as a deep and subtle politician, with a penetration and far-sightedness little short of the gift of prophecy. And all this reputation he owed solely to the three words—'It is possible.'

Often, however, they escaped him almost involuntarily; yet when they had once escaped him, he thought himself bound to follow up and maintain their consequences. Thus this saying exercised the greatest influence upon his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Who could believe it of a man so learned and enlightened? And yet it was not only possible, but true.

He was himself fully aware of this influence, and yet not only did he remain constant to his three words, but he was seriously anxious to impress his only son with the same conviction of their omnipotence. The young man, who, like most other young people, thought himself much more clear-sighted than his old father, considered this as nothing more than a very singular mania.

'This little oddity, my dear father,' he said, 'may be excused in you, but my adopting it would be considered a mere piece of affectation, a ridiculous copying of you.'

'It is possible, my dear Frederick,' said the privy-counsellor; 'but you may let laugh those that will, when you have in these three words the secret of prudence, repose, security, and happiness. Think not that this maxim became habitual to me by mere chance. I adopted it upon sad experience that led to mature reflection. I owe to it all that I have, all that I am. The misfortunes of my youth, and despair, made me first lay hold of it; and once laid hold of, I raised myself by its help, and reconquered fortune. The little patrimony bequeathed to me by my parents only sufficed to enable me to subsist while studying at the university; and yet, because I carefully avoided debt, I passed for having a comfortable competence, and was welcomed into society that would have disdained me, had people known that I was all the while content with bread and milk as my whole dietary. I was well received, and generally esteemed, yet I had but one bosom friend amongst the men, and but one lady had ever engaged more than a passing thought; and pretension to her, the daughter of a general officer, was hopeless, and would have remained so, had not fortune smiled upon me most unexpectedly. I was made chamberlain to the dowager-duchess, with a good pension; and shortly after, a cousin died in Batavia, and left me a considerable property. Unwilling, in my first hours as an accepted lover, to leave my Philippina, I gave full powers to my friend Schneemuller, the friend of my

heart, my second self, and despatched him to Amsterdam.'

'You never before mentioned this friend to me,' said Frederick.

'It is possible,' answered the privy-counsellor; 'and I will soon tell you why. Alarmed for his health by his long delay and total silence, I sacrificed love to friendship, and tearing myself from my Philippina, while she, overcome with grief, was yet fainting in her mother's arms, I set out for Amsterdam. Suffice it to say, I discovered that my best friend had deceived me, and was by this time in America with the whole of my cousin's bequest. "It is impossible!" I cried; "it is impossible!" But soon I was obliged to say, "It is possible!" And I flew back to Philippina, to soothe the feelings wounded by the treachery of my friend; and again I was compelled to say, "It is possible," when the first greeting on my arrival at home was the announcement that, three days after the letter conveying the tidings of my loss, my betrothed had become the bride of another. I spare you my agonies. Henceforth I believed everything possible but good to me; and no matter how improbable any suggestion seemed, I replied, "It is possible!" In these three words was embodied my whole system of practical philosophy. I kept continually repeating them, till at length they became a comfort in sorrow—an antidote to despair. When I said to myself, "Canst thou ever again be happy in this world?"—my lips formed the words, "It is possible;" and the event justified the almost mechanical hope. I adopted the maxim, and no longer lived in an ideal world peopled either by angels or devils—the youthful heart seldom knows any medium. Henceforth good fortune had no power to intoxicate, for I thought of its instability, and said, "It is possible;" and misfortune could neither surprise nor wholly depress me, for I was prepared for anything. Men in general act in the ordinary, as well as the more important concerns of life, upon a sudden impulse, for which they can hardly account, and of which they are almost unconscious. Take my advice, my son, adopt my maxim, were it only to give you the power of self-possession, and make you ready either to do or to suffer. Repeat it till you have made it your own. This at least is possible.'

The favourite phrase of our privy-counsellor sometimes proved unpropitious; but he was not easily dejected. For instance, one day when the elector presided in person in the council, some debate arose upon the late French Revolution of '93; and as the many changes were mentioned in the people who once so idolised their kings, the elector exclaimed, 'The French are the most abominable race on the face of the earth: no other nation could act as they do. Can you fancy my subjects ever being seized with such madness—ever abjuring their allegiance to their prince? What is your opinion, Stryk?'

The counsellor, just then in a fit of absence, had only half heard what the elector said, and shrugging his shoulders, said mechanically, 'It is possible.'

The elector turned pale. 'What do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'Do you think that a day can ever dawn when my subjects will rejoice in my downfall?'

'It is possible,' again said the counsellor; but this time he said it advisedly. 'Nothing is more uncertain than popular opinion; for a people is made up of men, who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of the prince. Any new order of things begets new hopes. Whatever may be the degree of love, and however well deserved, borne by the people to your highness, I would not swear that they would not, in new circumstances, forget the benefits of their prince, and that we might not see the electoral arms broken, to give place to the tree of liberty.'

The elector turned his back upon him, and Stryk was disgraced; while every one cried, 'What a fool with his "It is possible!"'

A few years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine; the elector, with all his court, took to flight.

As he departed, he saw the tree of liberty planted, and the armorial bearings of the electorate broken publicly by the people.

Stryk being looked upon as a victim to the despotism so lately overthrown, was soon installed in the office which his talents so well fitted him to fill; and by his diplomatic ability, contributed not a little to the establishment of the new order of things; while, notwithstanding his natural ardour of character, he never suffered himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm. But attaching himself to no party, he became an object of suspicion to all. The Jacobins treated him as a concealed royalist, and the royalists as a disguised Jacobin. Still he cared not what name they gave him, and quietly went on with his official duties.

One day a commissary of the republic arrived in the new department, and was received with the greatest honours. All were crowding around him; all eager to pay their court; and some amongst them ventured to throw out insinuations against Stryk, and the lukewarmness of his republican opinions. The commissary made no remark at the time; but one day, at a public dinner, at which many toasts went round in honour of universal liberty, the rights of nations, and the triumphs of the republic, he suddenly turned to Stryk, saying, 'I marvel that kings yet dare to resist us, for they do but thus accelerate their own ruin. The revolution will make the circuit of the globe! What hope is left to them? Do they dream of ever again bending the great nation, and bringing back the Bourbons? Fools that they are! all Europe must perish first! What think you, Citizen Stryk, can a rational man admit that monarchy can ever be re-established in France?'

'It is possible,' said Stryk.

'How possible?' cried the commissary in a voice of thunder. 'He who doubts of liberty has never loved it. It grieves me to see a public functionary holding such opinions. Can you state any grounds for them, citizen?'

'It is very possible,' answered Stryk calmly. 'Free Athens first became accustomed to Pericles, then to a king of Macedon. Rome had at first its Triumvirate, then a Caesar, and at length a Nero. England had its Commonwealth, bowed before a Cromwell, and recalled its king.'

'What are you at with your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? I hope you do not dream of comparing them with the French? But I forgive your false views: you have not the honour of being born a Frenchman.'

The forgiveness was not, however, a complete one, for Stryk lost his office, and underwent some persecution, as an utterer of language not sufficiently respectful to the republic.

Some years afterwards, Bonaparte became First Consul, then consul for ten years, next consul for life, and finally emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his office, as being ostensibly one of the moderate party. He enjoyed more favour and credit than ever; his predictions had been again accomplished, and he passed for a consummate politician.

Napoleon changed the face of the world, and disposed of crowns at pleasure. Stryk became prime minister to one of these new-made kings, and obtained titles and honours. No such thing as a republican was to be found; all crawled in the dust before the new master. It was felt as a stigma to have ever imbibed republican opinions; and every one claimed credit for having been the only one not carried along by the current, and eschewed the shame of having ever been anything but a royalist.

'I see no shame in it,' said Stryk: 'an epidemic raged, and you caught the infection. It may appear again, and you may be again attacked. It is possible.'

'What!' was the indignant reply; 'do you deem us so weak as to be for ever changing?'

'I never forget,' answered Stryk, 'the sultan of Egypt mentioned by Addison. This sultan was sceptical enough to laugh at an aerial voyage said to be performed by Mohammed, in which numberless transactions took place in so small a space of time, that Mohammed, at his return, found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, thrown down as he was carried away, before the water was all spilled. A dervise, who had the reputation of working miracles, undertook to cure him of his incredulity; and in presence of his whole court, ordered him to plunge his head into a tub of water, and draw it up again. The sultan obeyed, and plunged his head into the water; but on the instant he did so, found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. Conceive his surprise! He execrated the treachery of the dervise; but he was obliged to submit to his fate. Some woodcutters near directed him to the next town, where, after several adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune, with whom he lived so many years, as to have fourteen children. At her death, he was reduced to get his livelihood by plying as a porter. He now heartily repented the scepticism of which he believed all these misfortunes to be the punishment. In a fit of devotion he threw off his clothes for the ablation usual with the Mohammedans before prayer, and no sooner raised his head after the first plunge, than he found himself before the tub, and heard from his whole court that he had never stirred, and that all the events that had so troubled him had been crowded into the short space of time necessary to dip his head into the water and take it out again. Gentlemen,' continued the old privy-counsellor, 'yours is a parallel case with that of the sultan of Egypt. If you had been told before the Revolution what you would do during its progress, you would never have believed it; and now that you have drawn your head out of the tub, you remember nothing of what you have thought, done, and experienced in the days of miracles. If the Bourbons and the emigrants ever enter France, they will look upon the history of the years that have elapsed since 1789 as a delusion, and will find themselves, like the sultan of Egypt, standing by the side of the tub, regarding their years of suffering as a deceitful dream.'

There was a general laugh. 'Well,' said some, 'you may not be so much out in your conjecture if they did return; but who ever dreams of the poor Bourbons being restored? This would indeed belong to an age of miracles.'

'Hem! It is possible,' said Stryk.

But the Russian campaign was contemplated, and one of Napoleon's generals asked our friend's opinion as to its successful issue. The privy-counsellor declined answering; and the general, surprised at this reserve, said, 'For my own part, I expect to celebrate the New Year in St Petersburg: but you seem to apprehend an unhappy issue?'

Stryk, as usual, shrugged his shoulders and answered 'It is possible.'

This answer was not forgotten, and his name was soon erased from the treasury list. When the allied powers invaded France, and Napoleon's creations were crumbling into ruins on every side, every one said, 'Stryk is a prophet, and has had the fate of all seers.'

His disgrace under the government of the usurper, as the fallen emperor was now termed, was sufficient claim upon the favour of the new legitimate monarch. But it was not long before his axiom brought a fresh storm upon his head. The monarch giving him one day to understand that his adhesion to every successive government tended to make his loyalty somewhat suspicious, the old man reminded him that his sincerity in his own moderate political views was proved by the fact, that he had the misfortune to displease only when each government pressed on too enthusiastically, and were not satisfied with his discharge of duty to his country, whoever might be the master. 'The state,' he added, 'has always need of the services of its citizens, and it is their duty to serve it in every circumstance.'

'The state,' said the prince, 'is the sovereign. Who dares to separate his person from the state is a rebel in heart.'

This was his last disgrace; but he was still faithful to the maxim that had taught him moderation, and at once salutary distrust and hopefulness. When the improbability of further political changes was pressed upon him, now that the Bourbons were again firmly seated, he answered, 'It is possible. They want to go back to the Inquisition, to the holy alliances. The cause of truth, of civil and religious liberty, is attacked; the freedom of the press is assailed. Thus was it in the days that produced a Franklin and a Washington—the days of the Bastille; thus was it in the time of the Fouchés and the Rovigos. The same causes produce the same effects. It is possible.'

But his maxim taught moderation to no one but himself; and the three days of 1830 proved its truth, and revolutionised the king of France into king of the French.

The oracle appearing no longer necessary to a ruler who was in his own person the very type of the vicissitudes of human life, it ceased. Stryk died. But who that has lived to see 1848 can decline to admit, of anything or everything, 'It is possible?'

WHIMSICAL NAMES OF PLACES.

A PARTICULAR district of Scotland, almost limited to the Lothians and their immediate neighbourhood, is remarkable for the frequent occurrence of whimsically-named places. One on the borders of Peeblesshire is itself called the *Whim*, the reason being, that it was originally a moss, which, lying at an elevation of about 800 feet above the sea, seemed a most unsuitable place for a gentleman's mansion; yet the Earl of Islay determining, nevertheless, to rear a retreat for himself upon the spot, some one called it a whim, and his lordship chose to adopt the joke as an appellation for the place in its new form. Not far from this spot there is a place called *Cauldshouters*; another near by bears the name of the *Plot*; while a third is styled *Laugh-at-the-Lave* (lave meaning the rest); all doubtless bearing a like significant reference to some circumstances in their history. Names expressive of disadvantageousness of situation are abundant. The number of places called *Cauldcots* would have been marrow to the bones of Churchill, had he known them. There is even one called *Dead-for-cauld*. *Cauld-backs* and *Cauld-wa's* are names of farms in Fife, where also there is a place called *Hunger-in-out*. In the same county is a lonely cottage called *War's-end*, and another insignificant place styled *Sma'-allowance*. *Blaw-wearies*, too, are not infrequent; and there is a spot in Linlithgowshire called *Mount-erie*, a term expressive of lonely and dismal feelings. On the other hand, there is no want of merry names—a *Wanton-wa's* near Musselburgh, one in Fife, one near Lauder, another between Bathgate and Linlithgow. *Canty-hall*—as if we were to say cheerful hall—is a place near Carberry, the scene of Mary's rendition to her lords. *Slocken-drouth*, which implies the allaying of thirst, and dates from long before the days of teetotalism, stands on the old Glasgow road near Edinburgh. *Blink-bonnie* is a farm near the same city. Sometimes the appellation conveys the idea of local jokes which prevailed at the inauguration of the new locality—as where we have a *Brisk-forrent* near Dechmont Park in West Lothian (forrent meaning opposite in situation, as with partners in a dance), or *Cock-my-lane* on the road from Edinburgh to Hamilton, a phrase expressive of one complacently taking up a station by himself. We may be very sure, too, when we see a seat of Lord Torphichen called *Contentibus*, that there was some merriment connected with its christening. In other cases, we may see that the term has sprung from some quaint reference to the character or circumstances of the builder or first occupant, as in *Warsle-through-t* (Struggle through it), and *Wha-wad-ha-thought-it*, in Fife. Sometimes there is a sarcastic or ironical reference, as where we find a place near the very crest of the bleak Soutra called *Mak-him-rich*, or in such a case as *Dry-pock-Mill* near Ford. In Scotland, whenever a tailor builds a box for himself, it is sure to get the name of *Cabbage-ha'*, repudiated by the worthy owner himself, but sure to be recognised when the property has passed into other hands. *Souter-ha'*, a place in Fife, has a similar origin: in the same

county, a little retreat built by a 'writer' obtained the appellation of *Pen-and-ink*. In *Haud-him-fast*, which occurs at the Cousland lime quarries, we may read some unknown incident of past days. And an unsuccessful elopement appears very plainly in *She's-ta'en*, an out-of-the-way spot in a valley called Heriot's Cleuch, near Gala-Water. Broad insinuation may be said to rest in *Cleek-him-in*, the name of two places, one near Niddry, the other in Ormiston parish, Haddingtonshire; which, by the way, reminds us that Scott strangely perverted this appellation in his *St Ronan's Well*, when he made it the name of an inn kept by one of the most sternly virtuous of her sex, and got up some ridiculous description of a churchman with a crosier as a sign. The real meaning obviously is, 'Hook-him-in.' Then there is a height called *Glowr-o'er-em* near Linlithgow. It will be remembered that my Lady Glowr-o'er-em is a formidable character, with a charge of grown daughters, in some one of the Waverley novels. *Pickettelcum*, a place between Cupar and Newport, in Fife, evidently implies the former residence of a miser at the place, as does *Scart-the-gither*, another place in the same district. It is difficult to perceive any reason why, while such names are abundant in Edinburghshire and some of the adjacent counties, Selkirk and Roxburghshires should scarcely present a single example.

THE GIPSIES' SONG.

FROM THE 'PRECIOUSA' OF C. M. WEBER.

In the wood—in the wood!
In the fresh green wood!
Where echo calls loud—
In wood and wild where echo calls loud:
There rings our horn, there shouts our song,
So bravely the silent forests along—
Tarah—tarah—tarah!

The night—the night!
The raven-black night!
Up fellows!—watch well!
Through the raven-black night watch well! watch well!
The wolf prowls around—not far from our ground,
But he rather dislikes the bark of our hound—
Wow-wow—wow-wow—wow-wow!

The world—the world!
The great wide world!
That is our tent!
The world is our tent!
And so on we wander, and shake to our cry
Woods, valleys, and rocks, and the earth and the sky.
Halloh—halloh—halloh!

M. S. J.

SECRETS OF VENTILATION.

Let the air enter the house freely by a large aperture, like a common window, and capable of regulation in the same way. Let it enter a stove room, and be there completely warmed, then let it pass freely through the whole house, and enter all the apartments either at the doors or by express channels. Take off the used air by the chimney and an open fire; or for crowds, provide larger and express openings—there is no more to be done. Houses that we have seen ventilated in this simple, unpretending, unmysterious manner, are the best ventilated we have ever entered. It is too often the fate of the mysterious little pipes, funnels, tubes, and valves by which ventilation is frequently symbolised, rather to indicate ventilation than to effect it.—*Illustrations of the Theory of Ventilation.*

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into this mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterised, and the pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to act by neutralising an acid product in the decayed tooth.—*Lancet.*

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STOCK AND WORK.

Stock is a fine, honest, well-to-do business man, always dressed in good broadcloth, with a pair of handsome top-boots, and very anxious to have everything comfortable about him. Work is a rough, sturdy fellow in a fustian jacket, and seldom a clean face, but not by any means generally ill off. Both are sound-hearted Englishmen, that would fight to the last drop of their blood, and last farthing in their purse, for the honour and safety of their country: they would go heart and hand together against any envious foreign dog who should think of troubling them; yet they have occasionally very bitter-looking quarrels between themselves. It is rather an amusing sort of contention that Stock and Work fall into, not unlike those squabbles which sometimes take place about trifles between man and wife, while both know all the time that they are the best friends in the world, and that their interests are absolutely identical. The tussle, nevertheless, sometimes gets to a great pitch; and if you were to judge from their looks and words, you might suppose them to be on the point of killing each other. Work has even been known to threaten Stock with a cudgel, and two or three times he has gone to the public-house and sulked for a week or two, declaring he would never see Stock's face again. But somehow the wife and children always get round him, and, being an excellent fellow at bottom, he generally consents to forget all that has passed, and become good friends with Stock again, before any irremediable mischief has happened.

Stock and Work had an unusually dreadful quarrel not long ago. It began on Work's side, but was not so much his own blame, as that of certain foolish companions, who wished to persuade him, even against his own feelings, that he was extremely ill-used. Work, being at last fully incensed by these evil advisers, broke out upon Stock one day with the utmost fury, inasmuch that some people expected to see nothing less than bloodshed. Stock acted like himself, and stood quite still, while Work went on like a raging devil, calling him all sorts of bad names, and threatening to knock his brains out. Well did Stock know whence came all this violence: he could not but feel angry, but the very violence of the assault served to keep him calm. When Work had said his worst, he went away muttering threats of vengeance against Stock; and it is said he was not heard to speak one pleasant word at home for a week after.

Stock took the matter very highly at first, said he could not stand this kind of nonsense continually, and that he would rather go abroad, and see if he could do any business there, than be exposed longer to such annoyances at home. 'It is true,' he said, 'Work and I have been brought up together, and have maintained

a worrying kind of friendship all our days: I like the fellow with all his absurdities, and I believe he has a secret respect for me too; but really to be exposed every now and then to such attacks as these, is more than my temper can endure. It makes me quite uncomfortable in my own house. I believe I am falling out of my clothes purely in consequence of it. Far better we should make an end of it, and part.' Some mutual friends thought it would be a pity if two such old associates were to break entirely off with each other, particularly as the consequence to Work must be that, without support from Stock, he and his large young family must be thrown upon the parish. So they interfered to bring about a reconciliation—in which, by the by, they found the chief difficulty to be with Work, who had given all the provocation. At last he was prevailed on to come to a meeting, where Stock was also to be, that they might, if possible, have at least some peaceable conversation on the matters in dispute.

'Well, Work,' said Stock, as soon as they met, 'you seem to be calmer now. What is it, I should like to know, that you have to say against me? or what excuse have you to make for that affront you put upon me a week ago?'

'Why, Mr Stock,' answered Work, 'the fact is, that we men are beginning to think that we are oppressed by you masters; and that, because we are poor men, and cannot help ourselves, you pay us only such wages as you choose, and thus make great profits, while we starve. We have had it all fully discussed in our union; and it must be true, I take it, for nobody has a different opinion.'

'A pretty reason for its being true indeed! You hear only one side; and because there is no dissentient voice, you conclude that there is nothing to be said to the contrary.'

'But you masters hear only one side too, and never listen to a word that we have to say; or at least if you hear it, you knock it down with some piece of political economy which we do not understand, so it is the same to us as if you had not heard it.'

'There is some truth in what you say; at least, grant there is. It is only, like your own, a very natural error. But I will, if you please, pursue a different plan. I will listen to everything you have to say, and give it a candid consideration. So, if you listen as candidly to such answers as I can make, we may have a chance of coming to a right understanding.'

'Very well, sir; all I would stipulate for is, that you give me no political economy, for that is a thing evidently got up to keep down the working-people, and we can't abide it now. All the mischief comes from that, I think.'

'I don't intend to resort formally to political economy in our conversation, but I will bring forward common-

sense views, which perhaps a political economist would say came to the same thing. I may remark, however, that political economy is not rightly regarded either by its friends or its enemies. It is a new science, trying to make out the natural laws which govern the operations of industry and the disposal of the results. If it can do so, it will be a boon to us all, and therefore we ought to treat it with respect. But then, as a new, it is an imperfect science: many of its dogmas would require the stamp of experience to sanction them. If its friends would keep this in view, and press their doctrines with caution, and if its enemies would make some allowance for the ardour of its friends, and believe all to be well meant, though much must be mistaken, then I think political economy would assume a truer position than it at present enjoys, and some good might be derived from it. Let us hear, however, what charge you have first to bring against us masters?

'Why, the first charge is, that your wealth enables you to oppress us; and you do it. We feel that capital is always, somehow, the enemy of labour, and we hate capital accordingly. It is the one accursed thing which more than any other makes this a world of misery.'

'That is a serious charge indeed, but I hope it is substantially an unjust one.'

'Does not the master use his capital to get our work, which makes him still richer, while we never are any richer? and does not he employ his additional wealth in repeating this process, till the difference between his grandeur and our poverty gets beyond all bounds?'

'He does use his capital to get your work, and this makes him still richer; but he is not answerable for your continuing in poverty. Instead of being poorer by reason of his capital, you are the richer. It gives you comforts which you never could have otherwise enjoyed.'

'I should like to know how that is the case. I assure you I feel nothing of the kind.'

'Yet the fact is certain, that wherever there is no capital, the working-people are in misery, and only where there is much capital is there any considerable portion of them well off. A learned Frenchman has pointed out that, according to Homer, it required twelve women to grind corn (which was then done by hand-mills) for the persons composing the household of Penelope, queen of Ithaca. He estimates this as probably one person for every twenty-five. Now, a large mill, got up by capital, can grind corn for a hundred thousand persons, while only employing about twenty men; that is, one person employed for every five thousand consumers. Where the products of toil were so small as amongst Penelope's grinders, they could only be supported by some wretched pittance, whereas the mill could give good wages to its workmen, because, from the use of capital, its products were large. For the same reason journeymen bakers are a slavish and ill-paid class of men. The concerns are usually small; the masters ill provided with capital; little or no aid is taken from machinery. The men must go through much toil, and be content with poor wages. But there are a few baking concerns throughout the country which are conducted on a large scale by men of capital: there the journeymen are as well off as any other working people, purely because, by means of capital, the products are comparatively great in proportion to the toil. In one of them, if not more, the bread is sold cheaper than it is by other bakers, and thus the public is benefited also by capital.'

'This may be all true, but it is too deep for me. I

only feel that we workfolk are always poor, although it is we who make all the things which other people enjoy. You masters make nothing. The rich people who are not in business do nothing but enjoy themselves. We toil for ever, and are never any better for it.'

'Well, I don't know how you come to think so. One half the masters in my circle of acquaintance were working-men—they have been the better of their toils. Almost all the men who have good situations about works or stores were once common workers—they have been able to make things a good deal better. A good many men I once knew as operatives, I now see keeping shops, and doing well in the world. That is another portion of the people who, you say, make everything, but are never the better of it. If you fix your attention only on those who are working-men at any particular instant of time, it may appear that they are not improving their circumstances, for nobody makes a great advance in a moment. But observe the progress of the class through a few years, and you will find that many go on to be something much superior to what they were at starting. The clever, diligent men, who can take care of their earnings, are almost sure to rise.'

'Ay, that is what we are always taunted with. We are expected to save where we scarcely make enough to keep body and soul together. I should like to see some of you masters called upon to save out of fifteen or eighteen shillings a week.'

'It might not be easy; yet I do not see that it is impossible, when there are men who have less wages, and can live upon them. Perhaps there are some unreasonable expectations formed regarding the ability of working-men to save. I can easily see how liable the inducements must be in many cases to fail before the difficulties. On the other hand, no improvement of any kind can be achieved except by a manful grappling with difficulties. Setting this aside, there is a vast number of working-men who have comparatively high wages, out of which they might spare a good deal; and yet they never lay aside anything. I do not, however, call for mere hoarding—or at least not hoarding for its own sake. But I should like to see working men get above the practical degradation of living each week on the proceeds of that week only. People who are content, year after year, generation after generation, to go on in the state called *from hand to mouth*, liable any day to fall out of work, and then become dependent on charity, are virtually slaves, though they do not bear the name. From this there must be some means of redemption, if it only could be hit upon—the principle of assurance has been suggested. Anything would be better than this living constantly next door to pauperism.'

'Robbed as we are by capitalists, it is all little enough that we come upon them for support when we are out of work. It will be long before we get back all our own from them—for is it not we who are the foundations of all their wealth?'

'I think labour is the foundation of all wealth; but I do not think any particular generation or description of labourers are so. The man who devises and directs is as truly a labourer as the man who works with his hands. Capital is also concerned in the case, and this is just the hoarded results of the shares of proceeds belonging to such of the labourers, whether with mind or hands, as have chosen to save, and been able to preserve and transmit their savings. So when we say labour is the foundation of wealth, we mean hoarded

labour—that is, capital—as well as living labour, which is the toil of the men actually engaged in the operations.*

‘Oh you have got to political economy now. I give you up of course, for that is all jugglery.’

‘It surely is a clear case. Say two men work in felling timber with such instruments as they can readily get. One spends all his wages; the other saves a little, and buys superior tools, with which he does a third more work, so that he presently obtains a superior income to his companion. Thus enabled to spare still more, he at length becomes the employer of that companion, and of other men, and finds it only necessary to direct the work and sell the products. In this case labour is the foundation of the whole concern, but it is not the labour of the men alone now working—the savings of the master and his management are also concerned. And it is a mere abuse of language to say that the master robs his men because they do not get all.’

‘Look to the results, however. You cannot deny that there is a fearful and shameful difference between the two classes who are concerned in labour. There is vast wealth amassed in this country, but it is in the hands of a few. The working-people are poor, and every twelfth person in England is a pauper.’

‘I do not believe it is true that the wealth of the country is in the hands of a few. The funds are divided amongst a great multitude. The depositors in banks are very numerous.* There is nearly thirty millions in the savings’ banks, mostly belonging to persons in comparatively humble circumstances, though but a small share, I believe, to artisans. Some very rich people there are, but they form the exception, not the rule; and such prodigies of wealth have existed in all civilised countries in all ages. Generally, it may be admitted that the employing class present a remarkable contrast in point of wealth to the employed; but I believe this distinction is not a necessary or unavoidable one to nearly the extent in which we see it existing.’

‘Yes, it would be less if we had justice, and got our due share of the profits. To that we must come. The workmen must be taken into the concerns as partners, and not fobbed off with a mere weekly salary, which is spent in tradesmen’s shops as soon as it is received.’

‘Well, I know of no law which could compel a master to take his workmen into partnership with him, and I see no justice in making one. But neither is there any law to prevent masters and workmen from going into such an arrangement if they choose. Men may be guided on this subject entirely by their sense of what will be for their interest. Only it must be observed that, if masters advance all the capital, they must continue to have profits in much the same proportion as at present; and it would therefore be necessary for the workmen, if they wished for much larger incomes, to put in some share of stock, or allow a portion of their wages to run up for that purpose. The advantages of the plan would be, its creating a necessity for self-denial in the operatives, its giving them something to hope for, and its raising in them an interest in the business in which they are engaged; capital and labour would then be more essentially connected than they now are, unless, indeed, the men were to begin at length to hire substitute workers out of their profits, which would leave matters no better than they had been. Supposing it be determined to try this system of extended partnership, the workmen must expect difficulties, and be prepared for the occasional losses which are inseparable from all ventures—even for bankruptcy itself as a possible event. It might be that they would come to think in many cases that they would have

been as well with their clear, definite, ready-money wages, provided only they could have taken some care of them, and not spent all on immediate enjoyments.’

‘What, then, do you suppose to be the cause of the working-class being so distinguished from all others by their poverty, if it be not that they get less than their fair share of the proceeds of labour? Give me some daylight upon that point if you please?’

‘I believe that, in all concerns whatever, the workmen must ever have their fair share of the proceeds: it is by an irresistible law that this must take place. But from whatever cause—whether from something attaching to the wage system as not engendering hopefulness and care as to means, or from mere ignorance and bad habits—the working-classes do not in general make so good a use of their resources as other people do. When I contrast the frugal life of many poor shopkeepers, struggling to pay rent and taxes, with the self-indulgent lives of many workpeople whose gains are much greater, and see how decent and content the one set appear as compared with the other, I cannot but think that the latter are either morally inferior by nature, or that there is something in their circumstances which makes an approach to the respectable behaviour of the middle classes too difficult. Fools and knaves are constantly flattering them with the notion that their employers and the government are to blame for all their sufferings. Very natural to think anybody in the wrong but ourselves—but very dangerous too. I thoroughly believe that they get more than their strictly just share, for there is a constant and copious stream of beneficence running down to them from the more frugal middle classes—by which, again, their own interests are injured, for the money thus spent is so much abstracted from the capital which otherwise would be affording them remunerative employment. He would be their true friend who should endeavour to show them how much they have it in their own power to correct the evils in their condition; how one desire curbed was a greater advance to them than any act of parliament could be; how one aspiration for cleanliness in their dwellings, and the maintenance of good order in their families, was better to them than a gift of gold.’

‘All this is preaching to the winds. Though I am not able to controvert what you say, I know that we all feel something else to be necessary. Many of us are now suspecting that the evil lies in competition, and that its only perfect remedy will be in going upon the opposite principle of co-operation. I have heard many good arguments for that principle, and it is working tolerably well in some places.’

‘The sole question concerned there seems to me this—What motive are men to have for exertion? Hitherto, we have seen them usually proceeding upon the motive of individual interests. This is not a high motive; but it serves, in the meantime, to keep up a system of immense activity; and the results are magnificent. If men could be animated to equal exertions by kindly social feelings, each emulating the other in public services, without regard to his own immediate gain, it would be no doubt a better system, for it would develop superior feelings. But men would need to be considerably improved before we could expect the bulk of them to act on such disinterested principles. They may be fit for such a system in time, but they certainly are not so now. We must be content to put up with the many obvious evils of competition, only doing our best to soften them away by mutual kindness, until, in the progress of civilisation, the millenium of the higher sentiments shall arrive.’

‘Then you expect us to remain content in the meantime with the evils which we suffer, in hopes that our grandchildren’s grandchildren may be somewhat better off? I can tell you this won’t do, Mr Stock.’

‘You take me up rather too sharply. I think that much may be done for the immediate improvement of the condition of working-men. In the existing arrangements, your interest in the results of your labours is too

* It has come to our knowledge that a branch bank in a Scottish country town of five thousand inhabitants has deposits to the amount of £200,000, although there are other three branch banks in the same place. A village of eight hundred inhabitants in a rather poor district of Lanarkshire has two branch banks, in one of which there are deposits to the amount of £140,000.—Ed.

slight and evanescent. The rural worker should have a piece of the soil to work upon for himself, that he may feel an interest in the business he is engaged in. The manufacturing labourer should be something more than the weekly-hired *attaché*, with the world to begin again every Monday morning; though I cannot well say what it is he ought to be. Education and sanitary reform must be introduced as auxiliaries, and the bonds of social union between classes must be drawn closer. I trust that the middle and upper classes will ere long become generally cognisant of the force of what I say. They may depend upon it that the mere maxims of political economy will not suffice: these show how wealth is to be most readily produced, but they do not tell us how human beings are to be adjusted in the relation to wealth which is most conducive to the general happiness. There is prejudice on all sides to overcome. Do you, Work, try to get the better of what you find among your confrères, while I make the same attempt with mine. By and by we may meet again, and have another conference. Meanwhile, believe you have not a better friend than John Stock.'

Stock and Work now parted. The latter was observed to be for some time after very thoughtful. What good may come out of the conversation we cannot tell, but he has had no squabbles with Stock ever since.

R. C.

THE LAWYER'S FIRST CLIENT.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

IN the year 1782 there came from Paris a lawyer to establish himself in Arras, his native town. He was young, full of scholastic learning, but fuller still of Rousseau, whom he worshipped, and Voltaire, whom he detested. Very young, having, in fact, but little passed the age of boyhood, he assumed a very humble appearance. Too poor to afford a servant, he took a young and attached sister, an orphan like himself, to reside with him as his housekeeper; and this done, while waiting for business, he devoted himself to study and composition. Small and even awkward was the little room which served as the student's cell, until it should become the advocate's chambers; but scrupulous was its neatness, as if to vie with that of the person of its owner, whose black shoes, shining silver buckles, unspotted white stockings, and ruffled shirt, showed one full of precision and method.

Early one morning he sat in his studio, an open book in his hand, but not reading. He was dreaming, as those dream who, without being exactly ambitious, foresee the future greatness of their part in the world's history. He was a small, pale young man, of a bilious complexion, with spectacles shading his eyes, and with a nervous twitching in his face and hands that seemed to denote a spirit restless and uneasy within. Near him sat his sister, who, having put away the breakfast things, and placed a plate of oranges on the table, had taken in hand some domestic work suited to her age and taste. The young man was at his third orange, a fruit which he constantly devoured, when there was heard a stamping of feet on the landing without, followed by a ring of the bell.

The young woman hastened to open.

There stood on the threshold a little old man, who, though poor in dress, and hungry and weary in look, wore the costume of a marquis. There were the laced ruffles and red heels, the sword, and every other necessary accessory, even to the look of self-sufficiency and importance, which Molière's satire had not eradicated. He seemed to hesitate, though the door was open, as if he waited to be quite sure of being right.

'Enter,' said the young lawyer, rising and laying down both his book and his visions: 'I am very happy to see you, Monsieur le Marquis.'

'More than any of your profession has said for a long time,' replied the little nobleman, bowing himself into a chair, and laying his old hat upon the ground; 'for I

am poor, a bore, and have rich and great men for my enemies.'

'Ah!' said the young lawyer with one of his nervous twitches, 'and they like not to see you?'

'Certainly not,' he continued, shaking his head; 'for though my cause be rich, I am poor.'

'You come to offer it to me?' said the young man dryly.

'It is not worthy of your acceptance, my dear young sir,' said the other with a doleful mixture of hope and dignity.

'You are, Monsieur le Marquis, my first client,' continued the lawyer. 'I know not what your case may be; but you avow, with the frankness of a man, that you are poor, and'—here the speaker frowned, and pressed his teeth together—'that you have rich and great men for your enemies. I am your *avocat*.'

'My dear sir'—said the marquis.

'Excuse me,' interrupted the young man, who had been eyeing his client through his spectacles, 'but you have no doubt a long story to tell. You would not wish to deprive me of my breakfast?'

'Not at all,' said the other ruefully.

'But, Monsieur le Marquis, if I might presume to request you to keep me company, we can thus talk more freely. Sister, let us have breakfast.'

The marquis made a frigid excuse, to which no attention was paid, the sister smiled, and felt she could have kissed her brother, and then ran out to prepare the young lawyer's second morning repast.

'You have, I see, a written statement,' said the juvenile man of law, as the old nobleman opened a roll which he held in his hand.

'Yes, a full history. It is long, young man, but so has been my existence, of which this is the history; and speaking thus, he adjusted his spectacles, and began to read. At the first word, the man of law started, for the name revealed a case which had been before the Cour d'Artois eight years, but which, from the powerful position of the defendants, had never come to a final hearing. Lawyer after lawyer had been bought off, until the whole bar of the *état* was bribed against the poor old man. His case, however, was very simple.

Twenty years before, he had married his only daughter and child into a high and noble family. The more richly to endow her, he had given as her marriage portion every acre of property he had in the world, houses, castles, &c. When the contract was drawn up, his *homme de confiance* inserted a clause by which the whole returned to him in case of his daughter's death before his, and by which free use of the whole was given him during life. For twelve years all went well, and then the one link of peace was broken, for his daughter died. Her husband and husband's family at once resisted the return of the property, and went to law with their aged relative, who, after eight years of weary and tedious existence, had resolved on trying the talents and generous enthusiasm of a mere boy, for his *avocat* was scarcely three-and-twenty.

Though he knew the case well, the young man listened—it was ever his wont—without interruption, except to place breakfast before his client; but his mind was not always on the words he heard. His spirit overleaped the present. He was at length a man; for one his senior in years leant upon him for advice and support, and his race of life had begun. But vainly that strange being sought to raise further the thick veil of 'beyond': he saw nothing but void and night, filled, it is true, with scenes, actions, and moving creatures, but shapeless, meaningless, and without form.

'There is a case!' said the marquis in conclusion, looking hopefully at his legal adviser.

'There is!' exclaimed the young lawyer, starting; 'and I will this day and night write a "*mémoire*," which to-morrow shall be printed, and in a few days all France shall ring with your wrongs.'

The little marquis rose and seized the other's hand, for these few words showed his adviser to be in earnest.

The man who was capable of printing such an attack on a rich and powerful family was not to be suspected of retreating. After a few hurried words of thanks, he took his hat to go, leaving the manuscripts on the table.

'I will not stay, young man,' he said with a voice thick with emotion, 'for I shall hinder you from studying the matter. When may I return?'

'Stay,' said the other, musing. 'By six this afternoon I will have half done: I will then pause to dine. If Monsieur le Marquis will honour me, we can then read it over together.'

The noble client of the young man looked hard in the other's face, as if to read some meaning in this invitation; but his avocat was poring over the huge statement which he had given him, and he could detect nothing but legal acumen in the expression of his face.

'I will dine with you,' he said; and then he thought to himself, 'I will repay him when I gain my cause, if I can repay such services.'

And with a ceremonious and courtly bow the marquis went out.

'A client at last!' exclaimed the young man with a smile which was almost savage; 'and a grand case too. What subjects for invective against injustice, against oppression, against tyranny!'

'But, François,' said his sister with a smile, 'what am I to get for dinner?'

'Nothing more than usual, except in quantity; and now, dear girl, leave me to my labours.'

'With pleasure, François. But though I could kiss you for your noble conduct to this worthy old man, do look out for a little business too that will pay.'

'Pay!' said the young man in a voice which was slightly shriller than usual, because it was raised; 'never, sister. I know not why, but I do believe all my clients will be poor.'

And seizing pen and ink, he began to write with that energy and perseverance which were ever the characteristics of the man; nor did he cease until a ring at the door announced the return of his client, whose delight at the progress made was sincere and energetic. The sister, without delay or ceremony, at once served dinner, and down they sat to refresh exhausted nature. The old nobleman, long inured to disappointment, and to whom a gleam of sunshine was like the opening of a life-dungeon, was little hopeful, and even desponding; but the earnest discourse of his avocat somewhat roused him, and ere dinner was concluded, and when a quiet bottle of wine had warmed the old man, he began to see a path leading out of the desert in which for eight long years he had wandered.

'Monsieur le Marquis,' said the young man at length, 'I will now read my *mémoire*.'

The client bowed his head to listen, with ears more charmed than those of lovers waiting the first fond avowal of returned affection. The lawyer read. His production, though slightly tinged with collegiate pedantry, with that half-learned Greek and Latin lore that made bastard Roman of the French of the last century, was vigorous, and, above all, audacious; and seven years before the Revolution, he made use of many of those arguments which afterwards brought it about. The rich and powerful family which held the property was most unsparingly handled: no epithet which indignation and generous hate of wrong could invent was spared.

'And you will print and sign your name to this?' said the client with a doubtful shake of his head.

'Why not?' replied the other dryly.

'Then my case is won, for it will reach the throne. As for you, young man, I need not promise you my support when reinstated: you will not require it.'

Not quite three months after this interview, the Marquis de Liancourt Chateaupret took possession of the whole of his property, the oppressors were disgraced at court, and the young lawyer found business crowd upon him sufficiently rapid to warrant the prophecy of his first client.

More than eleven years had passed, and a far different scene presented itself. Paris was at the same time the head-quarters of an army and the highest tribunal of justice, legislative and executive. Without, Europe was in arms against the Revolution, which made superhuman exertions to defend itself. Its laws ordained that every French citizen was permanently in requisition for the army, and that an extraordinary quantity of arms should be made. The young men were sent to the army, the married men were employed in transporting and preparing materials of war, women made clothes, and attended to the hospitals, children made lint, the old men roused others to enthusiasm by harangues in the public places. Palaces were turned into barracks, and churches into warehouses. All horses were placed at the disposition of government, and in fact every measure taken by the terrible Committee which governed France to repel the invader. To punish the treacherous, the inimical, the indifferent, the suspected, the fearful guillotine was at work day and night, while a mass of prisons were filled by those denounced to the vengeance of the laws.

It was early morning at the Luxembourg—one of the many prisons of the gloomy Reign of Terror—that era when, for causes not to be inquired into here, the air was thick with blood, when the atmosphere seemed crimson, and when grass grew in all the rich quarters of the city. The mass of prisoners—aristocrats, Federalists, Girondists, Brissotins, Fayettistes, and others congregated together in this palace-made prison—were dispersed in knots, conversing or reading the public prints. In one corner were a batch about to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, in whose pale faces there could be traced a ray of satisfaction at the prospect of being removed by death from wearisome confinement; others, whose fate was less near, spoke carelessly of the events of the day, criticised the leading men of the hour, or expressed their hope of the triumph of this or that party—cautiously, because no one knew but that his neighbour was a spy placed in the prison by Hebert or Marat to seek the discovery of plots.

Apart from the rest was a group of touching interest.

On a rude bench, in a dark and gloomy corner, sat an old man, very old and very feeble. He was seventy, and his spare gray hairs seemed to remove all idea of his having been capable of conspiring against the Republic. And yet he was a secret agent of the exiled Bourbons, and had been caught in the act of organising a rising against the Convention. In those days, when death was the penalty of falling for those in power, there could be no shadow of hope for this old man. He was guilty of conspiring against the government, and had he succeeded in his end, would have led all who then ruled to the scaffold. He complained not, for as he would feebly say, 'It was they or I: had I gained, they had fallen. Victory is with them: they are right to use it.'

While none hoped, all pitied and sorrowed for that gray-headed old man; but none more seriously and more effectually than the young and lovely widow of a general officer, who had been convicted of secreting a treasonable correspondence. No sooner did she see how weak and exhausted the aged prisoner was, than forgetting herself, she piously devoted her whole thoughts to one who reminded her of happy hours, of soft and gentle memories, of the delightful and sunny period of existence, when she knew no other care than to see to a beloved and invalid parent's wants. She brought to him his food, assisted him in his walks about the common hall, read to him from the terrible chronicles of the day, and more than all besides, talked to him of a dear and only child long lost to him, but whose face was ever fresh before him, as when in baby prattle it called him father.

'But I will be your child,' she would say. 'Once out of this gloomy prison, we will fly to the country; and till war ceases to desolate the land, and infuriate and demoralise the people, we will live in secret retire-

ment: and think you that you have refound your daughter—in me, my good, good father.'

'Amelie,' would the old man reply, 'we shall never leave this place but to ride in the fatal *charrette*. I am a conspirator against the Republic—its enemy. I am in its power: I must die.'

'No, no!' cried Amelie, on the day in question with a shudder, which plainly told how little confidence she had in her own words: 'never will they slay you!'

'Child, child! the men who govern France sit on the summit of a fearful volcano: whoever seeks to hurl them down, and fails, must perish. I am a dead man. You, child,' he added, fondly gazing on her lovely face, 'you may—nay, will escape.'

'I have no trace of hope,' said she mournfully.

'The Citoyen Liancourt!' thundered a hoarse voice.

The pair raised their heads, and saw six men, whose huge cutlasses, vast tricoloured cockades, loose coats, coarse hats and shoes, with shining muskets, showed them to be some of the *sans culotte* national guard. Near them stood the jailer.

'Here,' replied the old man, rising and advancing, leaning on the arm of his fair and trembling aid.

'Prepare for a removal, citizen,' said the chief of the band roughly, but without brutality.

'Without my child?' exclaimed the old man, clinging to his supporter, and calling her by the name she had adopted.

'Faith of a republican!' said the chief, observing his feeble aspect; 'the *Citoyen-Representant*'—here he glanced at a paper—'said nothing of a daughter; but that can be easily corrected. En route.'

The old man pressed fondly the arm of Amelie, who, too accustomed to the rapid and dramatic course of events in those days, felt no surprise at her sudden departure; and though she left behind her worldly wealth, in a small box of clothes, made no observation. Though carriages were generally abolished as signs of aristocracy, yet a vehicle stood at the door—one of those used by the leading men of the Committee of Public Safety to return home in after late debates at the Convention—and into this the old man and his devoted child of adoption entered. The *sans culotte* guard mounted their horses, and the cortège moved slowly towards the Seine.

'I hope we are not to be taken to the horrid Conciergerie?' said Amelie shuddering.

'Heaven only knows!' said the old man: 'let us be thankful we are not separated.'

With these words all conversation ceased, both gazing out curiously at the streets of Paris, to which they had been many months strangers. Presently they started, for they were crossing the bridge which led to the Place de la Révolution, and a sudden turn of the carriage made both close their eyes. The guillotine *en permanence* had struck them to stone. Next minute they were sobbing on each other's bosom. Escaping thus the knots of idlers, and the degrading spectacle of the ferocious women called the 'furies of the guillotine,' who lurked round in waiting for prey to torture and insult, they roused themselves when, having crossed the Rue de la République (now Rue Royale*), they halted before a house of mean appearance in the Rue St Honoré.

Both gazed curiously at what they expected to be their new prison; but ere they could examine much, two or three fanatical and sombre-looking men had rushed forward and opened the carriage door. The chief of the *sans culottes* made a sign to them to descend, which Amelie did with alacrity to assist the old man. This done, they passed through a carpenter's yard, where lay huge piles of timber, entered a little court, and then ascending a stair, were ushered into a large apartment. It was a bedroom and study both. On the bed lay maps, papers, open books; on the table a

huge mass of ugly scrawled manuscript and of English newspapers, which the occupant of the room was eagerly devouring, while every now and then he muttered to himself impatiently, 'Pitt! always Pitt, and George, and me—my armies, my troops, my resources! Miserable libellers—humph!'

The man raised his head, and the lawyer and his first client were once more in presence.

'Citoyen Robespierre!' cried the old man.

'Citoyen Liancourt!' replied the dictator of France with a smile—'sit down. What sayest thou to breakfasting with me again? My sister will serve us as usual.'

The old man sank into a chair, overwhelmed with emotion.

'Citoyen!' said Robespierre, after causing Amelie to be seated, 'I have not, thou seest, forgotten my first client, and my last; for I was last night thy advocate for two hours before the Committee. St Just said thou wast a traitor; and so thou art: but surely I may for once offend my colleague by saving even one guilty against his country!'

'Against the Republic!' stammered the old man, scarcely recovered from his surprise.

'Which is thy country and mine just now,' said the deputy of Arras dryly. 'But let us not dispute. We differ in opinion; thou servest one master, I another; both hard to serve, and thankless; but in serving thine thou hast forfeited thy life!'

'Which you are about to save?'

'I am, my old, my first client,' said Robespierre sadly. 'That was a happy day, Citoyen Liancourt—a happy day: I had not then the fate of thirty millions of men on my head, and all Europe leagued against me. Ah! my friend, little dost thou know the thankless office so many envy me. I neither rest nor sleep—I am no more myself—I am weary,' and he sipped as usual some camomile tea: 'but in-revolution one can but advance—or die.'

'You are far from that, citizen,' put in the still wondering *ci-devant* marquis.

'I know not. The fearful torrent rolls on apace, and must be stopped.'

'Men say not wrongly then,' cried the royalist, 'when they think you wish to stay this fearful tide?'

'To will and to do is different,' said the tottering dictator. 'Just now it is in my power to save thee: no man knows how soon I may be the weaker of the two. Let us talk of thy safety and of that of thy friend.'

Robespierre then explained that he had provided a passport for the Citoyen Scipio Mentor, *en mission* for the frontier, to which he now added, without asking a single question, the name of his daughter. This, signed as it was by himself, with a few assignats, would enable the old man, he said, to gain the frontier, and there end his days in peace.

'And now, my good old friend, farewell! We are embarked on different roads. Thou art for the old, I for the new. Thorny is my path, and difficult, and severely shall I be judged; but, and he took the hand of the old man, 'let me have the satisfaction of knowing that amongst those who do not wholly condemn me is my first client.'

'My saviour, and that of my child!' replied the aged royalist fervently, 'fear not my blame. I will do you justice at least. It is not for me to judge your acts and motives.'

'And now, my friends, once more farewell! There wait without ambassadors, deputations, proconsuls, supplicants, the whole crowd that wait on power, and I must meet them. We shall never meet again! Think of me, for the few hours I have to live, not too ill.'

And Robespierre, after pressing the hands of both, led them to a side-door, where his faithful sister awaited them with breakfast. This meal, gratefully accepted and despatched, the old man and his child went out into the gloomy streets. Though several times stopped and questioned, the signature of the great Jacobin was

* The very day I write, the street has retaken the name of 'Rue de la République.'

like a talisman, and both reached in a few weeks a small and obscure town in Belgium, where, for the sake of the ultimate destination of his property, the ex-marquis induced his companion to become his wife. Nursed by her tender and affectionate care, he lived many years, and died in peace and quiet, in the enjoyment of a small income which he had saved from the wreck.

A few months after leaving Paris, the old man and his young wife received intelligence of the fall and death of Maximilian Robespierre. Both wept; for neither could forget that to one, justly or unjustly the object of execration, they owed the prolongation of their lives. Amelie, when again a widow, returned to France, and came into possession, ultimately, both of her own and her husband's property. To her exertions it was due that, at the Restoration, the poor sister of Robespierre received a pension from government; and thus had she ever reason to bless the memory of the poor old man who was her brother's first client.

AËRATED WATERS.

AMONG the important branches of our manufacturing industry at first called into existence by the luxury, and perpetuated by the necessity of men, we may assign a high rank to the manufacture of aërated waters. Although a large amount of labour and capital is thus employed, but little is known to the generality of readers of the processes employed in supplying the tables of the wealthy or the sick with these pleasant and often valuable beverages. We believe, therefore, that a sketch of the history and method of preparing such waters will be read with some degree of interest.

As an article of luxury, and still more as a branch of commerce, the manufacture of aërated waters is of very recent origin. Waters aërated by some *natural* processes in the crust of the earth have been celebrated and valued from time immemorial, and have proved an unintermitting source of wealth and health to the possessors and visitors of the localities in which they were discovered. Springs of water saturated with carbonic acid, and having an agreeably acidulous taste, very refreshing in the heat of summer, abound in many parts of Germany. In the electorate of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Eissel, these pleasant springs are found in great numbers, and supply the inhabitants with a valuable and inexpensive carbonated water. In many such cases, the continual process of decay going on in beds of wood-coal beneath the soil, appears to be the source of the carbonic acid: as the water bubbles up, it meets with the gas, and dissolves it, then makes its appearance at the surface as a sparkling fountain, impregnated to a very considerable amount with this gas. Carbonic acid springs also exist in volcanic districts, where the earth no longer glows with its wonted fires, yet preserving a dull heat, sends up incessant streams of the gas through the superincumbent soil. Towards the end of the last century, chemists began to inquire whether they could not imitate this agreeable natural production. Dr Priestley, the celebrated philosopher, appears to have been the earliest experimenter upon the subject, and particularly notices the brisk and agreeable flavour of artificially-prepared water holding carbonic acid in solution. Subsequently, the well-known Mr Nooth turned his attention to the subject, and after a little time, produced a highly-charged effervescent carbonated water, which came into great esteem. His apparatus consisted of three or more glass vessels, placed one above another, and each communicating with the one below and the one above. The uppermost was provided with a strong glass stopper, accurately fitted. The lowest was also provided with a second neck, well stopped, through which the materials for generating the gas were

passed. Into the two upper vessels water was put, so as to half fill them; into the lower, fragments of pure marble and some dilute hydrochloric acid. The acid, acting upon the marble, decomposed it, and caused the evolution of its carbonic acid gas; which, unable to escape in any other direction, rose through a valve in the neck of this vessel, and bubbled through the water in the one above, and again in the one above that. After this process had continued for a certain time, the water was drawn off, and was found to possess all the agreeable qualities of the natural waters, and in a superior degree. This was an elegant imitation of the process which we have mentioned as actually taking place in nature. But it occupied much time; and though the product was a palatable beverage, it was not sufficiently so for the improving taste of aërated water-drinkers. Mr Pepys and another gentleman thought to improve upon this apparatus by another on a somewhat similar principle, in which the water was made to pass again and again through a vessel containing a high charge of carbonic acid. But this method was also abandoned in its turn.

A London manufacturer, who was now rising into eminence, appears to have been the first to have caught the idea of effecting the impregnation of water by mechanical agency; and the aërated water thus produced surpassed all others in pungency and in its charge of gas. The process, however, was kept a rigid secret. Mr Pepys says—'The first apparatus in which condensing pumps were used openly I saw at an apothecary's in the city, who did not claim the original invention, as it had been suggested to him by several of his chemical friends.' The most complete instrument in the year 1800 was one devised by Mr Pepys, which, with but one important omission, contains all the parts of the modern engines. This machine consisted of a force-pump, gasometer, reservoir, bottling-tap, &c., and was long used by several houses now engaged in the trade. The liquid at first prepared was simply water highly charged with carbonic acid gas, or carbonated water. But it was soon found that a small addition of alkali improved the beverage, and also made it a valuable remedial agent. Carbonate of soda therefore was added, with a successful result; and the important aërated water so well known as soda-water thus originated. As it is the most agreeable of the alkaline beverages, it has retained its position; but not without competitors, for potash-water was soon afterwards introduced, subsequently magnesia-water, and more recently lime-water, under the poetical title of Carrara-Water. None of these, however, can be compared with good, genuine soda-water, as all possess in too strong a degree either a soapy or an earthy flavour. They have therefore come to be considered rather as members of the dispensatory, and as medicinal remedies, than as luxuries of the table. One great deficiency in the apparatus up to the period last mentioned was, the absence of any means of agitating the water so as to expose it thoroughly to the gas. If any one had entered a soda-water manufactory fifteen or twenty years ago, he would have seen the first rude attempts at accomplishing this object. Copper cylinders of great strength, bound with iron, were used as reservoirs for the charge of gas and water, and made to revolve generally by steam power on an axle fitted to the centre, in order that there might be a thorough intermixture of the materials. After whirling about for some time, the cylinder was carried to the bottling place, and its contents drawn off. This method was both imperfect and terribly wasteful, as a strong charge of gas was always left when the water had been drawn off, and this was allowed to blow off into the air! Without, however, dwelling at greater length upon the gradually-improving method of manufacturing aërated waters, we may proceed at once to describe the manufacture as it is now carried on on the large scale, and with all the modern improvements.

The manufactory to which we have had access is probably one of the most extensive in the provinces; and with several advantages accruing from its site, com-

binies all the most perfect methods now in use for the preparation of these largely-consumed fluids. It is situated on the banks of the river Clwyd, in the little town of Ruthin, deeply embosomed in the vale so well known to Welsh tourists as the Vale of Clwyd. Its supply of water, which is so essential a portion of the manufacture, is probably unrivalled. This appears due to the fact of the geological basis of the district being the red sandstone. The water of the river percolates directly through a thick bed of this rock, becoming thus perfectly filtered before it is drawn for the use of the manufactory. Probably no water contains so minute a portion of mineral impurities, and upon this seems to depend the success of the manufacture. Passing by the engine-room and bottle-washing machinery, in which is an ingenious contrivance whereby the bottles to be washed fill themselves in the proper manner with water, the soda-water mechanism is arranged in a separate portion of the manufactory. A compact machine, something like the large model of a beam steam-engine, is at work at a rapid rate before us. On one side are the driving pulleys and fly-wheel, in the centre a polished reservoir of bell-metal, and at the further end a solid metallic plunger, rapidly moving to and fro in the perpendicular direction. This is the force-pump of the apparatus; and it is so arranged, that no extraneous matters of any kind can become mixed with the fluid. At the opposite end of the machine is a copper vessel, plated in the interior, which holds a graduated supply of the alkaline water, from thence drawn by the pump, and sent into the reservoir. This vessel is itself supplied by a pipe proceeding from an immense tank of slate in another part of the manufactory. Near the pump two pipes converge; one comes from the vessel just mentioned, the other proceeds directly from a very large gas-holder of copper, also out of sight; at this point two regulating indices are placed, on which is engraved 'Open,' 'Shut,' with a number of intermediate degrees. By this means the supply of water and of gas is conveniently adjusted, according to the degree to which it is required to charge the fluid. An arrangement of cog-wheels drives with great rapidity a spindle, which revolves inside the spherical reservoir, and thus agitates and mingles inseparably the gas and water.

From this part of the machine the now perfectly aerated fluid descends by a strong pipe to the bottling engine. At the top of this reservoir is a safety-valve, heavily loaded; and to insure the perfect saturation of the water with the gas, this valve is kept by the pressure within just on the lift, and not unfrequently blows off with considerable noise. The bottling of a fluid thus highly charged with elastic gas is, as may well be imagined, an operation of no common difficulty. In the greater number of manufactories it is still done by hand: the cork, hastily thrust in, is struck down into the bottle with a wooden mallet, greatly to the risk of the bottler and the bottle; while it has also this disadvantage, that the hand is unable to resist a pressure of more than three or four atmospheres, and hence the cork resists all efforts to drive it down until a large part of the charge has escaped. All these objections are obviated by the ingenious machine called the bottling engine. This is fixed in an upright position, at a little distance from the machine in which the fluid is prepared; and its supply is derived, as has been said, from a strong pipe connected with the reservoir. There is a sort of treadle, worked by the foot, having a wooden cup which receives the bottom of the bottle; the neck of the bottle is then placed inside a hollow collar of bell-metal, at the upper end of which the cork is put down from above, and in the side are holes connected with the pipe conveying the fluid. Above, there is a plunger, intended to force the cork down, worked by a powerful lever in the bottler's hand. The tap is turned, the fluid rushes in and fills the bottle, and the lever is forcibly dragged down, bringing the metallic plunger with it, and burying the cork in the neck of the bottle. It is then quickly removed, taken by the hand of an assistant just behind, who straps it down with tinned iron wire, when it is again delivered to another, who wires it in the opposite direction, and thus the captive cork is held firmly down.

The rapidity with which all this is effected can scarcely be believed. An expert bottler can often bottle off *two thousand five hundred bottles* as his day's work! The loss by breakage is frequently great—that is to say, where the maker is really honest, and charges his bottles with their full complement of gas; where this is not the case, it is very trifling. At the manufactory in question, many dozens of bottles are thus lost every day, although the glass of such bottles is from one quarter to occasionally half an inch in thickness. In order, therefore, to keep up the supply of bottles alone, a large amount of capital is sunk every year; and the floating capital represented by the thousands of bottles dispersed about in different parts of the country is very large indeed. After the bottles have been secured in the manner thus described, they are despatched to the labeller, who affixes the name of the article and that of the maker: they are then sent to the packing-room, where they are carefully put up in hampers, and sent off by the manufacturer's wagons to all parts of the country.

The apparatus for producing the carbonic acid gas, in this manufacture, is placed in an out-building. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the fact, that the addition of diluted sulphuric acid to chalk produces an effervescence, which is owing to the escape of carbonic acid gas, while the chalk becomes a sulphate instead of a carbonate of lime. These are the agents employed in this manufacture. The chalk is first mixed in a large reservoir with water to the consistence of cream, and then poured into a great leaden retort. To this is attached a leaden bottle, containing sulphuric acid; and a gas pipe, with a stopcock, conveys the gas resulting from the mixture of these substances through water into a large gas-holder, from whence the pump of the engine draws it for the use of the machine. By its side is the capacious tank for the alkaline liquor, capable of holding many hundred gallons; and a small pipe from it feeds the machine, as we have before seen. The engine which washes the bottles, and makes the soda-water and other aerated waters, has also to pump from the deep well the large daily quantity of water consumed, and supply-pipes are conveniently arranged to the several tanks and cisterns in this part of the building. We have not by us at this moment the statistics of the annual consumption of chalk, or 'whiting,' as it is called, and sulphuric acid, but we remember it was something very large—many tons of the one, and carboys of the other. Indeed, the consumption of these articles in the manufacture is so large as to have an effect upon the sulphur and 'whiting' trades. The principal sources of the chalk are the white walls of England—the extensive chalk cliffs on our south-eastern shores.

Although we have only described the manufacture of soda-water in this brief sketch, it may be taken as a tolerably accurate account of the mode of preparing every other aerated water, the principal differences lying in the differing nature of the fluids employed. Dr Ure, who has paid much attention to this, as to every other department of our arts and manufactures, engaged in an elaborate analysis of a number of samples of soda-water; and publishing his results in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal,' makes the very startling announcement, that by far the greater portion contained either no carbonate of soda at all, or at most about *one grain* in each bottle! And it is a well-known fact to medical men, that most of the so-called soda-water is merely water impregnated with carbonic acid. The reason appears to be, that the addition of the alkali to the water is costly in two respects—in the price of a sufficiently pure article, and in the larger quantity of gas the alkaline water absorbs. The best makers, however, are faithful to their reputation, and in their soda-water ten or fifteen grains of the alkali will always be found in a form the most agreeable of all for its administration. Dr Ure gives also some curious facts upon the average quantity of gas: in inferior soda-water it was very variable, but in the best, each bottle contained on the average 12,000 grain measures of gas, mixed in 4000 of water. Some experiments made by another gentleman, exhibit the amount of gas in the best London soda-

water at twenty-eight to thirty ounces; and in that of the manufactory in question, probably in consequence of the purity of the water, the charge was found to be thirty-two ounces of gas in each bottle. At the ordinary atmospheric pressure, water takes up its own volume of the gas; and these results show, that under the influence of a pressure equal to many atmospheres, it absorbs in addition two volumes more. Too much reliance, however, must not be placed on these results, in consideration of the frequent loss of gas by leakage.

The only other aerated water of any repute is the oxygenated water. An ingenious gentleman, noticing the volubility of laughing-gas in water, and believing that a remedial agent of great value might be thus prepared, took out a patent for the article. For some time it was in great repute; but although we have made diligent inquiries after it, in consequence of its value as a medicinal fluid, the manufacture appears now either to have been discontinued, or to be of a very limited extent. The gas was procured by heating the salt known as the nitrate of ammonia; and was then made by a process similar to that described above. The liquid had an agreeable sweetish taste, and sparkled like ordinary waters. If the Liebigian theory of the causes of several very common disorders is correct, the constant drinking of this water, thus supplying a large amount of oxygen to the system, is much to be recommended. In the account published of its effects some years ago, it was stated that several persons had derived the most marked benefit from its use. The expense of the preparation is probably the chief obstacle to its large adoption; the cost of the nitrate of ammonia being many times greater than the gas-producing materials employed in the other manufacture. It is perhaps hardly necessary to state that this gas is not oxygen itself, but an oxide of nitrogen, or nitrous oxide.

There are some mechanical ingenuities connected with our subject, which may be appropriately mentioned in bringing it to a conclusion. The early ligatures to tie down the corks were string; but this was quickly abandoned, in consequence of the pressure against the cork bursting the string. Wire was then used, and has been since most generally employed, of various kinds—copper, iron, tinned, and galvanised. Tinned wire is now beginning to be employed; and in a large manufactory, the consumption of wire alone will probably amount to some tons in the course of a year. We were lately shown an ingenious contrivance for this end. A hole was made in the neck of the bottle, and a metal pin thrust through the cork, so as to make its escape impossible. Another plan consists of a little plate with a couple of wire straps; this is slipped into the cork, and the straps embrace firmly the neck of the bottle. An elegant instrument, principally for metropolitan use, has been lately introduced in London, consisting of an earthen vase of artistic design, charged with carbonated waters, which are drawn in the required quantity by a clever mechanical tap at the top. The name of this instrument is the Syphon Vase. It forms an ornamental addition to the dinner-table; but from difficulties connected with the recharging, it is principally adapted for local use. A number of machines have been from time to time proposed for domestic use, of greater or lesser ingenuity; but that general proposition, applicable to so large a variety of subjects, obtains here also, that where the article is of large consumption, it is always best and cheapest to procure it of those who devote themselves to its exclusive manufacture. We suspect if there were invented a domestic tallow-candle-making machine, putting aside the excise difficulties, the most economical plan would be found to be to purchase the article ready-made.

It has long been a whim of ours, and we mention it because it may probably attract the notice of some one who has opportunities for practically making the attempt, that the elastic force of the carbonic acid generated in this manufacture might be economically applied, on the expansive principle of the steam-engine, to drive the machinery used in the manufacture. The gas might be generated in a powerful receiver, then be conducted into a kind of receptacle or boiler, from which it might

proceed, drive a small engine, and finally escape into the ordinary gas-holder to be used for the machine. If any one should think it worth his while to make the trial, we beg to present him with the idea gratis, although we are not over-sanguine as to a successful result.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING MAN.

Most readers of newspapers must be acquainted with certain articles contributed to them during the progress of the free-trade movement, with the signature of *One who has whistled at the plough*. This person proves to be the same Alexander Somerville who created a sensation during the latter days of the reform movement (summer of 1832) as a private in the Scots Greys, who had been flogged *indirectly* for writing a letter to a newspaper, in which he expressed his belief that his fellow-soldiers would not support the Duke of Wellington in an effort to resist the national will as declared by the House of Commons. The child of a mason's labourer in Haddingtonshire, Somerville obtained some tincture of learning at a parish school. While, in boyhood and early manhood, working at laborious employments for small gains, he educated himself by reading and haunting the company of such intelligent persons as fell in his way. The final result is, his being a favourite and well-paid writer in the newspapers, and his publishing, at seven-and-thirty, a narrative of his life, possessing no small value as a report to one department of society of the feelings and workings which go on in another, that other being at present the subject of a problem charged with the gravest interest to present and prospective humanity.

The volume opens with sketches of the cottage economy of Scotland, under the care of a decent industrious couple, influenced by the religious feelings of our country, and inspired with the anxious wish to bring up their children in a creditable manner. With all the drawbacks of a somewhat stern discipline, the system has a certain moral beauty, for which, it is to be feared, there is no counterpart in much of the modern life of better-paid working people, whether in town or country. Somerville partook of the usual hardships of his class—was half-starved in dear years, tyrannised over by the farmers' children at school, and thrashed by the master for resisting; sent to tend cattle while yet a child, and persecuted by superstitious fears, against which no one could instruct him to defend himself. He was not yet a man when, like Burns, he had to do a man's work, breaking stones on the road, cutting drains, and acting as a sawyer—all of them most laborious employments. While thus engaged, intellectual pleasures came to him; and he details the delightful novelty of his sensations on first reading the Ayrshire poet, on seeing a play, and perusing a newspaper. By and by he had to move about the country in search of work, generally with companions. One of the difficulties attending this kind of life was to avoid joining his friends in their potations of whisky, to which he had no sort of liking, while, moreover, he desired to be able to return home with a good suit of clothes purchased by his savings. It is distressing to hear of the sacrifices made by Somerville's associates to the demon of liquor. On pay-days, he says, it was hardly possible for the most abstemious and resolute to escape spending money on liquor; meaning, we presume, that those who were most inclined, tempted and compelled those least so, to join them in their orgies. It was in the crisis of the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, when the outcry for political reforms arose, that the following circumstances took place, strongly illustrating a point which we lately brought before the reader:—

'A number of masons were hewing the blocks of stone, and each hewer had a labourer allotted to him to do the rougher work upon the stone with a short pick, technically to "scutch" it. The masons were intolerable tyrants to their labourers. I was in the quarry cutting the blocks from the rock when the tide was out: and when the tide was in, I went and scutched with some of the hewers, chiefly with my friend Alick. One day, when we had been reading in the newspapers a great deal about the

tyranny of the Tories, and the tyranny of the aristocracy in general, and some of the hewers had been, as usual, wordy and loud in denouncing all tyrants, and exclaiming "Down with them for ever!" one of them took up a long wooden straight-edge and struck a labourer with the sharp edge of it over the shoulders. Throwing down my pick, I turned round and told him that, so long as I was about the works, I would not see a labourer struck in that manner without questioning the mason's pretended right to domineer over labourers. "You exclaim against tyranny," I continued, "and you yourselves are tyrants, if anybody is." The hewer answered that I had no business to interfere; that he had not struck me. "No," said I, "or you would have been in the sea by this time. But I have seen labourers, who dared not speak for themselves, knocked about by you, and by many others; and by every mason about those works, I have seen labourers ordered to do things, and compelled to do them, which no working man should order another to do; far less have the power to compel him to do. And I tell you it shall not be done."

The labourers gathered around me; the masons conferred together. One of them said, speaking for the rest, that he must put a stop to this; the privileges of masons were not to be questioned by labourers, and I must either submit to that reproof, or punishment which they thought fit to inflict, or leave the works; if not, they must all leave the works. The punishment hinted at was, to submit to be held over one of the blocks of stone face downward, the feet held down on one side, the head and arms held down on the other side, while the mason apprentices would whack the offenders with their leathern aprons knotted hard. I said that, so far from submitting to reproof or punishment, I would carry my opposition a great deal farther than I had done. They had all talked about parliamentary reform; we had all joined in the cry for reform, and denounced the exclusive privileges of the anti-reformers, but I would begin reform where we then stood. I would demand, and I then demanded, that if a hewer wanted his stone turned over, and called labourers together to do it, they should not put hands to it unless he assisted; that if a hewer struck a labourer at his work, none of the labourers should do anything thereafter, of any nature whatever, for that hewer. (The masons laughed.) "And farther," said I, "the masons shall not be entitled to the choice of any room they choose, if we go into a public-house to be paid, to the exclusion of the labourers; nor, if there be only one room in the house, shall the labourers be sent outside the door to give the room to the masons, as has been the case. In everything we shall be your equals, except in wages; that we have no right to expect." The masons, on hearing these conditions, set up a shout of derisive laughter. It was against the laws of their body to hear their privileges discussed by a labourer; they could not suffer it, they said, and I must instantly submit to punishment for my contumacy. I told them that I was a quarryman, and not a mason's labourer; that, as such, they had no power over me. They scouted this plea, and said that wherever masons were at work, they were superior, and their privileges were not to be questioned. I asked if the act of a mason striking a labourer with a rule was not to be questioned. They said, by their own body it might, upon a complaint from the labourer; but in this case the labourer was insolent to the mason, and the latter had a right to strike him. They demanded that I should at once cease to argue the question, and submit, before it was too late, to whatever punishment they chose to inflict. Upon hearing this, I put myself in a defensive attitude, and said, "Let me see who shall first lay hands on me?" No one approaching, I continued, "We have been reading in the newspaper discussions about reform, and have been told how much is to be gained by even one person sometimes making a resolute stand against oppressive power. We have only this day seen in the papers a warning to the aristocracy and the anti-reformers that another John Hampden may arise. Come on, he who dares! I shall be Hampden to the tyrannies of masons!"

'None of them offered to lay hands on me; one said they had better let the affair rest where it was, as there would only be a fight about it, and several others assented; and so we resumed our work.'

'Had it been in summer, when building was going on, they would have either dismissed me from the works, or have struck, and refused to work themselves. It was only about the end of January, and they could not afford to do more than threaten me.'

Against such a specimen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' it is delightful to place the following anecdote of humble benevolence. Somerville, with some companions, arrived in Kelso in search of work on the eve of a hiring fair day:—"We could get no lodgings there, every place being filled with cattle-dealers and other strangers already arrived for to-morrow's fair. Thoroughly worn out, we lay down on the causeway of a narrow street where there seemed to be the least traffic, and the least danger of being run, ridden, or driven over in our sleep. Some of us were already asleep, when a weaver and his wife, opposite to whose humble cottage door we lay, came out and said they could not go to bed, nor rest if they were in bed, with the thought of fellow-creatures lying in the street. They had a large family of children, a small house, and were only poor persons, they said; still, if we would go inside, they would at least give us the shelter of a roof and a fire to sit by. We went in. The weaver and some of his children made a bed for themselves beneath the loom; his wife and the other children went to a bed in the loft, and four of us lay crossways on the bed which they had vacated in the kitchen. The other three stretched themselves on the clothes-chests and the chairs. In the morning, one of us went out and bought tea, sugar, and bread for breakfast, while the kind woman got us water and a tub to bathe our blistered feet; and the weaver gave his shaving razors to those who needed shaving, and took his other razor, which was past shaving, and pared such of our feet as had bruises; and took a darning needle and worsted and drew it through the blisters, leaving a worsted thread in the blisters—the best possible cure for them. When we had breakfasted, and were all bathed, doctored, and refreshed, the good woman, her heart overflowing with motherly generosity, said, "No, we must not offer to pay her; no, we must not speak of thanks even; we were no doubt some mother's bairns; she had bairns of her own, and the wide world was before them yet; it would be an awful thought for her to think it possible that they might ever be without a roof to sleep under. Oh no; we must not speak about paying her; she had done nothing, nor the guildman had done nothing but their duty, their Christian duty, whilk was incumbent on them to perform to their fellow-creatures."

In the Merse (Berwickshire), our author found there were some curious distinctions between the rural labouring class and those of his native district, though they are divided only by a rivulet. The people of the former province work much the hardest, but are perpetually changing masters, and they can never furnish forth their marriageable daughters so well as the Lothian labourers. 'As indicating some peculiarities of the maids of the Merse and of Lothian, I may report what their respective admirers may be heard saying of them. He from the Lothian side of the small rivulet before-mentioned is told that he cannot get a lass for his wife in Lothian who can bake a scone.* He rejoins that he cannot get one who can "fill muck at the midden, and drive the muck carts, as they do in the Merse: they never," he says, "gar women drive carts in Loudan." And he says the truth. The Merse man next takes up what he calls the Loudan tone: he says, "In Loudan the women are so slow at their work, and have such a long tone to their words, that when they speak, they stop their work until the tone comes to an end, and in that time a Merse woman would work round about them." The apologist of the merits and manners of the lasses of Lothian cannot suffer this to be the last word; he retorts smartly

* Cake of barley-bread.

and without a very long tone, that "if the women o' Loudan dinna cut their words so short as they do i' the Merse, neither do they cut their claws so short: gin [if] the lasses o' the Merse would eik the Loudan *tone* to their short goons, their short goons would *set* them the better, and maybe the lads would like them naething the waur."

"Should these disputants be shearing with the Merse women within hearing, as is most probable, the "Loudan louts," as they are ill-naturedly called, may reckon on a *kemp* [contention] which shall stretch their skin before they get to the end of the field. Their best agility and strength, and their worst and fastest work, cannot cope with these women as shearers. The men have not yet been born who are their matches at a kemp. They will be first at the land end, if they should slash the corn down, and trample over it without laying it in the bands for the bandsters to tie in sheaves. They must, and will reach the land end first. The Lothian shearers, let them do their best, must only follow. When the latter do reach the land end, they will be taunted by the others, and told that they must "sup another bow o' meal afore they kemp again wi' the lasses o' the Merse, or cast up to them about their short goons!"

After many changes of masters and of employment, Somerville enlisted in the Scots Greys, and the spring of 1832 found him a recruit of one-and-twenty in the Birmingham barracks. The men caught the contagion of the time, and some joined the political union. Somerville, from a sense of propriety, abstained from doing so, though as keen a reformer as any. At the crisis when it was apprehended that the Duke of Wellington was going to undertake an anti-reforming government, our hero wrote his famous letter—a proceeding, we humbly think, much to be condemned, but not so much so as that of his officers in punishing it. There seems no room to doubt that the first consequence of his authorship being suspected, was to force him into an act of disobedience. He was put upon an unruly horse, without stirrups, and obliged to ride it in the school, till, seeing that he must be thrown, he dismounted, and refused to resume his lessons. Placed under arrest for trial, he was brought before the commanding officer, Major Wyndham, who taxed him with a treasonous act in writing the letter, and told him he would repent of it. There was a hurried and irregular court-martial—a condemnation of course, and the infliction of a hundred lashes, which Somerville here describes in most vivid terms. As must be remembered, he became a martyr of the newspapers and clubs, and the case being noticed in the House of Commons, a court of inquiry sat upon it, and condemned the conduct of Major Wyndham as 'injudicious.' Somerville was enabled by the public beneficence to obtain his discharge, but he suffered much in delicacy of spirit, from the efforts of vulgar-minded partisans to parade him and his sufferings before the public. His value as a subject for the newspapers comes out in a strong and somewhat amusing light in these memoirs.

Much credit seems due to him for his refraining from all retaliatory measures against his oppressors. While remaining steadfast in his political prepossessions, he does not seem to have been provoked by his experience of the wantonness of power into any general feeling of bitterness against either classes or persons. The trades'-unionists of 1833-4, expecting to find in him one fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, endeavoured to inveigle him into a conspiracy which it now appears had been formed, with objects not greatly different from the famous Gunpowder Plot; but he not only shrunk from the part assigned to him with horror, but gave the government such warning as enabled them to defeat the plan. He afterwards served in the Spanish legion, where he attained the rank of sergeant-major. On returning penniless, he wrote a narrative of that distressing episode—an extraordinary work, from the circumstances under which its composition was commenced. 'I might,' says the author, 'have found friends, and have got assistance in Glasgow. I would not, in the dirty regimentals I was clothed in, go to any person who had before known me. The person to whom

I offered my certificate of six months' gratuity for a quire of writing paper, and pen and ink, to begin to write my narrative of the legion, would give nothing for the worthless certificate, but made me a present of several quires of writing paper. I walked out of Glasgow, three or four miles up the Clyde, got into a field of beans nearly ripe, crept out of sight into the middle of the field; lay there three days and nights, writing the first chapters of my "Narrative," and living on the beans. I sent the farmer a copy of the work afterwards, as payment for what I had eaten.'

The style of this book is quiet, simple, and perspicuous. The writer tells much against himself; yet the general impression left is in his favour. In the humblest situations, he seems to apply himself to the duties before him with diligence; he resists debasing pleasures, for the sake of something better; he is content to be a loser, rather than fall the least grade in integrity. Many of his remarks on the position and interests of working men might be listened to with advantage by that class, and there are passages in the volume calculated to be of wider utility: for instance, the following:—"An old cavalry soldier in Edinburgh gave me some words of counsel, to be observed in the stable and the barrack-room. I refer to them now, because I have found them, or similar rules, useful elsewhere than in a stable or barrack-room. One was, to observe when the soldier's wife, who might be in the same room with me, was about to go for water to the pump, or was in want of water, I was to take her pail and say, "Nay, mistress, let me go to the pump for you," and go instantly. Another rule of conduct was to anticipate a comrade who might require his clothes brushed, and rise and do it for him before he had time to ask the favour. And so in the stable, if I had charge of a comrade's horse in his absence, he on guard perhaps, to be as kind to his horse as to my own; and at any time, if I had nothing to do myself, to put forward my hand and help some one who had something to do. The same readiness to oblige may be practised in a workshop, in a literary office, or any other office, and is as necessary to be observed there as in a stable. But I fear that if there be not a natural inclination to be obliging, the desire of acquiring the good-will of associates will fail to make one always agreeable. Almost all men, probably all, who have risen above the social level upon which they were born, or who have created new branches of trade, or have been inventors, or have made discoveries, have been men who were ever ready to put forth their hands to help a companion in his work, or to try to do something more than what was allotted for them to do by their employers. The apprentice, or journeyman, or other person who will not do more than is allotted to him, because he is not bound to do it, and who is continually drawing a line to define what he calls his rights, with his fellow-workmen, or with his employer, or, if in the army, with his comrades, and the non-commissioned officers immediately over him, is sure to remain where he is, or sink to a lower level. He is not destined to be a successful master tradesman; to be a discoverer in science, an inventor in mechanics, a propounder of new philosophy, nor a promoter of the world's advancement, and certainly not of his own.

'It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart with manure at the farm dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him, as doubtless he did to help me when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column, or columns of a newspaper, or sheet of a magazine, with the literature for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter, because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of there being more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my own work, and have taken the baby from a soldier's wife when she had work to do, and nursed it; or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's

accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature, and travelling for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject into its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do which was much more pleasant and profitable. When I have needed employment, I have accepted it at whatever wages I could obtain—at plough, in farm drain, in stone quarry, at breaking stones for roads, at wood-cutting, in a sawpit, as a civilian, or as a soldier. I have in London cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cabman's horse for a sixpence, and been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—been sought after, and offered—ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accept shillings, I would not have risen to guineas.*

FIVE DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.*

On the morning of the 5th of last November we were encamped on the line of survey in the Tobique district, about five miles from the Little Gulquac. At eight o'clock, the party having struck the tents, and got their several loads in readiness, commenced their day's march along the line, when I left them, as I usually did, for the purpose of examining the neighbouring country. I took a course to the westward for about half a mile, behind a small mount, from the top of which I was led to expect an excellent view of the surrounding country, as observations from it of distant mountain heights had already been made by the surveying party during the summer's operations. After making a few notes and sketches, I went to the top of the hill, where I remained for a short time similarly employed. I next descended, with the intention of regaining the line of survey, and joining the party. This, however, I found to be no such easy matter. The country in this neighbourhood has to an immense extent been laid waste by extensive fires, and the trees, and even the soil, in some places are so thoroughly burnt up, that there is not a vestige of vegetation to be seen; in others, the naked trunks of the trees are left standing, like the grim ghosts of a stately forest race, charred by fire, or blanched by the storm; or they are tossed by the whirlwind into the most frightful heaps of confusion. These are termed 'windfalls,' and form some of the most formidable barriers to the progress of the traveller of the wilderness.

The surveyed line through this section of country, owing to the facts above stated, was merely traced out with small stakes, placed at long intervals, which, having become dark and discoloured, could scarcely now be distinguished from the surrounding dead-wood. I was not then in the least disconcerted at failing to find the line, but continued to advance in the direction which I knew it to take, stopping from time to time to make sketches and observations as before. As it was now getting late in the afternoon, and I felt confident I had gone quite as far as the party were likely to have advanced in their day's march, I again made an effort to discover them, by traversing the country both to the right and left for a considerable distance, whooping as loud as I possibly could: but all in vain; I could neither hear nor see anything of them. Very little more than half a mile from where I stood I recognised a rocky height from which I had, the year before, made some observations, and immediately proceeded thither, in the hope of being able to discover from it the smoke of the camp. On reaching the summit, there stood the post which I had placed for my instrument exactly as I had left it a year

ago. I carefully scanned the face of the country round in every direction, but the anxiously-looked-for smoke was nowhere to be seen; and I was at last most reluctantly compelled to relinquish my hope of finding the party for that night at least.

Not knowing whether the surveyed line lay to my right or left, I resolved on taking the direction in which I thought there was least personal risk, and therefore lost no time in getting on a line which had been run by my directions the year before, along which I kept to the northward, as, in case I did not in the meantime cross either the other line or tracks of the party, I should have at least made some progress towards Campbell's, the nearest settlement on the Tobique. I continued to press forward without discovering the objects of my search. I had reached the Beaver Brook, a branch of the Wapskihegan, when night overtook me, and it commenced to rain. It was now quite certain that for one night I must forego the comforts of food, fire, or shelter—having at the same time no doubt of my easily reaching Campbell's some time next day. My situation at that time, although but the commencement of my disaster, was one of no ordinary suffering. I had already undergone nearly twelve hours of the most harassing fatigue, without food or a moment's rest; and now, cold and wet, stood alone amid wind and rain, in a sterile and shelterless wilderness, and on a night so dark, that the very sky seemed black. What was to be done? To follow a course, and move forward in the dark, I knew was impossible. There were thirteen long hours until daylight, yet I dared not lie down to rest, for fear of perishing. I at length resolved to endeavour to follow the course of the Brook, in doing which, I had difficulties to surmount which would, I have no doubt, appear to many almost like impossibilities, even by daylight. Such a night of falls, wounds, bruises, scrapplings, and fatigue, is, I confess, beyond my powers of description. On the morning of the 6th, I found I had got to within a short distance of the mouth of the Brook, which I crossed, intending to follow down the Wapskihegan river, until I came to a lumber road I had travelled the year before, leading by Shea's Mountain to the Campbell settlement, on the Tobique river. The waters were now much swollen, so that I could only scramble along a very steep bank, thickly wooded with underwood and trees. I had gone some distance down, when, thinking that a little way back from the bank of the river I might probably find the travelling easier, I took that direction, and again found myself in a seemingly open country of burnt lands. The surrounding highlands were distinctly seen on all sides in the distance, and amongst the most conspicuous was Shea's Mountain, which led me to the resolution of taking a direct course for it, not dreaming of the formidable difficulties I should have to encounter on the way. I toiled on with determined perseverance through a dreadful combination of windfalls, marsh, lakes, streams, &c., so that another day was nearly spent before I had reached the mountain. I at length found the lumber road, and now considered myself safe, and my journey nearly at an end, being only four miles from the settlement; but I reckoned without my host. I followed the road for a short distance, until I came to an old lumber camp and road leading off to the left, which I examined, and unfortunately rejected, as it appeared to pass on a different side of the mountain to that which I knew the proper road to take. From that moment I continued to go astray.

On travelling a little way further, I came to a second old lumber camp, where the road again branched into two. A snow-storm had now commenced, and night was once more fast approaching. On going about a mile and a half down one of the roads, I did not like its appearance, and returning, followed the other, which I found equally unsatisfactory, as it did not much resemble the road I had travelled during the summer of last year. I, however, endeavoured to console myself with the pro-

* The hero of these adventures is Mr John Grant, employed in the Halifax and Quebec railway exploration survey.

bability of the difference in its appearance being caused by its covering of snow.

I continued to travel for some miles through a low marshy ground, until I became quite convinced of my being in a strange part of the country; when I returned, with the intention, if possible, of regaining the old lumber camp before dark, and passing the night in it; but the night came upon me so suddenly, that I had only time to go a little way to the right, where the ground was higher, and less swampy, and take up my quarters in the shelter of some low bushes, a few branches of which I threw on the ground before lying down. I need scarcely say I was wet, cold, hungry, and much fatigued, having now continued to walk without interruption for upwards of thirty-five hours. On lying down, I got into rather a distressing sort of slumber, from which I in a short time awoke, with much pain in my limbs and back, and stiff with cold. I got up and walked about, until once more overcome with fatigue, when I again lay down, to endure a repetition of my sufferings; and in this way passed a dreadful night of about thirteen hours. On the morning of the 7th, as soon as it was sufficiently clear, I left my wretched couch, shivering with cold, and by no means refreshed after my fatigue. I was nevertheless in tolerable spirits, not considering myself lost, and feeling assured that within a few hours at least I should once more be in comfortable quarters.

The cravings of hunger were now becoming excessive, and not even a berry was to be seen with which I might allay them. The weather throughout had been, and still continued dark, and the only compass then in my possession I had long considered as useless; I, however, took off the glass, with the hope of repairing it, but my hands had become so benumbed with cold, that the needle slipped from my fingers amongst the long grass, and I was unable, after the most diligent search, to recover it. I now found that both the roads leading from the lumber camp again united, and resolved to continue the one I had been following, under the impression that it must bring me out somewhere on the Tobique. For a considerable distance it traversed a low marshy district, where I found it very difficult to follow, being sometimes up to my knees in water. After a march of several hours, I came to a *timber brow*, on a river which appeared of doubtful size for the Tobique: but as of course my route lay down the stream, I, under a gradual mustering of doubts and fears, continued my journey in that direction.

I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stopped to listen. I whooped! but not a sound in reply. The stream murmured on its bed, the wind rustled amongst the leaves, or whistled through the long grass; but that was all: everything else was silent as the grave. In a short time after, a most extraordinary illusion occurred. My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river; and on looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight may be readily conceived: their canoe, I thought, could not be far off; and I already fancied myself seated in it, and quietly gliding down the river. I hallooed! but to my utter amazement, not the slightest notice was taken, or reply made. The Indian, with folded arms, leant against a tree, and still continued to whistle his tune with philosophic indifference. I approached, but they receded, and appeared to shun me; I became annoyed, and persisted, but in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth at length flashed upon my mind: it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebodings arose. I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavoured to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the vision, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music for some time continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like

a death knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low grounds, so completely real in its effect, that frequently, when expecting to step over my boots in water, I found that I was treading upon long *dry grass*; to be convinced of the truth of which, I frequently felt with my hand. My first vision was undoubtedly the result of *delirium tremens*, brought on by exhaustion; but whether the latter arose from the same cause, or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine.

I continued my toilsome journey along the alternately flat and tangled, or precipitous banks of the river, which, from being now swollen, left me no beach to travel on. I crossed a large brook, which, mistaking it for the Odell, led me to suppose myself but a very little way from the settlement (in reality, upwards of twelve miles off). I had not advanced a great way further, until I suddenly dropped down. Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen, I got up, and endeavoured to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be temporary indisposition, again made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appalling fact forced itself upon me, that I had really lost my strength; and as any further exertions of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless discovered by some of the party, who I had no doubt were by this time in search of me; or, what certainly did appear improbable, by some persons going up the stream to lumber. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to endeavour to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag myself along on my hands and knees, and was consequently overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulled off my boots, for the purpose of pouring out the water, and rendering my feet as dry as I could make them, to prevent their being frozen; after which, from my feet being much swollen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again. I lay down, excessively fatigued and weak; yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept me, through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess my inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night, against which my light jacket and trousers were but a poor protection. On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river. On endeavouring to get up, I was at first unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen; the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded, however, with a good deal of painful exertion, in gaining the bank of the river, where I sat as long as I was able with my feet in the water, for the purpose, if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvas haversack in which I carried my sketching-case I filled with water, of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it down towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I also scrawled a few words on two slips of paper, describing my situation; and putting each into a piece of slit stick, threw them into the stream. I next moved back a little way amongst the long grass and alders; and striving to be as calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow, I addressed myself to an all-seeing and merciful Providence, and endeavoured to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at His disposal—feeling assured that whatever the issue might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but I felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I lay down amongst the long wet grass, having placed

my papers under my head, and my haversack, with some water, near my side. My weakness seemed to favour the most extraordinary creations of the brain. I became surrounded, especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which, could I have seen them under different circumstances, I should have been highly amused. Yet do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone. I passed another long and dreary night; and from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a distressing and disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water, and lay down—I thought most likely never to rise again. A violent burning sensation in the stomach had now come on. A few mouthfuls of water allayed it, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state, gradually growing weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreeable, had in a great measure drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which, as well as my face, had become very much swollen.

In the course of the morning I thought I heard the sound of voices. I raised my head a little from the ground—all I could now accomplish—and looking through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I lay. My surprise and joy were of course excessive; yet I had of late seen so many phantoms, that I was quite at a loss whether to consider it a reality or not. When at length convinced, I discovered, alas! that both my strength and voice were so completely gone that I could neither make myself seen nor heard. All my exertions were unavailing; and my horror and disappointment may be readily conceived at seeing them depart again in the direction from which they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate. Three hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of horses' feet on the bed of the river. On looking up, I saw they had returned to the same spot. My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl so inhuman, as to be mistaken by them for that of a wolf; but on looking up the stream, they saw my handkerchief, which I had fastened to the alder, and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken into a cabin built at the stern of the tow-boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs. They made me a sort of pap with bread and sugar, which they offered, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river with her freight, after which we returned, and got to Campbell's late in the afternoon, where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr Campbell, to which I was brought, was but a very ordinary log-house, yet with all its simple homeliness I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness; and the good dame was, from long experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was much the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavoured to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during a period of more than five days and nights, without either food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid; although I at first suffered a great deal,

both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the river Tobique, where I found my poor wife anxiously awaiting my arrival. I must, in conclusion, say that my wonderful escape ought at least to convince me that God is ever merciful to those who sincerely put their trust in Him.

THE INVALID SEA VOYAGE.

WHEN all other remedies fail, physicians recommend travelling, a sea voyage, or some other mode of change of air, locality, and habits; and such changes often produce wonderful effects on the system. Nor can this be well explained in theory. Physicians know not how it happens; they prescribe it empirically, and, as in many other cases, are guided by experience, not by reasoning. To invalids, there is something at first view in a sea voyage repulsive and uninviting; but if the arrangements and accommodation are at all tolerable, this feeling is soon got the better of. To pass from a comfortable home into a ship, appears at first unpleasant; but to pass from the crowded smoky atmosphere of the city to the pure, expansive, and quiet atmosphere of the ocean, will be found a relief and a pleasure. Let us see what is the difference of this atmosphere from the other, and then we will be better able to judge, especially in the case of a debilitated nervous person, one whose digestive organs are out of order, or worn, and whose chest, and breathing, and circulation are constant sources of anxiety and annoyance.

The sea air is pure and uncontaminated. It is of a soft equable temperature—lower than that of land often is, it is true, but not liable to such sudden changes—never dry and parched; and rarely, except under a tropic sun, hot and suffocating. It contains, in general, about an equable portion of moisture—not too much—never in excess, as is often the case on land, and never too little. The stratum of air next the sea is, on the whole, drier than that on a corresponding portion of land. This arises from certain laws of temperature and evaporation. Then its electric condition is much more uniform—a matter of more importance than is generally imagined. There are no epidemics, influenzas, plagues, or anything of the kind experienced at sea. On the contrary, as soon as the fugitive and sufferer from such maladies finds himself fairly out into the ocean, all of them disappear. How seldom do we find the sailor, while at sea, affected with any of those maladies so common on land, and especially in cities! No one but an invalid can know or appreciate the comfort of a sea atmosphere, the increased ease of breathing, the renewed vigour and elasticity, the absence of palpitations, and the sound sleep which the monotonous dashing and the salutary motion of the wavy billows induce. To a landsman, to be sure, the rolling motion at first is not so pleasant; but custom soon reconciles him to this; and in certain cases this very motion becomes highly beneficial.

The sea air, we have said, is pure and bracing. Instead of the noxious particles and effluvia constantly floating about in the city atmosphere, and the miasma not unfrequent in the rural plains and valleys, the sea air is impregnated with a slight proportion of saline matters—common salt, iodine, bromine, and some others. Now, may not these act chemically on the system? And hence, probably, the renewed and increased appetite, the improved condition of the secretions, all essential in a state of perfect health. But a sea voyage is monotonous? Not at all—especially not to the invalid. It may be monotonous to a fox-hunter, to the owner of bullocks, to the cavalry officer, to the view-hunter, ever on the wing, flitting about for novelty; but to the invalid, indisposed to much bodily exertion,

inclined, or obliged to live by rule, and to walk, talk, and move by square and measure, where can there be such a place as a snug vessel, where the meals, the watches, the deck scrubblings, and every sort of work and occupation is regulated by the strictest regard to time? To the invalid, who, after one meal, spends half the interval in thinking about and anticipating the next, what so delightful as dinner served up to a very minute, and cookery, too, though simple, yet of the very best description of its kind? A roasted potato never tasted anywhere so well as on board a ship, perhaps the master-work of some jet black and shining-faced negro, born with an instinct for cooking yams! And what can be more palatable than pea-soup—the boast of all cabin-boys? Then there is a novelty about all naval operations, which months of keen observation cannot fully satiate. The evolutions on deck afford a never-failing source of investigation; the sails, and ropes, and yards, and pulleys, and gay ensigns and pendants; the human population—from the captain down to the black cook and the urchin cabin-boy, with all their peculiar actions, sayings, and looks—afford exhaustless studies to the inquisitive novice. Then the economy of the cabin—its furnishings, lockers, berths, have all to be scrutinised—its storm-windows, lights, fireplaces, mirrors—all so different from anything on shore; and when this is exhausted, an exploration of the fore-castle, the hold, and every corner and cranny of your temporary prison-house, will all tend to supplement your enjoyments.

A ship has been called a prison; but where is thought so free and expansive as when looking around you from the deck in some calm and glowing evening, or in the still hour of mid-day? It is true your actual sphere of vision is circumscribed; for looking on the level sea from a ship's deck, your circle does not embrace above two or three miles in extent; yet how vast and boundless a flight into infinite space does not fancy suggest to your mind, and what calm and elevating trains of thought may you not pursue, as hours on hours glide on unheeded? But the view is monotonous, it is again affirmed, and unvarying in its elements; for there is nothing but the same sea and sky, the one touching, or appearing to terminate, in the other. But so it is in your country-house, in the middle of that flat plain, or even in your ornamental cottage, placed in the most picturesque situation. All these become monotonous to the dull eye or the unidea'd mind. But at sea, have you not all the varieties, as well as on shore, of cloud and sunshine—of glorious sunrise and splendid sunset? Have you not the calm—the breeze grateful as a cooling breath, and as an essential sweller of your sails—the stiff breeze curling the green swelling waves into white foam, and the storm raising sky and ocean into awful sublimity? People say you cannot read at sea or write much; but this is a mistake. Where are there greater letter-scribblers, journal-writers, or even book-makers, than sailors? But for an invalid much reading or writing is not necessary, rather injurious. Let him divert his mind with pleasing variety, calm musings, and easy observation. The great deep, far from any shore, does not indeed present many animated objects. It is singularly destitute of vegetation, and of the larger kinds of animated life; but the ocean waters, even at such remote distances from land, still swarm with minute beings—the shining clios, the sailing phasalias, and innumerable animalcules, that will display themselves before the microscopic lens. Then, too, may the sailor invalid become an astronomer—watch the stars, the moon, and the satellites, and learn how these all serve to guide the mariner's track so surely through the vast ocean. The daily reckoning and ship's progress, the taking of the sun's altitude, the approach to land, indicated by the floating sea-weeds and the white-winged sea-birds, that joyfully take their flights around—all these are sources of gentle and salutary excitement. The very stepping on shore, feeling again the tread of earth, seeing the trees and green

fields, the houses and crowds of bustling citizens, with the consciousness of renewed health and vigour, are all circumstances so pleasing to the invalid, that he will look back on his ship with love and thankfulness.

GENEROSITY OF AUTHORS.

THE sight of a learned man in want made even the satirist Boileau so uneasy, that he could not forbear lending him money. The prudently economical Addison for some time freely opened his purse to remove the difficulties of his friend Steele, produced by foolish extravagance. There does not seem to exist the slightest confirmation of the story of Addison having put an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money which he owed him. In a letter to his wife, written in August 1708, Steele mentions that he has 'paid Mr Addison the whole one thousand pounds;' and at a later period he says, 'Mr Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon.' It is related of Goldsmith, whose heart adored humanity, that he enlarged his list of pensioners as his finances increased, and that his charity extended even to his last guinea. Once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was caused by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, 'To be taken as occasion may require.' He was frequently deceived by impostors, who worked upon his generous sympathies with fabricated tales of most lamentable misfortunes; but no feeling mind will harshly censure him for his unsuspecting credulity and overflowing humanity. In his unbounded philanthropy he exclaims—

'Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall;
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned;
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.'

Gray, in one of his letters, written in 1761, says that Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, the writer on natural history and agriculture, 'lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, always cheerful, and is an honest worthy man.' Voltaire was ever happy to assist persons in distress, especially young persons of talent struggling with difficulty. The granddaughter of the great dramatic poet Peter Corneille, being destitute of money and friends, attracted the sympathy of Voltaire, who supported her for three years; and having by that time finished her education, he married her to a gentleman. Voltaire not only gave her a marriage-portion, but he wrote, and published by subscription, for her benefit, a commentary on the works of her celebrated grandfather, whereby she obtained in a short time fifty thousand livres. The king of France subscribed eight thousand livres, and some foreign princes followed his example: the Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour, subscribed considerable sums. M. De la Barde, the king's banker, took several copies, and greatly increased the sale of the work by his zeal in promoting the benevolent intentions of Voltaire. To an unfortunate bookseller at Colmar, whose affairs were much deranged, Voltaire made a present of his 'Annals of the Empire,' and also lent five thousand livres. Two brothers, respectable citizens of Geneva, having invited him to print his productions there, he complied, and made a present of his works to them in the same handsome manner as he had done to the bookseller at Colmar.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (Miss Wilmot), when a rather unpleasant intruder rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Delia fainted, while Shenstone quietly surrendered his purse, anxious to see the back of the man as quickly as possible. The robber seized the money, threw his pistol into the water, and immediately decamped. Shenstone ordered his footboy to pursue him at a distance, and observe whither he went. In a short time the lad returned, and informed his master that, having traced

the man to his home, he peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him throw the purse to his wife, and then taking up two of his poor children, one on each knee, he said to them he had ruined his soul to keep them from starving, and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Having learned that he was a labourer, reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a large family, Shenstone went to his house, when the man, kneeling down at his feet, implored mercy. The poet not only forgave him, but provided him with employment as long as he lived.

When Lord Byron resided in the Albany, Piccadilly, a young lady, an unsuccessful poetess, who was friendless, and involved in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems. From a perusal of his works, she concluded that he was of an amiable disposition, and much misunderstood by the world. His kind reception of her fully confirmed her opinion; for having simply stated her motive for coming to him, he in the most delicate manner prevented her from dwelling on any painful troubles, by immediately beginning some general conversation; in the course of which he wrote a draft, which he folded up and presented to her as his subscription. She did not of course look at the paper while in his presence, as his conversation was too delightful to be relinquished for a moment; but on her leaving him, she inspected it, when to her joy she found it was a draft on his banker for fifty pounds.

Roscoe humanely devoted the profits of his amusing 'Memoir of Richard Roberts' to the use of that singular, helpless, and half-witted person, well known in Liverpool from the extraordinary number of languages which he could read, self-taught. After the publication of Roscoe's work, the poor, and, till then, dirtily-clad linguist, might be seen properly clothed, with his portable library stuffed, as in former times, between his shirt and his skin, for he still disdained a fixed abode.

MINES OF NATURAL MANURE.

The 'Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette' announces the important fact, that beds of fossil phosphates—the most fertilising of manures—have been discovered in Surrey, along the lower edge of the chalk formation. Liebig has already predicted their existence in the following words: 'In the remains of an extinct animal world, England is to find the means of increasing her wealth in agricultural produce, as she has already found the great support of her manufacturing industry in fossil fuel.' The fulfilment of this prophecy is due to the exertions and researches of Mr J. M. Paine of Farnham. That gentleman having noticed that a certain portion of his estate, remarkable for the green tint of the soil, was exceedingly prolific, sent some of the earth to a chemist for analysis without any conclusive result, but afterwards forwarded to Professor Way a box of marl dug out of a pit sunk in the same sort of soil. This proved, on analysis, to possess great fertilising power, which was very materially increased when washed and selected. Out of the richest vein of one of the pits (says Mr Paine) we dug a mass weighing 32 lbs. This was thoroughly washed, and from it we obtained 14 lbs., or about 44 per cent., of clean hard fossil-like lumps of every size. The fossils contain sensible quantities of fluorine, but its proportion was not ascertained. Mr Paine has no doubt that similar strata of rich manure exist in equal, if not greater abundance in other parts of England. The vast importance of his discovery to agriculture need not be pointed out.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE FIRST OF MAY.

In Scotland, the observance of May morning seldom extends further than the bathing of faces in the tempting dew; but we learn that the young girls of a boarding-school in Dingwall, for the first time in the north, or at least in that ancient burgh, crowned their May-queen, danced round their Maypole, and observed the occasion with all due respect; the girls singing 'Flora, save the queen of May,' and kneeling by turns to present an offering of flowers, each emblematic of some tender wish.

THE FAR FAR EAST.

It was a dream of early years, the longest and the last,
And still it lingers bright and lone amid the dreary past;
When I was sick and sad at heart, and faint with grief and care,
It threw its radiant smile athwart the shadows of despair:
And still when falls the hour of gloom upon this wayward breast,
Unto the FAR FAR EAST I turn for solace and for rest.

I feel as if some former birth (as Indian sages tell)
Had given my migrant soul within these realms of light to dwell;
And now that, ever and anon, when vexed with strife and pain,
It struggles through the mists of time, and wanders homo again:
For still in pious reverence to her I bow the knee,
As if indeed the FAR FAR EAST a mother were to me.

Sure 'tis the form I worshipped then which haunts my memory
now,

To mock with fairy light my dreams, and flush my pallid brow;
Sure 'tis the hand I then did grasp in friendship's holy strain,
For which this cold and selfish clime I search, and search in vain:
Alas! nor heart nor hand like these I meet where'er I rove,
And in the FAR FAR EAST lie hid man's faith and woman's love.

Oh for the morning's swiftest wings to bear me as I flee!
Oh for the music of the waste, wild winds and moaning sea!
Oh to behold yon western sun sink in his bloody grave,
And a new day-spring rise for me upon the desert wave!
Oh to throw off this coil of thought, and care, and grief, and pain,
And in the FAR FAR EAST to be a joyous child again!

L. R.

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—a sea of glass like unto crystal.' So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realise the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting-sun. But for it the rainbow would want its 'triumphal arch,' and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth; nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail-storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.—*Quarterly Review.*

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THE SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE.

IN the Atlantic Ocean, between the Western Islands of Scotland and the north of Ireland, there is a cluster of rocks, the tops of which only appear above high water, and which were formerly the cause of much perdition of shipping, as they lay in the track of vessels making for the Irish Channel and the Firth of Clyde, and there was no means of warning the mariner against their treacherous neighbourhood. The centre of the cluster, from which the whole took their name, was the Skerryvore [that is, Great Rock], which at high water presented a few masses of small superfcies, rising about five feet above the waves, so that in stormy weather it was swept over by every surge. On this rock, twelve miles from the island of Tirree, which is the nearest land, it was resolved in 1834 to erect a lighthouse, and the duty of conducting the operations was confided to Mr Alan Stevenson, son and successor of the respectable engineer by whom the Bell-Rock Lighthouse had been erected about twenty-five years before. We have now Mr Stevenson's account of the work in an elegant and elaborate quarto, which can scarcely be more interesting to the members of his profession for its technical and scientific details, than to the general public for its narrative of an unusual class of dangers and difficulties cheerfully encountered in the cause of humanity, and overcome through the aid of carefulness and skill.

Most persons in common life must be quite unprepared to hear of the peculiar steps necessary to be taken in order to rear a pharos upon a rock in such a situation. First, it is difficult in any state of the tide to land upon the rock. It affords no shelter, no room for working; it is twelve miles from land, and even that land is only an inhospitable wilderness, remote by two or three days' sail from any place where the conveniences of civilised life can be commanded, or any mechanical operations are conducted. These circumstances rendered necessary such a series of preliminary arrangements as only could be accomplished by a liberal outlay of money, and an exertion of foresight and patience equally extraordinary. On reviewing the work after it was perfected, one is at a loss whether most to admire the resources which a wealthy state can bring to bear on such objects, or the heroism and fortitude of the men who devoted themselves to the business.

The first step was a survey of the rock, in itself a most difficult task, which Mr Stevenson did not complete till the summer of 1835. He had then to take soundings all round, for the sake of the vessels which were to be employed in carrying on the works. He had also to examine the rock geologically, in order to ascertain its soundness, and its capability of being worked for a foundation. It proved to be a gneiss of excessive hardness, and yet perforated in sea-caves which narrowed consider-

ably the workable ground. One of these terminated in a narrow spherical chamber, worked smooth by the tumbling of a few boulders, and having an aperture at top, through which came occasionally a jet of water twenty feet high, white as snow, and during sunshine, clothed in the hues of the rainbow. So smoothened was the whole exterior of the rock by the dash of the sea, that at one of their early landings the foreman of the masons described it as like 'climbing up the outside of a bottle.'

The second step was to plant a colony of works at Hlynish, in the south angle of the island of Tirree. Here a piece of ground, fifteen acres in extent, was *feued* from the Duke of Argyle for the permanent establishment connected with the intended lighthouse, while thirty acres more were leased for the purposes of a temporary workyard. 'For our works,' says Mr Stevenson, 'craftsmen of every sort were to be transported, houses were to be built for their reception, provisions and fuel were to be imported, and tools and implements of every kind were to be made.' A steam tender was also to be built for communications between the works and the rock. These operations were the work of 1836 and 1837, during which time the quarrying of materials was also going on at Hlynish, where, however, they ultimately found the stone to be unsuitable for the proposed tower. It was not till the beginning of the summer of 1838 that they were ready to effect any operations on the rock itself. The first duty there was to rear a wooden barrack for the accommodation of the men; a work of the most critical nature, on account of the violence of the sea-drift, to which it must necessarily be exposed. 'In providing,' says Mr Stevenson, 'the means of efficiently carrying on so many complicated operations in a situation so difficult and remote, it is impossible, even with the greatest foresight, to avoid omissions; while delay of a most injurious kind may result from very trivial wants. Even the omission of a handful of sand, or a piece of clay, might effectually stop for a season the progress of plans in the maturing of which hundreds of pounds had been expended. Accordingly, although I had bestowed all the forethought which I could give to the various details of the preparation for the season (of which I found it absolutely indispensable to be personally aware, even to the extent of the cooking dishes), new wants were continually springing up, and new delays occasioned, so that it was not until the evening of the 23d of June that I could embark at Tobermory in the *Pharos* Lighthouse Tender, commanded by Mr Thomas Macurich, with all the requisites on board for commencing the season's operations.' It was not till five days after that Mr Stevenson could effect a landing on the rock, where he spent an afternoon in marking off sites for the proposed barrack, the smith's forge, and other articles required for the

work. He had then to return to Greenock for the remainder of the necessary implements, and he did not land again on Skerryvore till the 7th of August. The disembarkation of various heavy articles, and the carrying of them over the slippery rocks, were operations of extreme difficulty, attended by considerable discomfort; yet, adds Mr Stevenson, 'it invariably happened that, in spite of all the fatigue and privation attending a day's work on this unsheltered rock, the landsmen were for the most part sorry to exchange it for the ship, which rolled so heavily, as to leave few free from sea-sickness, and to deprive most of the workmen of sleep at night, even after their unusually great exertions during the day.'

While proceeding with the landing of materials, the party suffered a gale on the night of the 8th of August, and with great difficulty got through the envining shoals to their retreat at Hynish. 'A more anxious night I never spent; there being upwards of thirty people on board, with the prospect, during several hours, of striking every minute.' Returning four days after, they had six days of good weather, which enabled them to fasten up the strong pyramid of beams 44 feet high, on a base about 34 feet in diameter, on which the barrack was to be perched. While thus engaged, 'the economy of our life was somewhat singular. We landed at four o'clock every morning to commence work, and generally breakfasted on the rock at eight, at which time the boat arrived with large pitchers of tea, bags of biscuit, and canteens of beef. Breakfast was despatched in half an hour, and work resumed, till about two o'clock, which hour brought the dinner, differing in its materials from breakfast only in the addition of a thick pottage of vegetables, and the substitution of beer for tea. Dinner occupied no longer time than breakfast, and, like it, was succeeded by another season of toil, which lasted until eight, and sometimes till nine o'clock, when it was so dark, that we could scarcely scramble to the boats, and were often glad to avail ourselves of all the assistance we could obtain from an occasional flash of a lantern, and from following the voices. Once on the deck of the little tender, and the boats hoisted in, the materials of breakfast were again produced under the name of supper; but the heaving of the vessel damped the animation which attended the meals on the rock, and destroyed the appetite of the men, who, with few exceptions, were so little *sea-worthy*, as to prefer messing on the rock even during rain, to facing the closeness of the forecabin. As I generally retired to the cabin to write up my notes, when that was practicable, and to wait the arrival of my own refectory, I was sometimes considerably amused by the regularity with which the men chose their mess-masters, and the desire which some displayed for the important duties of carving and distributing the rations. Even the short time that could be snatched from the half-hour's interval at dinner was generally devoted to a nap; and the amount of hard labour and long exposure to the sun, which could hardly be reckoned at less than sixteen hours a-day, prevented much conversation over supper; yet in many the love of controversy is so deeply rooted, that I have often, from my small cabin, overheard the political topics of the day, with regard to church and state, very gravely discussed on deck over a pipe of tobacco.' Bad weather recurring, they were obliged to run for shelter once more, and they did not re-land on the rock till the 31st of August, and only then for a few hours. They had only occasional landings for nearly a fortnight afterwards, and at last they were obliged to quit work for the season on the 11th of September, leaving things in a less finished state than was desirable. 'Before leaving the rock,' says Mr Stevenson, 'I climbed to the top of the pyramid, from which I now, for the first time, got a bird's-eye view of the various shoals which the stormy state of the sea so well dis-

closed; and my elevation above the rock itself decreased the apparent elevation of the rugged ledge so much, that it seemed to me as if each successive wave must sweep right over its surface, and carry us all before it into the wide Atlantic. So loud was the roaring of the wind among the timbers of the barrack, and so hoarse the clamour of the waves, that I could not hear the voices of the men below; and I with difficulty occasionally caught the sharp tinkle of the hammers on the rock. When I looked back upon the works of the season, upon our difficulties, and, I must add, dangers, and the small result of our exertions—for we had only been 165 hours at work on the rock between the 7th August and the 11th September—I could see that in good truth there were many difficulties before us; but there was also much cause for thankfulness in the many escapes we had made.'

Mr Stevenson left the works with a pleasing anxiety from what had already been effected; but to his great distress, a storm which occurred early in November carried away all but a fragment of the strong work which they had erected. The smith's forge at the same time disappeared, and the anvil was carried eight yards from its proper situation. So unexpected was the fate of the pyramid, that it was concluded that some portion of a wreck had dashed against it, and thus assisted in its destruction.

Another evil of this time was the failure of the quarries at Hynish, and the necessity of bringing stones from a superior quarry at Ross, in the Isle of Mull. The stone thus obtained was a granite of great durability, nearly as hard and dense as the gneiss of Tirree. It gives a striking idea of the difficulties of the whole undertaking, that the blocks could not be directly transported from Mull to Skerryvore; they had to be landed at Hynish, and re-shipped for the rock at certain happy junctures, when the weather was such as to permit a landing of them at Skerryvore. While remaining at Hynish, they were fully dressed with all requisite exactness, and laid down course after course on a flat surface, so as to ascertain their suitability for taking their designed places in the building. Among the preliminaries at Hynish hitherto not spoken of, was the construction of a low-water pier for the embarkation of the materials.

In the course of the working season of 1839 (a working season at the rock lasted only from May till September), a second pyramid was formed on somewhat securer principles, and the barrack fitted upon it. The latter was a wooden box divided into three storeys, of which the two lowest were penetrated by the beams of the pyramid. The first served as a kitchen, the second was divided into two cabins, one of which was for Stevenson's use, the other for the foreman of the works; the third storey was for the thirty men who were to be engaged in the rearing of the lighthouse. While this work was proceeding, the space for the foundation of the tower was in the course of being excavated—a work of immense difficulty, owing to the hardness of the rock, and which was not completed till next summer. During the season of 1839, they also prepared a sort of wharf for the debarkation of the stores for the building. It was done by blasting; and the mines were sprung during high tide by a galvanic battery, 'to the great amazement and even terror of the native boatmen, who were obviously much puzzled to trace the mysterious link which connected the drawing of a string, at the distance of about one hundred yards, with a low murmur like distant thunder, and a sudden commotion of water in the landing-place, which boiled up, and then belched forth a dense cloud of smoke; nor was their surprise lessened when they saw that it had been followed by a large rent in the rock.' During August they had a severe storm, which destroyed their moorings, and carried off the smith's forge; but on the whole, this was a more successful season than the last; and when they returned in April 1840, everything was found in good order, even to the biscuit which they had left in the

barrack for any shipwrecked crew which might have chanced to be thrown on the rock.

In May, the party took up their residence in the barrack, and the time formerly consumed in embarking and disembarking being thus spared, they were able to advance somewhat faster with their labours. It was, however, an uncomfortable habitation, and in bad weather, life on Skerryvore was far from agreeable. According to Mr Stevenson—'During the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, at times when heavy sprays lashed the walls of the barrack with great violence, and also during rainy weather; and in northerly gales we had much difficulty in keeping ourselves warm. On one occasion, also, we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer; and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which were at times so loud, as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. For several days the seas rose so high, as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock; and the cold and comfortless nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day, listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated only to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea, which struck the barrack, and made my cot or hammock swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremor, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. The alarm, however, was very short, and the solemn pause which succeeded the cry was soon followed by words of reassurance and congratulation. Towards the end of the fourteen days I began to grow very uneasy, as our provisions were drawing to a close; and when we were at length justified, by the state of the sea on the rock, in making the signal to those on shore (at the hour fixed for pointing the telescope at Hynish on the barrack) that a landing could be effected, we had not more than twenty-four hours' provision on the rock, so that when the steamer came in sight she was hailed by all hands with the greatest joy.'

He says elsewhere—'The economy of our life on the rock was strange enough. At half-past three in the morning we were called, and at four the work commenced, continuing till eight, when half an hour was given for breakfast; after which it was carried on till two, when another half-hour was given for dinner; and the work was again resumed, and continued till seven; eight, and even nine o'clock, when anything urgent was in hand. Supper was then produced, and eaten with more leisure and comfort in the cool of the evening. Such protracted exertion produced a continual drowsiness, and almost every one who sat down fell fast asleep. I have myself repeatedly fallen asleep in the middle of breakfast or dinner; and have not unfrequently awakened, pen in hand, with a half-written word on the paper! Yet life on the Skerryvore rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds, which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault, studded with stars, or cheered by the splendours of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was

necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft-recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasures of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to, nay, to make me really enjoy, an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.'

The masonry of the tower was commenced on the 4th of July 1840, and conducted with great spirit for the remainder of the season, at the close of which it had been carried to the height of 8 feet 2 inches. Recommened in the ensuing May, the solid part, forming the basis, was completed on the 8th July. During the early part of this season 'the weather was intensely cold, with showers of sleet, and heavier showers of spray, which dashed round us in all directions, to the great discomfort of the poor masons, whose apartments did not admit of a large wardrobe, while they had not the benefit of much room for drying their clothes at the small *coboose* or cooking-stove in the barrack. For days together, also, the men were left without building materials, owing to the impossibility of landing them, or, what was worse, without the power of building what we had on hand, in consequence of the violence of the winds. During such times we often felt much anxiety about the safety of the stones which we had piled on the rock ready for being built; and it took no small trouble, by the occasional application of the crane, to save them from being swept into the sea by the surf. Nothing struck me more than the illusive effect produced on the mind by the great waves which rolled past the rock. The rapidity of their movements, and the noise which accompanied their passage through the gullies and rents of the rugged reef, seemed to give them the appearance of being much larger than they really were; and even when viewed from the tower, after it had risen to the height of thirty feet, they seemed, on approaching the rock, to be on the eve of washing right over the top of the building, and sweeping all before them into the sea. It was a long time before, by continually watching the waves, and comparing their apparent height with the results of their impact on the rock, we were enabled to correct our notions of their magnitude, so as to mark the approach of their crested curling heads with composure; and some of the party never became sufficiently familiarised with those visitors to avoid suddenly looking round when the rush of a breaker was heard behind them, or recoiling a few paces when they saw its towering crest apparently about to burst in a torrent over their heads. It was only after a long residence on the rock, and continual experimental observation, that I acquired confidence to approach within a few feet of the point which I expected the breakers to reach.' At the close of the season in August, when the pile was gauged, it was found to preserve the diameter due to the height to the 16th of an inch, and the height exceeded the contemplated dimension by only half an inch!

On the 21st July 1842, the masonry was completed, being a tower of 137 feet 11 inches, curving inwards from a basis of 42 feet, and containing nine apartments over each other, for the accommodation of the establishment by which the light was to be sustained. It contains 58,580 cubic feet, and 4308 tons of material. From the exactness with which the stones were dressed, it had never been necessary to redress any deviation from the outline of the building to an extent materially exceeding an eighth of an inch. Not a joint in the structure was ever found in the slightest degree to give way. The lantern was now put up, and thus the whole structure was completed before the close of the third season: but it was not till February 1844 that, the whole furnishings being complete, and the keepers introduced to reside in the building, the light was for the first time exhibited. It is an apparatus of eight annular lenses

revolving round a lamp of four concentric wicks, and producing a bright blaze every minute, visible to the distance of eighteen miles.*

So ended the construction of the Skerryvore lighthouse—a work which we hope will long remain as a monument of the power of man over the physical elements by which he is surrounded. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and perils attending the work, and though several scores of men were engaged in it for several years, it was accomplished without any serious accident. It is a work which could only have been carried into execution in a time of great material wealth and great scientific skill like the present. There are some shortsighted persons who condemn capital as a thing opposed to the interests of the industrious classes; and there are others who, with less in their circumstances or education to excuse them, speak disparagingly of our age as a mechanical one. Let the one inform us how, without great stores of wealth, any country could have afforded to spend eighty-nine thousand pounds on a lighthouse, in order, among other objects, to save poor sailors from destruction. Let the others tell us if there are many moral spectacles more sublime or ennobling than that of natural science turned to such purposes, and working out its ends amongst such difficulties. The age of chivalry is not past: only, the heroes of our age are men who, instead of pursuing whims or wreaking out sanguinary feelings, endure great toils, in order to bring the laws established by the Almighty to work for the extension of human happiness, and the diminution of human suffering.

SHANEEN OF THE HILL.

DID any of our readers ever go mushroom-gathering? It is pleasant sport; at least so we thought long ago in what is called life's holiday—though the time we are supposed to be learning our lessons—when with basket in hand, or with hat or bonnet as a substitute, we would ramble away, on some summer's eve, over the breezy hills, diligently looking out for the snowy little tufts, that showed their heads here and there through grass so green, and so short, from the cropping of the sheep, that even the tiniest foot could find nothing to sink in. What sharp reconnoitring glances were cast around; what demure unconscious looks lest another should spy our prize before we could reach it; or if, perchance, more than one keen pair of little eyes did light on the same object at the same instant, what headlong racing, what rolling on the close slippery grass, what active bounding—one, two, three, and away—over the prostrate bodies; what gratitude to the lazy good-natured one, always the last, that saved his credit so well by stopping to pick up the fallen; and then what forgiveness to the success of the foremost, returning with contrite face to offer the fruits of victory as an *amende*!

In such sport then, and on such an evening, we children once wandered away, regardless of distance or of time, until our well-filled baskets allowed no excuse for farther lingering, and the brilliant clouds in the west, now growing paler and paler, warned us it was time we should return home. Yes, we knew it well—that even then we were expected—that we must have strayed too far—that we were surely earning a lecture: but all the same was it to us in that happy heedless hour; and still, and still we loitered: now yielding to each fresh temptation of adding another, and yet one more, to our gatherings; now sitting on the mossy bank beneath some old hawthorn counting over our spoil; now argu-

ing which, in number or size, ought to reckon for most; and now making all contentedly equal by emptying the baskets, and refilling them from one common heap.

Thus engrossed, we had forgotten all but our occupation and ourselves, when suddenly a long shadow was thrown in amidst our little group; and raising our heads with a start, we saw standing between us and the last rays of the sun a figure not at all like the gigantic one prostrate before us. It was only a young lad, not very much older than the oldest of ourselves, bare-headed, barefooted, and with garments more picturesque than entire, evidently the shepherd of the flock, which, now closing up together as they hastily cropped the short herbage at our feet, told audibly, as well as visibly, that they at least felt it time to prepare for the night.

The boy returned our look of inquiry with one still more searching, relaxing at last into a sort of conical glance as he spoke some words in Irish, which we guessed to mean that he had mistaken us for fairies; but changing the expression of his face in an instant, with a perplexed but still shrewd and inquisitive look he thus more intelligently addressed us:—'If ye didn't rise up out of the earth, or drop down from the sky, at anyrate 'tis far from home ye must be, and the night coming on. Where is the house that would hold ye, or the people that own ye, for I never laid eyes on the likes of ye before?'

True enough now was our time to look really startled. We all stood up, heedless of our overturned baskets and their lately-valued contents; we stood up, and gazed far and wide, as well as the fading light would permit; but not one familiar landmark could we desery, and turning to each other with faces blank with dismay, the one thought needed no words to express it—we have wandered too far: we are lost! How exactly that scene returns—that feeling—the miserable transition from unthinking enjoyment to alarm and care; the sudden importance acquired by the ragged little shepherd, as we all turned our eyes on him for information and advice, and his own quick consciousness of his position, as, assuming the great man in a moment, he looked down on us wretched little people with a grave and troubled air, all the while preserving an ominous silence, more reproachful and alarming than words could have been! At last the smile that all the time had been lurking in his eyes broke out into a laugh of irrepressible gaiety, as, bounding down from the little mound on which we were standing, he led the way to the brow of the hill behind us; and there, on the other side, far away indeed across the valley, but still within view, pointed out a line of plantation, at the same time pronouncing the name of our home with another quick glance of inquiry, succeeded by a nod of satisfaction, as we all joyfully exclaimed, 'Oh, is it there!' And yet the sight was but a passing relief. Every one that remembers an adventure of childhood, can recall how powerfully imagination always magnified the danger or the delight; how far away the landmarks seemed—how very near the clouds; and we, young as we were, being well read in story, all kinds of recollections mingled with our anticipations to heighten our distress: wild beasts, banditti, forests, caves; the wide, wide valley before us, the river in which some one had been drowned; until at last a night on the hill, and a bed on the heather, seemed the better alternative to those imaginary fears that conquered the more rational dread of alarm to our parents, and anger to ourselves. But there were brave little hearts amongst us after all; and their exhortations, with reiterated assurances of safe guidance from our new friend, at last gave some courage even to the most timid; and with spirits somewhat calmed, and hearts at anyrate resolved, we set out 'eastward darkly going' on our pilgrimage home.

So this was our first acquaintance with Shaneen. We have dwelt so long on the introduction, that there is hardly time to tell how well he fulfilled his under-

* The completion of Mr Stevenson's labours has been the preparation of a splendid quarto, giving an 'Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses,' Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh. To the narrative portions of this volume we are indebted for the materials of the above paper. The scientific details, and numerous illustrative plates, give the work itself an attraction which must be felt considerably beyond the bounds of the profession.

taking; how the look of mischief and fun vanished at the sight of our evident distress; how nothing but good-nature shone out as he would stoop to mount the smallest of us by turns on his back; how exactly he made his way to the ford with the stepping-stones; how he knew all the short cuts, and the gaps in the ditches; and above all, how, when utterly foot and heart-weary, some stumbled and fell, declaring they never again could get up; how he drew out, as if by magic, a little fife from his pocket, and playing up a well-known national air, put fresh vigour into us all, and enabled us to march steadily to the sound of it for the rest of the way.

He was a wonderful Shaneen! What a speech, nothing daunted, he made in our favour when we hadn't a word to say for ourselves! What a first-rate performer we all considered him, when, forgiven and rested, we were allowed after supper to bring him into the parlour, and hear him play two tunes more, a slow and a merry one, before we went off to our nests! What regrets when we inquired for him again in the morning; and yet what approval to find that no persuasions could induce him to desert his post for the night, and that, before our weary heads were well laid on the pillow, he was off and away to his flock on the hills! But from that time forward Shaneen often paid us a visit. Many an old tune he taught us, many a new one he learned: gradually he was made possessor of shoes, and a cap, and more comfortable clothing; and then he was taken to watch our own sheep, and then at last he was sent to school. All was well until then: but Shaneen was a born idler. It was said he was a genius; but if so, it lay between mischief and music—his friends giving him credit for the one, his foes for the other. He would set the whole school distracted with his song or his whistling, his pranks or his jokes; and the master could never leave the house for ten minutes, without finding himself recalled by the sound of the fife. This was particularly unfortunate, as he was of an agricultural turn, and would gladly have made leisure, even during school hours, to bestow on his farm. Under the monitorship of some good stupid lads, this had been always attainable, until the luckless moment of Shaneen's admission: then all was turned upside down. What a scandal to have the passers-by think he was 'holding a pattern,' when he, decent man, had set all to their Voster, and little expected to find them figuring in a reel when he came back from the field! Human patience could bear no more; so Shaneen also probably thought after undergoing a merciless drubbing; and being further threatened with expulsion, he escaped the disgrace by a voluntary flight.

Very sorry were we for poor Shaneen, and uneasy about him too. Days and months passed away without bringing any tidings, and we often blamed the school-master, and even sometimes blamed ourselves, as we remembered the simple pastoral life from which we had withdrawn him, and feared that it had but badly prepared him for the friendless intercourse with the world to which in all probability he had subjected himself.

But long as we had known Shaneen, we did not really know him: he had a plan of his own, to which all his aspirations long had been tending; and he was only waiting an opportunity to place it before us in a favourable light, when his hopes were completely upset by finding us bent on his mental improvement. Silently submitting, he was still heard at the time to say, 'If the ould master must make a scollard of me, why, there's no saying agin' it. I'll do my best; and no blame to me or his honour if natur breaks out.'

This soliloquy was often afterwards remembered in his favour when charges of ingratitude were brought against Shaneen; and he had still better advocates; for never would a burst of the dairymaids' chorus float in from the bawn, or never would an old lonesome Irish air rise up from the valley, whistled by the ploughman as he followed his team, without reviving a memory of our own little minstrel, and winning even the most

obdurate to say, 'I wish we could tell what became of poor Shaneen.'

At length a round-about message gave news of his existence, and of his yearning to see us again. Poor fellow! he had viewed his offences in a much more aggravated light than any one else, as he did not venture even to send a direct messenger with his earnest request for forgiveness, and permission to play for the dancing on 'Miss Lucy's birthday;' and we with curiosity, or rather interest, too much alive to await his arrival, had some difficulty in tracing the intelligence to a source that could supply us with farther news. At last we made it out, and then for the first time learned that Shaneen's enterprising spirit had worked out the fulfilment of its own early day-dream. By a kind of free-masonry, which stood him instead of other recommendation, he had ingratiated himself with a favourite old piper, who used to pay his periodical visits quite in reputable guise with his pony and his boy. To become his pupil and attendant was Shaneen's secret ambition, the plan for which he had hoped our influence would not be refused; and he had only been waiting the next visit more effectually to propose it, when he was thus suddenly thrown upon his own resources, and acting for himself at a venture, succeeded as well as if he had all our interest at his back. The old man took a fancy to him at once, taught him his art, made him the companion of his wanderings—the life of all others most delightful to Shaneen—and even in regard to his feelings, withdrew for a while from the line of route which included the scene of his delinquencies; and finally, quite won by his assiduity, his talent, and his progress, bequeathed the pipes and the pony to 'his worthier hands.'

And now, to use Shaneen's own phrase, he was 'settled for life to travel about.' The first use he made of his independence was, as we have told, to renew his intercourse with his earliest friends; and never surely was arrival hailed with greater pleasure. He came exactly on 'Miss Lucy's birthday.' How we rejoiced in his advancement, wondered at his improvement, praised and introduced him to our assembled guests; while invitations and engagements came so fast upon Shaneen, that one would have thought there was to be nothing but dancing for the rest of the year. Merrily on our side we set the example; well was his part performed; and dear little Lucy, when she stood up at the top of that long country-dance set, promoted for the first time to the honour of a grown-up partner, what would she have done, 'midst her embarrassment and blushes, with every eye fixed on her, waiting until she named the dance—what would she have done with that cruel partner that enjoyed her confusion, calling audibly for 'Miss Lucy's fancy,' by way of giving help, had not sly Shaneen, prompt and good-natured as ever, caused a diversion, and given them all full occupation in a moment, by playing up that irresistible measure, the Fox-hunter's Jig?

Honours and rewards fell thick on Shaneen—Mr O'Flaherty now, except amongst ourselves. In those jovial days he was made welcome wherever he went: short need be the invitation that at the same time announced his arrival; and many an impromptu ball was got up for the sake of the piper, instead of the piper being summoned to attend at the ball. Indeed it began to be whispered that prosperity was spoiling him—that he had his especial favourites, and could be relied on only by them: but we never found out that he unreasonably disappointed any; and if he had favourites, could we blame him while we were at the top of the list?

Once only—for complaints were always brought to us—we found it hard to excuse him, when, being appointed piper to the Esmonde Hunt, and called on to play for the club after dinner, he shut up his pipes and walked out of the room, because whisky punch was ordered for him while the members were enjoying their claret. It surely seemed an absurd impertinence: but he had his favourites there too, and some of them followed to

remonstrate—some advising him to apologise, some requesting him to return, and all promising better treatment for the time to come: but no; Shaneen was inexorable, and to all their intreaties gave this one answer, comprehending all he would say for past, present, and future—"Twas not for myself, but for my music I stood up; 'tis that alone that brings me into sich honourable company, and for its sake I expect honourable treatment wherever I go. I would play for the childer on the cabin flure, and thank them kindly for the dhrink of cowl water they brought from the spring; the girls at the farm will never say I slackened my hand when there was nothing in theirs but the cup of fresh butter-milk; and yer honours can remember that many's the time the jug passed backwards and forwards between the ould mather and myself, till I bothered him fairly to sleep with "The colleen dhas cruthcen a mo." But new music for new fashions they will never match me—and if I once was to light up my heart with a dhrop of the cratur, while the cowl wine was quenching *their* hearts and their brains, believe me for once—and there's no more use in talking—we'd part before the end of the night with more difference than now."

There was no arguing further; the club dinners lost their chief attraction: but one of the members secured it at once for his own. A jolly old sportsman, he applauded O'Flaherty's spirit, dubbed him his family piper, and carried him home. Here for a while Shaneen seemed quite contented, 'with the best of treatment, company, music, and dancing galore;' but at the first opportunity the errant nature once more broke out: he transferred his allegiance from the father to one of the sons; and sorry, though not much surprised, we received his farewells before he set out with 'Master Darby,' and some others as restless and enterprising as himself, to try their fortune in fighting with the Irish legion for the young queen of Spain.

Their fortune *was* sorely tried—to believe their own story—the fickle goddess having made them her especial sport. But in one respect they were successful—they returned again; though without one other companion left to contradict or confirm their tale. For this singular good luck Master Darby modestly and quite satisfactorily accounted, by hints of royal regard, which of course no one expected to have more fully detailed; but Shaneen, who did not feel under such deep obligations, whispered, in confidence, that they had barely escaped from a prison, where he at least was near being ruined for life by the rats having taken a fancy to nibble his fingers and toes; and he never could remember the outlandish name of that princess to whose favour Master Darby imputed their deliverance, though always ready to swear in Spanish, English, and Irish, that she would gladly have made him her own, only he thought it rather pleasanter to come home with his head on his shoulders than remain to have it chopped off for the amusement of 'the furrinners. Upon my life it is no lie, though not one of ye believe me. If Miss Lucy was here, 'tis she would give me credit, for she understood my manners, and knew I always meant the truth when I told a good story of another or a bad one of myself.'

But Miss Lucy was no longer there—that ally was gone. Whether in a spirit of observation or of prophecy, Shaneen struck the right chord when he played the 'Fox-hunter' as Miss Lucy's fancy. Happily her choice possessed other perfections also, and more than supplied the place of home and friends when they had to cross the Atlantic together, and settle for a while in a distant land. There, one evening at a party in her own house, an Irish officer in command of the neighbouring garrison came up to her with a smiling apology for bringing an uninvited guest; 'but,' added he, 'we brought a piper over from Ireland with the regiment—a capital one too—and I thought, for the sake of our common country, you would like to hear some of its old music again.'

'Oh surely—most gladly,' answered Lucy eagerly:

'you do not know what pleasant recollections the sound would recall;' and beckoning to her side two little prattlers, in whom she had an especial property, and who on this occasion had been allowed to sit up somewhat later than usual, she prepared them and the circle round her for the enjoyment they were about to have.

It was a large, long room, and at the farther end the musician entered, and making his bow, took a seat near the door. Lucy's glance just rested for a moment on the uniform of the regiment, and then leaning back in her chair, with eyelids half-closed, in silent pleasurable expectation listened to the first few preluding notes; but hardly had they floated up along through the room, when, starting, her eyes met those of her husband's, turned towards her at the same moment, and instantly the same exclamation burst from each, 'Can it be—can it possibly be Shaneen?'

It really was himself. In a minute they stood beside him; in a minute glad words of recognition, of surprise, and of welcome had mutually passed; then followed the hurried questions, when, how, and why did he come all the way; and of course Shaneen in one word threw the blame on 'the praties;' adding, that between poor-laws and poor-houses, 'ould Ireland was no place for a gintleman now. And the short and the long of it, Miss Lucy, asthore—madam, I mean, begging yer honour's pardon—sorry a wedding or a christening from Advent to Shrove, or to Advent again: and when mirth is gone, music may well say good-by.'

'Well, Shaneen,' said Lucy's husband, 'I hope you will find a different story here; and as they are all in expectation, will you give us once more "Miss Lucy's fancy," for the sake of old times?'

Shaneen's lively glance rested on them both for a moment with its happiest expression; then something made him bend over his pipes as if to tune them; but they wanted no tuning, so again looking up, he said gaily as ever, 'Shall I give it *all* to them? The "Madhereen Rhue" will astonish the natives.'

'Then do give it all,' answered both of them laughing; 'and yet not to astonish the natives, Shaneen, but for the sake of many an Irish heart now in the room, that will warm to the sound of the Madhereen Rhue.'

We hope that few of our readers are so unlucky as never to have heard this exciting composition. Played on the Irish bagpipe, and by a good performer, it gives, as far as mere sound can convey, a scene of life and motion, a complete idea of a fox-hunt—the 'Madhereen Rhue' being the Irish for 'the little red dog,' *alias* 'Mr Fox,' whose peccadilloes form the opening and burden of the air all along in every interval between the find, the pursuit, the death, until at last the supposed convivialities of the evening are wound up by the never-failing Fox-hunter's Jig. Even on the spot where those scenes are real, how often have we been carried away by this lively representation! What, then, must have been its effect on those who now heard it again for the first time in a foreign land? All outward, all present associations forgotten, once more the hand was on the bridle, the light laugh upon the lip, then the gathering by the covert-side, the throwing off, the breathless pause; while amidst the measured notes would break in the chopping of some favourite hound, then another, and another, and then the wild burst as all mingled in full cry, and were off at a view: hardly could even Lucy refrain from joining in the 'tally—tally!' that broke from every lip; hardly could she bear the laugh it excited the next minute; and proudly would she have directed her husband's glance to the old Irish blood mantling up in the cheek of their own bright boy, as instinctively it warmed to the sound, had she not been restored to recollection by a smile that said plainly, 'I trust he is born to better things.'

Poor Lucy, she answered the smile with another, that might just as well have been a tear, for memory at the moment would not down; and in the young beaming face beside her she saw again her own boy brothers, and many a dear companion of their time; and now,

when the music saddened, and the wild lament at the death was played, when it seemed answered back again by the still wilder echoes of her own native glen—and last of all, when her darling, forgetful of everything but his delight, sprang across the room, and threw his arms round Shanean's neck, she was fairly overcome, and burying her face in the sofa pillow, wept outright.

Again, poor Lucy, what would she have done but for 'the winding up?' when her own dear husband, taking her hand, led her forward, and each individual, old and young, in the room, following their example, the past and the future were swallowed up for the moment in the present enjoyment of the Fox-hunter's Jig.

And Shanean, amidst a continually-shifting tide, has at last, strange to say, come to a quiet anchor: he has found out that there are better ways of *settling* than 'thravelling about,' being partly indebted for the discovery to Lucy's light-hearted Canadian maid. But still, even as in earliest days, his notes give fresh life to the disheartened and weary ones: many a poor and careworn emigrant has passed onwards, revived by some well-beloved strain that was heard in the freshness of life's early promise, and now almost renews that promise again; while on happier occasions, when even far away over the waters, 'a rare Irish wedding' may be still brought about, who like Shanean to complete the illusion, and make them all but believe they are dancing again with 'those they've left behind them?'

A WORD ON A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

In 1846, an Industrial School for the education of poor children gathered from the streets was established in Dundee, from which the best effects, as regards the diminution of petty crime, were confidently anticipated. We are sorry to observe by a police report in a Dundee newspaper, that notwithstanding the operations of this useful seminary, crime cannot be said to have diminished in amount within the town; at least only *two* persons fewer have appeared before the police court in 1847 as compared with the number in 1846; while there is an increase of 101 persons as compared with 1844. This phenomenon has naturally attracted considerable attention, and the conviction is arrived at, that there must be 'some power at work' counteractive of the exertions made to cut up crime at its roots, by the establishment of the institution to which we have referred. If there be such a power, what is it? This is a question which merits an earnest investigation, and we could have wished that it had engaged the attention of the local authorities, and others interested, in a manner which would have gone far to settle all doubts on the subject.

At a public meeting which ensued on the publication of the Report, all the speakers, the resident sheriff included, were of one mind as to the cause of fully one-half of all the criminal cases which occurred in the town; and that cause, as will readily be supposed, was inordinate indulgence in intoxicating liquors. The power counteractive of peace and orderly behaviour was traceable to drink. On this point there could not exist the slightest doubt, for the fact was proved by statistical analysis. Having arrived at this unavoidable conclusion, the speakers one and all seem to have formed the opinion that the cause of drunkenness was the great number of public-houses and shops in which drink was sold; and that it would be proper to adopt all reasonable means to have that number reduced. One speaker, a clergyman, imputed the evil chiefly to the opening of public-houses on Sunday, and contended for some rigorous measures to enforce their being closed on that day. There the matter appears to have rested.

It is to be regretted that bodies of intelligent men

should almost systematically take so narrow a view of this very serious and complicated subject. That much crime is imputable to drunkenness, is quite true, but drunkenness is surely nothing more than the cause-proximate: there is a cause remote—a cause which causes the drunkenness; and can that, with any justice, be said to be merely the number of public-houses—the convenience presented for purchasing and imbibing liquors? Of course temptation leads to error; and every well-disposed person would wish to see the temptation to drinking lessened as far as is practicable. On that we agree with the speakers on the above occasion. But we hope to be excused for stating it as our belief, that local authorities will find it necessary to go somewhat deeper into social statistics, if they desire to reach the origin of the mischief.

The prevalence of habits of intoxication in Scotland would require to be investigated on a comprehensive scale, and with constant reference to the usages and social condition of other countries. A few observations will show the necessity for this form of inquiry. Drunkenness is caused by the cheapness and accessibility of liquors, says almost everybody. But how does this assumption agree with the fact, that there are countries—Holland, for example—where intoxicating liquors are abundant and cheap, and yet the people in these lands are comparatively sober in their habits? Again, drunkenness is pretty generally ascribed to the opening of public-houses on Sunday. But this assumption is met by the equally startling fact, that there are countries where there is no legally-recognised Sabbath, and where nearly all kinds of traffic are carried on as usual on Sunday; and yet the people in these countries are less given to habits of intoxication than the Scotch, or even the English. We appeal to all travellers if such is not obviously the case. Nothing is more common than to hear otherwise well-informed persons accounting for social evils by an exclusive reference to things only secondary or superficial, or which, in reality, have no actual connection with the subject. How frequently, for instance, do we hear it stated that the whole cause of Ireland's poverty and wretchedness is Roman Catholicism, while, by taking a short trip to Belgium, it would be distinctly seen that a country may be most intensely Roman Catholic, and yet that its people may be sober, orderly, industrious, their houses and farms models of neatness, and their morals unexceptionable. To account for great national idiosyncrasies by a reference to causes not borne out by principles universally applicable, is neither wise nor safe. In all investigations of this sort, we must ever take human nature, with all its aspirations and failings, along with us.

A volume would be required to treat the subject of intemperance thoroughly; and all we can here expect to do, is to point out the fallacy of imputing this monstrous evil to either Sunday trafficking or general dram-selling, and to lead those who possess more leisure into the track of right investigation. For the sake of seeing an effective reform accomplished, we would wish to toss overboard the small and local notions which at present unfortunately misdirect public attention. Let the authorities by all means proceed to regulate the public-house system; but with the assurance that *where there is a demand, there will be a corresponding supply*. They may rest satisfied of a fact warranted by experience, that the shutting up of all public-houses on Sunday, as some have recommended, would probably lead to the sale of liquors in private or unlicensed dwellings. As it is, no little tippling takes place by the clubbing of pence to introduce quantities of spirits into private houses; for by this means the profit to the public-house keeper is saved. And how far such clandestine practices will be aggravated by the general closing of licensed houses need not be particularised. Any attempt whatever to lessen

the demand for intoxicating drinks, seems more likely to be beneficial than a mere attack on public-houses. In whom, at present, does that demand reside? The working and humbler classes generally. At a time not far distant, habits of intemperance were prevalent among the higher and middle classes in Britain; in the present day, such habits are languishing and expiring. These classes—all who aim at respectability of character—have attained to that degree of elevation of taste which leads them to shun, or in fact never to think of, dram-drinking as a means of enjoyment. A merchant or shopkeeper of ordinary standing walks every day from his place of business to his home, through long lines of street studded with public-houses; but during that walk, it never once enters his mind that he should turn aside for a dram. He perhaps meets acquaintances by the way; he exhanges a few words with them; still he does not think of going off with them on a carouse. He attends a public meeting in the evening, and mixes and converses with many persons whom he is glad to see; but when the business of the assemblage is over, all are seen to take their way homeward. They do not adjourn to taverns to drink: each goes off to his own fireside. Such is now the conduct, we say, of the middle classes generally. In certain quarters there are exceptions; but they are dying out. Even at the entertainments of the middle classes, how little wine or spirits is now consumed! Some guests take only water, or tea, or coffee. Many taste the wines placed before them only as a matter of form; and this form is gradually relaxing. It is likewise pleasing to notice that at these entertainments no one presses another to drink: that has long since gone out of fashion. And yet temperate as people usually are on these occasions, there seems no diminution of pleasurable sensation. Anecdotes are told, wit sparkles, interesting subjects of conversation are started; the jest passes more quickly than the bottle. Some improvements doubtless still remain to be effected, if only in the forms of entertainments of this kind; but, all things considered, they are wonderfully temperate affairs, and show a prodigious advance on the manners of but half a century ago.

Now, if such be a tolerably correct picture of what prevails among the higher and middle classes, we wish to know what it is that hinders the working-classes, so called, from arriving at the same tastes, habits, and position. The operative is endowed with the same physical constitution as his employer. The Almighty has not set the seal of demoralisation on one more than another. All, of whatever station they be, possess, elementarily, the same faculties and feelings, qualified only by circumstances. There is nothing, then, abnormal in the bodily or mental conformation of a manual labourer to make him a drunkard. We mean to say there is no reason which can be traced to nature why one order of individuals should habitually yield to the temptations of the gin-palace, while another order of individuals should as uniformly resist or overlook them. The weakness which yields to such miserable temptations would almost seem to originate in some external but powerfully-influencing circumstances. Constant monotonous employment, which leaves little time for mental cultivation, will be given as a ready explanation of the phenomenon; but unfortunately for the invariable soundness of this line of argument, the appetite for intoxicants prevails as strongly among the idle or half-employed as it does among the busy. Besides, persons belonging to the middle class are in numerous instances as hard wrought, are engaged in as dull drudgeries, are pressed on by as painful cares, as those in the humbler departments of society; yet we do not find that they seek solacement in taverns. A poor clerk in a public office, whose toil is as unvarying, and scarcely more intellectual than that of a horse in a mill, does not spend his Saturday nights or his Sundays in a course of intemperance. Why? Because his tastes are superior to such practices. His self-respect, his wish to stand

well with the world, everything, acts as a shield against temptation. It might perhaps be well to inquire whether the method of paying wages weekly, or in small sums, had not some influence in creating that remarkable difference of habits between the manual-labouring and other classes? A clerk receiving £1.50 per annum in half-yearly payments, is found to be sober in habits, and to aim at respectable economic management; whereas an operative receiving his salary in the form of £1 per week, is, as a general rule, inspired by totally different feelings. In Glasgow, ten thousand men go to bed drunk every Saturday night, are drunk all Sunday, and remain drunk part of Monday! Such is the testimony of a local magistrate. Who are these men? Are they operatives liberated from workshops and factories, each with from 15s. to 25s. in his pocket, or are they persons whose payments are made by the quarter or half year? We say it would probably be of no small importance to ascertain how far the working-classes might be raised in the social scale by being placed on the same level as to forms of payment with clerks and other salaried assistants. The question is eminently worthy of consideration by those authorities who are groping about for means of diminishing crime and intemperance. We are inclined to think that no small good would be done by extending the term of payment from a week to a quarter—to give a workman no longer a wage, but a salary—provided the operative classes were sufficiently economic to permit of their accepting such a change, and provided it would be always quite safe for them to leave their earnings in the hands of employers for a space of three or six months.

Without at present going further into this interesting question, it may be admitted, by a reference to the habits of operatives in other countries, that even during a continuance of the weekly wage system, there exists a possibility of raising the standard of individual tastes, and meliorating the more objectionable habits of the manual-labouring classes. The manner in which persons in respectable circumstances—and among these we gladly include many individuals occupying the position of workmen—have redeemed themselves from the vice of intemperance, seems to point out how this may be done. The acquisition of a taste for reading, a love of music, a love of home: literature and the fine arts, in short, are among the engines of refinement that may be principally employed. Nor should we omit to record the efficacy of those simple beverages, tea and coffee, in carrying out this great moral revolution; for to nothing has the cause of temperance been more largely indebted. Soirees, lectures, reading-rooms, public meetings for objects of an intellectual kind, should all be pressed into the same service; for where men and women meet together in orderly assemblies, where decent attire is expected, and polite attentions are interchanged, drunkenness with its madness, rags, and disorder, can never hope to enter. We are all prone to imitate; we learn, in fact, more from example than by precept; and where different grades meet, and the orderly and self-respecting prevail, the inferior elements will soon be absorbed and assimilated. The duty to reclaim is equally imperative with that of being reclaimed; and while we associate with the prudent and respectable, we dare not, as Christians, abandon the dissolute and disorderly. 'They that are whole need no physician;' and to the weak and erring the middle and higher classes must direct more of their attention, if they would have them reclaimed. Despised, abandoned, and shunned, the victims of vice and intemperance have nothing human to lose; regarded with due interest, self-respect begins to rally, and no man willingly, or all at once, would forego the good opinion of his fellows. It is too much the fashion to lecture and counsel in the abstract, and to neglect the more potent appliance of a practical friendly attention. Thus let society, with all the aids it can derive from education and religion, address itself to the duty of superseding vicious by correct tastes—of calling up

emotions which are at present not dead, but only benumbed by habits and circumstances. In the success of the effort we would have greater hopes than a vengeful onslaught on public-houses.

LONGCHAMPS.

It is well known that politics are altogether excluded from the pages of this Journal, its object being rather to harmonise and elevate the character of the people, than to excite those disturbing emotions which are so often awakened by the perplexing problems of political science. Therefore have we, in these stirring times, allowed the tide of revolution to sweep across our European continent, without tracing out its course, or speculating on its probable results. We must, however, crave permission to depart so far from our prescribed path, as to notice the silent crumbling away of one mighty power, which, within the brief space of the last few weeks, has faded into obscurity, and whose fallen fortunes may materially affect the people of this kingdom. Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative—all have equally bowed to its sway; all are equally concerned in the departed glory of Longchamps.

This subject may be supposed exclusively to affect the female portion of our community; but while it is true that the *artistes des modes* and their multitudinous employers are chiefly concerned in the matter, let it not be supposed that the lords of creation are altogether unaffected by it.* How many a worthy squire has exchanged the produce of his broad acres for those graceful and delicate fabrics on which the stamp of fashion had been affixed at Longchamps! How many a domestic plan has hinged upon its expected decrees! Even to our most remote and dullest country towns has its influence extended; and oftentimes has the lighting up of Hymen's torch been delayed until Longchamps had issued its despotic mandates touching the form and materials of a bridal *trousseau*. Nor is it in Great Britain alone that Longchamps has hitherto exercised its magic sway. The professed simplicity of republican life has not exempted our Transatlantic neighbours from its influence; and in our Asiatic empire, the costly tissues of the East are fashioned by Indian tailors according to the spirit of its dictates.

May we not, then, be allowed to express our regret that Longchamps has shared in the vicissitudes of the present eventful times; and that its glories have been suffered silently to pass away, without even the redeeming *éclat* which might have rendered its extinction a matter of history? Such has been its recent fate; and at the present moment of desertion and neglect, we think it due to so renowned a spot to trace out briefly the origin of its fame, and of that despotic sway which it has been wont to exercise over a large portion of our globe.

It is pretty generally known that through one of those strange fatalities by which events the most dissimilar are sometimes linked together, the modish sway of Longchamps had its origin in devotional attachment to its celebrated abbey. Before speaking, therefore, of its more recent history, we must carry back our readers from this present busy bustling century to the Gothic ages, and tell them that, owing to the favour of King Robert the Pious, some peculiar privileges were granted to the Abbaye de St Maur (situated near Vincennes); and amongst others, he conferred on it that of being the only monastic church in the diocese of Paris wherein the laity were allowed to attend the services of the church—a permission which was so acceptable to the lay part of the population, that on the occasion of certain solemn festivals, a vast crowd of people were in the habit of pressing within its sacred precincts. At such times it was expected of all the officers of justice belonging to the several domains which were attached to the abbey, that they should appear there in attendance on the lordly bailiff. And the male inhabitants of the village of St Maur, fully armed, responded also to the

appeal of their magistrates and officers, in whose train they walked in procession, with drums beating and colours flying, to the collegiate church. This sight attracted a crowd of artisans from Paris, whose presence did not deter the ladies of the court from continuing their devotions there during the Holy Week, inasmuch as it had for ages been the established usage for every woman to appear there who was privileged to ride in a coronetted equipage. This was a religious custom, which had originated with Queen Bertha, the daughter-in-law of Hugh Capet; and it would have been deemed a sort of profanity to have neglected a tradition which had descended throughout so many generations.

Towards the year 1730, however, the parochial bands began to discharge their firearms occasionally within the walls of the church, which failed not to attract a great concourse of the Parisian populace, and naturally resulted in much irreverence.

The simple monks of St Maur thought to find a remedy for this growing evil by exposing in the midst of the choir all the sacred relics of their sacristy, which, they doubted not, would excite the respect of the people. This innocent device only augmented the tumult; for thereby were attracted from the quarter of St Antoine, and from the neighbourhood of Charpenton, a multitude of sick people, who not only attended the service of the *Ténèbres** on Good-Friday, but insisted on passing the night within the walls of the church, in order that they might be present at the early mass on the following morning. A terrible uproar was the consequence. The cries and supplications of these sick people were frightful. They were carried round the church in the arms of several strong men, and shouted with all their might, 'St Maur! St Maur! obtain my cure, I beseech you!' The bearers made a still greater noise by crying out lustily, 'Room for the sick! More air! more air! Away with red!' and then every woman who had a shred of scarlet about her made haste to conceal it, and some charitable men busied themselves in fanning the infirm beings with their hats. There were, moreover, image-venders, and sellers of wax-lights, and lame beggars asking for alms. In short, there was such a hubbub, that it was impossible to hear any of the services, and sometimes the chants were sung in four or five different keys in the different angles of the church.

The end of all this was, that the Archbishop of Paris issued an episcopal mandate, signifying to the good people of the metropolis, as well noble as plebeian, that they must go and chant their office of the *Ténèbres* elsewhere than at St Maur-des-Fossés, inasmuch as it would henceforth be closed, and guarded during Passion week by a picket of the French Guards.

This was a great relief to the monks of St Maur, who had been thoroughly disquieted, and even alarmed, by the tumults and disorders which had recently taken place within their church. The measure was cordially approved of by all truly religious persons; but there were certain *dévôtes* who abused the archbishop as roundly as if he had placed all the churches in his diocese under an interdict; some of them even threatened to appeal against so enormous an abuse to the king, which, reaching his majesty's ears, amused him exceedingly.

'There are,' says a contemporary French writer, in alluding to this subject—'there are to be found in every place some worthy people who don't like to meditate at home, and who never wear out the velvet of their own *prie-dieu*. They complain that their parish church is damp, or the incense burnt there of so inferior a sort that it gives them a headache; or else that the doors of the church close so imperfectly, that they always catch cold there. To such people the journey to St Maur was

* In Roman Catholic countries, the churches are darkened on Good-Friday, by means of sable hangings, which exclude almost every ray of light, so that the services are performed amid deep obscurity; hence the term *Ténèbres* is applied to the religious services of that holy day.

an innocent party of pleasure, which they could not renounce, without bearing some ill-will to the archbishop who had deprived them of the recreation.'

Fortunately an opportune resource presented itself; for just at this time the Abbaye de Longchamps, which is near Boulogne-sur-Seine, was celebrated for its educational talent, and assiduous pains were bestowed on the musical instruction of the young ladies who were domesticated there. Mademoiselle Lemore, a favourite opera singer, had, on her conversion, retired into this place of religious seclusion, and her rich voice was heard to swell amid the youthful choir of the abbey church. The Orleans family were in the habit of passing the Easter at St Cloud, and it seems that the enchanting music at Longchamps had won their attendance at the abbey during the religious services of the Holy Week. The beauty of its chants was soon spoken of at Versailles in such glowing terms, that the court ladies resolved to hear them, and from thence the fashion of frequenting Longchamps speedily reached Paris; so that from this period (1733) all the most elegant and distinguished persons of the metropolis attended the office of the Ténèbres; and the entrance to the abbey church of Longchamps was so thronged on these occasions, that half the persons who sought to gain admission within its walls were obliged to retire without accomplishing their purpose. The financiers' wives came laden with all the diamonds of their caskets; the ladies in waiting from Versailles in their court costumes; the officers of the guard in full uniform. In short, it became the scene of fashionable hubbub and display; and the worthy archbishop, considering that the follies and frivolities of the great were as desecrating to these solemn services as had been the grosser tumults at St Maur, found himself obliged once more to exercise his episcopal authority, by ordering that the doors of the Abbaye de Longchamps should be closed during the Ténèbres on Good-Friday.

Thus were the Parisian *beau-monde* excluded from those services which they had attended only from motives of curiosity or fashion; but meanwhile the avenues of Longchamps had become such a favourite resort, that the Parisians continued to flock thither as eagerly as ever on the annual recurrence of the same sacred season; nor were the company less brilliant or less numerous, because they had no longer any other professed object for their attendance beside the important one of seeing and being seen.

These assemblages, occurring as they always did at the close of winter, afforded to the Parisian *artistes des modes* the earliest opportunity of displaying their taste in spring and summer costumes. Hence it became the established law of fashion that no novelty in dress should be attempted until the fiat of Longchamps had been issued concerning the forms and colours which should prevail during the ensuing summer. The supremacy in taste thus assumed by Longchamps has been undisputed for more than a century past, except during a brief period of that revolution whose iron sway, extending as it did to the most minute circumstances of life, invented the *coiffure à la guillotine*, and the *robe à la victime*; a miserable play upon words, which were but too full of stern and bitter realities.

No sooner, however, was tranquillity restored to the homes and hearths of France, than Longchamps quickly reassumed its supremacy in the world of fashion and of taste; and so universal has been the homage yielded ever since to its mysterious sway, that at the present moment, when it is virtually defunct, there is a sort of perplexity abroad as to the choice of costumes for the summer of 1848. Whether *mantelets*, or *visites*, or *pale-tôts* shall have the ascendancy in walking attire?—whether republican simplicity or Grecian elegance shall prevail in our drawing-rooms and in our assemblies? who shall decide?

May we not hope that a *provisional government* has already been established among the fair *modistes* of Paris, from whose secret council-chambers such artis-

tical decrees shall issue forth as to win the same ready and universal obedience which has for so long a period been yielded to the despotic mandates of Longchamps?

WELL ENOUGH.

WITHOUT wishing to be thought wiser, better, or more clear-sighted than my neighbours, I would nevertheless warn them against such phrases as the one selected as a title to this little paper. It is a very significant phrase, significant of a dangerous laxity in the character and conduct of those with whom it is habitual. 'That will do quite well enough'—'I have done it well enough'—are not words ever uttered by those who have a high, that is, a true sense of duty. No man who knows what work ought to be, can talk of anything he has done as being 'well enough.' It is a lazy, slovenly, 'make-shift' sort of spirit that can for a moment tolerate the idea of doing any given business just merely 'well enough.' Nothing is done well enough that we can, by proper exertion, do better. Let us still go on 'bettering what is best.' To do this, we must keep our minds well braced up to the highest point they can be stretched to, without an over-strain. Depend upon it, this tension is better for us morally, intellectually, ay, even physically, than the state of relaxation which is evinced by the use of the words, 'Oh, that will do quite well enough.' There is a whole world of unsatisfactory morality in these common and seemingly harmless words. If the spirit which prompts them were to rule society, society would speedily come to an end. The 'well-enough' principle has in it no ideal of perfection, no thought beyond the immediate and the present, no recognition of the Infinite. It is selfish, earthly, and unenduring. No race of men, no single man, was ever regenerated by doing things 'well enough;' the heroes, the reformers of mankind, took their labour as a Divine mission, and did it accordingly—'as well as in them lay'—if need were, dying in the act of completing or bettering their work. These were not the people to scramble or lounge through an allotted task, and then push it from them with the exclamation, 'There! that will do well enough!'

Let us glance for a moment at the vast quantity of rubbish cast upon the world under the courteous name of *work* done 'well enough.' Everywhere this sort of work meets us. In manufactures, in mechanics; in agriculture and in art; in legislation and in literature. In every department of civilised life there are found things, like Dr Wolcot's razors, 'made to sell;' things which have no reality in them—that is, which have no portion of the maker's *mind* invested in them, giving them their pro-principle of life—utility. Such things are indeed dead matter. They were made by people who put no heart into the work, who 'got through' it, who did not think of it earnestly, as a duty to be honestly, truly, religiously achieved for the use of others. With a false estimate of themselves and their mission (perhaps without a thought of either), they looked with contempt upon the object of their so-called work, and sent it forth as something 'good enough' for the occasion.

If men were but properly impressed with an idea of conscientious work—work done according to conscience—nothing merely *got through*, or made to look as if it were done, but honestly done, actually done, to the best of our ability, what a different world it would be then!

I do not desire to set up one set of people against another, or to insinuate that the world is altogether in a worse state than it was two thousand years ago; but there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact, that work is not so sacred a thing with us as it was among the ancients. As far as we can see, there was no inefficient *well-enough* working then. Look at the Roman roads, and aqueducts, and walls; at Grecian works of art, Egyptian and Indian temples and tombs. Now, these things were all done in earnest. Their makers meant

them to be as good as ever they could be—to last as long as possible. These works have the two ideas of perfection and of duration clearly marked on them. Those who made them, worked with these ideas in their minds, and they remain in the work to bear testimony to the fact. They may be read as distinctly there as if they were written in ineffaceable words. It would be mere folly to say that these ideas of perfection and endurance are peculiar to the looker-on of the present day; it cannot be so, for the remains of ancient work affect all lookers-on in the same way with regard to these ideas. Of course they suggest many others to different minds, but *invariably* they make men admire the greatness of the conception, and the enormous labour expended in the execution. Now let us turn to similar works among ourselves. Erections of public utility—let us look at them. Do they look as if they would last, or as if they were meant to last as long as a Roman road? How is it that railway bridges and viaducts are so frequently giving way?—that newly-built houses fall about men's heads?—that steam-ships are continually blown up? 'Oh,' some one replies, 'it is because we live so fast. We have so much to do, that there is no time for doing things substantially, as the ancients did: they could take their time about all their business.' I believe this to be no true reason. If we were impressed with a just idea of the necessity for being honest in our work, we should never be in so great a hurry to finish it as to leave the most important half undone. No: it is not from the rapidity of material progress around us, that our material works are so unstable, incomplete, and mean. It is from the want of a high standard of right in our morality of every-day life. We think of saving ourselves trouble, not of doing the work set for us in the best manner. We are all of us tainted more or less with this selfishness. We would all of us, like Bettine, 'strangle our duty, if we could once catch hold of its neck.' But this must not be. We must rouse ourselves, and get out of this low and contemptible view of life. Duty is not an ugly thing—a thing to be avoided. It is lovely beyond all earthly things, for it is heavenly. Whatever our work may be—whether pin-making or law-making—writing for others to read, or baking for others to eat—making railways, or preaching sermons—let us not try how little labour and pains we can put into it. Let it be our constant aim to do everything as well as we can; to leave as little as possible incomplete; and this not merely for the vain glory of doing better than our neighbours, but for the satisfaction of our own conscience: in other words, let us labour to make all our actions conform to the ideal standard of right and perfect within our own minds. When we do this, we shall never talk of anything we have done as being 'well enough.' We shall never on this earth do 'well enough.'

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever. But the translation we now offer to our readers has not merely a certain value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself; being the production of a young Danish lady, Zona Groos, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England. This want of ordinary opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read Shakespeare with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have allegorised his own career.—Eo.]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer; the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork, on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an

old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the water grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright under some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest: she was brooding over her eggs. But at this time she was very weary, for she had sat long, and she had very few visitors—the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quack with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, all the yolks were alive, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, 'Peep, peep!' 'Quack, quack!' said the mother duck; and then the little ones looked abroad from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they liked, for the green colour is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all hurtful.

'How large the world is!' said all the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

'Do you think this is the whole world?' said the mother. 'Oh no: it reaches far on the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here,' said she, as she rose from her nest. 'Ah no! the largest egg is still there. How tedious it is!' and the poor duck lay down again.

'How do you do?' said an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

'One of my eggs will not hatch,' answered she; 'but pray look at my others, are they not the loveliest ducklings you ever saw? They are the very image of their father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit.'

'Let me see the egg that will not burst,' said the visitor; 'surely it is the egg of a turkey! I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones were very troublesome indeed to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the water. Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach your other ducklings to swim.'

'I will try it yet a little longer,' said the poor duck.

'Do as you like,' replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. 'Peep, peep!' said the young one when he came out; but oh how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

'What a wonderful large creature!' said she; 'none of my others look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but that will soon be settled, for he shall go on the water, even if I push him in myself.'

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her whole family went to the moat; and plash in she plunged into the water. 'Quack, quack!' said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were all there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

'No, it is no turkey,' said she. 'See how nicely he uses his feet, how well he bears himself; he is my own little one after all; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats.'

So they went to the poultry-yard: here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an eel's head, which at length the cat seized.

'Such is the world,' said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, had taken a fancy to the eel's head. 'Now make haste; come and curtsy to the old duck there, she is the grandee of the whole poultry-yard; she has Spanish blood in her veins: and see, she has a red rag tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honour a duck can obtain: it signifies that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother; now curtsy to her, and say "quack!"'

And they did so as well as they could; but the other

ducks around said aloud, 'What! are we to have *them* also here, as if we were not enough without them?—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer *him* to be among *us*;' and so a duck ran and bit him in his neck.

'Let him alone,' said his mother; 'he does no harm.'

'No; but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd,' said the duck that bit him.

'Your children are very pretty, my good woman,' said the old duck with the red rag round her leg; 'very charming, save that one which has not prospered so well; I wish he could be remodelled.'

'That is impossible, your ladyship,' replied the duck. 'He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—nay, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, the beauty is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world.'

'Your other ducklings are charming,' said the Spanish duck. 'Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me.'

And thenceforward they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling that was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughed at by the whole poultry-yard. The hens and ducks said, 'He is such a huge ugly creature;' and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an *emperor*, puffed out his feathers, like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the whole poultry-yard.

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was despised by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and said often, 'Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!' and even his mother said, 'Would that thou wert far from hence!' And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

At length he flew over the hedge: the little birds in the bushes were terrified. 'Ah, it is because I am so ugly!' thought the poor duckling; and he stole away. On he wandered till he came to the great fens, where the wild geese dwelt; and there he lay awake the whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade. 'What sort of a creature art thou?' said they; and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence. 'Thou art very ugly,' said the wild geese; 'but no matter, if thou dost not marry any of our family.' Poor creature! he did not think of marrying, if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water in peace.

'Bang—bang!' two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. 'Bang—bang!' whole troops of wild geese flew up, and then the report again was heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water: the dogs searched the fens. What a season of terror to the poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing from such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and slunk off. 'Thank Heaven,' thought the duckling, 'that I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me;' and he kept quite still while the shots were rushing through the reeds.

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked around, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over fields and meadows; and the wind blew so high, he could hardly go on. About nightfall

he reached a poor little cottage. It was so *miserable*, that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind grew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that the door fitted so miserably, that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and her hen—the cat could catch mice, mew, and purr; and the hen laid good eggs; and the old woman loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning they discovered the poor duckling, when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew: this attracted the attention of the old woman. 'What is the matter?' said she; but soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted, thought it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. 'What a good catch I have got; now I shall have duck's eggs! Ah I hope it is no drake: that we shall soon see.'

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs. And the duckling found that the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always said, '*We* and the world!' and they thought themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would not permit it.

'Can you lay eggs?' asked she.

'No,' replied the poor duckling.

'Then hold your tongue.'

And the cat would say—'Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?'

'No.'

'Then you must be silent when wiser people are speaking.'

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was always very sad. He thought of the open air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length this desire grew so strong upon him, that he told it to the hen.

'What an idea!' said she. 'You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them.'

'But it is so delightful to swim upon the water,' said the duckling; 'so delightful to bathe in it, to plunge one's head under it.'

'Delightful indeed!' answered the hen. 'You have lost your wits to a certainty: ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if *he* would like to glide upon the water! Or even ask our mistress, the old woman (wiser than *her* there is none in the world), if *she* would like to swim on the water indeed, or dive under it!'

'Alas! you do not understand me,' said the poor duckling.

'But if we cannot understand thee, who can? Do you think yourself wiser than the cat, or the old woman, or even than me? Thank Heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room; and have you not made profitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse with such: you may rely upon *me* that I wish you well, for I tell you all these unpleasant things, and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay some eggs or catch mice.'

'I will go out into the wide world,' said the duckling.

'Pray do,' answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam over it in rapture.

It was now autumn; the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind whirled them around, and then hurled them away, the air became cold, the clouds were heavy with hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a whole troop of large beautiful birds rushed forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzlingly white, with long slender necks: it

was a troop of swans. They spread their large glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite bewildered with their loveliness and their powers. He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds: he knew not their name, nor whither they flew, but he felt such love to them as he had never felt for anything before: he did not envy them; how could he think of being like *them*, poor ugly creature, who would have been glad if even the ducks had suffered him to live among them?

Winter came, and with it the piercing cold of the north: the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and he was compelled to move his feet incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite benumbed in the ice.

The next morning a peasant passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wanted to play with him; but the duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him into the butter-tub, then into the meal-box, and out again. Heavens! how odd he looked, all milk and meal! And the woman attempted to reach him with the tongs, and the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! Away he ran, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched creature during the long long winter. When the snow melted, he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he raised his wings; they were far larger than when he last spread them, and bore him rapidly away: soon he saw himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were blooming, where the lilacs exhaled their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-winding river. Everything was full of beauty, and upon the water floated three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognised the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbed. 'I will fly to them, the kingly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I who am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long rough winter;' and he swam towards the beautiful swans: they saw him, and approached. 'Kill me,' said the wretched creature, and bowed his head to the surface of the water, and expected instant death. But what did he see in the clear waves? 'His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and despised—he was *himself* a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but lain in the egg of a swan.)' He was almost glad he had suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, 'There is a new swan!' and the other children repeated joyfully, 'Yes, there is a new one!' and they clapped their hands, and danced, and called their father and mother, and bread and cakes were thrown to him, and they all cried, 'The *new* swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!' and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite bashful, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt *too* happy, but not *proud*; for a kind heart never becomes *proud*. He felt how despised he had been, and now he heard him-

self praised as the fairest of those fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then his eyes sparkled, he lifted his slender, elegant neck, and full of joy, he exclaimed, 'I did not dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling.'

INTERCOURSE OF THE RUSSIANS AND CHINESE.

IN 1728 the treaty of Kiakhta was signed, under which the intercourse between the Russians and Chinese is still carried on. This intercourse is described at some length by Mr Erman, to whose work we return;* and we now propose to condense his sketches, whether of an amusing or informing nature, and render them, from other sources, more complete than his own opportunities permitted.

Finding that we shall be unable to notice, as we had proposed, his very interesting account of the Samoyeds near the arctic circle, we must be content to rejoin our traveller as he begins to approach the southern frontiers of Siberia. Here, in the very midst of the largest continent in the world, we find him gazing with wonder upon an inland sea 360 nautical miles in length, and from fifty to seventy broad, and vexed by such sudden and terrible storms, as render it dangerous for vessels to carry topsails. The most violent wind that visits Lake Baikal, as it is called, is the north-west, which sweeps down from lofty and rugged mountains; but squalls almost as perilous are frequent from every point of the compass. The waves in these inland waters are often seven feet high. The avenue of the Chinese trade is carried round the lake in zig-zags over the mountains; but the safest line for traffic is over the ice of the Baikal in winter. By this route our author pursued his strangely-diversified journey. 'Thick mists,' says he, 'rose like smoke over the water, and seemed to float onward with the torrent, while beyond it we had the boundless surface of the frozen lake glimmering in the distance. List-venishnaya takes its name from the splendid woods of larch which extend over both sides of the spacious valley. We continued our journey by moonlight, and came to a rugged projection of the hills on our left, which formed a landmark between the Angara and the lake, and then struck into a narrow tract, hemmed in between its waters and the rocks which confine them. The jagged and shattered outline of these gigantic masses was sufficient proof that the sandstone must have already given place to another formation. An open space now extended for some versts along the shores of the Baikal, and after some time, we came upon a wide extent of ice, which we availed ourselves of, keeping close to the shore till we arrived at the post-house of Kadirilnaya. At this point we turned off from the western coast directly across the sea, till we made Posolskoi, on the opposite side. There was no snow upon the ice, so that its surface shone like a polished mirror in the moonlight. The horses that were put under our sledges in Kadirilnaya had to be held on each side till the very moment of starting, when they broke at once into full gallop, which they kept up till we landed on the further shore. We completed seven German miles in two hours and a quarter; this is undoubtedly the most extraordinary, as well as the most speedy stage upon any route in Russia. The smoothness of the way, however, was hardly more in our favour than the speed of the Buraet horses, which are supplied at the coast station. The regular and steady tread of our horses' feet rang over the wide and dreary waste, interrupted now and then by the creaking of the sledges, as they yielded to the draught; or by the duller noise emitted from the ice cracking under the increasing severity of the frost.'

Beyond this, the windows of the peasants were of pieces of mica sewed together with black horse-hair; and the verst-post of Tarakanova gave the distance of 5963

* From No. 229.

from St Petersburg, and 5450 from Moscow.* The inhabitants are thus, as our traveller remarks, but a trifling distance farther from the centre of the earth than they are from their own capital. The trains of sledges laden with tea, which had been a frequent sight along the whole road from Tobolsk, became now more numerous, each train comprising from 50 to 100 one-horse carriages, with tea sewed up in hides. Only a few drivers sufficed for the convoy; and the reason is, that they make it the interest of the horses to follow in line, by placing a bundle of hay on the hinder part of each of the sledges. Relays are hired from station to station, and thus the merchandise may be carried at full speed from Kiakhta to Moscow; and in the wild part of the country we are now traversing, it is curious to see the headlong troop bound out of the way like a flock of sheep when they meet a heavy carriage. In Russia, the post-drivers are frequently the heroes of the popular ballads, and for a reason which appears to have escaped Mr Erman, although in the first volume he gives an instance of the fact. Horses are not kept, as elsewhere, by the postmasters: they are obtained from the neighbouring peasants as soon as the vehicle is announced by the scouts that are on the look-out; and the individual to whom they are intrusted by their owners is of course the lightest, liveliest, and boldest young fellow in the family. These are the lads who leave their lasses sighing at their departure, to rejoice at their return; and these are the 'chartered libertines,' whose familiar intercourse with the world beyond their village gives rise to the incidents of romance and the complaints of poetry.

These, however, are Russian peasants; and here, as we approach the frontiers of China, we are more interested in the native Siberian Tartars. The Buraets live in tents constructed with poles meeting at the top, and felt hangings. Notwithstanding the usual projection of the cheek-bones, and the oblique and elongated eye, their jet-black hair, expressive eyes, and teeth of unrivalled whiteness, give them a pleasing look; and the cheeks of the women, notwithstanding the darkness of the skin, are tinged with a ruddy hue. Their dress, extravagantly rich, fits close to the person; and their hair descends from the temples in two thick braids, and is confined round the forehead by a fillet studded with mother-of-pearl, Uralian malachite, and polished coral. Although the fireplace of their tents is nothing more than a hole dug in the earth, with the felt mats and cushions on which they sleep ranged around it, some of their utensils exhibit all the refinement of civilisation. The steel-work of their riding-gear is beautifully engraved, and inlaid with plates of copper and silver. The silver bowls of their pipes (executed by themselves in the steppe) are adorned with reliefs, and inlaid with copper; while the stalk, for the convenience of carriage, is in two parts, closing so neatly, that the bore is air-tight.

At a certain horse station, within two or three miles of the frontier, are four regiments of Buraets and one of Tunguzes, armed with bows and sabres; and shortly after leaving this, our traveller found himself at the entrance of Kiakhta, the Russian emporium of trade with the Celestial empire. The Chinese town called Maimachen is represented by Mr Erman as adjoining the other—in fact separated only by a gate; but Pallas states that there is a distance of 140 yards, with two posts midway, one inscribed with Russian, and the other with Manchoo characters, to mark the frontier of the two empires.

On entering Kiakhta, which resembled a German village, with a single Cossack keeping guard with his drawn sword, Mr Erman 'found the houses of the merchants of the better class with stairs and balconies in front, and in some cases painted and embellished with architectural ornaments. Three camels met us just as we passed the gate, which were much longer haired than the Chinese camels that we saw afterwards. They belonged to the Buraets of Selenginsk, who were now thronging the streets on their way to a religious festival at Maimachen. Chinese traders, too, met us at every step. They wore

long gowns of black silk, fitting close to the body; their hats were of black felt, nearly in the shape of a crown, the part for the head forming a hemisphere, and having the brim turned up all round: a tassel of red silk falls down on each side from the top where there is a copper stud in the centre, on which a ball of some coloured stone or other material is fixed—this being the mode in which the several ranks are distinguished in China. The merchants here had rarely any such badge, and dare not, as I was informed, wear anything but a golden bulla, as they are accounted to belong only to the lowest class both in China and Russia. They all had cases for their ears, to protect them from the cold. These cases were angular and oblong, made of pasteboard, and covered with black silk, their open side fitting to the temples. Their thick silken skull-caps fell below the edge of their hats, and their heads were shaved, except upon the very crown, from which long queues hung down their backs. A long purse is attached to their girdles, just above the right hip, and in it they carry their tobacco and pipe, with its wooden stem curved at the lower end, and its diminutive bowl of brass. They were all hurrying over the boundary line, for every Chinese is obliged to be in Maimachen before sunset.'

When Pallas visited this place, it contained about 1200 inhabitants; and over each of its four gates there was a wooden guardhouse for the Chinese garrison, consisting of Mongols in tattered clothes, and armed merely with clubs. The Russian emporium was defended by a company of soldiers and some resident Cossacks; and these are all the precautions taken by the two governments for that 'protection of trade' which, with certain other nations, gives rise to vast standing armies that devour the profits. When Mr Erman passed through the southern gate of Kiakhta, the change 'seemed like a dream, or the effect of magic; a contrast so startling could hardly be experienced at any other spot upon the earth. The unvaried sober hues of the Russian side were succeeded all at once by an exhibition of gaudy finery, more fantastic and extravagant than was ever seen at any Christmas wake or parish village festival in Germany. The roadway of the streets consists of a bed of well-beaten clay, which is always neatly swept; while the walls of the same material on either side are relieved by windows of Chinese paper. These walls do not at first sight present the appearance of fronts of houses, as the roofs are flat, and not seen from the street. Indeed they are nearly altogether concealed by the gay-coloured paper lanterns and flags with inscriptions on them which are hung out on both sides of the way. Cords, with similar scrolls and lanterns, are likewise stretched from roof to roof across the street. These dazzling decorations stand out in glaring contrast with the dull yellow of the ground and walls. In the open crossings of the streets, which intersect each other at right angles, stood enormous chafing-dishes of cast-iron, like basins, upon a slender pedestal of four feet in height. The benches by which they were surrounded were occupied by tea-drinkers, who sat smoking from the little pipes which they carry at their girdles, while their kettles were boiling at the common fire. It is only the porters and camel-drivers, and the petty dealers—that is, Mongols of the lowest class—who thus seek refreshment and chit-chat in the streets. Some of the poorer of the Russian Buraets occasionally resort there too; and both nations avail themselves of the niches or little chapels which are seen at the corners of the adjacent houses. These are dedicated to Buddha; and when the doors were open, we could readily distinguish the images of the saints within. Metal dishes, like those observed by us in the tents at Selenginsk, were placed before these divinities, and filled with consecrated water; and between them were pastils of vegetable extracts, and in the shape of slender yellow rods, which emitted no flame, but a bluish aromatic vapour; we saw reddish tapers, also of tallow, which were occasionally lighted by some passer-by. Similar tapers were burning against the door-frames or walls of the chapels, either in the open air, or in lanterns of various tastes.' At sunset, the travellers were quietly

* Two English miles are equal to three versts and a fraction.

and politely turned out of China, it being against the rules for strangers to pass the night in Maimachen.

The festival of the White Moon afforded him an opportunity of seeing the place in its holiday dress. On this occasion the Russians visited the Chinese town, and the procession made by the former was received by a troop of actors, who conducted the train to the house of the chief functionary with an incessant clatter of wooden instruments. Here they were received by a crowd of his Chinese guests, each of whom did his best to shake all the Russians by the hand; but the great man himself merely advanced a few steps towards them in a calm and dignified manner.

The repast was begun by a course of dried fruits and tea; and when the guests had tasted of everything—this being incumbent upon them as well-bred men—the tables were covered with more substantial food, in small saucers, which the initiated recognised as mushrooms, pheasants, pork, mutton, fish, and the gelatinous dainties of China. As course after course followed each other in long succession, the dishes were not removed, but the full piled upon the empty, till a lofty pyramid was constructed of gastronomical remains. When this second act of the feast was ended—by which time at least a hundred dishes had come upon the table—pipes, ready charged for smoking, were handed round to all the guests, with small glasses of spirits. This interlude did not consume much time, the bowls of the Chinese and Buraet pipes being not larger than a thimble; so that if one would enjoy the few whiffs it affords, he is obliged to conform to the Asiatic custom of swallowing the smoke, allowing a portion to find its way out again by his nostrils. The serious business of the feast was then resumed by the introduction of the third course, consisting of soups; and finally, pipes were again brought in, with a hissing, steaming vessel, containing an infusion of *cabbage leaves*, drawn off by a cock, and drunk out of teapots. In making tea, it may be said here, the cup is rather a teapot than a drinking vessel. A few leaves of tea are put into it, boiling water poured over them, and when the extract is ready, it is emptied into the saucer, from which it is drunk.

After dinner, their entertainer conducted them to one of the temples, where the offerings brought on the occasion of the New Year lay heaped up in hillocks at the feet of the idols. 'Among them were whole sheep without the skin, plucked fowls, pheasants, and guinea fowls, in their natural positions, and glistening with fat. There was a long table like the counter in European shops, running parallel with the threshold of the temple, so that it was necessary to go round the ends of it in order to get from the door to the statues. On this was now built up an absolute wall of offerings. Six sheep occupied the middle, and round them lay dressed meats and cakes of every kind. The whole was surrounded with an extremely elaborate structure of white dough, which was reared from the ground to the height of five or six feet, so as to be above the table. The dough or paste was formed into an open lattice-work, like that with which we sometimes fence our gardens; but the openings in the lattice-work were here filled with dried fruits and confectionery of the finest kind.'

When they returned into the street, it was already dark, and lanterns on long poles were borne before them, the troops of actors, as before, heading the procession, dancing, leaping, and capering, and making an incessant noise with cymbals and wooden drums. In going through the streets, it appeared that the New Year festivities had had a somewhat too enlivening effect upon a Mongol of the lower orders, who carried his audacity to the length of elbowing the great man as they passed each other. The criminal was immediately laid hold of by the police, pushed against the wall till the procession passed, and an iron chain thrown round his neck preparatory to his being carried off to prison. This offence against politeness appeared to be regarded with great indignation by the crowd, who admonished the prisoner in an angry tone, each person ending the oburgation by putting his fist to the man's nose. The procession now visited the houses of the principal merchants, whose servants welcomed them

by throwing lighted rockets and crackers over their heads. In the houses they found a banquet resembling the one they had already partaken of; till, as the night advanced, the solids diminished in quantity, and at length the treat was confined to confections, tea, and pipes. Such was New-Year's Day in China.

The merchants of Maimachen, we are told by Pallas, come chiefly from the northern provinces of China. Each has a partner at home, who, at the end of a year, brings a fresh cargo of Chinese commodities, and relieves the other, who returns with his Russian purchases. The town resembles in one respect a great convent—all the inhabitants being men; for the Chinese policy strictly prohibits their women from having even the slightest intercourse with foreigners. The commerce is necessarily a trade of barter, for the Russians are prohibited from exporting their own coin, and the Chinese have no coin to export. The former find it more advantageous to take goods in exchange, than bullion at the Chinese standard. The Celestial merchant visits the warehouse of the Russian trader in Kiakhta, and after selecting from his stock, goes into the house with him, and adjusts the price over a cup of tea. They return to the magazine, where the goods are not only sealed, but a confidential person left in charge of them; and then adjourn, to Maimachen, where the Russian selects in his turn, and carries back with him his purchases.

The want of a circulating medium is supplied, according to Mr Erman, by brick-tea, which is a mixture of the spoiled leaves and stalks of the tea-plant with the leaves of some wild plants and bullocks' blood dried in the oven. It is divided into pieces weighing from three to three and a half pounds. 'The Manchos themselves never make use of this production, but to the Mongolian nomades in China, to the Buraets and Kalmuks collectively, to the Russian peasants south of the Baikal, and to most of the Siberian Tatars, it is become as indispensable as bread in Europe. Every brick, or kirpich, contains sixty or seventy portions, because the infusion made with it is mixed also with rye-meal, mutton fat, and with kujir or búsun—that is, salt from the lakes in the steppes. The Russians purchase an immense quantity of it from the Chinese; but besides, the kirpich or brick of tea is the money unit and standard of value, in which the price of every other kind of exchangeable property is expressed.' When it is necessary to pay fractional parts of this strange money, they are cut off by the Russians and Buraets, measuring by the eye; and the Chinese never object to take such pieces in payment.

From Russia, we are told by Pallas, the Chinese receive furs and peltry of various kinds; and the demand for these articles is so great, that they are in part supplied even by England, which sends the produce of Hudson's Bay to St Petersburg. Cloth is another staple; the coarser sort of Russia manufacture, the finer English, Prussian, and French. Then there comes a miscellaneous list of rich stuffs, velvets, coarse Russia linen, leather, &c. with camels, horses, horned cattle, and dogs for the chase. In return, the Chinese give raw and manufactured silk, although the exportation of the former is prohibited under pain of death; raw and manufactured cotton, teas, porcelain of all sorts, Japan ware, rhubarb, and numerous other articles. Rhubarb is a monopoly of the Russian government, and is brought to Kiakhta by Bucharian merchants.

We have left ourselves no room to follow Mr Erman in his journey eastward to Okhotsk; but we cannot refrain from giving another and concluding picture of native Siberian life. The scene is in a yurt of the Tunguzes, consisting of a single square room, with a flat earthen roof, and a fireplace of beaten earth. This place was occupied, besides the traveller, by ten members of the wandering family of Tatars. 'We remained in the yurt with the women and the Yakutian servant of the family, who served me as interpreter, for Revyákin spoke only the Yakutian fluently. The women of the house and their unmarried daughters now sat down together on the floor to their work. They were occupied to-day with the last cares of winter, for they were sewing the cover for a

birch tent, and were mending the men's reindeer clothing, the *torbasas*, or water-tight boots (here called *sári*), and other articles necessary for travelling. In the afternoon the girls went to the river hard by to cut ice, which was in part melted in the kettle, and used for cooking, and a part of it was thrown into a wooden vessel near the fireplace, and kept for drinking. When the work was finished, they began to employ themselves in the yurt with the business of decoration. In an elaborately-made box of birch bark they had treasured up some studs of brass and lead, beads, and old brass springs. These last were now cut into small pieces, and strung with the studs and beads so ingeniously, that a very pretty ornament for the head was made with very poor materials. The Yakut had lent the girl his assistance in making this band at her earnest request. They then amused themselves by playing cards; and at supper the black bread to which they were treated by the traveller was devoured as the greatest dainty along with the soup and meat. Some singing followed, to pass the time; and then this primitive family sought their berths for the night, each person being provided with a lighted pipe.

It will be seen that we have not meddled with the scientific information interspersed throughout these diversified volumes; but this, although not of popular interest, is unquestionably the most valuable portion of the work.

ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS TO SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

WE are of opinion that much agreeable and profitable social intercourse is prevented by a want of moral courage in adopting a simple style of entertaining one's friends and acquaintances. Let us look around, and what do we find to be the general state of intercourse between friends and acquaintances in the middle and upper classes of a commercial community? On the one hand, we see an entire abstinence from all social intercourse (except, perhaps, with immediate connexions), arising from economical motives, founded on the impossibility of complying with the supposed requirements of society in this matter. On the other, we find individuals giving, once or twice a year perhaps, an expensive and formal dinner party, or a stiff evening entertainment, at neither of which does any one feel himself at ease; where one is in the midst of a most heterogeneous company, gathered together without any earthly reference to fitness or amalgability, and from which one at last escapes, thankful to find himself again at his own quiet fireside—inwardly vowing that nothing shall ever again tempt him to exchange its genial precincts for any such vain and profitless visiting. During the winter, Mr and Mrs A— have been invited to dinner by Mr and Mrs B—, or the young people have had 'the pleasure of their company requested,' &c. by the C—s. The A—s consequently feel it incumbent on them to clear off the debt supposed to be owing to the said B—s and C—s, by inviting them in return; and in order to have a general clearing off of scores, they bethink themselves of all and sundry from whom they have received civilities during the past six or twelve months, and without any consideration whatever as to the harmony of the ingredient members of the company, a great crowd of persons, for the most part utterly unknown to each other, are uncomfortably packed together, the house is turned topsy-turvy for a few days, a great deal of money is foolishly squandered, no comfort or satisfaction has resulted to anybody, and when the affair is over, the givers of the entertainment generally congratulate themselves that a year at least must elapse before they have again to undergo similar trouble and expense. For months after this event, the A—s would as soon think of flying as of asking any of the B—s, C—s, or D—s to drop in upon them in a quiet way to spend an evening. With such persons there is no medium between a formal tiresome party and an entire abstinence from all visiting whatever.

The fact is, the true secret of genial and improving social intercourse—of anything at all approaching even to the name—is but little understood, and still less acted upon. The very words 'visiting' or 'meetings of friends' suggest to most minds the idea of expense, domestic inconvenience, anxiety, and trouble. Why should this be so? All kinds

of social intercourse ought to be associated with the most pleasing ideas. They ought to be easily attainable, and readily arranged, and should entail little or no disarrangement of the usual domestic routine. When will a few rich persons encourage their less wealthy brethren by systematically adopting in their entertainments a severe and almost Spartan simplicity? Such a simplicity would do them infinite honour, by tending to emancipate those less favoured by the gifts of fortune from the supposed necessity of needless profusion and uncalled-for expense. If such examples were to become prevalent, the consequence would be, that the apparent inequalities between rich and poor would be much softened down—there would be an absence of that painful, but irrational feeling, which constantly haunts many otherwise amiable persons, lest their mode of entertaining those whose incomes are ten or twenty times larger than their own may not be quite *comme il faut*—we should have less thought taken about mere eating and drinking, and more about matters of higher import.—*From the Companion, a series of pleasant rational Essays in the Manchester Examiner.*

SONNET.*

WHAT felt the world's survivor when the bough
Was brought him by the home-returning dove?
Joy throbb'd his heart, and Hope swell'd up above
The fears that in his soul had lurk'd till now,
In spite of all his faith. But when the ark
Was rested by the waters' sinking flow
Safe on the mountain, and the patriarch
Gazed on the shoreless ocean lessening slow,
Unruffled in the noontide's golden glow,
Or in the calm of midnight rolling dark,
Though thickly sprinkled with the gems of heaven;
Sure when the ark sat on that dreadful sea
Alone, no feeling in his heart could be
But sorrow for his kindred unforgiven.

F. T.

WALKING.

OF all kinds of exercise, walking is that which is the most universally attainable, and at the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action, and especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more languidly and imperfectly performed, from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity to the return of the blood to the heart—calling, moreover, so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extensor muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercises for the purposes of health, independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into the freer and purer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary and (at least in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthful influence of the direct rays of the sun. The degree of the exercise must of course vary with the age, condition, and habits of the individual; but the degree of exercise that is in most cases serviceable is generally much underrated. Two miles a day is the minimum distance which a person of moderate health and strength ought to walk. If the powers of the system increase, or are stronger to begin with, the minimum ought to be four miles. The object should be, in most cases, to walk the four miles in an hour; and the invalid, beginning, perhaps, by walking a mile, or a mile and a half, in an hour, might gradually increase his rate of walking until he had accomplished this end. Quick walking calls more muscles into action than slow walking does, and is therefore better. The muscles of the back and trunk, neck and arms, are comparatively very little used in slow walking. A person can hardly walk quickly without using them to a very considerable degree. It is a maxim so sound and important, as to deserve frequent repetition, that the greater the number of the muscles used, the more advantageous will be the exercise.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

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HAUNTED PEOPLE.

YOUNG folks are still awed, and old folks either puzzled or amused, by the veracious and circumstantial narratives about seen and unseen supernatural agents; and such books as Mrs Crowe's 'Night-side of Nature' strengthen in some, who would be ashamed to admit it, early impressions, which, though often combated, yet seem too strong and well-founded to be got rid of on all occasions. But notwithstanding the extent to which this actual ghost secretly influences those whom some would deem insufficiently reflecting people, still I believe there is an ideal ghost which affects even many of the thoughtful and educated to an extent of which they are not always conscious, and which is, however, one of the greatest scarecrows to happiness that it is possible to conceive. This ghost is sometimes created by young folks for themselves, and often, too, well-meaning but injudicious friends are the first to raise it; but whatever be its origin, its existence is often unnoticed till it has got such a hold of us, that it costs a world of trouble to get rid of it. Now though most people are familiar with it under various names and shapes, still it may not be useless to add another to the many phases under which it has appeared in print. Some call it the 'fear,' and others the 'love,' 'of what the world would say,' many term it 'emulation,' and more 'envy.' In unison with the idea which suggested this paper, I might call it 'the ghost of imitation,' but as names are bad mediums for conveying one's thoughts, I shall leave my readers to form their own nomenclature.

To understand, then, what I mean, reflect for a moment, and consider if there be any one whose acts, whose position in life, whose abilities, whose accomplishments, whose tastes, whose manners, or whose anything you often involuntarily draw into comparison when about to form or act on a judgment of your own. If there be any one the remembrance of whom rises to your mind spontaneously when thinking on a particular subject, so that, before coming to any determination, you regularly fancy to yourself how would he or she act in these circumstances, that person, reader, is your ideal ghost; and the effect of its haunting you is more destructive to your happiness than all the other ghosts you have ever heard or read of. Have you the desire or the necessity to become an author, and in choosing your style, do you think of some popular or eminent writer whose works have first roused you to action, and whose ideas, whose incidents, and whose plans of composition have taken such hold of you, that you almost involuntarily choose such subjects as he has written on; and though shame of being a paltry plagiarist may compel you to use a different, and most likely inferior language, yet in a difficulty you feel your memory groping through your model's works for an idea instead of searching for it within your-

self?—that author is your ghost: he has haunted you till he has frightened you out of your self-reliance; and the composition you have so laboured at will only confirm your apprehensions of disappointment and annoyance.

To take a more trivial instance: do you feel disinclined to go to church on a Sunday, and still do go, not from conviction of duty, but from reluctance to draw upon yourself the notice of some one you respect?—that some one is a ghost, who has terrified you out of your own good sense; and though you may meet their eyes with self-satisfaction, and without any of that self-condemnation which your absence would have filled you with, still you can't feel that you have acted aright; and no lasting or solid pleasure can result from your mere escape of censure. Do you feel inclined to lie long in bed in the morning, and while so dawdling, think what such a one is doing, and how busy he or she is, and how they would smile (to say the least) if they could look in on you, and see you so lazy?—that such a one is a ghost that will continue to haunt you so long as you have any self-respect left; and unless you lay it by activity and resolution, it will be a constant source of uncomfortableness and unhappiness to you. Is an opportunity of doing what you feel to be a charitable action thrown in your way, and after hesitating about doing it, you feel impelled to it by either the dread of shame from some one seeing you omit it, or the less ignoble motive of bethinking yourself what some one whom you admire would do on such an occasion?—these individuals all haunt you: and I think you can now understand what I mean by a person's being haunted. But, say you, don't all wise people tell us that example is better than precept; and that when we find a person who laudably surpasses others in some particular, the very best thing we can do is to try and do what that person is doing, and so aim at that merit which all commend? True: wise people do say so; but like most of the sayings of wise people, it requires a wise person to understand it. Example is an excellent method for showing *what* can be done, but a dangerous one for pointing out *how* that is to be done, or rather for people to adopt in trying to find out *how* a thing is to be done. Example may show us the great things a man can do; but if we aim at doing similar things, we must find out mainly by ourselves *how* they can be done by ourselves, and not trust to our imagination, by supposing that others may have done them in a particular way, and therefore that we may do them if we follow in that way.

This is a distinction which, if not carefully attended to, will convert what might have been your best friend into your most constant and dangerous foe; and I shall give you my reason for thinking so. It seems to me that though any attentive beholder may clearly understand the external results of a person's conduct, still he must form a very imperfect estimate

of its various motives and causes; and therefore that *he* is not likely to succeed who, when setting about pursuing the same conduct, first *imagines* to himself the motives and causes of it, and then tries to imagine himself influenced by them. Now reflection I think may, and I am sure experience will tell you, that though you have good reason for believing the conduct you aim at was such as you saw and believed it to have been, still, that you have no reason for being sure of the motives and causes of it; and though you did feel sure of them, yet that at least the internal, if not many of the most important external circumstances, qualities, and feelings of your model are so completely beyond your observation, that if you attain the same conduct, and so the same end, it must be by means widely different. Of course I take it for granted that you are desirous of self-improvement, and anxious to stand high in your own estimation, as well as in that of your friends; and that, not content with guiding your actions by the impulse of imperative routine, or the necessity or profitableness of occupation, you seek some principles whereby to satisfy yourself that the life you lead, though sometimes monotonous, and less absorbing in its enjoyment than you once supposed it would be, yet contains the materials of as much contentment, if not happiness, as a reasonable man should desire. Now you are aware that most of the powers which men display in the world are in great measure the result of long habit and exercise, and therefore that if it be necessary or desirable for you to cultivate in an especial degree some of those powers, you must pay less attention to others. Owing generally to the incompetency or necessities of our care-takers in early life, we often find that our energies have been directed, or have directed themselves, in some channel, a confinement to which could not lead to a reasonable share of happiness; and therefore when we find others whose energies have received a different direction apparently enjoying and conferring more happiness than ourselves, it naturally makes us wish, and perhaps strive, for the possession of similar powers; and it is here that the ghost I alluded to generally rises. Instead of calling to mind the length of time we have been acquiring the power we possess ourselves, and so inferring the difficulty of acquiring the new ones, we think (or rather we don't think, but we act as if we did think) that the apparent ease with which the possessor exerts them is naturally inherent in the subject-matter of those powers, and therefore that close attention to their exertion will secure us the secret. The consequence is, that our attention being absorbed in *what* is done, we overlook *how* it is to be done, or we trust to our imagination for informing us of it; whereas, in truth, far more thought and attention are requisite to ascertain the latter than the former.

For instance, you wish to become agreeable in company, and to profit and please your audience. You hear a friend who converses on the topics of the day tell stories and crack jokes in a way which interests and amuses every one. You increase your acquaintance with those or similar topics; you furnish yourself with a lot of stories and some good jokes, and begin to try your powers; but you find that people listen to you with serious politeness, and rarely give you more than a smile of protecting condescension. You feel that you have related the fact, or made out the point of your story, as well as your friend might have done, and you think that people might fairly have laughed at the really good joke you have told; but there is still a something wanting that convinces you of a failure, or nearly so, and you are

inclined to despair of attaining your wishes, and to give up by saying, 'I've no natural talent that way.' Now I think you have a natural talent that way, though it may not be as great as that of your friend, and your failure arises not from the want, but the misemployment, of your natural talent. I suppose you may be delicate in body, or at anyrate far less strong and active than some of your companions. You hear them exulting in the enjoyment of a long walk or some vigorous exercise; and you see by their fresh looks and high spirits that it has done them a deal of good; and you, feeling weak and spiritless, determine to improve yourself the same way. And how do you set about it? I can't suppose you so thoughtless or vain as that at your first trial you would attempt to do exactly the things your friends have done: for example, that you, unaccustomed to walk one hour continuously, should attempt to walk six; or that, being in the habit of rowing across the pond, you should essay ten miles up the most rapid part of the river against time; but I take it for granted that you set to work on the prudent plan of daily increasing your present amount of exertion, until you find yourself gaining that strength and good heart which enables you to hear your friends relate their feats without feeling any inclination to give up your own habits and adopt theirs, or which at most raises an inclination to try and emulate them the first convenient opportunity. Well, then, is it not strange that you, who act so prudently in your own physical education, act so imprudently in your intellectual and social? Circumstances, perhaps, or want of self-reliance, may have conspired to make you less entertaining than you wish to be; and when you find a friend, by the mutual action of practice and inclination, becoming the usual centre of agreeability in a room, how does it happen that you entertain the idea, that by a sudden effort you can produce an effect similar to what he does? You were not so thoughtless with respect to the walking; and be assured there is need of still more thought, still more observation, self-reliance, and perseverance, to attain the power of talking in a manner on which you may reflect with satisfaction.

What, in the name of goodness, made you fancy that your friend's amusing and entertaining powers depended on his knowledge of certain facts, and his remembrance of certain stories and jokes? Can you not call to mind how the conversation happened, as it were, by chance to turn on that subject which introduced his knowledge and his fun so well? Do you not recollect the agreeable humour in which his listeners were before he ever sought a smile from them? Whether it was the extent of his powers or his good fortune which thus enabled him to take advantage of the circumstances, you remember, however, that they did so exist. And can you then wonder that your stories and information, though perhaps in themselves superior to any of his, are nothing compared to them in effect? Can you be surprised that even while telling your story, which perhaps you commenced with some little spirit, that your courage deserts you, and failure begins to stare you in the face, and you feel detected, as it were, in a contraband attempt to be agreeable, and find it almost impossible to pass cheerfully to some other topic, and so cover your defeat? You judged rightly as to *what* was to be done, but wrongly as to *how* it should be done. Your desire to amuse as much as your friend was laudable and judicious; but to attempt to do so in the same apparent way, and by the same apparent means, was most injudicious, and has been the secret of your failure.

He may have felt himself really interested in the subject of conversation, or amused at the thought of his story, long before a word passed his lips, so that his speaking was only a vent for the load that was on his mind; or he may have scanned his listeners so accurately, as to know what best suited their feelings at the time; but in any case, you may be sure he had a clear, definite object marked out for himself, and to that he went direct, without thinking of what any other would do in his place. On the contrary, as soon as you thought of your subject or your story, you also raised your ghost, and fancying to yourself how he would have spoken or acted, you begin accordingly; and the moment any doubt of your efficiency crosses your mind, fancy suggests something else your model might have done; and once the haunting takes effect thus on you, it pervades you so entirely, that you are frightened out of your own common sense, and it is a general relief when some one else engages the attention of the company.

Supposing, however, that you did manage to get listened to with attention, you have gained credit for what is not your due; for if your imitation has depended on memory, you are only a parrot; while if, as is most likely, it has resulted from imagination, all that is correct is matter of chance, and what is incorrect is your own fault. In short, your model, when in action, is a reality, while you are a sham. You are haunted, and your model is not. If, then, you are ever in this condition, these remarks may induce you to think of freeing yourself from it. Whenever you wish to effect any object, consider first well what it is, and then what means you have certainly within your reach to effect it; and having some definite unshakeable ideas on the subject, then try, by way of experiment, how you can, unaided, work out those ideas. Take accurate heed of your success or failure, with the conviction that either of them is attributable to yourself alone, and according to the event, one way or other, let your next experiment be made; and as each trial will give you fresh confirming, you will soon find you have enough, and perhaps even more labour than you will be willing to undergo, in recalling to mind the lessons you have taught yourself: but the practice will soon render it easy; and as you will thus find that you have perhaps more knowledge in your possession than you have occasion for, you will not have time to be haunted, and the ghost will be laid most effectually. Of course when I say one ought to be independent in choosing the means for any end, I don't dissuade you from seeking all possible information as to the advisability of those means ere you adopt them. On some subjects you may get useful information in books, on others you will gain it by the oral advice of friends (who possess the advantage of being able to explain difficulties); but in all cases, you, and you alone, should judge for yourself whether the means thus laid before you are best suited to yourself and your capabilities. If you lay aside this responsibility for a moment, when by a little energy you could have exercised it, faith usurps the place of conviction; imagination warps, if it does not subvert, reason; your plans of action, instead of being solid realities, based on knowledge, become but the shadows of independent thought; the giver of the counsel, or the creator of your motives, becomes a ghost haunting you every moment that fancy works; till at last some stern reality wakes you up, perhaps only in time to find the extent of your self-deception, and the total annihilation of the hopes which set your

reason asleep. How many useless anxieties, groundless enmities, and impossible aspirations might we avoid by this self-dependent, ghost-laying determination, to rely mainly on our own thoughtful experience of our own capabilities! How much would it increase our faith in, and decrease our dependence on, our fellows, did we thus accustom ourselves to judge them solely by what we are actually sure of as to them, and not by what fancy suggests! Then might we find how little others can injure or assist us, if we do not make ourselves dependent on them; and once that we have tasted the labour-won pleasure of living from ourselves, self-respect will make us continue the responsibility; and if ever we have derived gratification from being useful or agreeable to others, we shall do so then more constantly and certainly, as vanity, the food of ghosts, will have disappeared, and benevolence, the basis of originality, will be the groundwork of our character.

BYGONES OF THE BACKWOODS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MIAMI EXPEDITION.

It is now a good many years—so many, indeed, that we are hardly inclined to acknowledge having accompanied the expedition in connection with which the circumstances we are about to relate took place, as we are still upon the list of bachelors—since the United States government found it necessary to despatch a considerable military force, under the command of General Wayne, to repress the incursions of the Indians who occupied the hunting-grounds contiguous to the north-western frontier of the territory of the republic. The troops consisted of a couple of battalions of regulars and a large number of volunteers, who joined them from their respective townships as they passed along towards the point of concentration—each of the states exposed to the ravages of the Red Men contributing its quota. Having arrived near the scene of action towards the close of autumn, the commander encamped on the northern bank of the Ohio river, within a short distance of the line which bounds, on the western side, the state which bears the same name, and resolved to spend the winter in the discipline of his new levies, with the view of taking the field in the highest possible state of organisation early in the ensuing spring, and then deciding the matter at a blow. The result attested the wisdom of this course and the accuracy of his calculations, as the campaign may almost be said to have been confined to the decisive victory obtained on the Miami of the lakes.

On a fine evening, some weeks before the force had arrived at the place where it subsequently took up its winter-quarters, the sounds of angry altercation might have been heard issuing from a group of four individuals, who stood in front of a block-house in a recently-cleared patch of ground, at no great distance from the town of —, in the state of Tennessee. One of the four was an Indian; of the others, two were young white men, of slender, but hardy and active make; whilst the third, likewise a white man, was evidently the senior of his companions by probably a score of years, and the possessor of a frame whose towering height and brawny and muscular proportions contrasted strikingly with the light and agile forms of the other individuals of the group. The contrast presented in this particular, however, was not more striking than that which existed between the gloomy and vindictive scowl which lowered on his naturally sombre countenance, and the open and honest frankness displayed in the features, though now lighted up with indignation, of at least that portion of the remainder of the party who were his kin in point of colour.

'I tell you what, my lads, exclaimed the ominous-looking individual in deep and threatening tones, 'one

word for all: the shooting-iron's mine by lawful barter; and what's mine I mean to keep, until I meet a better man than myself to take it from me—and I reckon that's neither Charley Simmonds nor Chingowska's.

'Either of us is as good so far as manhood goes,' replied the young man named as Charley Simmonds; 'and the worst of us is far better, if honesty is to be taken into the account. As for the barter you speak of, I suppose it is about as lawful an affair as that with the Green Mountain carrier whom you persuaded to swap his team of oxen against your horse, that he never saw, on your swearing that he was free from disease, leaving him to find out afterwards that the beast had broken his neck down the Sandstone Cliff a week before.'

'I make some allowance for your feelings, Charley,' rejoined the former speaker, 'in regard of my having got inside you in the good-will of Sally Benton; but I don't usually bear so much stirring up, and take it so quietly; so leave off while the play is good, if you're fond of yourself.'

'Keep less talk about Sally Benton!' exclaimed with great warmth the white man who had not hitherto spoken, and who was brother to the young woman referred to. 'She does not like a bone in your body; and if she did, her friends might like to know whether a man that deserted his wife and three children a couple of years ago in Jefferson county is any acquaintance of yours, or whether you ever heard of a sheriff's officer who was found about the same time with a hole through his head that never came there by nature, and that was as like one that a piece of ragged lead would make as the description I got of one Sam Staples, who made himself rather scarce in that clearing just after the occurrence, is like the man that calls himself Bill Tuckett. My ears were not closed when I was down east last fall; so take yourself along more quietly, and look out for a wife somewhere else than in the family of Sally Benton, Master Bill Tuckett, or Sam Staples, whichever you choose to call yourself.'

Astonishment, consternation, and rage, were successively depicted in the countenance of the man calling himself Bill Tuckett, who had but recently come to settle in that neighbourhood, representing himself as an unmarried man. For several seconds he glared in silent passion on his accuser, and seemed for a time as if about to rush upon him and rend him in pieces on the spot. After a mighty struggle with himself, however, he succeeded in mastering every external appearance of emotion, and even smiled grimly as he replied, 'If you had a beard upon your face, young fellow, you might find me dangerous to be talked to after that style. Meantime, I don't like to have my dander ris by a boy that's only fit to be whipped by his mother; so I wish you good-night.' So saying, he turned on his heel and entered the block-house.

As he passed through the doorway, Charley Simmonds called aloud after him, 'I say, Bill Tuckett, don't suppose you are going to make your own of Chingowska's rifle so easily. When we return from the west, you'll hear more about it.'

No answer was returned. After a brief pause, the young men, with their red companion, left the spot, and proceeded in the direction of the town.

Before they were quite lost to view in the distance, the gigantic frame of Tuckett again appeared in the doorway. The blackness of the thunder-cloud brooded on his countenance as he gazed on their retiring forms in silence for some moments. Then fiercely shaking his clenched fist towards the quarter they had taken, and perhaps unconsciously giving audible expression to his feelings, he exclaimed, 'Ay, when you "return from the west;" but it shall be my care that you *don't* return. No half measures will answer now. The stories that your friend has taken the trouble of collecting down east will cost you all dear out west. 'Tis your blood or mine!'

Had the feelings of the soliloquist been less excited by his theme, he might have detected at this moment a rustling in the underwood, in which the block-house was partly embosomed, which could not have proceeded from the wind, as not a breath of air was stirring. His facul-

ties, however, were wholly absorbed by the subject of his passion, and after a brief interval, he again disappeared in the house. The next moment a young lad, brother to Charley Simmonds, and his junior by three or four years, emerged from the thicket, and keeping the rear of the building, made his way in the same direction as that already pursued by the other members of the party. He had accidentally been passing at a short distance from the spot, when he was attracted by the sound of voices engaged in angry altercation, as already described, when his youthful curiosity stimulated him to approach and listen, availing himself of the concealment afforded by the bushes. He had been about to withdraw, when Tuckett reappeared, and uttered the ominous language just quoted, every syllable of which, amid the stillness and solitude of the place, was borne distinctly to the ears of the listener. He determined of course to take the earliest opportunity of informing his brother of the circumstance, and placing him and his friends on their guard against any treachery that Tuckett might contemplate. A slight alteration of their arrangements, however, of which he remained in ignorance until too late, rendered any communication between them impossible.

All the individuals whom we have introduced to the reader were included among the volunteers who were to join from that township the expedition under General Wayne. The comparatively tender age of the younger Simmonds was not considered a fact of sufficient importance to prevent the gratification of his wish to be allowed to make one of their number, as—though his strength was not yet sufficiently matured for a hand-to-hand struggle—like most of the frontier lads of his years, he was already familiar with the crack of the rifle, and had more than once drawn a trigger on active service. Local circumstances had induced the arrangement, that the party should start for the place of rendezvous in two separate detachments, the first of which, including the four first-named individuals—for the Red Man belonged to a friendly tribe, and spent nearly as much of his time in the settlement as on the prairie, and consequently accompanied, as a matter of course, his white friends on the expedition against their common enemy—was to set out on the following morning; and the second, to which the younger Simmonds was attached, in the course of the subsequent week. The altercation we have described, however, rendering the young men little disposed to hold companionship with Tuckett during a march that must occupy from seven to ten days, they resolved on starting that very evening, so as to keep constantly in advance of the party in whose company he was to travel. Accompanied, therefore, by their Indian ally, and some two or three of their more intimate associates, to whom the project was communicated, the little band commenced their journey, and had accomplished nearly a score of miles, when they halted to 'camp' for the night. Of this anticipation of their original plan the brother of Charley Simmonds was in ignorance, until, on seeking him, for the purpose of acquainting him with the threat which Tuckett had made use of, he learned that he had already departed.

It is necessary here to explain the original cause of the quarrel of which we have described a part. In the summer of the preceding year, the skill and daring of Chingowska, at extreme peril to his own life, had saved that of an English gentleman who was hunting on a distant prairie, when under the very tomahawks of half-a-dozen warriors of a hostile tribe. The grateful Englishman would have been profuse in his liberality towards his gallant deliverer, but the latter would accept of little in the shape of reward. One article, however, in the possession of the former had excited his admiration, and it was evident he regarded it with a longing eye. This was a London rifle, of superior finish and workmanship, which carried a ball half as large again as the ordinary American rifle; and which, sending the deadly missile to the mark with equal accuracy, was certain to bring the game to the ground with a mortal wound at a range so great, that the very best weapon the Indian had ever seen in use on the frontier before would fail to break the skin at

a similar distance. Of course the gun, with the bullet-mould, and every other necessary implement connected with it, at once became the property of Chingowska, with the addition of a quantity of powder and lead, and a considerable sum of money. Of the latter, the unfortunate Red Man, like most of his race when similarly circumstanced, spent a part in dissipation among the settlements, and suffered himself to be speedily cheated of the remainder. Fully appreciating, however, the value of his rifle, and its vast superiority to anything of the kind to be met with in the backwoods, he resisted every inducement to part with it in the way either of purchase or exchange, though numerous and tempting offers were made to him upon the subject. But poor Chingowska had his weakness. The fatal vice, the parent of all the follies, misfortunes, and crimes which have almost swept the once noble race to which he belonged from the face of the earth, is a fondness for strong drink. To procure this, Chingowska had already parted with everything but his beloved rifle. On the evening previous to that on which the dispute we have described took place, Tuckett invited him to his block-house to partake of some rum. The unsuspecting Indian readily fell into the snare. His treacherous host plied him with drink until he sunk in utter insensibility upon the floor; and on his restoration to consciousness at an advanced hour the following day, he was informed, in reply to his inquiry for his rifle, which had disappeared, together with his bullet-mould, that he had agreed the previous evening to dispose of it in barter for the rum which he consumed, and a worthless old shot-gun, which his deceitful entertainer now tendered him. Of course the indignation of the poor defrauded Red Man was excessive; but as Tuckett was prepared for this, and treated his remonstrances with contempt, he was compelled to leave the place without his prized weapon, and carry his complaint to his friends Simmonds and Benton, with whom he had often traversed the forest and the prairie either in the pursuit of game, or on the trail of the hostile Indian. In company with them, he had the subsequent fruitless interview with Tuckett, the particulars of which have been detailed.

On the following morning, the remainder of the first detachment of volunteers commenced their march, and reached General Wayne's encampment in due course, the half-dozen who preceded them having arrived on the previous evening. At the appointed time, the second party, including young Tom Simmonds, started for the camp, which they reached without the occurrence of any event essentially connected with the thread of our narrative.

Of course the first inquiry of Tom Simmonds on his arrival was for the quarters of his brother. What was his consternation on being told in reply that his brother and Chingowska were condemned to death by a court-martial for the murder of Dick Benton, whose dead body had been found in the wood a couple of miles beyond the lines, and that the sentence was to be carried into execution at daybreak on the following morning!

On recovering from the first stunning shock of the intelligence, he flew at once to the hut in which the condemned men were confined. On attempting to enter, he was repulsed by the sentry, and informed that none could be admitted without an order from the officer who had presided at the court-martial before which they had been tried. To seek him out, and obtain the necessary order, occupied a considerable time, and fearfully abridged the period which intervened before the hour at which the sentence was to be carried into execution; reducing to narrow limits, indeed, the space in which alone any effort could be made to avert the frightful doom. It is unnecessary to say that the idea of the remotest possibility of his brother's guilt never once entered the mind of Tom Simmonds.

We need not dwell on the meeting of the brothers. Though the heart of each was full, there was no time for the indulgence of idle lamentation or useless expressions of sorrow, if any exertion was to be made in behalf of the condemned. Tom was soon made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. The body of Benton had been found by some of the men who had gone out in

pursuit of game, in the edge of a dense wood, cold and stiff, having evidently been lifeless for several hours. It displayed two wounds, the least of which was mortal. One was a bullet wound right through the body; the other was a tomahawk wound in the head, so deep, that it was evident the axe must have penetrated the skull of the victim to the *very eye of the weapon*. What caused the names of Charley Simmonds and Chingowska to be first connected with the murder was the fact, that immediately after the discovery of the body, a rumour was found to pervade the camp that, on the very night previous to that day, a violent quarrel had taken place between them and the deceased, which had been overheard to result in mutual threats of violence and revenge. This was considered sufficient to fix suspicion on them, and justify their being placed under arrest. At the examination which ensued, the accused men both solemnly denied not only that an angry word had ever passed between them and the deceased, but that they had been beyond the lines on that side of the camp since their arrival at all. At this stage of the proceedings, however, one of the party who had discovered the body produced a strip of fur a few inches in length, which had been found within a few feet of the spot on which the murder was committed, and which, on being now examined, was found to correspond precisely with a spot from which a similar piece had evidently been recently torn on the hunting shirt of Charley Simmonds, the edges of which were trimmed with fur of a similar description. In fact no doubt could be entertained that it was the identical piece which had been torn from his garment; nor did he attempt to question the fact himself, though quite unable to explain how it came to be found at the scene of the murder. Another of the men now produced a wampum belt, which he stated he had found in the wood not twenty yards from the same spot, but which he had not thought of connecting in anyway with the tragical occurrence, until the circumstance of the strip of fur suggested the idea. A single glance at the Indian served to discover that his wampum belt was gone, and his knife and tomahawk suspended from a canvas girdle, which a score of witnesses were ready to prove had not been the case on the preceding day. Poor Chingowska at once recognised his belt, but could furnish no other account of its disappearance from his person than the statement that, having obtained rum from some of the men on the previous evening, he had fallen asleep in a state of intoxication, and missing his belt on awaking, had substituted the canvas one which he now wore.

The result of the examination was the appointment of a court-martial for the trial of Simmonds and his red friend for the murder. The circumstances above detailed were adduced for the prosecution, and the prisoners were called on for their defence. It was simple, and consisted of a denial of having ever had a quarrel with the deceased, and of having been in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy at all. The rumour of the quarrel having been traced to its source, it was ascertained that Bill Tuckett had, on the night previous to the day on which the murder was committed, observed to a comrade that he feared some bad work would follow from the bitter language and violent threats which he had overheard proceeding from the occupants of a hut, which he pointed out, as he was passing along to his own quarters. He did not appear at the time to know who the parties were by whom the hut was occupied, but said that the voices seemed somewhat familiar to his ear, though, from the excited tone in which they spoke, he could not recognise them with sufficient distinctness to name the speakers. Being called on for his evidence at the court-martial, he deposed to precisely the same effect, declining to swear that the voices he heard were really those of the three individuals in question, but pointing out the hut which they had occupied as that from which the sounds had issued; the prisoners themselves admitting that they and their late unfortunate comrade had been its sole occupants from nightfall until sunrise. In support of their denial of ever having had a quarrel, as described, with the deceased, they could therefore furnish no evidence

whatever; their own statement to that effect of course going for little against the testimony of a disinterested person. In support of their statement that they had not been in the vicinity of the place in which the murder had been committed, however, Tuckett was recalled, and asked by the prisoner Simmonds whether he had not returned within the lines at an early hour in the afternoon of the day in question, accompanied by Chingowska, passing close by the spot where he, Tuckett, was standing on guard at the northern extremity of the camp, whereas the body of the deceased was discovered nearly two miles distant from the southern extremity? This circumstance, if proved, would have been strong presumptive evidence in their favour when the particulars of time and distance were taken into calculation; but the reply of Tuckett at once decided the case.

'Sorry I can't help my friends at a pinch,' said he; 'but no man passed my post entering the camp whilst I was on guard that day.'

The surprise of Simmonds was unbounded at this answer; and even Chingowska, who had long been schooled into the habitual control of every symptom of emotion on critical occasions, displayed some marks of astonishment. But the effect produced on the court was fatal to the cause of the prisoners. The apparent scrupulousness of Tuckett in declining to swear positively that the voices which he had heard raised in anger, and the utterance of threatening language, were actually those of the prisoners and the deceased, had disposed the judges to attach considerable weight to his testimony; and the directness and distinctness of his reply to the last question naturally bore down, in their estimation, all the protestations of the accused to the contrary. The circumstance of an article of the dress of each having been found within a short distance of the body of the murdered man, with whom it was believed they had just quarrelled, and against whom they had indulged in threats of vengeance, would of itself have weighed heavily against them; but when to this was added the damning fact of their having attempted to establish an *alibi*, which was disproved by the very witness whom they cited in its support, the court had little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that they were guilty of the crime laid to their charge, and sentencing them to undergo the punishment of death. The evidence was submitted to General Wayne in due course, who approved of and confirmed both the finding and the sentence.

Having made his brother acquainted with these details, Charley Simmonds stated that the most unaccountable and mysterious circumstance in the entire transaction he considered to be the answer of Tuckett to his question concerning his having passed him while on guard; as not only must he have seen him, but he had actually replied to a word of salutation which Simmonds addressed to him in passing—Chingowska passing him in silence, in consequence of the affair concerning the rifle. The allusion to the rifle immediately recalled the threat of Tuckett to the memory of Tom, the relation of which seemed to Charley to throw a new light on the whole procedure. The hope of life again sprung up within his bosom: a variety of suggestions were proposed and rejected; and Tom at length departed to carry into execution the only plan which held out a possibility of averting the threatened doom of the condemned, and bringing the real assassin to justice.

Proceeding to the quarters of the general, he sought and obtained an audience, laid before him the suspicions he had formed, and the hopes he entertained of being enabled to clear up the mystery, and concluded by begging a brief respite of the sentence, to admit of his making the exertions he proposed. This was at once and decisively refused. It was clear that the general was fully convinced of the guilt of the prisoners; and the utmost that the petitioner could prevail on him to grant, was permission for himself, and any of the troops he might select as his assistants, to pass into and out of the camp, as they might find it necessary, during the night—the ordinary rule being, that none should pass the lines between sunset and sunrise—with leave to approach his the general's

quarters, and have him aroused at any hour previous to that appointed for the execution, should he succeed in discovering anything tending to demonstrate the innocence of his unfortunate brother.

Tom's next step was to collect about a score of his brother's most intimate associates, acquaint them with the measures he meant to adopt, and request their co-operation. Of course the warm-hearted Borderers embarked with enthusiasm in the cause; and in a short time Tom proceeded to the scene of the murder, accompanied by a body of friends whose zeal, combined with the skill, ingenuity, and perseverance which the peculiar habits of the life of the backwoodsman naturally endow him with, promised to do all that could be effected by human agency towards securing the consummation of his hopes.

Their first care on arriving at the spot was to ascertain the precise position occupied by the body of the deceased when first discovered. For this purpose they induced the soldier who had made the discovery to accompany the party. Connecting the information obtained from him with the fact that the ball had entered the breast and passed out between the shoulders, which had been previously ascertained by the examination of the body, they were enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of the quarter from which the deadly missile had first proceeded, and, by necessary consequence, of the direction in which it had most probably continued its course after having perforated the person of its victim. They then dispersed, and commenced a rigid scrutiny of the bark of the neighbouring trees in that direction.

The difficulties which obstructed the examination were of no trivial character. It had scarcely commenced, when the sun went down, and night descended. Still, the search must be prosecuted, or the object of their solicitude be abandoned to his fate, as he would assuredly expiate his imputed crime on the gallows at daybreak, if his innocence were not established in the interval. Accordingly, pine-wood torches were prepared, and each individual of the party bearing one, the work went forward. But hour after hour passed away, and still no discovery was made. Midnight approached, and the hopes of the associates became fewer and feebler, and some amongst them began to calculate the period that Charley Simmonds had to live. Still, they toiled on through the livelong night, resolved that at all events no effort of theirs should be wanting to avert the horrible fate which seemed to await their old companion.

The gloom of the eastern sky was still unvisited by any symptom of the approaching day, though some of the young men had already begun to cast fearful glances at that quarter of the heavens, when a loud and cheerful shout from one of their number speedily brought his companions to the spot. He pointed to an orifice, the recent nature of which was evident from the rawness of the timber, in the soft trunk of a cotton-wood tree, by probing which with the smaller end of a ramrod, the presence of a foreign body at the depth of a few inches was ascertained. The application of the axe speedily extracted the object, on the nature of which was now suspended the realisation of all their hopes, and which proved to be as they expected—a leaden bullet, and that with which doubtless the murder had been committed. Its appearance at once demonstrated two things: the softness of the cotton-wood had so little altered its shape, that the ragged lead proved with the utmost distinctness that it had been discharged from a *grooved barrel*; consequently it could not have been fired by Chingowska, who still carried, in default of a better, the old *smooth bore* which Tuckett had palmed upon him as already recorded; whilst its size was so great, that it was at once declared that no rifle barrel on the frontier *save one* would have admitted it; therefore it could not have been fired by Charley Simmonds, as he was not the possessor of the weapon which formed the exception.

In anticipation of this discovery, and with a view to the possible importance of a moment of time, the party had brought with them from the camp a number of horses. Mounted on the fleetest of these, Tom Simmonds

now swept along with the speed of light towards the general's quarters, for life and death indeed depended on the cast. His tale was soon told, and an order for the suspension of the execution procured, the general not hesitating to grant it on viewing the new features which the case presented; and ten minutes afterwards, he placed the important document in the hands of the commander of the prisoners' guard, as that officer was in the act of delivering over his charge, to be dealt with by the provost-marshal according to their sentence!

At a later hour in the morning General Wayne directed the body of poor Benton to be exhumed for further examination. Every individual experienced in gunshot wounds who viewed it pronounced the wound which traversed the body to have been beyond all doubt inflicted by a rifle ball; and now that attention was directed to that point, declared with equal confidence that it was nearly double the size of the orifice which would have been caused by the largest bullet which a gun of the calibre of the ordinary western rifle, such as that carried by Charley Simmonds, would admit. With reference to the wound in the head, it was well known that Simmonds never carried a tomahawk, and it was shown to be physically impossible that it could have been inflicted by that of Chingowska. The axes employed in western warfare, it is well known, are of two kinds—one, the blade of which is narrow, and the edge from point to point long; the other having the face of the weapon short, but its depth from the edge to the eye considerable. That worn by Chingowska was of the former kind. A blow from it must have produced an incision nearly twice the length of that which the head of poor Benton exhibited, and could not possibly have made one much above half its depth. On applying one of the latter description, however, partaking of the form of the wedge rather than the hatchet, it was found to fit the wound with the greatest exactness, so as to leave no doubt that the blow had been inflicted by a similar weapon.

The general inquired whether Tuckett was accustomed to use the tomahawk; and on hearing from a score of persons who were familiar with his habits that he carried one of the latter description, ordered him at once to be placed under arrest.

But that worthy had not been disposed to await the result of the investigation. The camp was searched; but he was nowhere to be found. Some of the heavier and less portable articles of his property were still at his quarters; but it soon became plain that, having heard of the discovery of the rifle ball, which was certain to bring home the murder to his own door, as the possessor of the only piece on the frontier that would carry one of the size, he had at once absconded, taking with him little besides his arms, including the very rifle which was so essentially connected with the discovery of his part in the catastrophe.

Whilst the excitement was at the highest, a man arrived in camp who had been absent on leave since the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and who heard of the tragedy now for the first time. On being informed of the circumstantial evidence which had so nearly resulted in the death of the late prisoners, he at once stated that, on the evening previous to his departure, he had seen Tuckett tear a morsel of the fur from the trimming of the hunting shirt of Charley Simmonds, the latter having thrown the garment aside whilst engaged in some athletic exercise. He thought it odd of Tuckett, he said, but did not interfere, as he considered it no affair of his. The wampum belt of the Indian had doubtless been purloined whilst the owner lay in a state of helpless intoxication, and both deposited for obvious purposes in the place where they were subsequently discovered.

Shortly after it was ascertained that Tuckett had absconded, Chingowska was missing also. The day passed away, but no intelligence concerning him could be obtained. The night fell, but he was still absent. At an early hour on the following morning he entered the camp, with the much-prized rifle once more in his possession, and at his waist a human scalp, freshly torn from the

victim's head, depending from which, more than one individual asserted, was the long coal-black hair of Bill Tuckett, *alias* Sam Staples.

ANCIENT SEA-MARGINS.

CHANGES of the relative level of sea and land, in times which may be described as recent in comparison with the earlier geological eras, are amongst the admitted truths of science. They are evidenced by terraces and shell deposits at various heights throughout not only this, but many other countries. For some years past, the predominant doctrine on this subject has been, that the changes of level were produced not by a depression of the sea, but by an upward movement of the land, this movement being understood to be usually confined to limited portions of the earth's surface. Such movements, as is well known, have been observed to take place on the coast of Chili, and on the north side of the Baltic; in the latter case, the rise of the land is believed to be going on at the rate of about forty inches in a century. This is one strong reason for believing that the land has in all cases been the moving element. Another, which was pointed out by Mr Playfair, is, that for the decline of the sea from the land, even to the extent of only a few feet, we should need to suppose the removal of a corresponding depth of water all over the globe, whereas the rise of a piece of land, even supposing it to be one of many hundred square miles, is a phenomenon which traffics with comparatively a small quantity of matter. So has stood the subject for some years, no one, however, making any strenuous efforts to arrive at a general view of the memorials of change of level which exist around these and other coasts, to ascertain how far any of them extend with strict horizontality, or to compare their heights at various places. It has been tacitly taken for granted that such objects are local, and consequently that, beyond the general fact of their existence, they say nothing as to the past history of the earth.

In the work quoted below*—to which, for obvious reasons, we cannot advert critically—an account is given of a laborious series of personal investigations prosecuted in many parts of this island, and also in France and Ireland, from which the unexpected result has arisen that, besides the few specimens of ancient beaches hitherto observed within sixty feet above the present level of the sea, there are at least fifty more at different heights up to about 1300 feet, and furthermore, these are always horizontal, and the various fragments found in different districts observe particular levels; so that it would appear the relative level of sea and land in this island and the neighbouring lands has been shifted scores of times, *without the land having been moved off its original plane to any perceptible extent*. It will readily be observed that it is difficult to imagine such a result to have arisen throughout so wide a space, if the land had been moved every time that the sea was placed in a new relative level. The doctrine of the mobility of the land is therefore so far discounted by what is now brought before the public, and no small disturbance is consequently threatened to many of the conclusions arrived at by geologists. We have not, however, stated the whole case; for it also appears from this volume that there are ancient sea-margins in Norway and North America observing levels precisely correspondent with those of Britain and France; thus extending the uniformity of shift over a very considerable portion of the globe. The probability for a movement of the sea as against a movement of the

* Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the Relative Level of Sea and Land. By Robert Chambers, Esq., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. London: W. S. Orr. 1848.

land, becomes, in regard to this portion of the earth, proportionally great, though it certainly would not be graceful to dogmatise on this point, while all the great masters of the science rest, however unsatisfactorily, on a different conclusion.

The lowest ancient beach of any note is one at about twenty feet above the present level of the sea. It generally appears in extensive plains of clay or sand—as, for example, the carse of Gowrie and Falkirk in Scotland, and the low plain between Portsmouth and Brighton, and that extending along the south shore of the Bristol Channel in Somersetshire. Another noted one is a little above forty feet; another about seventy feet; another at a medium of about 107, above which the land in many districts makes a more sudden and abrupt rise than at any other point. There is a great terrace at about 192 feet, which appears along the right side of the Avon valley at Bath, and other places in England, as well as all round the outskirts of Paris, and at other places on the Seine. At about 280 feet, there is a grand terrace seen at many places. Not less remarkable is one at about 393 feet; this appears at Abbotsford on Tweedside, at Colinton (near Edinburgh), in Dumfriesshire, and—at Versailles. One of the level ridges beside Lake Ontario, which are believed to have been produced by a body of water resting there, is of the same height. It is also the height of a shoulder of Arthur's Seat (a hill near Edinburgh), where the rock, hollowed out into a kind of trough, is found to be all smoothed, as by some mechanical agent applied laterally, while the surface bears numerous scratches in the same direction—the work, it is believed, of ice. A sea, at this height, bearing along icebergs, would be adequate to produce the effects; and it therefore becomes important to learn that the ocean did once stand at this level. Another great terrace, in France and America, as in Britain, is at 545 feet. The table-land round Rouen is smoothed down to this level; so is one of the plateaux of the Paris basin (at Buc). Such is the height of the ancient beach above the falls of Niagara, and of one of the lake-ridges of Ontario. At the same level, a terrace runs along both sides of the Tweed, and along its tributaries, portions of it affording sites to the towns of Selkirk and Peebles, and the ancient fastness of Newark. So also does the remarkable sandy plateau at Carstairs in Lanarkshire—about 684 feet above the sea—come into relation to a grand terrace connected with the Mawmce river on Lake Erie. Amongst the examples of ancient beaches of greater elevation, the celebrated *parallel roads* of Glenroy are by far the most remarkable. These have at length been ascertained by levelling as respectively 847, 1059½, and 1139½ feet above the sea, the latter being about the height of a terrace seen in several places in the centre of the island. The probability of these markings having been produced by the sea, and not, as has been supposed, by a lake, now becomes, for this and other reasons, very great.

All of these markings are such as to prove a shift of the level of the sea from a high point to that where it now rests, as the last great event in the history of the globe. They are connected with the most superficial formations—namely, those beds of sand, gravel, and clay usually grouped under the name of 'alluvium.' They denote a period of repose, like the present, but closely following on the disturbed period, of which the diluvium or drift* is the memorial. Some years ago, when the glacier theory was at its height, Dr Buckland, M. Agassiz, and Mr Lyell pointed out accumulations at the openings of many little glens in Scotland as indubitable examples of *moraines*, similar to those which are brought down by glaciers in the Alps at this day. These are here shown to be merely *deltas*—the detrital sheets brought down by the burns, and delivered into the estuaries once filling the glens. In the speculations on the lake origin of the Glenroy

terraces, much stress was laid on the fact, that there was a head of a valley coinciding in height with each terrace, as if the water had there found its ancient outlet. It is now shown that, in a cluster of islands closely placed together, such as the mountain tops of Glenroy would once be, there is a tendency in the narrow intermediate sounds to be silted up, so as to be passable in a low state of the tide. Were the sea to withdraw from such an archipelago, it would leave terraces round the islands, and the silted-up sounds would become heads of valleys of corresponding level. Thus the great argument for the lake origin of the Glenroy terraces is taken away. Another novelty brought forward in this work is a view of the way in which lakes have in many instances been formed. In the Great Glen of Scotland, for instance, which is a deep trough amongst the hills, there is a range of lochs, of great depth, separated by gravelly isthmuses. Whence the isthmuses by which the lakes are confined? No great currents could have brought these accumulations, passing over profundities, amounting in the case of Loch Ness to seven hundred feet. They are shown to be the remains of detrital matter brought down by side rivulets when the sea filled the glen. A careful examination shows that '*all the side glens containing mountain rills of rapid descent, and consequent great power of bringing down debris, occur at the isthmuses.*' Thus the Tarf and Chalder come in at the place between Loch Oich and Loch Ness. Loch Ness, again, is separated from the sea by a detrital mass, the remains of what was brought down by certain powerful rills which descend from the hills behind Doelfour. The rivulets Urquhart and Garry enter Loch Ness, it is true, at the broad side; but there are special circumstances in their cases, which have rendered them incapable of projecting a detrital mass across such a profound glen, and so forming an isthmus.

It is startling to find in this work so many of the sites of mansions and other remarkable edifices, and even of large towns, set down as ancient beaches, though it is only a natural consequence of the attraction which flat ground presents for building. Thus the bulk of Glasgow is on a beach, which rises to about twenty-six feet above the sea; the western portion of Liverpool is on an ancient beach, between sixty and seventy feet above the present sea-level; the terrace on which a large portion of northern London is situated is an ancient beach; and so forth. There is something, however, much more startling in the details given respecting the hill on which the Old Town of Edinburgh is situated. And here we shall indulge in the only extract which it seems proper to make from the section of local investigations.

'The Old Town, as is well known, is [mainly composed of a street] built on a sloping ridge or *tail* of a mile long, stretching eastward from the Castle rock, and extending in vertical height from 108 feet above the sea at Holyrood Palace, to 325 at the Castle Hill. It may beforehand seem very unlikely that ground which has been the site of a city for the most part of a thousand years, and undergone all the changes incidental to frequent renewals of the buildings, should continue to exhibit with any distinctness traces of such peculiar natural markings as are the subject of this work. Nevertheless, having remarked a series of flats, or, as it were, landing-places, in the general ascent of the principal street which runs along the top of the sloping ridge, I deemed it not impossible that they might be primitive features of the same character with indications which I had observed on similar hill-faces as yet in a state of nature. It appeared in the very first place as favourable to the idea of their being natural features at all, that out of the four flats, two were the sites of ancient public buildings of an important character, such as the best or most convenient ground would be selected for, while a third formed a demarcation between the city and its ancient suburb the Canongate. The crucial test, however, evidently lay in the levels. If these cor-

* The stiff blue clay mixed with boulders, usually called in Scotland the *til*, resting immediately under the alluvial formations.

responded with those of ancient beaches well-marked elsewhere, and especially in the neighbourhood of the city, then was it tolerably certain that the flats in question were indentations made by the sea, in the course of its subsidence to the present level. If it should prove otherwise, they might be presumed as accidental, or the result of causes not concerned in the present inquiry.

'Now the reader has already seen many examples of beaches of this range of elevation described. Let us, before taking any further notice of the Old Town indentations, advert to several markings in the immediate neighbourhood of the city.

'Just beyond the suburb of Newington, an obscure rill called the Powburn pursues its way through a little valley, observing an easterly direction. On the upper brink of this valley, to the north, there is a terrace crowning a steep slope or bank, and presenting all the usual appearances of an ancient sea-margin. Part of it having lately been laid out as a public cemetery, we have had opportunities of ascertaining that the ground to a considerable depth is composed of a clayey sand. This terrace appears to be 170 or 171 feet above the sea.

'Passing westwards less than a mile, we find, behind Grange House, a terrace, more faint, yet sufficiently distinct, which can be traced along till it crosses the Canaan road into the grounds connected with the villas of that district, and so onward to Falcon Hall; on the other side of the valley of the Jordan Burn, opposite to these villas, the corresponding terrace is prominently marked; the two sides of an ancient creek of the sea, when that element stood rather more than 280 feet above its present level. The same flat is rudely marked on the skirt of the Blackford Hill, at Libberton West Mains. These markings, however, are all of them tame compared with a grand terrace of the same height on the north side of the little valley beyond the Libberton ridge. The fine old mansion of Moredun is situated upon it: it extends, with great distinctness, a good way eastward, affording site to Mr Lothian's villa at Ferney-side, but fades away on the slope under Edmondstone House.

'When the sea beat on this terrace, the hill on the summit of which Craigmillar Castle is situated presented only a little rocky isle above the waves. This isle consisted of a mass of sandstone, which forms a vertical precipice to the south, just under the walls of the castle. A good way out from the bottom of this cliff, in all three directions, is a flat on which the castle garden, with its ancient quaint devices, may still be traced. That flat is 280 feet above the level of the sea. Answering in elevation, it has been too much disturbed by the hand of man to present the required linearity. I am assured, however, by Mr Smith of Jordanhill, that the overhanging cliff bears much of that appearance of sea-wearing which he has observed in similar precipices that either are now, or have been at a comparatively recent period, exposed to the dash of the billows. Whether it does so or not, there can be no doubt that it once was exposed to this action, as the sea could not have laid down the Moredun terrace opposite without at the same time rolling its waves along the Craigmillar garden, in which case it must have impinged on the cliff at every high tide. How little could Mary, when she walked in this garden, pondering on her conjugal infelicity, imagine that we should in time learn of natural transactions which took place upon the same spot ages before her period!

'If, in the winter season, when the ground is comparatively clear for observation, we take a station at Dalkeith, and direct our eyes to the southward slope which there rises above the Esk valley, and along which the Kelso road proceeds, we shall very readily perceive that it is, as it were, laid out in flats, the straight horizontal outlines of which give a strong character to the ground. Some extend westwards, and fade on the hill-side; others stretch far in the other direction, till they terminate in the sky line. To the east of Dalkeith, this terraced hill-face is distinctly seen rising out of a

broad plain, which seems to form no inconsiderable part of the park around Dalkeith Palace, and of which there is also a large section to the south of the park wall, the duke's kennel being situated upon it. This is from about 144 to a few feet more above the level of the sea. It is an unmistakable ancient sea-margin in its form; as to its constitution, the cutting for a coal mine near the kennel gives forty feet of sand slightly mixed with clay. The street of Dalkeith itself, and the flat ground to the south near Woodburn, form another level, about 168-73 feet; the South Esk intersecting the space.' On the hill-face above-mentioned, at Cowden and Whitehill, the terraces are respectively 280 and about 390 feet in elevation.

'Let us now return to the street-covered ridge of ancient Edinburgh. We start at the plain of Holyrood, 108 feet above the sea. From hence the street ascends, with no well-defined interruption, till we reach Milton House, where there is a flat of at least 100 yards in extent. This is 144 feet above the sea-level, agreeing with the plain at the duke's kennel, and with several markings in the north of Scotland. As being flat ground, it has been selected for the sites of some of the best mansions in the old city, particularly the elegant house and grounds of Lord Justice-Clerk Milton, and the hotel of the Lords Panmure, in which a greater than earls, the illustrious Adam Smith, dwelt for several years and died. After another ascent, there occurs another flat, even more extensive. From probably the same principle of preference, this gives site to the church and old court-house of the Canongate; likewise to the supposed ancient mansion of the Gordon family, and to the palace of the Earls of Murray—the residence of Cromwell when in Edinburgh. It is 165-7 feet above the sea, corresponding with numberless terraces already and to be described. In the preceding instances, the flat has been superficially as extensive as the ascent. The street has been fairly divided between the rise and the level. We now, however, pass along a somewhat longer ascent, and then come to a short, though very decided flat at the head of the Canongate, from 202 to 205 feet above the sea-level. [Terraces at this elevation occur in many parts of the country.] Another comparatively long ascent, and at St Giles's Church, we come to a fourth flat—one unusually broad and well-marked. Here the principal public buildings of the ancient city were congregated: the parish church (afterwards cathedral), the Tolbooth or town-house (both of them structures of great antiquity), and the Parliament House and courts of law. Here the ground has been slightly lowered in modern times, to the effect of softening the abruptness of the original transition from the ascent to the flat. The original height at the flat was about 280 feet above the sea-level—a perfect coincidence with the terraces at Canaan, Moredun, and Cowden; as also with examples in other districts. It may be added parenthetically, that the tract of table-ground on which Heriot's Hospital and the Charity Workhouse stand is precisely of the same height. Thus is completed the series of indentations in the Edinburgh ridge, all of them, it will be observed, coincident in elevation with distinct memorials of sea-margins in the surrounding country, near, as well as far. It seems reasonable, accordingly, to infer that these marks were made by the tooth of the sea, at the pauses which it made in descending from between 300 and 100 feet over its present level. When we reflect on the many historical associations connected with the last group of buildings, it becomes a curious consideration that the locality of them all, from the commencement of the Civil War with the Liturgy riots, down to the seizing of Porteous in his prison, as well as the localisation of the supreme law-courts of the country, should have been, to all appearance, determined by a circumstance so different in its relations as the wearing of the sea on the face of a drift-formed hill, in an age so remote in comparison with the eldest of historical events.'

We shall return to this work for some details tending to show that the last shifts of the level of the sea took place after the country had received its human inhabitants.

GATHERING BLUE-BELLS.

It sometimes happens that, without any particular cause for anxiety or depression, the mind is unaccountably perplexed and weighed down; and at such seasons even a dream of the night may produce a painful effect, while our sad memories or futile regrets cannot altogether be dispelled even by the strongest exertion of our reasoning powers. I had arisen one morning to fulfil the daily round of appointed duties, but in a spiritless, discontented, and repining mood. Feelings of the kind usually hold their sway in the silent and secret recesses of the heart; for we know that it is weak and wrong to indulge in them, and we are ashamed to seek for sympathy, which indeed can be but sparingly accorded in such cases. Towards the afternoon I sallied forth to try the effect of a solitary ramble, knowing this to prove frequently the best restorative for a nervous or morbid temperament. In a secluded spot, from whence a gentle pastoral valley was visible, between the spreading branches of old linden-trees, overshadowing the pathway, which led onward amid a collection of mossy hillocks, on whose broken surface scanty heather tufts and delicate blue-bells were scattered, an object attracted my attention. It moved slowly, and with apparent difficulty, now disappearing behind the hillocks, then emerging and stooping down, and altogether presenting a very peculiar appearance. I saw presently that it was a human figure, which I supposed at first to be some poor misshapen child seeking for blue-bells. But although correct as to the employment, I found, on nearer approach, that the gatherer was no child, but an unsightly and deformed cripple of mature years.

She supported herself on crutches, and besides the hideousness of the most unnatural distortion it is possible to imagine, added to dwarf-like stature, her wan but placid face was rendered yet more ghastly by heavy linen bandages bound around it, and across her forehead. Her well-patched coarse garments were scrupulously clean, while her long thin white fingers were eagerly stretched forth to pluck the blue-bells, which she added to her store with childish delight.

I volunteered my assistance, and soon not one more blue-bell was to be found. She thanked me in a sweet low voice, and quietly set herself down on a bank of moss, and began to arrange her humble nosegay: at first I had fancied that she was imbecile, but that thought was quickly dispelled on hearing her speak, and meeting the earnest intelligent gaze of her deeply-sunken but bright black eyes.

On sitting down to rest beside her, and inquiring if she was fond of flowers, as she took such pains to collect them, 'Oh yes, ma'am!' she answered, 'I love them dearly; they do me so much good with their happy looks and sweet scents. I take them home with me, for they ease my pain when I have them near me to speak to. I am but a silly one; though I often remember Him who made both me and the flowers.'

I asked where she suffered the most pain. 'In my head, ma'am. It has been so ever since I can remember—sometimes better, sometimes worse; but I will sing you a song if you please, for helping me to gather this pretty nosegay.'

It was useless my requesting her to desist from the exertion; she began without heeding my remonstrance, and as if it were the return she habitually made for kindness, warbling the words of a bygone and very beautiful ballad. An attempt at sentimental description, when speaking of this poor creature, would be

ludicrous and unfeeling; yet her voice was so low and touching, and so full of gentle pathos, that as I listened to the plaintive strain and the old sad words, many painful but treasured memories were called up, and I could not restrain my tears.

Unfortunately I had no money about me, nor could I succeed in prevailing on the songstress to call at my home, which I found she must pass on returning to her temporary lodging. 'She disliked entering any house, unless obliged;' but she promised to be there again to-morrow, where the blue-bells grew, and when the lengthening shadows of the pale autumnal afternoon would mark the time for her.

Her story, as she told it to me, was a short and simple one, and yet not commonplace; nor could I doubt its truth for a moment, for 'the eye never deceives.'

She had been an orphan since the age of sixteen. Her father, who was a woodman, had been killed by an accident before her birth, when engaged in felling trees in the New Forest. The widow supported herself and her child by singing about the country, and working in the fields when she could get work to do; for as the daughter of a wandering Welsh harpist, the gift of song and the love of roving were in her hereditary. The unhappy circumstances, however, attending the birth of her infant had fallen heavily on the little innocent, occasioning, it was supposed, some organic derangement of the complex vessels of the head, and owing to the ignorant treatment of quacks, to whom her mother resorted, and a fall received in early infancy, making her, in her own sad words, '*What you see, ma'am.*'

When her mother died, a benevolent physician, to whom her case became known, had given her a recommendation to a London hospital, defraying her expenses thither; naturally concluding that clever and multiplied advice, together with care and judicious management, might do much towards effecting a cure, or at anyrate ameliorating her condition. 'But after a long time,' she added, 'all the doctors agreed that my case was an incurable one, and that fresh air and perfect freedom were the only things they could recommend as likely to ease my pain.'

She told me the name of the worthy practitioner who had originally befriended her, and who had continued to allow her a small sum weekly, sufficient for her maintenance, until two years previous to this period, when death had deprived the orphan cripple of her benefactor.

Since then, walking all over England and Wales, she had supported herself by singing, when able to do so, and by the gifts of the charitable. The open air was as necessary and nutritious to her as daily food, while her childish delight in gathering wild flowers formed the sole recreation and solace of her lonely existence—lonely as that of the lepers of old.

The outcast added in a gentle deprecatory tone, but far removed from the whine of the common mendicant, and putting her hand involuntarily on her bandaged brow, 'God is very good to me, for I have never wanted; and though He sees fit to send me pain, yet with the pain there is healing, for I often forget it all when I look on the beautiful things of His making. Indeed *I am very happy*; for if such fair flowers are to be found on earth, where the birds sing, and the waters are so clear, and the trees are so grand, how much *more* beautiful our home in heaven will be!'

'But are we so *sure* of seeing heaven?' I hesitatingly said, wishing to hear the answer. Her answer was a silent smile, but a serious and solemn one, only faintly lighting up her pallid suffering countenance; and when I parted with her, it was in the earnest and full conviction that this destitute cripple was indeed, as she affirmed, *very happy*; and passing rich also in the possession of the priceless graces of patient cheerfulness, resignation, and faith.

This little adventure had given me a lesson, and administered a reproof, which all discontented and repining individuals may not have the good fortune to

encounter so opportunely. For my own part, the light of that poor cripple's smile is to this day upon my heart; and in the midst of the sorrows and anxieties of life, whether real or imaginary, my harassed thoughts often flit away to employ themselves happily and beneficially in—gathering blue-bells.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

SUMMER TOURS.

It seems to be generally concluded that comparatively few persons will visit the continent this summer. The pleasure and health-seeking host will be mainly restricted to the more interesting districts of our own island, which were their sole resort during the war. For those who may be inclined to go northward, we may mention that there are now two lines of railway passing into Scotland—one by the east side of the island, only broken at the crossings of the Tyne and Tweed; another, which is quite uninterrupted, proceeding from Carlisle to both Edinburgh and Glasgow. There is a farther line to Stirling, which, by the time the present sheet sees the light, will be advanced to Perth; so that a tourist will be able to pass, without interruption, and in less than a day, from London to the border of the Highlands. In another year, we believe, this line will be extended to Aberdeen. Meanwhile, the scenery which, by its physical beauty and its romantic associations, presents the most solacing contrast to ordinary industrial life, can be reached from the cities of the busy south without the loss of a night's rest. Tourists from that region would do well to come to the north by one line, and leave it by the other, taking Glasgow and Edinburgh in their way. Edinburgh is in its highest beauty in summer, being almost as much a garden as a city, not to speak of its ancient towers in the air, and its streets of palaces. Hence a tour can be extended into the Highlands, to a near or far point, ending at Glasgow. The shortest curve is by Stirling, the Trosachs, and Loch Lomond, which requires only two days. A wider curve is by Perth, Dunkeld, Loch Tay, Loch Earn, and then the Trosachs and Loch Lomond, as before: this takes about four days. A still wider sweep passes on from Dunkeld to Inverness, and returns by the Caledonian Canal and the Western Islands to the Clyde. In returning from Glasgow by the Caledonian Railway, the celebrated Falls of Clyde can be seen by a stoppage of half a day at the Lanark station. Throughout all these routes there are excellent hotels. The chances of weather are tolerably equal through the summer and autumn, excepting perhaps in the latter part of July and early part of August, which are unusually apt to be rainy.

We eagerly embrace this opportunity of recommending English and Scotch alike to give due consideration to Ireland as a field for their summer ramblings. This may seem a strange advice to those who are shrinking from the tumults of the continent. But, whatever be the real state of the latter case, we are very sure that no true cause exists for dreading a visit to even the most ill-reputed districts of the sister island. There is no real danger of any kind to a well-meaning stranger in Ireland, and never has been. The discontents of the country regard wholly different objects. Persons who have not hitherto visited Ireland would, on experience, be surprised at ever having entertained fears on the subject; and they would equally be surprised to think that they had been so long in visiting a country possessing so many interesting features. The first and strongest point of interest is, we think, of a historical character. We peruse, in much of the social life which we see around us, a sort of living portraiture of past centuries in England and Scotland. It forcibly recalled to ourselves the Scotland of the days of the Covenanters.

It thus becomes a most instructive study, perhaps to none so much as to young persons. Then there is a foreign air mixed with much that we see in Ireland; there is also the strong cast of a different nationality, something distinctly more primitive than the Saxonism of our land, and leading to habits, and even modes of thinking, wholly peculiar. Add to all this the beauty of much of the country, the touching remains of antiquity everywhere thickly scattered, the rough oddity of the conveyances, and the quaint whimsicality of their conductors—and supposing you only will not be too keenly sensitive to the assaults of beggars, or too nice and fastidious in general respects, you cannot fail to derive fully as much pleasure from a visit to Ireland as you have ever done from any pleasure trip accomplished within the bounds of (to say the very least) the United Kingdom.

COLONY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE agitation in favour of this colony increases every day. Besides books written for the express purpose of attracting emigrants, extracts from the local papers are industriously circulated, and it is sought on all hands to impress upon the public mind of England that South Australia is a perfect paradise both of capitalists and labourers. For our part, we mean neither to join nor resist the clamour. All we desire is, that the people should not, on the one hand, allow themselves to be carried away by representations that, however true at the moment, may turn out to have no permanent truth, or, on the other hand, remain obstinately blind to their own interest, through misgivings that are inapplicable to the altered circumstances of the time. In short, we do not want to dissuade our countrymen from leaping, but we would have them look beforehand; we would have them measure the space with their eye, and inquire calmly into the causes of the failure or success of preceding adventurers.

When the colony in question was first planted, the prosperity of New South Wales and Tasmania was at its height. The sheep of Spain and Saxony were naturalised on the shores of the Pacific, and a great commerce established in wool. In New South Wales, the settlers had spread themselves over the country in quest of pasture; and in Tasmania, where the surface was more limited, they had recourse to re-emigration to the mainland, and the rich plains of Port Philip were soon dotted with their flocks and herds. At the opposite angle of the new continent, the north-west, Swan River colony had been planted: but this did not turn out so well. The great object had been to get out capital, and men to work it, in what was supposed to be a boundless field; and with this view, free grants of land were lavishly given, at the rate of forty acres for every three pounds expended in goods and implements, or in conveying labourers. When the emigrants arrived, however, which they did in great numbers—most of them tempted by the idea of getting *estates* for nothing—they found that the only land as yet explored was on the banks of the river, where there was not room for half of them; and the timid or the impatient, therefore, set forth to seek a new home in the other Australian settlements.

But the calamity of Swan River was at once a gain and a warning to New South Wales, Tasmania, and Port Philip: a gain, because they thus obtained an increase both of hands and capital, and a warning, because it demonstrated that the system of colonising by means of indiscriminate grants of land was radically bad. And this question now became a very important one to the prosperous sheep-farmers of these settlements, for business was increasing, and *wages high*. 'It does not appear,' remarks a shrewd observer, 'that the labourers themselves had any objection to this state of affairs;*' but the farmers had of course the command of the press,

* Earl's Enterprise in Tropical Australia. 1846.

and the complaints that their large profits were diminished by high wages, soon rang throughout the parent country. If we could only have servants, thought they, as cheap as at home, we should get on famously; and some of them, in order to neutralise the 'injustice' complained of, actually hired labour for a term of years before the men left England. But when the men reached Australia, their views changed. Why should *we*, said they, be the sole step-children of fortune? Have we come to the antipodes merely to escape from hunger at home? Have we not the same right as our employers to a profitable return upon our capital, the only capital we possess—industry? And the end of it was, that the masters found they could not, even under a bargain, hold serfs in Australia more than in England, and that if they would obtain anything better than mock service from their men, they must remunerate them at something approaching to the common standard of wages in the colony.

The masters continued to make money, and to grumble—to grumble because they did not make more money; and the thoughts of the ingenious were given to the task of inventing a system of colonisation which should prevent capital from hurting itself as formerly, and bring out any quantity of willing labour at a low figure. In the midst of this excitement, the South Australian scheme was brought forward, and received with acclamations which our government could not withstand. The great territory lying between Port Philip and Swan River was put up for sale in lots, at a fixed minimum rate, the whole proceeds to be expended in conveying labourers from Great Britain; and for three years from 1837, a continued flow of emigration took place, the allotments rising in value, and the new colonists doing a thriving business in the purchase and sale of the lands they had come out to cultivate. But this of course could not go on. The neighbouring colonies continued to supply them with food as long as their money lasted, but no longer; the speculation was seen in England not to answer; the price of land fell; immigration stopped; and the reckoning came. The labourers who had been brought out with the sanction of government were only kept from actual starvation by being employed by the local authorities in public works, not otherwise pressing, in the capital of the settlement, Adelaide; the land-jobbers were compelled to turn themselves into farmers; and the lucky few who had invested their capital in sheep and cattle were the only thriving men in the community.

After this terrible reaction, South Australia appeared to get gradually into the precise position into which Swan River had subsided. In addition to exporting wool, and even a little wheat, they expended their surplus grain in fattening their surplus sheep, so as to be able to trade in their tallow; and although neither great consumers nor great producers, they contrived to live sufficiently well, and owing to the very insignificance of their business, to escape in a great measure the commercial crisis which soon after desolated the more flourishing settlements of Australia. But just when matters were resolving into this condition, a discovery was accidentally made, which gave a new impulse to the fortunes of the settlement. The soil was found to be rich in *metallic ores*.

This is the report of a gentleman who came from Swan River on purpose to inquire into the truth of the good news which soon spread throughout Australia. 'The whole colony is a mass of mineral wealth—copper, lead, zinc, and silver are known, and there is little doubt that quicksilver, gold, and precious stones abound. Quicksilver has been found in small quantities; the opal and garnet are found; and there is every reason to infer the presence of gold. Copper and lead are the only mines worked at present. I have examined the two chief mines worked. The Kapunda, belonging to Messrs Bagot and Dutton, has shipped this season 1200 tons of ore, producing in England L.25 per ton, and landed in England at a cost not exceeding L.19 per

ton. The Burra Burra mine is the wonder of the world; it exceeds the celebrated Pargo mines in the ratio of a million to one. The ore is seventy-five per cent. of metal, a pure oxide, requiring no flux to smelt it; a common blacksmith's forge producing sufficient heat to run the metal. The lode is seventeen feet wide, of vast extent, and is quarried out like stone, in immense masses. Ten weeks' working have sufficed to produce L.1700 value of ore. It is impossible to exaggerate when speaking of the minerals of this country.' Iron was afterwards found to be as plenty as copper. In one district it was collected on the surface, and so pure, that the fracture of the ore resembled that of cast-iron. Copper was likewise frequently found cropping out of the ground in large rock-like masses; silver was obtained in considerable quantities; and the existence of tin was something more than suspected. And now came another very different-looking substance, stumbled upon accidentally by some men who were working a copper vein. The following is the account of it given in the Adelaide papers:—'Surrounded and imbedded in dark chocolate-coloured earth or gossan, were thickish layers of a bright-yellow metal, pliable to the touch, and evidently unconnected with the neighbouring copper. The vein was about two inches wide, giving metal in the proportion of perhaps a quarter of an ounce to an inch, and showing a tendency to enlarge in size. We had the gratification to examine these specimens, and we have since seen a much larger number from the same spot. They have been examined by Captain Frome, Captain Sturt, Mr Burr, deputy surveyor-general, Dr Davy, and others, whose scientific and practical knowledge of mineralogy leave the fact without a shadow of a doubt, that a most valuable mine of gold has been discovered.'

These discoveries have had, as might be expected, a great effect upon the value of the land. In 1843, only 600 acres were sold by government, at about L.1 per acre; while since then there have been lots of 20,000 acres taken up at a time, the land realising in some places from L.40 to L.50 per acre, and in one instance L.88, 15s. per acre. Nothing, in short, is wanted, according to the reports received from the colony, but *hands to gather in its riches*; and for want of this agency, crops of wheat are rotting on the ground, the careases of innumerable sheep going to waste, and gems and metals lying useless in the mine. What is wanted is simply hands, for heads may be dispensed with. Education is of no moment. Handicraft knowledge is comparatively a little thing; and even good character and habitual industry are little more than dust in the balance. 'Send us your *paupers*,' cry the eager settlers, mad with the sacred thirst of gold: 'grant to our longings the refuse of your workhouses—we will ourselves pay the expense of their passage, and when once here, no fear but we shall get work out of the laziest of them all!' Then there comes a tempting list of wages, from 6s. to 12s. per day, according to occupation; and from L.25 to L.70 per annum for farm and house servants. 'I advise all,' says a new agitator,* 'who are willing to work, and wish to improve their condition, to endeavour to obtain a passage out, either with their own cash, or through the emigration fund.'

Now, as the demand of the colony for labourers has been supplied to the extent of some thousands during the last two years, and as at this moment one-third of the large produce of the land sales is devoted to the transport of emigrants, we think it can scarcely be considered unreasonable if we inquire a little closely into the meaning of these outcries. We cannot forget that the very same outcries, from other quarters, gave birth, as we have related, to the colony itself; and we should like to be clearly satisfied that the object is not the same in both. A labourer carries his industry to a new settlement, just as a capitalist does his money, with

* South Australia; its Advantages and its Resources. By George Blakiston Wilkinson. London: Murray. 1843.

the view of obtaining a greater return for it than he could at home; and if the South Australian speculations are as beneficial as they are reported to be, they can well afford to continue the *present* rate of wages. Is this their intention? Or do they complain, not of the scarcity, but of the dearth of labour? And by offering to take our paupers off our hands, do they propose glutting the labour market, so as to bring down prices?

The book we have quoted last is a rambling and confused account of the settlement, from which may be collected, together with some information, a few facts that justify these questions. The Colonial Secretary in South Australia, for instance, remarks in 1846, that the high rate of wages now paid sufficiently indicates the insufficient supply in the labour market; and as a corollary, it is said by another authority that mining operations are kept in check by the extreme demands of miners and others employed. In such a state of things, how are we to account for the prejudice Mr Wilkinson mentions as prevailing against the colony, not in England, but on the spot itself? 'The South Australian newspapers,' says he, 'complain, and with great justice, of the many frauds committed by persons proceeding free to the colony in the emigrant vessels. They state that certain emigrants, who obtain a free passage at the expense of the emigration fund, rendezvous at the port without any intention of settling in the colony, making use of the bounty simply as a means of transport to their friends in the neighbouring settlements. The impropriety and injustice of the fund being used for such a purpose are obvious; for the money thus alienated and wasted has been paid by the South Australians on purpose to bring labour to their shores, where it is so much needed. It is indeed difficult to put a stop to the practice alluded to, unless an agreement be entered into with the intending emigrants, making it obligatory upon them to pay back to the fund the price of their passage, in case they leave the colony before a certain time has elapsed. Such a bond would, I believe, at once arrest this scandalous mode of speculation.' It is surely a little strange that labourers actually arriving at this new Dorado, after a six months' voyage, instead of being tempted by abundance and liberal wages, should ship themselves off immediately for places where there are neither gems nor metals to be had for the gathering!

We must not be understood, however, as being desirous of repressing emigration to this quarter. On the contrary, we would have it go on in a steady stream till wages and profits adjust themselves by degrees; although we can see no legitimate reason for flooding the new country all at once. The passion for mining speculations has already acted injuriously upon agriculture, and raised the prices of necessaries; and this would hardly be amended, at least in the first instance, by the enormous increase demanded in the number of mouths. South Australia is at this moment, in one respect, in the condition of an old country: it has not merely a means of feeding itself from its own productive resources, but a means of purchasing from other countries the comforts and luxuries of civilisation. Without this latter advantage no colony is worth a straw. Men do not cross the ocean to sink into savagism, but to enjoy in more abundance and security all that makes life desirable in an advanced state of society. But we wish the resemblance to an old country to stop here. We wish the profits of labour to bear a fair proportion to the profits of capital; and we wish the tide of emigration, therefore, to continue setting steadily towards the colony, but not deluging it with a dependent population, such as we have at home.

In this little colony L.1000 was raised in two days for the distressed Irish, a fact which speaks eloquently both of the pecuniary ease and generosity of the population. It is desired, however, by those who fancy they are not making money rapidly enough, to dilute and vitiate this population by an inundation from the Eng-

lish workhouses; and the 'Morning Chronicle,' catching up the cry from the mining speculators, proposes to draft at once into Australia 200,000 paupers! If South Australia, in compliment to her mining prospects, were to get even one-fourth of this number, it would *treble* her population, and bring down the rate of wages instantaneously and permanently to the starving point. And this outcry, it may be useful to observe, is raised in the very face of the experiment made in Canada, which is almost utterly ruined by pauper immigration.

In old countries, the mining business is the most fluctuating and uncertain in the whole range of commerce; but there seems every reason to hope that in South Australia it will be a source of considerable wealth, probably for many years to come. It must be remembered, however, that the colony is at the distance of half the world from Europe; that as yet it is destitute of coal; and that until the population be reduced to pauperism and servage, it cannot possibly obtain cheap labour. Even if the principles of political economy, however, were there reversed—as is the case, in these singular regions, with some natural phenomena—we should still refuse to sacrifice the real wellbeing of the new community for the mere acquisition of money.

There is a good deal of practical information throughout Mr Wilkinson's volume; and it can hardly fail to be useful to the intending emigrant who will read it with the caution we recommend. We have of late had a good deal in these columns about 'life in the bush,' or we should be happy to extract an account of the way in which the solitary cattle-owner passes his time. From this account, however—even if from this alone—it appears obvious enough that the grand thing needful for an emigrant in any station is a wife. 'The married man,' says our author, 'has many and great advantages over the single, and his home (however homely it may be) will contrast favourably with the bachelor's: not only is his happiness enhanced, and his labour cheered, but besides this, an active woman does many things for her husband which he can find neither time nor inclination to do for himself. I should say, therefore, to all settlers or intending emigrants, "*Get married before going out*, as the cheaper and better course; but before you marry, tell your intended the mode of life she may expect, that there be no surprise manifested when it is too late to change." Viewed only in a mercenary and politic light, the wife is a great saving to her husband: if he is poor, she cooks for him, makes and mends his clothes, keeps his house in order, looks after the poultry, and does a host of little things that he must unwillingly resign if deprived of her assistance. Thus she is a profit and a great help. But when he returns fatigued with his daily labour (and people do not *play* out there)—when, weary and languid, he comes in sight of his hut—his heart warms at the comforts he knows he will meet; and the light shining out through the crevices in the door, walls, and roof, cheers his very soul, and he feels happy that she—the preparer and crown of all this additional happiness—is anxiously waiting to receive him. When he opens his door (no bolts or bars are wanted where there are no thieves or bushrangers), his clean hut and smoking supper (not mere potatoes and salt) make him think that, if he should be so unfortunate as to lose his present helpmate, he must either break his heart at once, or get married again directly.

'Equal inducements exist for the rich man to marry as for the poor. Though wealthy as Cæsar, what would he be in the bush without a wife to cheer him in his misfortunes and troubles, and double his joys by sharing them? In either case, a bachelor in those wilds is an object of pity. No place under the sun is better than Australia for observing the genuine bachelor; there he sits in his lonely hut, with his little "notions," as the Yankees call them, ranged about; and if you pop upon him unexpectedly, you find him, unless he keeps a servant, washing, mending, and ironing his own linen, making and baking his bread, from

which he hospitably turns to broil a chop for you with all the gravity of an old cook; everything about him looking as if it wanted a few children and a wife to rummage him about, and rub and round him into a sociable and "happy man."

Column for Young People.

ENEMIES AT HOME; OR BLOODLESS VICTORIES.

'THE New Zealanders,' said I one day in conversation with my little son, 'imagine that by killing their enemy they transmute into themselves the qualities of the individual; that in devouring the body they also devour the spirit, and become possessed of his prudence, his cunning, his energetic hatred. This mortal enemy, become their internal captive, is constrained to fight for them *within* them, to conquer in their behalf; and each time that they return triumphantly from the wars, they sing an ironical hymn of praise to this invisible slave, to thank him for the victory in which he has so valiantly fought for them. One would suppose it almost impossible to find anywhere so complete and terrible a personification of victory—the vanquished absorbed in the victor! And yet, my child, I can tell you of a yet greater triumph. I know of a conqueror yet more victorious than this savage. In other countries there are other races which have also their enemies—enemies who pursue man everywhere, and for ever, in winter and in summer, by night as well as by day. What course must he pursue? shall he fly from them? No; he waits their approach: he does more, he attacks them. He is but a dwarf, however, and his adversaries are giants. It matters not: the conflict will be fearful; his blood must flow. Yet he shrinks not from the conflict: he is determined to bring them under subjection to himself; and they are brought under subjection. The savage kills his adversary, to bury him in a living tomb; but *this* man brings his adversaries alive within his home; he leaves them in their full vigour, because he would have them not only *subject* to him, but *servant* him. Yes, my child, they are there beneath his roof, struggling, but yet enchained, but ever ready to break their bonds, and sometimes bursting forth into rebellion with destructive fury; yet he lives on amongst them, calm and serene, apparently unconscious of his danger from these powerful slaves, commanding one to nourish, another to warm him, and a third'—

'Papa,' interrupted my child, who could no longer contain his curiosity, 'in what country is this wonderful dwelling to be found, and who is this powerful being? Do tell me something about them?'

'The dwelling, my child, is this very room; and the supernatural being is yourself.'

'I, father!' exclaimed the child with mingled surprise and terror.

'Yes, *you*; for you, too, belong to the race of man.'

'And does death threaten me on all sides? Do I live in the midst of enemies?'

'Yes, assuredly you do.'

'And who and where are they?'

'Would you like to see one of them appear forthwith?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, you shall yourself summon it to your presence: but first listen to me. Do you remember our excursion on foot last year into the country, and the frightful storm which we encountered?'

'Yes, papa.'

'What a hurricane it was! and such torrents of rain! It seemed almost like a waterspout. In one moment cloaks, coats, shoes, and stockings, all were penetrated, drenched by the water. Our whole bodies streamed with water, water froze the blood within our veins, water saturated the ground beneath our feet, and carried away the soil from our path, until it destroyed the very traces of our road, and we knew not which way to turn. Now, then, come with me, my child, follow me to this end of the room here, where the bath stands. Now turn this cock.'

He turned it—the water spouted out. 'See here,' I exclaimed, 'this formidable enemy, or rather behold it conquered. Sheltered beneath his walls, man braved the inundation; but he desired to do more. Water no longer fell on his defenceless head; but this is not enough—he would have it fall for his *benefit*. By placing at the edge of the roof which shelters him little channels to receive the rain, he spreads as it were a trap for his enemy, he takes him captive, and conducts him through pipes and conduits

into reservoirs which he has constructed to receive him. Soon a further progress is effected. We became weary of waiting for water to come down to us from heaven, or of going to seek it from the flowing river or the distant spring: we must have it at hand, even in our chambers, above as well as below: it must ascend to us: we will no longer descend to it. Suddenly the mouth of one man pronounces that word so fruitful of results, "Water always finds its level." This word was the signal for fresh conquests. Armed with the discovery, man raised rivers from their beds; he brought within his reach, from the most distant hills, springs which had heretofore been suffered to run to waste on the surface of the earth; and subjugating them by means of their own laws, carried them into great reservoirs, above the level of large towns, over which they hung like suspended lakes, and from thence scattered them at will, and guided them forth to lend beauty and healthfulness to his abode; for in towns, water brings with it health and purity; it removes diseases from the infected air, it lays the suffocating dust, cools the heated atmosphere, cleanses our soiled raiment, extinguishes the devouring flame, nourishes the trees, the flowers, gives freshness and beauty to the spring.'

'But where is the level, papa, of the water in this room?'

'In a reservoir.'

'And how is the reservoir itself filled?'

'Some reservoirs receive streams still loftier than themselves; and into some the water is pumped by powerful steam-engines from the river below. In the Champ de Mars at Paris, there is one more wonderful still. Here there is no colossal machine, no gigantic piston or creaking pump, no glowing fires or noisy apparatus of wheels and levers—nothing of all this: only a little hole in the earth, a narrow orifice, whence a slight column of tepid water issues tranquilly, in the proportion of one thousand litres in a minute, and rises to a height of one hundred and ten feet.'

'One hundred and ten feet! entirely of itself, papa?'

'Yes; because "water seeks to regain its level." And whence comes this stream? From the hills of Champagne. Science seized it at its source, followed it through all its windings, even in the depths of the earth, and striking the ground at a distance of forty leagues from the spot whence it takes its rise, it said, "The stream is here!" and the stream gushed forth. Thus rivers and streams, interior lakes, impetuous torrents, devastating cataracts, all, conquered by this single law, rise upward, and brood like beneficent deities above the city—which one of them alone would suffice to destroy—then penetrate peacefully into the humblest dwellings, obedient, as you have now seen, even to the hand of a child, who says to the torrent, "Gush forth," "Cease to flow," and the torrent flows or ceases at his bidding.'

'It is indeed strange, papa. But what is the second enemy which man has brought into his service?'

'I have named it to you already.'

'Just now?'

'Yes, a few minutes ago: I even described it to you in the most terrible development of its power.'

'Is it, then, very terrible?'

'Yes: so terrible, that— Take care! it is springing upon you!' A log of wood had rolled from the hearth.

'Ah, you mean fire,' laughingly exclaimed the child, as he replaced the log upon the hearth.

'Yes, fire: to name it is to describe it. What an enemy! Water dissolves—but slowly. Fire destroys in a moment: its touch wounds, and its wound is torture. Water can kill, but yet we can dwell on its surface: we constrain it to bear us; and in order to destroy life, it must enter our mouth and stop our breath. But fire! whatever place it touches, it destroys; whatever member it attacks, it devours. There are a thousand modes of defence against the perils of water—a dike of stones, a wooden roof, iron, *straw* even can shield us from its injuries. But what mighty power can check the progress of fire? If you oppose it with *wood*, the feeble barrier will only serve as fuel to the flame; with *iron*, the hard metal will melt beneath the blaze; with *stone*, the stubborn rock itself will pulverise when exposed to the action of this resistless agent. And to accomplish all this, it need not fall like the rain in torrents from the heavens: one spark lodged in a stately edifice is enough. Leave it but a few hours of silent incubation, and it will burst forth a resistless conqueror; yes, and march onwards, too, to the destruction of the city itself, whilst houses, palaces, and temples feed its destructive fury. And yet

this is the guest whom man has dared to introduce into his home. Fire is mingled with every act of our life—it supplies all our wants, it has aided in the construction of this very room in which we are sitting: fire has made glass for our windows and our mirrors, fire has prepared the lime which cements our walls, fire has hardened the tiles which cover our roof, fire has been used in the fabrication of our locks and bolts, and even of our fire-irons; without fire, we should have no brilliantly-dyed wool for our carpets and curtains, without it, no mode of cooking our food. What more vivid picture of misery can we give than by that expression, “they are without fire?” What more cheering picture of domestic happiness than by that simple word, “the fireside?” Would it not be supposed that we spoke of a friend?—but yet a friend before whom we stood in awe. How many precautions against this friendly foe! A place apart, built expressly for his use; a hearth formed of materials which have all been hardened against his power; and yet even in the midst of all these precautions, how often the unchained enemy bursts forth, and casts around him firebrands and death! Or if his fury is kept in subjection, does he not often exhale a corrosive poison, which, diffusing itself all around, attacks his conqueror in every one of his senses—sight, smell, breath—soils his garments, and destroys the freshness and beauty of all around? You will have already guessed that this is smoke. And what must be done to snatch this remaining power from our rebellious enemy? How best constrain him only to be useful? It would be a difficult, almost an impossible task, if we had not discovered and enlisted in our behalf a powerful ally, a mysterious combatant, who will come to our aid, and complete our conquest.

‘And who is this ally, papa?’

‘Who is it, my child—who? A third enemy!’

‘A third enemy!’

‘Yes, have I not promised you several? And the appearance of this new adversary on the scene will now add to your pleasure, by making the combat more complicated, and by placing before you in a new light the adroitness of man. You were reading the other day the history of the elephant?’

‘Yes, papa.’

‘Do you remember the method employed by the Indians to capture the wild elephants?’

‘Oh yes, indeed I do; it was so curious. They make use of tame elephants, which they lead out into the forest: the wild elephants come during the night to join their former comrades; and when the latter, driven home by their keepers, return to the town, the others follow them.’

‘Well, this is just what man has done also with regard to the formidable guests whom he has admitted into his dwelling. He subdues the one by means of the other, and each becomes his servant. Let us take water, for instance. Water, such as Heaven has bestowed it upon us, is certainly a great blessing; but under the action of fire, its utility is increased tenfold. Fire warms it, and it serves for our baths—fire heats it yet more, and it prepares our food—fire makes it boil, and changing into steam, it becomes one of the great agents in modern civilisation. And thus does fire subdue water to our use. But how is fire to be brought into subjection to us? How shall we get rid of this troublesome smoke which it produces seemingly on purpose to annoy us? Let us call our third enemy to our aid; and thanks to him, we shall become masters of this indomitable flame: we shall be able to excite, to guide, to check it.’

‘And this new combatant is the air: is it not?’

‘Exactly; it is the air.’

‘But the air is not our enemy, is it?’

‘Don’t you think so? Only open the window when it is very cold; go out into the streets when a violent storm blows down the chimney tops, and carries off the tiles from our roofs; plant young trees upon those heights where the tempest uproots even the full-grown pine; or embark upon the ocean during the stormy gales of the equinox. Do you not allow that, under such circumstances, it is one of our most unrelenting foes? Well, now, let us view it in its conflict with fire. Man has discovered one most important law of air—namely, that it becomes lighter in proportion to its warmth, and that it rises in proportion to its lightness. This single fact is sufficient, practically applied, to rid us of the annoyance of smoke. What is smoke?—a heated air. What is the external atmosphere?—a heavier and colder air. What, in this case, is the resource of man? He introduces the latter into his house, and it enters into

conflict with the smoke, and forces it up the chimney. Thus one enemy rids you of the other. But while air in the hands of man subdues it, at the same time excites this enemy, stops its ravages, and doubles its power.’

‘Explain to me, papa, how that can be?’

‘I daresay you have remarked that a candle or a piece of wood burns much more quickly in the open air than in a room?’

‘Yes.’

‘I will tell you how that is. Every body which is consumed unites itself so closely to a gas called oxygen, that the two substances become confounded together. For instance, as soon as yonder charcoal is sufficiently heated, it attracts to itself all the particles of oxygen which surround it; each of these particles flies to it with avidity, seizes one of its atoms, transforms it into gas, and they escape together. Thus is it that the wood is consumed, and thus also it imparts heat; for heat is only the result of the movement caused by these rapid combinations. To burn wood is to marry it to air; and to kindle fire into increased activity, it is only needful to supply it with an increased flow of oxygen. And how has man contrived to effect this? It was needful for him to have within his reach a little magazine of air in some light, portable machine, which in one moment could collect a certain quantity of this gas, and then, by forcing it through a narrow tube, give fresh vigour to the flame. This has been accomplished by the simple device of a pair of bellows; and I never can behold the fire thus kindling into a flame without a certain feeling of interest almost amounting to admiration. This slumbering power which is awakened, this flame bursting into life beneath the quickening influence of air, this black mass kindling into brilliancy, these thousand phenomena of sound, colour, metamorphosis, and destruction, attract the attention even of the most ignorant man towards the magic spectacle with which his own hearth presents him. Nor has the power of man over this formidable enemy ceased even here; there seems to be no pause in his career of triumph: he has ventured to play the part of Prometheus—he has learned to create fire. Daily do we see this wonderful miracle accomplished, until, from its frequency, it has ceased to excite our astonishment. Man retains within his grasp the celestial spark, harmless and concealed, but not the less powerful and ready to burst forth in obedience to his will. He issues his command, and the flame kindles into life. And how is this to be accomplished? With the aid of a tiny implement, of the lowest price, small in compass, unassuming in name, but which is fitted to excite the admiration of every thinking man—a match!’

After some moments of silence, my son began, ‘Well, papa, what next?’

‘I will mention two more, and they are yet more extraordinary, and still more difficult to subdue. Sometimes when the workman in a coal-mine has reached the last round of the long ladder which leads him to the scene of his subterranean labours, he suddenly encounters a poisonous and stifling odour; his throat becomes dry, his brain dizzy, a sort of vertigo makes his steps falter; his lamp no longer burns with clear brightness, but emits a bluish sickly flame. Soon a strange crackling sound makes itself heard through every crevice of the rock—the flame becomes yet more blue—the miner’s weakness and his dizziness increase—he seeks to regain the fresh air, and makes one step towards the opening, but, alas, it is too late! Suddenly a powerful explosion bursts around him: there is first a blaze of light, then utter darkness, the vaults are in fragments, the galleries crushed, the miner sinks upon the ground.’ . . .

‘And does it kill him, papa?’

‘Yes, my child.’

‘And what has been the cause of all this? What was this poisonous air which made the flame turn blue, and everything explode?’

‘This fatal breath, my child, is the gas which gives us light in our homes, and which illuminates our streets. What can be grander than this thought! Here is a body with which man first becomes acquainted only by means of its disastrous consequences. This body stifles, suffocates, destroys him. Well, in the midst of all this complicated evil, man sees but one fact—this body gives light! Smitten by its power, he does not shrink back from its terrors in dismay, but rather opens his walls, to afford it a free passage, and brings it into his dwellings, into his cities. And yet death is ever lurking in its track: an

unperceived opening in the tubes, a candle imprudently brought into contact with some fissure whence the gas escapes, may cause all to explode, and spread ruin around. But what matters it to man? He sought to subdue light as well as heat; he desired that *it* too, like water, should gush forth at his command; and lo! through every quarter of the city this bluish flame, so long his mortal enemy, and which nature seemed to have concealed within her depths as a guardian genius to watch over her subterranean treasures—this spirit of the dark caverns of the earth bursts forth in columns and fountains of light, and casts new brilliancy on all around. Can you not see in your mind's eye those endless subterranean tubes which intersect the city, winding in all directions like the veins and arteries of the human frame? Do you know what flows through these tubes? It is the life-blood of the city—fire, water, and electricity. Yes, electricity! for here is a fifth enemy—a fifth conquered enemy, whom, until now, we have left in oblivion. And this enemy we have not sought in the bowels of the earth; we have brought it down to earth from the very heavens themselves. This electricity, when it became inflamed in the stormy plains of air, fell upon the head of man with destructive power; man with his loaded needle drew it from the clouds, and forcing it to descend, like a thread of water, along an iron rod, has conducted it harmlessly to the ground beneath his feet. But it did not suffice him to have shorn it of its destructive power; he would also it should serve him; and grasping it in its rapid course, he confides to these wings of flame the transport of his news, and takes the lightning for his messenger! Are not these fruitful subjects for meditation? and does not man, in the midst of his cities and his houses, surrounded by these five formidable enemies, appear in our eyes such as he was represented by the poets of olden time—surrounded by subjugated lions, tigers crouching beneath his feet, and serpents robbed of their poisonous fangs—king, in fact, of creation, but of a creation transformed beneath his touch, and created anew for his benefit?

The boy remained silent; but the earnest glance of his eye bespoke his deep attention, and from that day forward, I perceived that the phenomena of nature awakened an interest in his mind which they had never before seemed to have possessed.

TRUTH AND GOOD-FEELING FROM ROYAL LIPS.

[Speech of Prince Albert at the annual meeting of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes, May 18.]

LADIES and gentlemen, when, four years since, this Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes was first established on its present footing, I accepted with pleasure the offer made me of becoming its president. I saw in this offer a proof of the appreciation the Society entertained of my feelings, my sympathy, and my interest for that class of our community which has most of the toil and least of the enjoyments of the world. I conceived that great advantage would accrue to it from the endeavours of influential people, who were wholly disinterested, to act the part of friends to those who required advice and assistance, which only a friend could tender with advantage. The Society has always held this object before its eyes, and has ever been labouring in that direction. You are all aware that it was established to erect model lodging-houses, loan funds, and the allotment of land in different parts of the country; but it has been careful only to establish examples and models, mindful that any real improvement which was to take place must be the result of the exertions of the working-people themselves. I have just come from the model lodging-house, the opening of which we celebrate this day; and I feel convinced that its existence will by degrees lead to the erection of others, and that it will lead to a complete change in the domestic comforts of the working-classes, as it will exhibit to them that with real economy can be combined advantages and comforts to which they have hitherto been strangers, whilst it will at the same time show those who possess capital, which they are desirous to invest, that they may do so in connection with this institution with great advantage and profit to themselves, dispensing at the same time those comforts which I have enumerated to their poorer brethren. Depend upon it, it is for the advantage of those classes who are so often contrasted, but whose interests are identical, to unite; and it is only ignorance which prevents them uniting for each

other's benefit. To dispel that ignorance, and to show the means how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. But it is most peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. Let them be careful how to avoid any dictatorial interference with labour and employment, which frightens away capital, destroys that freedom of thought and independence of action which must remain to every one if he is to work out his own happiness, and to repose that confidence in each other on which alone the enjoyment and mutual benefit of mankind rest. God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each individual to exertion, and to make them all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that those imperfections can be supplied, and these wants satisfied—self-reliance and confidence in each other. It is to show the way how these individual exertions can be directed to the greatest benefit, and to foster that confidence upon which the readiness to assist each other depends, that this Society considers as its most sacred aim. There has been no ostentatious display of charity, or of its manifestations—not a protestation to become the arbiter of the fate of thousands, but to aid the working out of practical schemes of public improvement, for which this Society, as I said before, has been established; but it has only as yet established examples for the country at large to follow. The report of the Society, descriptive of its proceedings during the past year, will be laid before you. I must say, I hope I may say, that this Society has proceeded satisfactorily towards the accomplishment of its objects, owing to the particularly kind feeling and great endeavours, and the indefatigable zeal, of Lord Ashley. The next stage that we contemplate is the erection of a model lodging-house for females. I hope this meeting will enable us to carry out that step, and all engage to do the utmost in their power to call the particular attention of the public to the object which we have in view.

AUTUMNAL FLOWERS.

Is vain, oh bright autumnal flowers,
Ye lavish on the dying year
Hues caught from summer's glowing hours—
Ye can but wither here.

Ye give no pleasure to the heart,
Like the pale buds of early spring,
That from the lap of winter start,
And joyful promise bring.

Ye have no perfumes, such as dwell
In the ripe rose or jasmine pale;
Or as the lily's snowy bell
Flings to the evening gale.

But every gorgeous tint that lends
A glory to the western heaven,
When there the radiant sun descends,
To you is freely given.

And as each velvet leaf unfolds,
'Tis fraught with lessons brief and sage,
Like those some antique volume holds
On its illumined page.

Teaching that all earth's loveliest things
Are prone to wither and decay;
Or else, like angel guests, have wings—
Spread but to flee away!

H. C. C.

CANNON BALLS.

A cannon ball, in its flight invisible to those whom it passes, may be distinctly seen by a person standing behind the piece, and commanding a perspective view of its course. I have often beheld this terrible sight. It conveys to the mind a new and frightful idea of this destructive engine, tearing through the air with the superhuman fury of a demon.

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WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

THE exigencies of life sometimes put the lords of creation into curious predicaments. It so happens that, with all the virtues of our present industrial arrangements, some men can do no good in the world. They try many things, and fail in all, although it is not always easy to see the cause of the failure. The wife has then, if possible, to come forward and undertake the duty of providing for the family, while the worthy man sinks of course into the subordinate position. A terrible time it is when these domestic revolutions take place; seldom short in duration, usually marked by many vicissitudes of rule, and ups and downs of fortune. A vexing problem, too, the superfluous husband usually is to the poor wife. The difficulty is, to get him made perfectly negative and neutral. He would fain be doing, were it only for a show—how to keep him idle! If kept idle, then how to occupy his energies innocuously to the concern in which the wife is engaged! Oh, a sad business it is to have a woman's husband in charge.

Women are naturally shrinking beings, prone to keep back amidst the obscurities of kitchens and parlours, while men rough it for them through the outer world. It requires, in general, the impulse of the affections to bring the gentler sex into public life or professional exertion. Of course there is nothing they will not do for their babes—nature has taken good care of that point. The upper classes, who never see women working but at gewgaws for ecclesiastical purposes, can little imagine what is in the heart of a poor wife in the middle ranks of society, when, after years of suffering, the consequence of failure on her husband's part to produce a livelihood, she comes out from her humble retirement, to struggle for dear life to her household. Duty, one would say, can never be a degradation; yet habits are a second nature, and to break through the fine veil of matronly privacy which she has been accustomed to draw between her and the world, cannot be unattended with pain. The reward afforded by the consciousness of performing a duty is confessedly sweet; yet who does not know that the world pays more homage to the dignity which has no duty to perform, than to the humility which knows nothing but duty on earth? Dear conventionalities, which we daily condemn, and momentarily worship, and evermore cling to, you it is which make it bitter for even a mother to battle for her sucklings. We verily believe the lioness herself, when she fronts danger for her cubs, has some sacrifice of feeling to make. Even she must feel the false position.

But what use to talk? It is but a part of the tragic character ever mingling with this social life of ours, that beings born for all gentleness should occasionally be forced, weeping, trembling, oft looking back, into the

mêlée, there to clutch at what they may get, in part for those who ought to be the means of sparing their cheeks from the too rough visits of the wind. No help for it. Our world says that a lady shall not even set in a chair for herself if a man be by, yet leaves the same person to drudge unassisted for the mouthful required for herself and offspring, whether she be a widow, or, what is sometimes worse, a wife whose husband cannot gain her bread. There are her young ones—there the husband, willing perhaps, but inefficient—there the ill-replenished house, fast dimming in the cold shade of adversity. Friends worn out—how soon they wear! Debts pressing. Shades of 'last resources' standing three deep, and not another substantial one in view. There is no longer any choice. If educated, she must take to schooling; if not, to some grosser business—keeping lodgers or boarders, or a shop, or an inn; things much to be determined by circumstances, as well as tastes. The first steps are usually the most difficult, not merely as regards means, but with respect to inclinations. After a commencement has been made, and some success attained, the pain deadens. Former connections cease to be remembered unpleasantly—the excitement of activity becomes its own reward—the mind gets accommodated more or less to its new conditions. Still there is much encountered and undergone which the world does not see; and of this the husband generally bears no small part.

It is bad enough when this personage is tolerably rational, and limits his ambition to keeping the books of the concern, and attending to such other little duties as he is fit for and his wife finds he may be intrusted with. Even in these favourable circumstances, it is not easy to keep him right, for he can scarcely fail to be the worse of the half idleness to which he must needs be assigned. If, indeed, he be an old man, he may walk genteelly about, haunt the reading-room, and talk learnedly of stocks and markets in which he has not one penny of interest. Sometimes he may be allowed to cater or act on little commissions, or even, completing the reversal of the sexes, take a general charge of the house, thus sparing time to his wife, which she may bestow upon her business. But never in any circumstances does he prove otherwise than a source of anxiety and trouble. The fact is, he is no one thing rightly, and it is impossible to put him in his proper place. Servants, children, customers, all mistake him. He scarcely knows what he is himself, but only has a vague sense of being treated less reverently than is his due. The wife has therefore, in addition to all other duties, to manage her husband's self-respect. She must contrive to maintain a useless man, in the impression that he is useful. She must shape her own course, so as to prevent possibilities of his interfering with or thwarting it.

Matters are much determined by the degree of self-complacency possessed by the gentleman. It is to the last degree unfortunate if he be ill endowed in this respect, for then is he continually getting rubs, for which an incessant application of the soothing salve is necessary. If, on the contrary, on good terms with himself, there is comparatively little difficulty. He then feels as much master as ever. Sitting in his chair over his book or his newspaper, and emitting a word of sage advice or remark now and then, he believes that in reality he directs everything, while the lady is a mere instrument. Speaking of home affairs to any one else, he seems only to allow his wife to enter into certain engagements, in which he does not choose to interfere: it never appears as if she were in any respect the centre of the family system. As the children rise up, and take successively to industrious courses, they must all likewise become planetary to him. This kind of man maintains a dignified and gentlemanlike appearance before the world; no great freshness of attire perhaps, but a good presence and a clean neck-cloth; always very well-bred, often a favourite, on account of his agreeable company. You might meet him frequently without ever supposing him to be anything but a gentleman possessed of a quiet little competency, who took to newspapers and constitutional walks from choice. On falling into conversation with him, you find him more given to talk of public than of private matters. He speaks of 'supporting' Sir Robert Peel, the reason being, that Sir Robert 'is such a financier.' Modern men of business he holds in something like contempt; they do not conduct matters in a gentlemanly way, all seeking to undersell each other. He worships some ideal, which the shabby practices of the world have not allowed him to reach. If you ever find out what he really is, you are left to infer that it is not he who is to blame for his not being a rich fellow enough.

In a large class of cases the woman's husband is a less estimable, or at least harmless member of society. His constantly drinking his pocket-money may be the gentlest of his weaknesses. A tendency to make foolish intrusions upon his wife when she is engaged with those by whose patronage she gains the family bread—thus humiliating her in their eyes, and perhaps offending them—is not the worst kind of action he is noted for. What struggles poor women often have to keep up decent appearances, and sustain their exertions, while secretly tormented with an indiscreet associate of this kind!—the story of the actor playing his part while the stolen fox was gnawing his bosom under his cloak, is but a type of the case. The little fabric of success reared with labour and difficulty inexpressible, is continually liable to ruin at the hands of the domestic ogre, who himself perhaps enjoys the largest share of its results. He eats his bread and butter, and threatens the life of her who lays it before him. 'Swamp the whole concern!' was the tipsy cry of such a man with reference to a little business which his wife carried on, and which somehow aggrieved him. We see here all the evils of lunacy, while yet the patient is not in a state which entitles others to reduce him to harmlessness. He must be flattered out of his maudlin furies, and allowed to have his will by way of bribery, when he ought rather to be manacled and strait-waistcoated. In his partner, all the time, there is one struggle going on in addition to all others, between the relics of old affection, or the sense of decency towards her children and the world, and the heaving throes of disgust at conduct from which her womanly worth and delicacy revolt. Hard, hard indeed is the fate of some women! To look at a gay assemblage of young ones, and think that some of these happy creatures are yet to groan out a weary life as the slaves of debased fatuous tyrants, with that terrible perplexity which arises in such circumstances from children—no help to be expected from any bystander, no more than to Sinbad when he was about to be lowered into the sepulchre with his dead wife—no relief to be

looked for, till the weariness of we shall sink her into the grave, a broken-down unrecognisable thing; who, in doing so, can say that all our social arrangements are quite right? Who does not see the wrongs which the selfishness of society inflicts on individuals, or at least tolerates and sanctions for its own ends? Yet we talk of the martyr-burnings of former ages, as if all such sacrifices to mistaken views were past!

Perhaps existing circumstances in our island are not just to 'women's husbands.' Should we ever come to have a National Guard, they would probably shine out in a very different light, being highly qualified to act the part of officers in such a band. In the event of a new organisation of labour after the plans of Louis Blanc, they would be found not less qualified for the more conspicuous situations, being remarkably well adapted to work out the ideas of that Lilliputian philosopher. We would have the ladies to think of it, both on account of the pay, tending to lighten their own labours, and because nothing keeps the true 'woman's husband' so well in temper, as to think he is doing something, while in reality he is doing nothing.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

INVENTIVE genius seldom fails in exciting our admiration; and the history of a new discovery, after it has been a few years before the public, is highly interesting, affording as it does the means of tracing the gradual development and growth of thought from a crude and often accidental germ into shape and form, until at last science seizes upon it, and gives it a practical direction. This is peculiarly the case with regard to photography, an art involving some of the profoundest philosophical speculations and experiences, intimately connected with problems whose solution promises extraordinary triumphs for science. Considering the persevering industry with which experiments on light are now conducted in various parts of Europe, we may look for results which shall let us farther and farther into the secret of many as yet inexplicable phenomena.

In the spirit of some laborious investigators, we might go back to remotest antiquity for the origin of photography, and find it in the knowledge of the action of light possessed by the Egyptians, or detect it again in the magic mirrors and similar juggleries of the middle ages. We may, however, fairly assume the days of Giambattista della Porta, a Neapolitan,* and the discovery of the *camera obscura* (darkened chamber), as our starting-point. Porta had noticed that external objects were reflected on the wall of a darkened room when the light was admitted through a small aperture. Following up the inquiry thus opened to him, he contrived the fitting of a lens to a movable box, and in this way produced the instrument which has suggested greater things, which to the draughtsman and photographer is invaluable. As was usual in that day, Porta incurred the displeasure of the priestly authorities, by whom he was censured as a meddler in supernatural affairs.

Fabricius, in his work '*De Rebus Metallicis*,' published in 1566, mentions a kind of silver ore which, on exposure to light, lost its natural colour, yellowish-gray, and became of a violet colour, which afterwards deepened into black. The same substance is referred to in the writings of some of the alchemists: they appear to have been acquainted with the effects of light on paper prepared with the metal. About 1770, the celebrated Scheele tried some experiments in connection with the subject; and a year or two later, Petit, a Frenchman, observed that 'nitrate of potash and muriate of ammonia crystallised more actively in the light than in darkness.' Other discoveries followed; and about the beginning of the present century, attempts were made by Wedgwood and Davy to copy profiles, and transfer from paper to glass by the action of light. They could not, however, succeed in

* Photography: a Popular Treatise, designed to convey Correct General Information concerning the Discoverers Niepce, Daguerre, Talbot, and others. By an Amateur. Brighton. 1847.

rendering their pictures permanent: no sooner were they produced, than they vanished.

Niepce's is the next name that occurs: he was living at Chalons-sur-Saone when, in 1814, he detected the action of light upon resinous substances. He coated a silvered plate of pewter with vapour of asphalt; the plate being then placed in the camera, received an *invisible* impression of the objects placed before it, and the latent picture was brought out by an application of oil of lavender and oil of petroleum. Niepce came to England, hoping to gain attention and patronage; but failing in this, he returned to France, where he made various improvements in the process, which he described 'as the method of fixing the image of objects by the action of light,' and to which he gave the general name of heliography, or sun-painting. The 'fixing' was a most important step gained, as the previous experiments had failed in this essential point. Subsequently, a year or two before his death, Niepce became acquainted with Daguerre; and further investigations were conducted with such success, that in 1839 the latter had, so to speak, perfected the process, for which the French government awarded to him a pension of 6000 francs, and another of 4000 francs to Niepce's son: the secret thus became public property. In the same year, our countryman Mr H. Fox Talbot communicated a paper to the Royal Society 'on the Art of Photogenic Drawing'—a remarkable instance of coincident invention and discovery. No communication had taken place between the parties, and Mr Talbot is said to have commenced his researches into photography in 1834.

Niepce's process occupied from two to six hours; but such have been the progressive improvements, that the operation is now instantaneous: formerly, the picture was as the bloom on the grape, liable to obliteration on the slightest touch; now, the impressions are permanent. The process of sun-painting at the present day is thus described:—'The silver tablet is first carefully cleaned and highly polished; it is then coated by the vapour of iodine, and afterwards exposed to that of chlorine or bromine: the proper focus of the object having been obtained, the plate is in darkness inserted in the place of the ground-glass screen of the camera obscura; the aperture of the camera is opened to admit the image, for a time decided by preceding experiments and the judgment of the artist, and then closed; the plate is removed (still excluded from light), and placed in a box with mercury slightly heated, to expedite volatilisation, until the picture, which before would not have been perceptible, is fully and clearly developed; finally, the type-invested surface is subjected to the solution of hyposulphate of soda, for the removal of iodine, so that there shall remain upon the plate only the mercury which represents the image. The picture being now approved, there is left but to protect it with the solution of gold.' Some of the most important improvements in this method of manipulation have been effected by Fizeau and Claudet.

Mr H. F. Talbot's discoveries are not less beautiful than those of Daguerre; in some respects they are preferable, as the pictures are produced on paper from what is termed a negative image, and admit of being copied in endless numbers. The value of this mode of multiplying old drawings, letterpress, correct copies of objects of any kind, will be well appreciated by the artist, naturalist, and antiquary. The sensibility of the paper is caused by repeated soaking in a solution of chloride of silver and common salt. Mr Talbot has also discovered that paper prepared with nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, acetic and gallic acid, will render a perfect picture in twenty or thirty seconds. Taking the Greek word *kalos* (*beautiful*), he named his process Calotype; with a view, however, of preserving the name of the inventor, it has since been called Talbotype. 'When the photographic recipient is taken from the camera, the picture is not visible, but has to be developed by washing with gallo-nitrate of silver, and by heat. The fixing of a Talbotype is accomplished by washing with a solution of bromide of potassium, or by a bath of hyposulphate of soda, or with a strong brine of common salt. So highly sensitive to light is the Calotype paper, that enlarged

copies of Daguerreotype and Talbotype portraits can be obtained by throwing magnified images of them by means of lenses upon it.' As in the case of Daguerreotype, the quicker the process the better; to expedite it, a heated iron is sometimes applied to the back of the camera: for the production of a perfect image, it is essential that the paper be of uniform texture. The sensitive properties of the paper here described render it highly valuable to travellers, or any one desirous of taking correct impressions of objects. Etchings, too, may be copied by it, and wood blocks prepared for engraving with the utmost accuracy. In fact the field of research thus opened, both useful and curious, is boundless. In some instances the Daguerreotype has been engraved, and an electrotype plate taken from it, by means of the electro-galvanic battery.

The introduction of paper into the photographic art promises to be of considerable service in overcoming the objection which exists in many quarters to a picture on a metallic plate, as in Daguerreotypes. A metallic surface presents many inconveniences, to which cause may probably be attributed the rapid diminution of the excitement and interest created by Arago's announcement of the discovery in 1839. The latest additions to this branch of art, whether practical or philosophical, may be gathered from a paper published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of the Royal Society for 1847. According to the author, Mr Claudet, it had been observed, from the origin of the invention, that red, orange, and yellow rays exert but a slight influence upon the metal plate. Experiments made by Sir John Herschel, Becquerel, and Dr Draper of New York, have led to the discovery of other interesting properties. The latter gentleman considers that the rays comprehended from the blue to the red, under the powerful sun of Virginia, when separated from the remainder, operated as a check to their action. On this part of the subject the general result of the investigations, which have been extensively carried on, is, that while red rays impede, yellow rays will produce, a photogenic effect. By photogenic effect is meant the bringing of the plate into a state in which it will receive vapour of mercury: the picture or Daguerreotype image is produced solely by the 'affinity for mercury of the parts previously affected by the photogenic rays.'

Most of the experiments here adverted to were made with the pure rays of the prism. Mr Claudet has repeated them, but with coloured glasses, and arrived at various novel and important conclusions. He finds that the red glass absorbs two-thirds, and yellow glass one-half, of the transmitted light. During one of the dense London fogs, when the sun looks like a dark-red disk, a plate was exposed to the dim light: it left a round black image. On another plate, exposed for twenty minutes, a long black stripe was produced, marking the sun's passage; but there had been no photogenic action in either case. These experiments, while proving that red, orange, and yellow rays destroy the effect of photogenic light, have led to some highly valuable practical and economical results.

It has hitherto been necessary to prepare the plates in the dark, as their sensitiveness would be weakened or destroyed by exposure to light. This precaution may now be dispensed with. The sensitiveness of a plate can be completely restored by exposing it under a red glass for some time before placing it in the camera. 'This possibility,' observes Mr Claudet, 'of preparing plates in open day, offers a great advantage to those who wish to take views or pictures abroad, and who cannot conveniently obtain a dark room. Again, in the case of a plate which has been left too long in the camera obscura, or accidentally exposed to the light, instead of rejecting it, we can restore its sensitiveness by placing it under a red glass. There is still another useful application of this property: if, after one or two minutes' exposure to the mercury, we perceive the image is too rapidly developing, or presenting signs of solarisation, which a practised eye discovers before it is too much advanced, we have only to stop the accumulation of mercury by exposing the plate for a few seconds to the red light, and again place it in the mercury box, to complete the modi-

fications, which give the image all its tones, and the most favourable tint. In truth we may complete all the operations of the Daguerreotype in the open air. . . . The exposure under red glass, necessary to destroy the effect produced by white light, must be a hundred times longer than has been the exposure to white light, that of the orange glass fifty times, and that of the yellow glass only ten times. Thus a plate exposed to white light for a second, will be restored to its former sensitiveness in ten seconds by the yellow glass, in fifty by the orange, and in a hundred by the red.

Thus we find that every ray has its own peculiar action. 'The effect commenced by the blue rays is destroyed by the red and yellow; that which was produced by the red is destroyed by the yellow; the effect of the yellow rays is destroyed by the red; and the effect of the two latter is destroyed by the blue: each radiation destroys the effect of the others.' Mr Claudet is of opinion that the red rays exert an electrical action. From this point of view a wide field is open for investigation, connected, as before observed, with some of the highest questions respecting natural phenomena on which scientific men are now engaged. At all events an ample reward awaits the patient inquirer.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

A BRIEF paragraph, announcing the untimely end of the subject of this sketch, went the round of the papers about ten years ago. For the few additional facts woven into the following article I am indebted to a friend, who was well acquainted with the original.

A person must either be out very late or very early before he arrives at a knowledge of half the ways and means of obtaining a livelihood in London—let him search through a long summer-day, and he will never meet with a coffee-stall in the streets, while at midnight scores may be found scattered at the corners of the chief thoroughfares. Under low archways—at the entrance of narrow courts—the foot of the bridges—and even at what in the daytime are the most public and crowded places—may these open-air stalls of refreshment be found, from the midnight hour to the grey dawning in winter, and in summer until about six in the morning. They form a kind of mustering ground, where many wait, from the closing to the opening of the 'gin palaces' (a period seldom exceeding in some neighbourhoods more than two or three hours), and here they regale themselves with coffee, cakes, and bread and butter, until the doors of the halls of drunkenness are again thrown open. So long as there is no very outrageous disturbance, the police pass on, and allow the sons and daughters of night to congregate around these places by scores. But little capital is required to open one of these establishments—a chair, with an awning large enough to shelter the vender and his table from the wet—a few cups and saucers—milk-jug and sugar-basin, with charcoal-pan, kettle, bellows, lantern, and a little coffee, and bread and butter, are all the requisites for a street coffee-stall, many of which have proved most profitable investments.

Near a great central London thoroughfare had old John Nighton stood for above a quarter of a century with his coffee-stall. He began business by selling saloop, a decoction of some kind of sassafras, which, with milk and sugar, formed a welcome beverage for those who could not afford the then costly luxury of coffee. It was not until he had thoroughly established himself, that he ventured to introduce coffee to his superior customers, as he called them, while at the same time he dealt out saloop to the poorer classes; and there is no doubt that he was one of the first who introduced this article amongst his out-of-door customers. Throughout the pleasant nights of summer, and when the winter winds come howling over the bleak bridges, old John was ever to be found at the same spot; and many a belated wanderer smiled, as he came along with

the blinding sleet blowing full in his face, when he saw those little round red fiery eyes in the ruddy grate, which told that they were both watching and keeping the 'pot a-boiling.' Although old John was not a man of many words, he was civil and obliging to all his customers; and a strange lot they were at times, consisting often of the most indifferent characters of both sexes. Sometimes, however, he had a sprinkling of what he called 'bettermost-sort-of-people,' such as returned very late from the theatres, and preferred walking home to hiring a cab, or of young 'swells,' who stopped to light their cigars, or men whose business on the press detained them late, and others who were compelled to be up and out early—but these were exceptions: his principal patrons belonged to a class who neither 'toiled nor spun.' True, there were the poor cabmen, doomed to be out for the night, and the police, who are forbidden to enter any house to refresh themselves whilst on duty: to these, on a bitter winter-night, old John's beverage was indeed acceptable.

A man of great conversational powers would never have got on like old John Nighton: his principal observations were confined to 'A cold morning—Thank you—Fourpence, please—Much obliged—Change, sir'—and all such little matters as solely appertained to business; for those who assembled around his coffee-stall came only for what they wanted, or to inquire after some one they had appointed to meet there, or to converse with one another. Rumour did say that old John was in possession of many secrets, and that rich offers had often been made to him to reveal them; but neither inspector nor sergeant could ever get more out of him than that he 'had enough to do to mind his own business, and to see that his customers paid for what they took.' No one ever remembered seeing the old man out in the daytime: the light seemed to make him drowsy; and he was always thankful when the days began to shorten. He used to wish that the sun rose and set at six all the year round; for that, he argued, would seem natural. If ever he took a bad shilling, he laid the blame to the daylight, which he said 'dazzled his eyes.' He was never known to be a minute behind his time: as the church clock tolled the hour of midnight, the cart, which he himself drew, was sure to be seen in the old accustomed place. At six in the mornings of summer, and seven in winter, he had packed up, and was gone.

For years he had been his own housekeeper; but as age crept upon him, he employed a charwoman, a sharp-looking, talkative little body, who by degrees began to assist at the coffee-stall, and often brought the old man a little something hot and comfortable about four in the morning. Old John never drank his own coffee; he said 'it did not agree with him.' In the course of time the little sharp-eyed woman became Mrs Nighton; and it was observed by many that from that period old John never again looked the man that he once did. One winter John caught a severe cold, and for a whole week, for the first time in his life, he was unable to attend to his business. His wife, however, managed to get through it, though not without a great deal of grumbling, besides telling the customers that it was his own fault—that he had quite enough to go into some other line of business, without exposing himself to the cold and the night air any longer. She also got the customers to reason with her husband about the matter; and they did. Her proposition was, to sell the fixtures and good-will of the coffee-stall, to take a good-sized house, and furnish it, and let it off into lodgings. There were no end of lodgers, who had known the old man for years, ready to come any day and occupy the apartments. Mrs Nighton was delighted—'She had known people make a mint of money in the lodging-house line, and why shouldn't they?' After many a growl and deep-meaning shake of the head, the old man at last allowed himself to be over-persuaded, although he said he knew it would come to no good. He asked L.20 for his business, and

declared that it was worth L.100. One day, whilst he was asleep, his wife sold the fixtures and all for L.10; when he awoke, and began to prepare for the night as usual, cart, kettle, charcoal, and all were gone. There was a noise like subsiding thunder heard for above an hour in the house, and it is said that the old man sat growling in his arm-chair, and smoking his pipe at intervals until daylight; nor could all her persuasions induce him to go to bed until his usual bedtime. 'I should be dead in a week,' said he, 'if I broke up my old habits.'

The next day Mrs Nighton took a large twelve-roomed house, and having in the course of the week persuaded her husband to allow her to draw a considerable sum out of the savings' bank, it was soon furnished from cellar to attic. Her next step was to procure a 'thorough' servant; as for lodgers, she had more applications than rooms. The old man never interfered with her arrangements; all he at first did was to steal out in the night, and bemoan the loss of his coffee-stall at the bars of the late night-houses. Sleep he could not, excepting in the daytime; and when he could find no one else to speak to, he accompanied the policemen on their beat, sometimes never once speaking for the hour together. In vain did they tell him that his wife was a sharp, clever woman, and sure to do well—he only shook his head.

Now Mrs Nighton, with all her apparent cunning and calculation, had her weak points, and prided herself on 'taking people by their looks.' Old John would have preferred a good reference with his lodgers, but his better-half 'pooh-poohed;' anybody could get a reference, she said, but an honest-looking face was a gift of nature. She had her own way, and lost by it. Her honest-looking lodgers came and went without paying, and she consoled herself by saying that she knew they were if they could, and that it would be all right enough at last. Wiser people said that it was just what might be expected, and that the riff-raff who wasted their nights in the streets and at coffee-stalls, couldn't be expected to pay for apartments, and that really they could not see of what use lodgings were at all to such-like people. In fact they paid Mrs Nighton back again in her own coin, and said that she knew they were honest.

Meantime the old man had formed an acquaintance with his successor, and now went out night after night, and hovered like a ghost around his old coffee-stall. To and fro he traversed, almost a shadow of his former self, and sometimes when an order was given, he so far forgot himself as to move forward as if to serve; then he passed his hand across his forehead, shook his head, muttered something to himself, and continued his measured march as usual. One morning, as his successor was packing up, and after John had nodded his 'good-by,' the old man turned back and said, 'Twenty-five down; come in to-night.' The new occupier replied, 'No, no; not for double that amount.' John Nighton heaved a deep sigh, and that day could not be persuaded to get up for an hour, as was his general custom at dinner time.

A visible alteration for the worse had already taken place in old John's appearance. His face, which before, through exposure to the wind and weather, looked blue, and purple, and crimson, as if made up of a minglement of all kinds of healthy and lasting colours, now faded into a series of dingy yellows. His clothes, too, which before suited his 'thick rotundity,' now hung about him in loose disorder, 'a world too wide for his shrunk' form; and although he went to bed as usual in the morning, the old familiar sleep visited him not. Punctual as the midnight itself, he was ever found at his former post; and for five weeks in succession did he make an advance of five pounds each week on his original offer; but fifty pounds was not sufficient to buy out the new-comer.

Matters grew worse at the lodging-house. Lodger after lodger decamped; and not satisfied with escaping

rent-free, they carried off all they could lay their hands upon. Bed-ticks were found without feathers; pillows, sheets, and blankets were taken away; the very mantel-pieces were plundered of their ornaments: fenders, fire-irons, and hearthrugs vanished as if by magic; and after being pledged, the duplicates were sometimes forwarded to Mrs Nighton, assuring her of their honesty, and promising that they would redeem them as soon as they could. After much 'gnagging and werretting,' she succeeded in driving the old man out in the daytime, giving him strict orders that, if he came in contact with the defaulters, he was at once to call the police and give them in charge. Poor John Nighton! he went out more for the sake of peace and quietness, and to get rid of his wife's incessant clamour, than in the hope of ever retrieving anything from the plunderers.

Behold him at last in the crowded streets of London in the open noon of day! He seemed to wander along like a man in a dream; he was ever running against somebody, then pausing to rub his eyes, and gaze around in astonishment: sometimes he filiped his nose, or pulled his hair, or struck his elbow against the wall, as if doubtful whether he was asleep or not. A dark narrow court was his delight; and where any other person would have been compelled to have groped his way, there he saw all that was going on, and would watch the people passing by for the hour together. His favourite haunt was beneath those gloomy arches on which the Adelphi Terrace is built. He was also often seen to peep down those dark gratings near Waterloo Bridge, where the cellars are five storeys deep. Had he been single, he would have occupied one of these. 'Cool, quiet, and shady,' he used to say; 'a man might sleep there in the daytime.'

After many offers to purchase back his old business, all of which were refused, a bright beam of hope at last shot across his mind—it was the last flicker of the flame before it shot up and expired in the darkness—he would set up in opposition to his rival. A few nights after, he was seen stationed at the end of a neighbouring street, at a spot which few people passed in the night. For a whole fortnight he stood his ground manfully, although he was scarcely visited by a single customer; the few who approached only cried shame on him for selling his business, and then attempting to injure the purchaser. Even those who had stolen his goods refused to deal with him, and went so far as to justify their conduct by his own.

On reaching home one morning his wife was missing; and two or three days passed away and no tidings came; but at length a letter arrived stating that her former husband had returned from transportation, and as she always had a liking for him, they had set sail together for America. The little that remained in the savings' bank she had drawn out before her departure, leaving also the half-year's rent, besides a considerable amount of taxes, unpaid. This last blow was too much for the old man: what remained of his goods was seized and sold, and from that hour he went wandering about like a restless spirit during the day, and at night occupied his new position with his coffee-stall at the corner of the court. This lasted but for a few nights; no one came near him saving the policeman, and he once or twice found the old man fast asleep in his chair.

One night they missed him at the 'accustomed place;' inquiries were made at the little house up the court where he lodged: he went out at 'dark-hour,' and had not returned. Tidings came next day that an old man answering to his description had been seen late at night wandering on Blackheath; another day passed without bringing any further rumour of his 'whereabout.'

At length a notice was stuck up at the police station that the body of an old man had been discovered suspended from a beam in a ruinous outhouse near Lewisham. Old John Nighton had hanged himself; he had fulfilled his own prophecy, for from the very night when

he was first deprived of his coffee-stall, he had been heard to say that he was a doomed man, that he knew his own habits better than anybody, and should never be happy again. He was like one of those climbing-plants which only thrive whilst they twine and turn from the sun; and which, when forced against their nature to meet the light, droop, decay, and die. According to the doctrine of Pythagoras, he might have existed in a previous state either as a bat, a badger, or a mole, for he loved darkness better than the light.

SAVAGE VIEWS OF CIVILISATION.

IN the remarkable age in which it is our fortune to live, there are other mysteries cleared up besides those of science, and we become daily familiar with marvels as extraordinary as those depending on the laws of inorganic matter. We not only behold acted before our eyes those important passages which we formerly read of in the chronological romances called history—we not only observe the progress of mighty revolutions, and are able to detect their springs, and trace the working of their machinery—but, going back to the very origin of society, we see tents and huts rising into towns and palaces, and tribes of wild men ripening into civilisation, and surrounded with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of regular government. In the North Pacific, the Sandwich Islands, which, when *discovered* only seventy years ago, were peopled with whooping savages, have already a parliament of lords and commons, and ministers of state and justice; and the granddaughter—if not the daughter—of one of their naked Venuses is described by a missionary as an elegant lady, reclining on a couch of yellow damask, with a richly-covered table before her, strewed with books and papers, including a Hawaiian version of the Gospel of St Luke, and writing (poetry or romance, for aught we know!) in a blank volume.

But although we are thus able to watch from the very commencement—as if it were an experiment in science, instituted for the gratification of our philosophical curiosity—the progress of human beings in the social state, and the general sequence of history, we have not the same facilities for observing *ourselves*. In addition to the usual effect of self-esteem, we are blinded by the glare and glitter in which we live. We confound moral with political elevation, and fancy that all good qualities are necessarily comprehended in our greatness, and that where greatness is wanting, there cannot possibly be anything good. Would it not be an admirable thing if our advantages of observation were enjoyed, as regards ourselves, by a *savage*?—if he could see us with his ingenuous eyes, judge of us with his untutored mind, and report of us with his truthful lips? Yes, it would be an admirable thing; and therefore—for nothing, however strange or wonderful, is denied to the spoiled children of this generation—therefore it has come to pass!

Our readers may remember that, on the appearance of the book, we noticed at some length Mr Catlin's narrative of travels in his native America, in the course of which he completely domesticated himself with the Red Men, and collected an unparalleled museum illustrative of the minutest peculiarities of Indian life and manners.* This gentleman brought his collection to England, where it attracted a good deal of attention; till it was suddenly and unexpectedly enriched by the addition of some living curiosities, which gave spirit and reality to the whole. These were nine Ojibbeway savages brought to this country for the purpose of exhibition. After the termination of Mr Catlin's arrangement with them, he became the patron of fourteen Ioway Indians, who had found their way hither from the great plains between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains; and finally of another party of eleven Ojibbeways, whom he exhibited in France and Belgium. Among these thirty-

four individuals there were several possessing considerable native talent and power of observation; and in a new work, Mr Catlin has included the impressions made upon them by the Pale faces.* We have thus realised a great desideratum in philosophy. Hitherto, we have regarded savage life with the eyes of civilisation: now we are able to observe civilised life through the eyes of a savage. Perhaps the very inability of our author to philosophise adds value to his work. It is a book of facts, not of theories; it is full of human kindness, not of controversy; and its simple details are related in language as simple.

As for the two tribes of observers, they appear to have been alike distinguished by innate goodness of character, although their manners were very different. When the Ojibbeways first entered the exhibition hall, where the portraits of several hundred chiefs, painted by Mr Catlin from the life, were hanging on the walls, they 'set up the most frightful yells, and made the whole neighbourhood ring with their howlings;' running up to offer their hands to their friends, and brandishing their tomahawks at their enemies as they sounded the war-whoop. The Ioways, on the other hand, shrouded in their pictured robes, 'walked silently and slowly to the middle of the room, with their hands over their mouths, denoting silence and surprise.' They looked long around them before speaking; and when they began to exchange their thoughts, it was at first in a whisper. Mr Catlin's opening proceeding with both was to exact a promise that, while under his protection, they would not drink 'fire-water;' an engagement which they kept with the strictest honour; the spokesman of the first party remarking that they had been told at home that this beverage was sent to them by the Great Spirit because he loved them; although they had since learned that this was not true, and that the wise English did not drink it. In this latter piece of information they were not more fortunate than in the other; for on going immediately after to visit the mayor of Manchester, 'they saw him and his squaw, and many other beautiful squaws, all drinking; and they saw many people through the windows, and in the doors, as they passed along the streets, who were drinking; and they saw several persons in the streets who were quite drunk, and two or three lying down in the streets like pigs; and they thought the people of Manchester loved much to drink liquor.'

In London, as well as in the provinces, they were amazed by the constantly-recurring exhibitions of drunkenness and poverty, and were much affected by the degradation of two Indians like themselves, as they supposed the Lascars to be, who were sweeping the crossings of the street. Their reception at court, however, which they had anxiously waited for, put all unpleasant ideas out of their heads, although they were afterwards ashamed to find that they had taken the porter of the palace, in his scarlet, and gold lace, and powdered wig, for nothing less than a king; and that their chief, not knowing how so splendid a personage should be accosted, had given him his hand. While waiting anxiously in an anteroom, they paraded before the mirrors to adjust their feathers and ornaments; but when at length it was announced that the Queen was ready to receive them, there was a moment of jingling and rattling of trinkets as the Indians were throwing on their robes and gathering up their weapons; and when they responded to Mr Catlin's question, 'if they were all ready?' by their '*How—how—how!*' he led the way, and they followed into the Waterloo Gallery. They were of course kindly received by her Majesty and the distinguished persons round her. The Queen beckoned a little girl to approach, and 'held her for some time by both hands, evidently much pleased

* Journal, Nos. 523 and 525, old series.

* Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe with his North American Indian Collection. 2 vols. 8vo. With Illustrations. London: Published by the Author, 6 Waterloo Place. 1848.

with her appearance.' After the war-dance, the old chief, a man seventy-five years of age, who was struck with confusion on the idea suddenly presenting itself that it would be absurd to present the pipe of peace to a woman, said a few words, apologising, on the score of bad health, for being unfit to make a speech. 'The War-chief then rose, and in a very energetic manner made the following speech, which was also literally interpreted to her Majesty:—

'Great Mother—The Great Spirit has been kind to us, your children, in protecting us on our long journey here. And we are now happy that we are allowed to see your face. It makes our hearts glad to see the faces of so many Saganoshes (English) in this country, and all wearing such pleasant looks. We think the people here must be very happy.

'Mother—We have been often told that there was a great fire in this country; that its light shone across the great water; and we see now where this great light arises. We believe that it shines from this great wigwam to all the world.

'Mother—We have seen many strange things since we came to this country. We see that your wigwams are large, and the light that is in them is bright. Our wigwams are small, and our light is not strong. We are not rich, but yet we have plenty of food to eat.

'Mother—Myself and my friends here are your friends—your children. We have used our weapons against your enemies. And for many years we have received liberal presents from this country, which have made us quite happy and comfortable in our wigwams.

'Mother—The chief who has just spoken, and myself, have fought and bled by the side of the greatest warrior who ever lived—Tecumseh.

'Mother—Our hearts are glad at what we have this day seen—that we have been allowed to see your face. And when we get home, our words will be listened to in the councils of our nation.

'This is all I have to say.'

After a gracious reply, and another dance, the Indians at the same moment shouldered their robes and retired, sounding their war-whoop, to the amusement of the servants of the household, who had assembled to the amount of some hundreds in the galleries of the hall.

They were now feasted on roast-beef in another apartment, the carving being executed by the Hon. C. A. Murray, who in due time proposed that they should comply with the English custom at public dinners, and drink the Queen's health. 'For this the first bottle of champagne was opened; and when the cork flew, and the wine was pouring into glasses, the Indians pronounced the word "*Chick-a-bob-boo!*" and had a great laugh. A foaming glass of it was set before each Indian; and when it was proposed to drink to her Majesty's health, they all refused. I explained to Mr Murray the promise they were under to drink no spirituous liquor while in the kingdom. Mr Murray applauded their noble resolution, but said at the same time that this was not *spirituous liquor*—it was a light wine, and could not hurt them; and it would be the only time they could drink to her Majesty so properly, and her Majesty's health could not be refused by her Majesty's subjects. When again urged, they still refused, saying, "We no drink—can't drink." They seemed, however, to be referring it to me, as all eyes were alternately upon me and upon their glasses, when I said to them, "Yes, my good fellows, drink; it will not hurt you. The promise you have made to Mr Rankin and myself will not be broken; it did not contemplate a case like this, where it is necessary to drink the Queen's health. And again, this is *champagne*, and not *spirituous liquor*, which you have solemnly promised to avoid." "How—how—how!" they all responded, and with great delight all joined in "health to the Queen!" And as each glass was emptied to the bottom, they smacked their lips, again pronouncing the word "*Chick-a-bob-boo—chick-a-bob-boo!*" with a roar of laughter among themselves.'

On their return to their lodgings, they conversed much on their important interview, and were evidently disappointed in the personal appearance and dress of the Queen, whom they probably thought little of as compared with the splendid porter. 'They were advancing many curious ideas (over the pipe) as to the government of the greatest and richest country in the world being in the hands of a woman, and she no larger than many of the Indian girls at the age of twelve or thirteen years. I explained to them the manner in which she was entitled to the crown, and also how little a king or queen has actually to do in the government of such a country: that it is chiefly done by her ministers, who are always about her, and men of the greatest talents, and able to advise her. And the old chief, who had been listening attentively to me as he was puffing away at his pipe, said he was inclined to think it was the best thing for the country. "I am not sure," said he, "but it is the safest way; for if this country had a king instead of a queen, he might be ambitious as a great warrior, and lead the country into war with other nations; now, under her government there is peace, and the country is happy." Many jokes were passed upon the old chief for having mistaken the porter Sykes for Prince Albert, and for having brought his pipe of peace back, having been afraid to present it. They had many remarks to make also upon the little girl whom her Majesty took by the hand: they told her she turned pale, and they were afraid she would grow up a white woman. They now, for the first time, thought of the Queen's little children, and wondered they had not seen them. They thought they ought at least to have seen the Prince of Wales.'

Although this party, being the first arrival, excited much attention, and one of them, a handsome young half-breed, captivated the heart of an English girl, whom he eventually married, the Ioways, who succeeded them, were upon the whole more interesting. They were more quiet and sedate, and yet more comical fellows than the others; and the doctor more especially, or the medicine man, was an amusing mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, wisdom and vanity. He was always uneasy, till he got as *high* as he could go. Whether in a carriage or in a house, he must be on the top of it; and this curious propensity caused much alarm at the outset, for no one could imagine where the doctor had bestowed himself, till, after a fruitless search, his friends were directed by the eyes of a crowd in the street, and found him on the roof, perched on a corner of the parapet, wrapped in his buffalo robe, and looking down upon the multitude with the air of a Zealand penguin. This worthy, on his *début* at the exhibition, flattered himself that he attracted in a special manner the regards of the ladies, who laughed much at the complacent smiles which he lavished upon them. 'My friends,' said the doctor in his speech, which displayed quite as much wit as simplicity, 'I see the ladies are pleased, and this pleases me; because I know that if they are pleased, they will please the men.'

Among the visitors of the Indians, we need hardly say that there were numerous religious persons, who, delighted with the simplicity and goodness of their characters, wished ardently that they might become still better by a knowledge of the truth. These gentlemen, however, being civilised men, could only see and comprehend the vices of savageism, and were not aware of the impression made upon savages by their own. 'My friends,' replied the War-chief to the first deputation, 'the Great Spirit has sent you to us with kind words, and he has opened our ears to hear them, which we have done. We are glad to see you, and to hear you speak, for we know that you are our friends. What you have said relative to our learning to read and to write, we are sure can do us no good—we are now too old; but for our children, we think it would be well for them to learn; and they are now going to schools in our village, and learning to read and to write. As to the white man's religion which you have

explained, we have heard it told to us in the same way, many times, in our own country, and there are white men and women there now trying to teach it to our people. We do not think your religion good, unless it is so for white people, and this we don't doubt. The Great Spirit has made our skins red, and the forests for us to live in. He has also given us our religion, which has taken our fathers to "the beautiful hunting-grounds," where we wish to meet them. We don't believe that the Great Spirit made us to live with Pale faces in this world, and we think He has intended we should live separate in the world to come.

'My friends, we know that when white men come into our country we are unhappy—the Indians all die, or are driven away before the white men. Our hope is to enjoy our hunting-grounds in the world to come, which white men cannot take from us: we know that our fathers and our mothers have gone there, and we don't know why we should not go there too.' * * *

He here asked for the pipe, and having drawn a few whiffs, proceeded—

'My friends, you speak of the "good book" that you have in your hand; we have many of these in our village; we are told that "all your words about the Son of the Great Spirit are printed in that book, and if we learn to read it, it will make good people of us." I would now ask why it don't make good people of the Pale faces living all around us? They can all read the good book, and they can understand all that the "black-coats" * * say, and still we find they are not so honest and so good a people as ours: this we are sure of; such is the case in the country about us; but *here* we have no doubt but the white people, who have so many to preach, and so many books to read, are all honest and good. In *our* country the white people have two faces, and their tongues branch in different ways; we know that this displeases the Great Spirit, and we do not wish to teach it to our children.' In reply to a question, he said, 'We believe the Great Spirit requires us to pray to him, which we do, and to thank him for everything we have that is good. We know that he requires us to speak the truth, to feed the poor, and to love our friends. We don't know of anything more that he demands: he may demand more of white people, but we don't know that.' And in reply to another—'If the Great Spirit sent the small-pox into our country to destroy us, we believe it was to punish us for listening to the false promises of white men. It is white man's disease, and no doubt it was sent amongst white people to punish them for their sins. It never came amongst the Indians until we began to listen to the promises of white men, and to follow their ways: it then came amongst us; and we are not sure but the Great Spirit then sent it to punish us for our foolishness.'

This is no doubt very melancholy, but the fault is not with the Indians. In passing through our streets, they saw multitudes of famishing creatures, 'women with little children all in dirty rags; and some with babies in their arms lying about the doors of public-houses helplessly drunk: they had never seen any Indians in the wilderness half so poor, and looking so sick.' And what was the corollary they drew from this? That it was wrong to send missionaries to the Indians from a country where so many miserable creatures were perishing for want of food and knowledge! This remark was made by a comical savage called Jim; but poor Jim could not even guess at the scenes of unspeakable wretchedness presented by this wealthy country—at the famine, filth, and horrors of all kinds that teem in our streets and lanes: he could not know that the circumstance of people dying among us of absolute starvation, or destroying themselves or others in fits of frantic drunkenness, is too common to excite special notice; and he could not imagine that our missions to his country hardly absorb a twentieth part of the vast sums lavished in Christian charity upon other *distant*

quarters of the world. We remember remonstrating once with a wealthy Quaker on his Society's neglect of the widow of an admirable man who had devoted himself zealously and usefully to co-operation with them in the anti-slavery cause. 'I admit it all,' replied the millionaire; 'he was indeed an admirable man, and his widow is a most deserving woman; but for me, my sympathies are all absorbed—by the hundred millions of India!'

On another occasion, the savages appeared to be a little irritated by their well-meaning religious visitors; for their War-chief roundly told them that all they could say he had heard before from 'more intelligent-looking men.'

'Now, my friends,' said he, 'I will tell you that when we first came over to this country, we thought that where you had so many preachers, so many to read and explain the good book, we should find the white people all good and sober people; but as we travel about, we find this was all a mistake. When we first came over, we thought that white man's religion would make all people good, and we then would have been glad to talk with you, but now we cannot say that we like to do it any more. My friends, I am willing to talk with you, if it can do any good to the hundreds and thousands of poor and hungry people that we see in your streets every day when we ride out. We see hundreds of little children with their naked feet in the snow, and we pity them, for we know they are hungry, and we give them money every time we pass by them. In four days, we have given twenty dollars to hungry children—we give our money only to children. We are told that the fathers of these children are in the houses where they sell fire-water, and are drunk, and in their words they every moment abuse and insult the Great Spirit. You talk about sending black-coats among the Indians; now we have no such poor children among us; we have no such drunkards, or people who abuse the Great Spirit. Indians dare not do so. They pray to the Great Spirit, and he is kind to them. Now we think it would be better for your teachers all to stay at home, and go to work right here in your own streets, where all your good work is wanted. This is my advice. I would rather not say any more.' (To this all responded, 'How—how—how!')

The Indians appear to have liked feasting better than theological discussion. On one occasion they were entertained at Ealing Park by Mrs Lawrence, with a large circle of royal and noble guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, with the Princess Mary, the Grand-duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duchess of Gloucester, and many of the nobility. After dancing and archery, they sat down to dinner, Mr Catlin carving the roast beef, and his Royal Highness, the Princess Mary, and the two Misses Lawrence, waiting at table. 'This unusual scene was taking place in the near vicinity of the poor parquets and cockatoos, who seemed thus far awed into a discreet silence, but were dancing to the right and the left, and busily swinging their heads to and fro, with their eyes and their ears open to all that was said and done. When the cork flew from the first bottle of champagne, the parrots squalled out, "*There—there—there!*" and the Indians as suddenly, "*Chick-a-bob-booo—chick-a-bob-booo!*" Both laughed, and all the party *had* to laugh, at the simultaneous excitement of the parrots and the Indians; and most of them were as ignorant of the language (and of course of the wit of) the one as of the other. "*Chick-a-bob-booo,*" however, was understood at least by the Indians; and their glasses being filled with champagne, the moment they were raising it to their lips, and some had commenced drinking, the cockatoos suddenly squalled out again, "*There—there—there!*" The old doctor, and his superstitious friend Jim, who had not got their glasses quite to their mouths, slowly lowered them upon the table, and turned with the most beseeching looks upon Mr Melody and myself, to know whether they were breaking their vow to us.'

* Clergymen.

This was a delightful day—and a profitable one, for the last course of the entertainment was a tray of trinkets presented to them by their munificent hostess; but they were struck with more enduring astonishment by a visit to one of the prodigious brewhouses of London. They were 'led by one of the proprietors, and an escort of ladies, through the vast labyrinths and mazes, through the immense halls and courts, and under and over the dry-land bridges and arches of this smoking, steeping, and steaming wonder of the world, as they were sure to call it when they got home. When the poor untutored Indians, from the soft and simple prairies of the Missouri, seated themselves upon a beam, and were looking into and contemplating the immensity of a smoking steeping-vat, containing more than 3000 barrels, and were told that there were 130 others, of various dimensions, in the establishment—that the whole edifice covered twelve acres of ground, and that there were necessarily constantly on hand in their cellars 232,000 barrels of ale, and also that this was only one of a great number of breweries in London, and that similar manufactories were in every town in the kingdom, though on a less scale, they began, almost for the first time since their arrival, to evince profound astonishment; and the fermentation in their minds, as to the consistency of white man's teaching of temperance, and manufacturing and selling ale, seemed not less than that which was going on in the vast abyss below them. The pipe was lit and passed around while they were in this contemplative mood; and as their ears were open, they got in the meantime further information of the wonderful modes and operations of this vast machine; and also, in round numbers, read from a report by one of the proprietors, the quantity of ale consumed in the kingdom annually. Upon hearing this, which seemed to cap the climax of all their astonishment, they threw down the pipe, and leaping into an empty vat, suddenly dissipated the pain of their mental calculations by joining in the Medicine (or *Mystery*) Dance. Their yells and screaming, echoing through the vast and vapouring halls, soon brought some hundreds of maltsmen, grinders, firers, mashers, ostlers, painters, coopers, &c. peeping through and amongst the blackened timbers and casks, and curling and hissing fumes, completing the scene as the richest model for the infernal regions.'

As a contrast to these scenes of unimaginable wealth and princely generosity, they saw one day a poor old beggar woman and her little child in such miserable rags, as to excite both their sympathy and curiosity. They persuaded her with some difficulty to go up to their room, and seating themselves upon the floor, and lighting the pipe, they went into counsel on her case, in order to discover, if possible, how a white woman and child should be starving to death, with thousands of her own countrymen around her in their fine houses and with all their wealth. The War-chief put five shillings into the shrinking woman's hand, told her not to be afraid, but to observe that it could only be their wish to befriend her. 'We are here poor,' said he, 'and a great way from home, where we also have our little children to feed; but the Great Spirit has been kind to us, and we have enough to eat.' To this the Indians, who were passing the pipe around, all responded, 'How—how—how!' In reply to the questions of the savages, she told a very common story, but one that was full of horror to them. 'The poor Indians, women and all, looked upon this miserable shivering object of pity, in the midst of the wealth and luxuries of civilisation, as a mystery they could not expound; and giving way to impulses that they could feel and appreciate, the women opened their trunks to search for presents for the little child, and by White Cloud's order filled her lap with cold meat and bread sufficient to last them for a day or two. The good old doctor's politeness and sympathy led him to the bottom of the stairs with her, where he made her understand by signs that every morning, when the sun was up to a place

that he pointed to with his hand, if she would come, she would get food enough for herself and her little child as long as they stayed in Birmingham; and he recollected his promise, and made it his especial duty every morning to attend to his pensioners at the hour appointed.'

Another story of this kind and we have done. 'It seems that on board of the steamer, as a passenger, was a little girl of twelve years of age, and a stranger to all on board. When on their way, the captain was collecting his passage-money on deck; he came to the little girl for her fare, who told him she had no money, but that she expected to meet her father in Dundee, whom she was going to see, and that he would certainly pay her fare if she could find him. The captain was in a great rage, and abused the child for coming on without the money to pay her fare, and said that he should not let her go ashore, but should hold her a prisoner on board, and take her back to Edinburgh with him. The poor girl was frightened, and cried herself almost into fits. The passengers, of whom there were a great many, all seemed affected by her situation, and began to raise the money amongst them to pay her passage, giving a penny or two a-piece, which, when done, amounted to about a quarter of the sum required. The poor little girl's grief and fear still continued, and the old doctor, standing on deck, wrapped in his robe, and watching all these results, also much touched with pity for her situation, went down in the fore-cabin, where the rest of the party were, and relating the circumstances, soon raised eight shillings, one shilling of which the Little Wolf, after giving a shilling himself, put into the hand of his little infant, then supposed to be dying, that its dying hand might do one act of charity, and caused it to drop it into the doctor's hand with the rest. With the money the doctor came on deck, and advancing, offered it to the little girl, who was frightened, and ran away. Daniel went to the girl, and called her up to the doctor, assuring her there was no need of alarm, when the old doctor put the money into her hand, and said to her, through the interpreter, and in presence of all the passengers, who were gathering around, "Now go to the cruel captain and pay him the money, and never again be afraid of a man because his skin is red; but be always sure that the heart of a Red Man is as good and kind as that of a white man. And when you are in Dundee, where we are all going, if you do not find your father as you wish, and are amongst strangers, come to us, wherever we shall be, and you shall not suffer: you shall have enough to eat, and if money is necessary, you shall have more."

We intended to have laid down the pen here; but we shall venture on one more paragraph, as a better conclusion to these specimens of a very remarkable book. 'Their Bibles had increased in their various boxes since the last census to more than a hundred and fifty; their religious tracts, which they could not read, to some thousands; their dolls, in all, to fifty; and other useless toys to a great number. Then came their medals, their grosses of buttons, their beads, ribbons, brooches, fans, knives, daggers, combs, pistols, shawls, blankets, handkerchiefs, canes, umbrellas, beaver hats, caps, coats, bracelets, pins, eye-glasses, &c. &c.; and then their prints—views of countries they had seen, of churches, cathedrals, maps of London and Paris, views of bridges, of factories, of coal-pits, of catacombs, of Morgues, &c. &c. to an almost countless number, all to be opened and commented upon, and then scattered, as the first indications of civilisation, in the wilderness. These are but mere toys, however, gewgaws that will be met as matters of course, and soon used up and lost sight of. But Jim's book of the statistics of London, of Paris, and New York, will stand the Magna Charta of his nation, and around it will assemble the wisacres of the tribe, descanting on, and seeking for a solution of, the blessings of civilisation, as the passing pipe sends off its curling fumes, to future ages, over its astounding and marvellous estimates of civilised nations,

of cities, of churches, of courts of justice, and jails—of the tens of thousands of civilised people who are in it recorded (to their amazement) as blind, as deaf and dumb, and insane; of gallows and guillotines, of massacres and robberies, the number of grog-shops and breweries, of coal-pits, of tread-mills and foundling hospitals, of poorhouses and paupers, of beggars and starvation, of brothels, of prisons for debtors, of rapes, of bigamy, of taxation, of game-laws, of Christianity, of drunkenness, of national debt and repudiation.

'The estimates of all these subjects have gone to the wilderness, with what the eyes of the Indians saw of the poverty and distress of the civilised world, to be taught to the untaught, and hereafter to be arrayed, if they choose, against the teachings of civilisation and Christianity in the Indian communities: a table of the enormous numbers in the civilised world, who by their own folly or wickedness drag through lives of pain and misery, leaving their Indian critics, in the richness of their imaginations, to judge of the immense proportion of the enlightened world, who, in just retribution, must perish for their crimes and their follies: and in their ignorance, and the violence of their prejudices, to imagine what proportion of them are actually indulged in the comforts of this life, or destined to enjoy the happiness of the world to come.'

BRITAIN PROBABLY INHABITED BEFORE THE LAST CHANGES OF THE RELATIVE LEVEL OF SEA AND LAND.

IN our last number, a general statement was given of the subject embraced by the work quoted below*—namely, that the last series of geological events had been, in one large district of the earth, inclusive of our island, a falling away of the sea from the land from a point many hundred feet above its present level, and this by stages which are chronicled in terraces and other markings still to be seen on the face of the land. The last shifts down to the present level were from points about 65 or 70, 56, 43, 32, 26, and 11 feet above it, some of these last being commemorated by the great low plains seen along several coasts; for example, the carse of Gowrie, Falkirk, and Stirling; the Glasgow Green, and site of the lower district of that city; the great plain on the shore of the Bristol Channel in Somersetshire, &c. We now propose to advert to a curious portion of the investigation, from which it results as a likelihood that some of the very last changes of the relative level have taken place since the island of Britain became a seat of human population.

In the first place, it may be remarked there is tolerably good proof that the last movement was a rise of the sea, seeing that on many parts of the British coast the remains of ancient forests are found extending under the waves. It appears from the work before us that there have been several such oscillations since the sea came near to its present level. For example, in the Carse of Gowrie—a low sea-side plain, chiefly composed of clayey alluvial matter—there is a bed of peat twenty or thirty feet below the surface; showing that this place had once been dry land, and the site of a forest, and that its subsidence, or a new rise of the sea, had then put it once more under water, so as to allow of the superincumbent clays being deposited. At three several points in the depth of these clays (near Polgavie)—namely, at 16½, 11½, and 7¾ feet from the surface, there are vegetable roots cut off by a layer of marine shells, forming proofs of other three recurrences of the sea over the land in this place before it was finally thrown down to its present level, or rather, perhaps, to the lower point from which it has since reascended.

In the Gowrie Carse, throughout a plain generally

little more than twenty feet above the sea, there are here and there little swells, appearing as the remnants of a higher plain. They undoubtedly result from a cutting out of the intervals between them by the sea, when it stood about the level of the lower plain. Now it is somewhat remarkable that all of these swells should bear in their names the appellation of *inch* (Celtic for an island)—thus Inchyra, Megginch, Inchmichael, Inchmartin, &c.—as if a primitive people had originally recognised them as pieces of land surrounded by water. There are stories, perhaps little to be depended upon, of ancient anchors being found deep in the soil of the lower parts of the Carse, and of rings for the mooring of vessels in cliffs rising far inland. Such matters, it is admitted in the work before us, would perhaps not be deserving even of the most passing notice, if they stood entirely unsupported by facts of a more decided nature. But such is not the case.

'In 1819, in digging the Carse land at Airthrey near Stirling, where the surface is nearly twenty-five feet above high water of spring-tides in the river, which flows at a mile's distance, there were found the bones of a large whale.* No doubt can be entertained that this animal had perished here at a time when the sea stood at some unknown point upwards of twenty-five feet above its present level. About five years afterwards, the bones of another large whale were found on the estate of Blair-Drummond, seven miles further up the Carse, and probably at a greater elevation above the sea.† In this case a deep moss had covered the ground, indicating one long section of the interval of time since the death and deposition of the animal. The clay was here only four feet deep, and beneath it was another moss, the memorial, of course, of an interspace, during which dry land had existed at this spot. The bones rested on the lower moss, but did not penetrate into it. We may suppose, therefore, that it was immediately after the sea recurred here that the whale was brought to the spot. But the most valuable fact in connection with these relics is, that in each case there was found among the bones a fragment of stag's-horn, containing a perforation of an inch in diameter, evidently artificial, and in the Blair-Drummond instance, containing the remains of rotten wood. It was the opinion of Mr Home Drummond, on whose property the latter whale was found, that this horn had been the handle of a rude instrument, perhaps a harpoon, and that it had been used in some way in connection with the animal when it was stranded.' Such circumstances speak strongly of a human population in the country when the sea was fully twenty-five feet higher than at present.

There are likewise stories of remains of boats and anchors being found in the Carse lands between Falkirk and Grangemouth. At the latter place, in 1843, when excavations were making for a dock on a spot where a cottage and garden had recently been, there was found, at the depth of twenty feet from the surface, in a bed of shells and gravel, a human skull, with some other bones. This curious relic is now in the possession of Mr Hamilton, surgeon at Falkirk. Its position, it may be remarked, was below the present level of the sea, so that the only circumstances favouring the idea of its being deposited before the last shifts of the sea-level are—the change from gravel to clay above its position, and the rise of the surface to several feet above tide.

By far the most remarkable evidences towards this conclusion are found in the western side of the island. It is not yet many months since the newspapers announced the discovery of an ancient canoe deeply imbedded in the neighbourhood of the Clyde at Springfield, near Glasgow. The situation—about the level of low water in the river, between a bed of gravel and a superincumbent series of

* Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the Relative Level of Sea and Land. By Robert Chambers, Esq., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. London: W. S. Orr. 1848.

* Edinburgh Magazine, August 1819. The bones 'were found at a depth of from eighteen inches to three feet from the surface, in what is termed recent alluvial earth, formed by the river Forth, and composed of a blue-coloured sludge or sleet, with a covering of peat earth a few inches thick.'

† H. Home Drummond in 'Wernerian Transactions,' v. 440.

laminated clays, evidently of fluviatile origin—is considered as taking this relic out of the range of geological history, though still assigning it a very remote probable antiquity.* But other ancient boats have been found at Glasgow, which it is more difficult to regard as merely antiquarian curiosities. One of these was found in 1825, in digging a sewer at the head of the Saltmarket, a spot included within the town for centuries, fully twenty feet above high water in the river, and a quarter of a mile from it. This canoe, formed of fine oak, and exhibiting calkings of wool dipped in tar, lay in a vertical position nine feet below the surface, in a bed of blue clay, covered and surrounded by fine sand, presenting traces of lamination—that is, of being laid down in thin layers in a quiet sea. In the same deposit, at the distance of a pistol-shot, a similar boat was found in 1781, when digging for the foundations of the Tontine Hotel. Another is stated to have been discovered in Stockwell Street—a situation externally similar, but a little nearer to the river. Our author speaks of the number of these relics as remarkable, ‘when we connect the remote era to which they seem to point with the modern distinction of the district as a seat of commerce; seeming to indicate that even in the earliest ages of the inhabitation of our island by man, there had been some unusual amount of intercourse by means of navigation in this region.’

We have to state, in addition to the facts presented in ‘Ancient Sea-Margins,’ that in 1780, when the workmen were digging a foundation for St Enoch’s Church, near the place last mentioned, they found an ancient canoe at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface. It lay horizontally, filled with sand and gravel, and within, near the prow, there was found an example of the objects called *celts*, which are believed to have been the war-hammers of the primitive people of this country. This last object survives in the possession of Mr Charles Wilson Brown of Glasgow, and is described as of a greenish stone, about five and a half inches long by two and a half broad, and perfectly polished. Across the centre it bears the mark of the fastening for the handle.

The various situations of these four boats are within half a mile of each other, on the extensive plain which skirts the right bank of the Clyde, rising to the height of about twenty-six feet above tide-mark, and forming the site of the Trongate and Argyle Street, together with the numerous cross streets connected with that line. This plain is composed of sand, as appears whenever the foundation of an old house is dug up, and the sand is deposited on laminated clays which abound in several places in marine shells. According to the work before us—‘If the sand-bed at the Trongate be the same with that at Springfield, the boats lying in it and the subjacent clay obviously belong to an earlier period than that discovered in the latter situation. The question arises, Are the deposits such as the river, while pursuing in general its present level, could have laid down? The situation, be it remembered, is a quarter of a mile from the river; its superficies is twenty-one feet above tide-mark, while Mr Robert Stevenson has determined the greatest recorded river floods as only fifteen. The laminated sands do not, moreover, appear such a deposit as a river flood would bring to the spot, even if it could reach it. It therefore appears that we scarcely have an alternative to the supposition, that when these

vessels foundered, and were deposited where in modern times they have been found, the Firth of Clyde was a sea several miles wide at Glasgow, covering the site of the lower districts of the city, and receiving the waters of the river not lower than Bothwell Bridge. We must suppose this to have been a time when already a people, instructed to some degree in the arts of life, occupied that part of the island. Taken in connection with the whales’ bones and perforated deers’ horns of the Carse of Stirling, the boat and other relics said to have been found near Falkirk, the human skull at Grangemouth, and the various particulars already cited with respect to the Carse of Gowrie,* these Glasgow canoes are objects of much greater interest than any one seems yet to have thought of attaching to them. Mr Smith of Jordanhill has pointed out† that the Roman wall, at its terminations on the firths of Forth and Clyde, appears to have been formed with respect to the present relative level of sea and land. He also quotes the description of St Michael’s Mount in Cornwall, which Diodorus Siculus gives in the time of Augustus, showing it to have been then, as now, connected with the mainland at ebb tide. Thus it appears that any change of level must have taken place before the earlier days of our historic era. If so, these relics must be assigned to an age still more remote. Perhaps it may yet appear that even the era of the Roman invasion makes but a small approach in retrogression to the period when these vessels floated with their human freight on the waters of the Clyde.’

THE FARRIER OF FRANCE.

WHY should we disdain this sombre son of industrial toil, shoemaker in ordinary to the *most noble conquest that man has ever made*? He belongs to the interesting family of workers in iron; and all of them—miners, founders, blacksmiths, locksmiths, *et id genus omne*, rude operatives, with black hands and copper-coloured complexions—have a claim to public esteem and gratitude, as a just indemnity for the difficulty, the discomfort, and the importance of their occupations. Furthermore, a high degree of consideration has been always bestowed upon those who minister to the comfort and wellbeing of the equine race. Whence arose the most eminent officers of the ancient kings? From the stable. Thus the Constable of France was originally the count to whom the government of the royal stables was confided—‘*regalium præpositus equorum, quem constabilem vocant*,’ as says the old chronicler Gregory of Tours, in his semibarbarous Latin. The *maréchal* had charge of the war-horses of the king. ‘Mark-scal’ signified in old Teutonic, *master of the horse*; and the learned etymologists, who settled the derivation of this word from *mark* (a boundary or frontier), and *child* (a defender), were ignorant that the monosyllable *scal* is found in other words, and has invariably the sense of master or governor, as in ‘senescal,’ master of the kitchen, &c. According to an ancient memorial of the Chamber of Counts, the *maréchaux ferrants* or farriers of Bourges gave annually to the marshals of France four horse-shoes on the 1st of April, and four others on the day of the Passover. Does not this fact tend to establish a community of origin, a sort of fraternal connection, between the first dignitary of the French army and the functionary we are now considering?

Hold up thy head, then, swart artisan, and let the honour attached to thy profession console thee for the labours that consume thy life. Thou art among the number of those who work incessantly for small gains. The high price of iron and of fuel, the rapid wear and tear of tools, sadly curtail thy profits. Thy toils, never-

* Mr Robert Stuart, in an elegant work entitled ‘Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times,’ gives a drawing of this canoe. He describes it as formed from a single piece of timber (oak), measuring rather more than eleven feet in length, twenty-seven inches in breadth, and, where the sides are in best preservation, about fifteen feet in depth. The forepart is almost entire; but at the opposite extremity the sides are somewhat broken down. Here there is a groove across the bottom, which leads to a supposition that this end of the tree had been cut away, and that a separate piece of wood had been fitted into the groove mentioned, so as to form a stern. The canoe is at present deposited in the storehouse of the Clyde Navigation Trustees, in Robertson Street, Glasgow.

* In Sympton’s History of Galloway, written in 1684, there is an account of the finding of a ship deeply imbedded in the earth, below a water-course at the town of Stranraer. ‘The boards were not joined together after the present fashion, and it had nails of copper.’—*Transactions Scot. Ant. Society*, iii. 52.

† Ed. New Philosophical Journal. Oct. 1838.

theless, are overwhelming, and ever renewed, and could not be sustained, had kind nature not endowed thee with a constitution of iron. There are professions which anybody may embrace without culture or vocation, however notoriously deficient in body or mind. A man may set up a joint-stock company or a toyshop, no matter which, without brains or sinews—but not a farrier's forge. To weld the iron upon the anvil, he must have solid muscle, lofty stature, and nervous arms. The man whose imperfect form would have disgusted a Spartan mother, cannot pretend to wield the hammer of the *maréchal ferrant*.

The aspirant to this trade commences his career as assistant journeyman, without any definite term of engagement. So soon as he has acquired some knowledge of the business, he quits his first master, and travels from town to town, working where he can find employment, at wages varying from eighteen to thirty francs a-month, besides his maintenance and free lodging, if he choose to take it, by the forge chimney. Thanks to the beneficent regulations of the trade companionship, he is sure of an asylum while waiting for employment. A journeyman farrier enters Paris; one would imagine him to be swallowed up and lost amid the immense population. No such thing. He asks the first passer-by that he meets the way to the Rue Vielle-du-Temple; arrived in front of No. 97, he beholds in the centre of the façade of the house a long huge board painted black, stuck about with gilt horse-shoes, and ornamented with the statue of his patron saint. Above is written, in letters something the worse for weather—

MERE DES MARECHAUX FERRANTS.
Hôtel du Grand Saint-Eloi.

Or in humble English, 'House-of-call for Farriers; St Eloi Hotel.'

The journeyman enters; he finds his future fellow-workmen seated at table in a kind of taproom on the ground-floor; he makes himself known, and produces his credentials and attestations of service; they grant him food, lodging, and unlimited credit. The very next day, if there is any demand for his labour, he is despatched to the workshop, and assumes his occupation, without the employer to whom he is adjudicated having the right to refuse him. The workman thus learns how effectually combination gives force to the feeble, wealth to the poor, greatness to the little, and consolation to the unfortunate.*

When the journeyman has succeeded in accumulating the necessary funds, he immediately seeks to establish himself in business. His workshop is seldom more than a black and smoky shed. The forge rises in one corner, and at its side hangs the enormous bellows that excite the flame; the anvil is the table in the centre of the smoky apartment; the hammers and files lie scattered here and there upon the floor. A few years ago, near the entrance of every farrier's shed, might be seen a large wooden enclosure, or cage, called a *travail*—a prison destined for kicking horses; but it would seem that the animals have lately become more docile, or that the farriers are better able to master them, for the repressive machine is now become almost totally extinct. A decree of the Court of Cassation, of the 30th Frimaire, anno xiii. (21st December 1804), has also put an end to the encroachments which the farriers were in the habit of making upon the public way. By it they are confined to their hired tenements, and to certain courts; and the establishment of new workshops in the streets is forbidden, much to the convenience of the public, who grew tired, and complained of gratuitous kickings from restive horses.

If the farrier's shop stands by the wayside, it shines like a lighthouse at night in the eyes of the wanderer weary and footsore. The artist in search of the picturesque, the workman on circuit, the belated soldier seek-

ing to rejoin his regiment, perceive from afar the glimmering forge, and hasten with joyous step to the rendezvous. All stop at the farrier's, to hear the news and light their pipes: he knows the character of every house-of-call in the neighbourhood, and can recommend them to good fare at a moderate price, while he presents a live coal from his furnace to the bowl of the traveller's pipe.

The activity of the farrier is the bane of his immediate neighbours: at the earliest dawn they are roughly roused from sleep by his sounding strokes on the anvil; he rises thus early to rough-shape a sufficient number of shoes for the demands of the day. His labours are only interrupted at nine o'clock for breakfast, and at two in the afternoon for dinner. By an ordinance of the police, dated 26th June 1778, and implicitly confirmed by the 484th article of the penal code, all noisy hammer-wielding professions are forbidden to be exercised at any other hours than those included between five in the morning and eight in the evening; consequently, the farrier can work no later. He is not restricted, however, from shoeing a horse that casts a shoe in the prohibited hours; but he must fit, not forge the shoe, even then, under a penalty of fifty francs, imposed by the above-mentioned ordinance.

The person of the *maréchal* is broad, full-set, and somewhat imposing; the severity of his labours, and the atmosphere that he continually inhales, seem to have amplified his muscular proportions, and increased his natural vigour; and he generally enjoys a well-merited celebrity in his immediate neighbourhood for strength and manliness. The annals of the profession record that one of them came off triumphantly in a trial of strength with the celebrated Maurice, Count of Saxony. This illustrious general, while travelling incognito in Flanders during the year 1744, stopped, says the chronicle, at the door of a *maréchal ferrant*, and requested the master to show him an assortment of horse-shoes, that he might make a selection for the use of his steed. The farrier presented a number of various descriptions and qualities.

'What do you call these?' said the marshal of France: 'these were made to sell, and not to use, I reckon!' And taking them by the extremities between the forefinger and thumb, he broke several of them successively.

The farrier suffered him to proceed, in silent admiration at his astonishing vigour. When the Count of Saxony was tired of his amusement, he ordered four of a more solid construction; the artisan set himself to work, and having accomplished the operation, received a six-franc piece.

'What do you call this?' said he. 'Do you offer me base metal?' And doubling the piece between his fingers, as in a vice, broke it in two parts.

'Pest!' cried the count, 'it seems I have caught a Tartar. Let us see how long you will play that game!'

Five or six pieces met the same fate between the farrier's fingers as the first.

'I should soon ruin myself at this sport,' said Maurice, remounting his horse. 'I acknowledge myself beaten, vanquished like the Hungarians at Prague. Stop, here are a couple of louis-d'ors; drink the health of the Count of Saxony.'

These athletic performances remind us of that of a major of cavalry named Barsabas, mentioned in the miscellanea of the eighteenth century. It was his comical custom, whenever he took his horse to be shod, to watch when the farrier's back was turned, and walk off with the anvil concealed beneath his cloak.

The farriers of the present day are not a whit behind their predecessors. The sleeves of their ample gray shirts turned up as far as the elbows, display their enormous arms, of which the right, constantly exercised, is always far more muscular than the left.

When the farrier proceeds to work, he is provided with pockets of leather in double compartments, fastened round his middle by a girdle. These pockets

* To the gifts of combination may be added occasionally that of a bungling workman to an employer in need of a good one.

contain the implements of his profession:—A pair of cutting nippers, to clip off the points of any nails that project through the hoof; a punch, to drive out the old nails; a hammer; a paring instrument, generally manufactured from the blade of an old sword.

The more pretentious professors, in great towns, have substituted a mahogany box in lieu of the pockets—a palpable sacrifice of convenience to ostentation.

In the country districts of France, the *maréchal* does not confine himself to the shoeing of horses; he forges all kinds of agricultural implements—ploughshares, chains, staples, iron rings, axle-trees, &c. &c. It is the custom among the farmers to contract annually for the shoeing, at the rate of twenty francs per horse, paying his additional services of course by the piece. What would they do without their never-failing coadjutors?—how lay bare the bosom of the stubborn earth, if he were not at hand to subdue the rebellious metal to their will; to shape, to sharpen, to weld, to ply, and to toil with unceasing devotion as the faithful unwearied ally of the farmer?

The farrier, as might be supposed, pretty generally pretends to a thorough knowledge of horses, and is not slow to criticise those which are the subjects of his professional skill; and as it would hardly be good policy to balk his inquiries, he has grown habitually inquisitive, subjecting all who bring him work to a rather close questioning. 'What did you give for this colt? Is he a Normandy breed, or from Ardennes? Has he any vice? Will he go in harness? Is he well on his feet? Is he an overreacher,' &c. &c.

He has, moreover, a good opinion of his talent as veterinary surgeon, and performs operations upon cattle of all kinds with various success. The villagers believe that he cures the gripes in cows by means of prayers and invocations; but his experience has taught him a more effectual remedy. He knows when a horse wants purging with sirup of buckthorn, with calomel, with aloes, with jalap, or with sweet almonds; he detects the presence of worms in the flank by a horse's rolling, yawning, foaming, restlessness, and biting his sides. Your steed is wounded in the foot; wide fissures are visible in the hoof; the horny substance is diseased: go and consult the *maréchal ferrant*; he will prepare you an amalgam of old cart grease, deer's fat, laurel oil, populeum ointment, turpentine, and juice of onions. He can apply a seton, or use the lancet, according to circumstances, in the case of a foundered horse. He cauterises those attacked by paraplegy with two trains of gunpowder laid along the course of the vertebral spine. The most dangerous maladies—the farcy, the catarrh, the strangles, the vertigo, even the glanders, cannot resist his prescriptions; at least so he says.

The better class of farriers in France are styled *maréchaux experts*. These have been students at the college of Alfort, or at the school of Saumur, and possess for the most part a profound knowledge of their profession, together with that of the anatomical structure and maladies of the horse.

The trade of a farrier is sometimes, especially in country places, united with that of a joiner or a cartwright. These double practitioners are styled *maréchaux grossiers*, a term sufficiently indicative of their doubtful ability. They will shoe your horse well, if it please Providence; and, as might be supposed, are rarely to be found in the neighbourhood of a regular hand. As they work both in wood and iron, the law, with a careful regard to the probable contact of sparks with shavings, compels them to maintain two different workshops, separated by a wall of solid stonework of sufficient height, against which the forge must not be placed; and the position of the doors must be such that the sparks from the anvil cannot enter the adjoining room. Before one of this class can commence business, the theatre of his future operations is subjected to the scrutiny of a commissioner of police, who is empowered by law, if the required precautions have not been adopted, to order the demolition of the forge, and the

destruction of the building; to which he may add the condemnation to a penalty of four hundred francs, a sum often exceeding the entire fortune of the delinquent.

A gathering cloud already casts its shadow upon the fortunes of the farrier, and prophecies not altogether unfounded have proclaimed his coming declension and decay. 'By iron he lived, and by iron he shall die,' says the oracular voice. Who shall say that the denunciation is vain? Yet twenty years, and we may see the *maréchal ferrant*, once favoured by royal favourites, exiled to the by-places of the land, and doomed to a lingering, listless, and profitless existence among the tillers of the soil. And what will be the cause of his ruin? What but the rejection of the horse, and all existing modes of communication, and the substitution of roads made of the very material by which he now gains his bread.

The military *maréchal ferrant* is a very different personage from those above described, and has nothing to apprehend from any of the coming mutations. He is attached in the cavalry, the artillery, or the baggage-train, or other department of army service, invariably to the squadron of non-combatants—a squadron exempt from service in the field, composed entirely of workmen of various callings. Being drawn in the conscription, and having arrived at his regiment, his first care is to obtain permission to exercise his trade: if he can produce certificates of his ability, or has been a student at the colleges of Saumur or Alfort, this is readily granted. Having joined his corps, and been approved by the veterinary-in-chief, he is installed at the forge, while his wife, authorised by the colonel of the regiment, establishes a modest canteen. Behold him now in the uniform of a brigadier, bearing, as the insignia of his office, a horse-shoe on the sleeve: he is proud of his rank, and associates familiarly with the *maréchaux des logis* (quarter-masters). 'Ha! ha!' says he, 'we marshals understand one another well!'

The *maréchal ferrant* is paid by the treasurer, upon an estimate delivered by the captain-commandant, founded upon reports of certain officers and subalterns, who are commissioned to inspect his operations from time to time. The forge is under the surveillance of the captain-instructor, who looks to the proper quality and temper of the horse-shoes, and their careful and scientific attachment to the hoof of the animal; it is his duty also to see that the workshops are well provided with all the necessary materials.

When the regiment is on the march, the colonel is bound to provide for the accommodation of the farrier's stock and materials; and he commands the captains, at the head of their companies, to cause each mounted man to carry a brace of horse-shoes, with the necessary nails. On arriving at the end of their journey, each soldier is responsible for the delivery of his charge at the dépôt.

The military farrier is a soldier-workman, brave at need, but habitually gentle and peaceable. Devoid of ambition, he has not entered the army with the idea that the *baton of a marshal of France was shut up in his cartridge-box*. He is no martinet, nor devotee of military discipline, and seldom practises the use of arms. Isolated from the army, to which, however, he is so indispensable, his sole ambition is to acquire the reputation of a skilful and scientific *maréchal ferrant*.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

IN the early part of November 184—, during one of those short but violent gales of such frequent occurrence on the north-east coast of Scotland, an event took place which is unhappily so common on our stormy shores as to create but a passing sensation, unless circumstances arise to bring it more immediately under our view. The facts were these:—

Early in the morning, a boat manned by five of the

'fisher folk' of —, a father and four sons, went two or three miles out to sea, in pursuance of their constant occupation after the close of the herring season—fishing for haddock, whiting, &c. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north-west—but such as these hardy men have so frequently to encounter, as to be rendered often too careless of its danger—and nothing appeared to threaten a storm. However, with the sun, as is frequently the case, rose the wind; and with the wind, in a space of time incredibly short to those who have not witnessed it, rose the wild waves, rolling in with a deafening sound upon the iron-bound coast, which speedily became encircled by a belt of white surf, reaching many yards out from the shore, and amid which it was impossible for a boat to live. The fishers perceived the change in the weather, and differed in opinion as to the course they should adopt. Some were for remaining on the open sea, where, unless the storm became very severe, they were in comparative safety; but the old father and his youngest and favourite son urged their immediate return, as the season was too far advanced to permit of any certain reliance on the various prognostics, so well known to the fishers of the coast, which seemed to announce that the gale would have but a short duration. Their counsel carried the day, for all loved and respected their father; and the young George, the only one of the brothers who had a wife and children, represented that it was due to the helpless ones dependent on him to run no avoidable risk. So the boat's head was turned to land, and the furious gale urged her onwards with fearful speed. Yet to this the hardy men were well accustomed; and they guided her safely, so as to avoid the breaking waters, till they reached the entrance of the bay in which the town of — is situated, and which by this time presented an appalling spectacle indeed to those who knew their only chance of life lay through those furious and foaming waters.

Still they held on their course, and the little vessel rode gallantly; five minutes more of their swift and perilous career, and the harbour would have been gained. But it was not so to be. Rapidly they neared a dark and dangerous reef of rocks in the middle of the bay. Vainly were strength, and skill, and energy exerted to turn the little vessel from the fearful barrier ahead; the whole force of the Northern Ocean, in its wildest mood, was opposed to their efforts; a mighty wave carried them almost on to the reef; and as the bark heeled over on the returning surge, another and another swept into her: one smothered shriek—and she is gone!

Those on shore—oh with what beating hearts!—had watched the gallant but unequal struggle; and now a wild scream arose from many voices, and above all was heard the despairing cry of the young wife—so soon to be a widow—as she sank insensible on the shore. But the boat rises!—she has righted! No: she rises indeed, but keel uppermost; and where are they, so lately straining every manly sinew, and flushed with the struggle for dear life? Twice the waves carry under the devoted bark; but she rises again; and oh! this time there are living forms clinging to her keel!—and three strong men are seen supporting their helpless and insensible old father. By this time a small boat, manned by two noble-hearted fellows, who have ventured in the face of almost certain death, in the hope of rescuing their comrades, has neared them; the waves, too, seem pausing to contemplate their work of destruction. There is a momentary lull, during which the four men so wonderfully rescued are placed in the little boat by their deliverers, the old man to all appearance a corpse. But where is the fifth—the youngest born—the pride of his father's heart? Alas! in vain do the gallant fellows linger among the foaming breakers till every hope has fled, and their own imminent danger forces them from the spot. He is gone; and when the speedily-subsiding waters (for the storm did not last above four hours) permitted a search to be made for the

boat, a corpse was found, wrapped in the sail as in a winding-sheet. He had evidently made a gallant struggle for life; for a clasp-knife was found clenched in his dying grasp, and the sail was partly ripped open; but its deadly folds had encircled him too firmly, and the choking waters did the rest.

I heard a lamentable account of the despair of the poor young widow, thus deprived of the companion of her life, and the sole means of support for herself and her three infants, and I was anxious to visit her; but my trusty Jean, whom I had despatched with offers of service to the bereaved family, dissuaded me from it.

'Eh, mem,' she said, 'dinna gang, dinna gang. She kens maistly naebody, purr thing, and it's awfu to see her greet; and she's whiles no sensible forby, and canna thole onybody near her.'

So I waited to hear that the first violence of her despair had worn itself out, for I very much doubted my own powers of consolation; and who but One, indeed, *could* console in such grief as hers? However, after a time, I heard she had been partly brought to her senses by the illness of her baby, who, deprived of its natural sustenance by the blow that had shaken the very heart-strings of its poor mother, had been at the point of death. However, it was now better; and the young widow, recalled to the consciousness that there existed yet a greater depth of anguish than that in which her reason had almost forsaken her, became calmer and more composed, at least in outward appearance; and hearing this, I set out one day, about three weeks after the fatal accident, to visit her.

It was in the beginning of December; yet the weather in this fitful climate takes no heed of the ancient division of the seasons, and the day was bright and balmy as in early spring. It seems to me as if nature had assigned to these northern regions as many fine days, or nearly so, during the year, as fall to the portion of happier climates; but they are in some mysterious manner so strangely jumbled, that many a wintry day chills us in the midst of summer, while those belonging to a more genial season sometimes make their appearance unexpectedly among the blasts and frosts of autumn or winter. One of these stray children of summer was gilding and beautifying the wild country through which I had to pass, on my way to the little fishing-town of —. The level beams of a December sun threw a rich golden light over a large extent of bare but highly-cultivated country: the plough was merrily a-field among the stubble, the lark was singing high in the clear air, and the smoke ascended from many a humble hearth, and scarcely wavered in its upward course, while the scene was bounded by the blue and waveless ocean, dotted here and there with a white sail; and in the far distance, the outline of the hills of Caithness stood out sharp and defined against the cloudless sky. As I neared the sea, and caught a fuller view of the coast, the whole of the Moray Firth opened before me in a panorama scarcely to be surpassed on British shores. But I thought little of these familiar scenes as I drove on; my thoughts were bent on the errand I had undertaken; and as I slowly descended the precipitous road leading to the picturesque seaport of —, I tried to arrange in my mind a few consolatory sentences, feeling all the while how ineffectual my own happy experience would render aught I could say to soothe such sorrow as I was about to witness—for heart must speak to heart in grief; and if the corresponding chord have not been awakened in our own bosom, it is in vain we strive to calm the throb of anguish which vibrates to agony in the breast of another. So I resolved to speak only the words that should suggest themselves at the moment, and to attempt nothing more.

The little town of — is very remarkably situated; nestling, as it were, under high and beetling crags, which scarcely leave room for the cottages of the fishermen to stand, dotted here and there in picturesque con-

fusion, under the precipitous cliff. The one to which I bent my steps stood on a high bank leading up from a terrace bulwark, which had been built to resist the encroachments of the mighty waters, now slumbering, with scarce a ripple on their surface, in the broad bay before me. As I turned to ascend some steps leading to the door, I saw a gathering of many persons, and ropes, nets, fishing-boots, and gear of that description lying on the green, round which the crowd had assembled, talking earnestly, but in subdued tones. Not thinking that this had any connection with the object of my visit, I knocked at the low door, and an elderly woman, the mother of the dead man, appeared.

'Eh, mem, but it's real gude o' you to come and see us in our sorrow—come ben to the fire;' and she busied herself in placing a chair for me in the kitchen, where a peat fire, burning in an open *lum*, which allowed more than half the smoke to find its way into the room, rendered it so dark, that I had seated myself before I perceived, close to me in the 'ingle neuk,' the figure apparently of a young girl, who, loosely wrapped in a dark-blue bed-gown, with her long dark hair half-concealing her face, was sitting on a low stool, and holding a little infant in her arms, over which she was murmuring a faint sound that might have been a fragment of song.

I started at finding myself unexpectedly so close to another person, and the girl fixed a pair of large dark eyes steadfastly upon me for a moment, and then dropping her head again on her bosom, resumed her low chant. I turned to the woman who was standing near me, and said, 'I called to see poor Jessie—how is she?'

'Deed an' it's a sair day wi' her the day. No but a' days are sair and heavy noo; but ye see they're roupin' puir Geordie's bits o' nets an' siclike, an' it aye brings back the sorrow upon her.'

'Can I see her?' I said.

'Surely, mem, surely. *She's there out by!*'

An indescribable feeling came over me as I turned to the poor creature, and again met her steadfast gaze. I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat told me the attempt would be vain; and for a moment nothing was heard in the cottage but that low *crooning* sound—the wail of a broken heart.

'She's quite quiet noo, mem, an' sensible,' said the mother, who I fancied attributed my emotion to fear of the poor creature. 'She hasna grat ony sin' the bairnie took ill: but she's a hantle better noo;' and then I saw that the poor baby was attempting to find the nourishment of which its mother's agony had deprived it.

'She is a healthy-looking little baby,' I said, feeling I must say *something*; and taking the tiny hand in mine, 'How old is she?'

'Ten weeks mem. She was seven weeks the day her father went.'

Another glance from those dark eyes; but no sound except the low moaning song.

'It is a heavy trial indeed,' I said, speaking more to my own thoughts than to those near me. 'A heavy and bitter trial; but she will have her children to look to, and she will not want for friends;' and I felt at the moment as if I could almost have gone down to the deep myself to have given back to that poor creature the one light of her lowly life.

'No, mem, that winna she: she winna want while puir Geordie's auld father an' mither hae a pickle meal to gie her. But trouble's sair for the likes o' her, but twenty-one years of age—it's sair e'en upon me, the mither o' him: but I hae been a fisher's daughter, an' sister, an' wife, an' mither; an' in fifty-three years I hae lost father, an' brithers, an' friends by the sea—an' noo my bairn, my youngest'—and here two tears rolled down her brown and wrinkled cheeks, but she heeded them not, and continued—'An' I'm used to the trouble; but it maun be sair upon her at the first.'

No look this time—no sign that she took the slightest interest in words which, in their touching simplicity,

called forth irrepressible tears from me—only that ceaseless song.

'Sore, indeed,' I said at last. 'But He who afflicts will comfort in His own good time.'

'Ay will He, mem; an' He does; an' I hae proved it to my comfort, an' I hope to my saul's guid,' said the old woman reverently. 'An' he has blessed us even in this, in giving us our puir Geordie's corp. We hae laid him in the kirkyard, by our ain folk, an' that's muckle to think o'; for it's sair when ye canna think o' them that's gane as at rest; and when the broad sea itself seems a' like a grave.'

What could I say to this? Would it not have been vain indeed to offer consolation to one who knew so well where to find it for herself; and in the depths of her own earnest and pious spirit, had found words, so poetical in their unaffected simplicity, with which to express her feelings? So in the hope of at length rousing the poor stricken creature beside me, I asked for the other children.

'The lassie's awa' at her aunt's, mem, but Geordie's near by the house: puir wee Geordie, he's gotten the name o' his father!'

The old woman went to the door, and returned with a tiny, curly-headed child—the eldest of the three—who was crying silently; but evidently from some deep feeling.

'What is't, Geordie, my wee man?' said the grandmother—for the mother never even raised her eyes.

A burst of sobbing was the only reply for some minutes; and at last one by one struggled out the words—'Muckle Willie's awa'—wi' daddie's claes—an' he says—they're no daddie's noo—an' he's gaun to keep 'em!'

I could not stand this; so hurriedly thrusting the trifle I had brought for the relief of the poor creatures into the cold hand that hung passively near me with a murmured 'God bless and comfort you all'—for I could not trust myself to speak—I found myself in the fresh air, and tears came to my relief.

Oh blessed be His name who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless! Were it not for this hope, how could the heart even *know* of such misery, and not break?

THE DEAN OF DURHAM ON GENERAL POLITICS.

[From his Address at the Opening of the New Building for the Gateshead Mechanics' Institute, April 10, 1848.]

I confess it has often occurred to me that the principles of general politics—which term I use as opposed to the term party politics, and by which I mean those acknowledged principles on which are founded our political rights and our political duties—our proper offices as citizens, as members of the same social community—I have often thought, I say, that these principles ought to fill a more conspicuous place than they do fill in the education of all classes of the people. Indeed I do not remember ever to have seen any elementary work so composed as to display a compendious view of those principles; to show, for instance, how a graduated subordination is essential to the existence of every form of society—and how any theory of universal equality in wealth and condition is at variance not only with reason and experience, but also with nature; which has distinctly laid down the opposite law, and made all men in almost all respects unequal—to show that inalienable duties are imposed upon all classes, high as well as low, by the same social organisation which protects their property and their rights—to point out the mutual relations by which the several classes depend upon each other for their mutual welfare—to make it clear how any evil which may befall any one of these will sooner or later be largely shared by the others—and how national greatness, and public and private happiness, depend upon the co-operation and concord of all. Now I think, my friends, that if these principles, which no rational man disputes, and which are in fact at the bottom of all that we call politics, were generally inculcated as a part of education, we should reap the fruits in some increase of that beneficent use and application of property on the one side, and of that orderly

intelligence, that enlightened and well-founded contentment on the other, which form together the surest guarantee for domestic peace. This sort of knowledge, if it shall confer power, will confer at the same time discretion in the use of power—it will show the proper objects of power, the proper limits within which power may be exercised. It will teach men their rights, social and political; but it will teach them their duties also—for every right involves a duty, or rather a number of duties—and men are generally much more ready to claim the one than they are to perform the other. Indeed, my friends, if I were to apply this remark to that description of political right most familiar to you—the right of the franchise—how many are those in this kingdom who exercise the right and neglect the duty; or, I should rather say, never so much as consider or feel that there is a duty—a serious and sacred duty—which, like all other duties, ought to be honestly, faithfully, and fearlessly discharged.

RENOVATION OF OLD APPLE-TREES.

The following information, received from a gardener who for many years largely supplied the London market with fruit, may probably be new to many of our readers:—It is generally found that after an apple-tree has borne for a certain number of years, it becomes comparatively unproductive. It has been usual in such cases to remove the old tree, and replace it by a younger one. This may be obviated by re-grafting the old tree; and according to the testimony of the gardener above-mentioned, the older the stock, the better is the quality of the fruit. He had scarcely a tree of any age, among several hundreds that his orchard contained, when the writer visited it, that had not undergone this process, and in some cases more than once. There were trees whose trunks were so hollow as in some parts to be little more than a shell, which had been subjected to this operation the season before, and, judging from the vigorous appearance of the grafts, with perfect success. The plan he adopted was the following:—The ends of the branches were sawn or cut off where they were about the size of a man's wrist, or rather less, and two or more scions inserted in each, according to circumstances. By this means, in the course of three years he obtained a large full-bearing tree. The principal difficulty was to protect the new grafts from damage in high winds. This was overcome by ingrafting the half of the tree at one time, and leaving the other to form a shelter; and completing the other half when the grafts were sufficiently grown to return the shelter. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this precaution did not supersede the usual appliances for giving the scions support, by means of poles attached to the branches. It may also be remarked, that the productive powers of apple-trees are frequently impaired by the want of sufficient attention in gathering the fruit. The greatest care should be observed in removing the apple, that the bearing spur be not broken or injured thereby.

THE BABY-JUMPER.

The endless restlessness of healthy children inflicts on those attending them a constant watchfulness. Anything which relieves a poor mother or nurse of this anxious attendance, even for a few minutes, is felt as a blessing. A mechanical means of such temporary relief has just been invented in America, and introduced into England. The 'Baby-Jumper,' as the machine is called, consists essentially of a strap seat for the child, suspended to four cords, which are kept asunder by passing over a horizontally-disposed hoop; this again being capable of being hung from a ceiling by a strong India-rubber strap, highly elastic. The baby, placed in the seat, and suspended with his toes just touching the floor, can, by a very slight movement and exercise of muscular force, cause himself to

rise several inches into the air, whence of course he descends immediately to the floor once more; and thus he may dance and caper for a quarter of an hour, to his own great delight, and the improvement of his bodily powers. The contrivance seems to give to a mere baby, say of eighteen months, all the gratification which children of five or six years derive from a swing. We have seen a minute miss enjoy the exercise so much, as to be for the time in no need of attention from the nurse; she literally danced herself into a state of fatigue, and fell into a profound sleep, with her hands on the cords, and her head reclined on her shoulder. If the article could be produced cheaply for the poorer class of people, it would be of infinite advantage to them, as a ready resource for taking the baby off the mother's hands while she had other duties to attend to.

LINES WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

I TAUGHT my gay and beauteous bird some words of love to prize,
And fancied meaning beamed within his dark and lustrous eyes;
I taught him fond and winning ways he never knew before—
Ah! how the sweet one fluttering gained his rare and dainty lore.

That bird was strangely dear to me; and when I mused alone,
His thrilling cadence seemed to mourn some loved and absent one;
But at the holy sunset hour he nestled in my breast,
And understood of all sweet birds I loved my own the best!

In solitude and loneliness the human heart must cling
And rest on something—though it be a dumb and soulless thing.
When summer roses fade away, 'tis sad to see them die,
But far more sad it was to hear my gentle bird's last sigh.

And all beneath a white rose-tree I laid his little head—
The tree he loved to nestle on now shades his grassy bed;
And when at eve these buds are gemmed with dew-drops soft and cool,
Amid them falls a tear for thee, my bright, my beautiful!

C. A. M. W.

THE PACKET SHIP.

The packet ship is a curious triumph of modern times. We are domiciliated upon the ocean. I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens, indeed all the noises of a barn-yard! We have fresh meat and milk, warm bread, &c. Sea travelling, however, is capable of being yet more improved upon. Warm baths might be introduced, and stoves to destroy the effluvia of bilgewater. Cabins might be so constructed as to admit the air through a small side window to each. The berths, sofas, and dinner tables, with their seats, might be hammock-swung.—*Fay.*

DANGER OF WEEPING.

However poetical tears may be in themselves, the act of weeping is undoubtedly attended with a certain risk. We have known beautiful women who looked at least plain when they cried; and we never knew plain women who did not look—if we may venture upon a profane expression—downright ugly. The reason must be, that the act of weeping distorts the features, just like the act of laughing, while it is unredeemed by the agreeable associations of the latter.

The present number of the Journal completes the ninth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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END OF NINTH VOLUME.

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